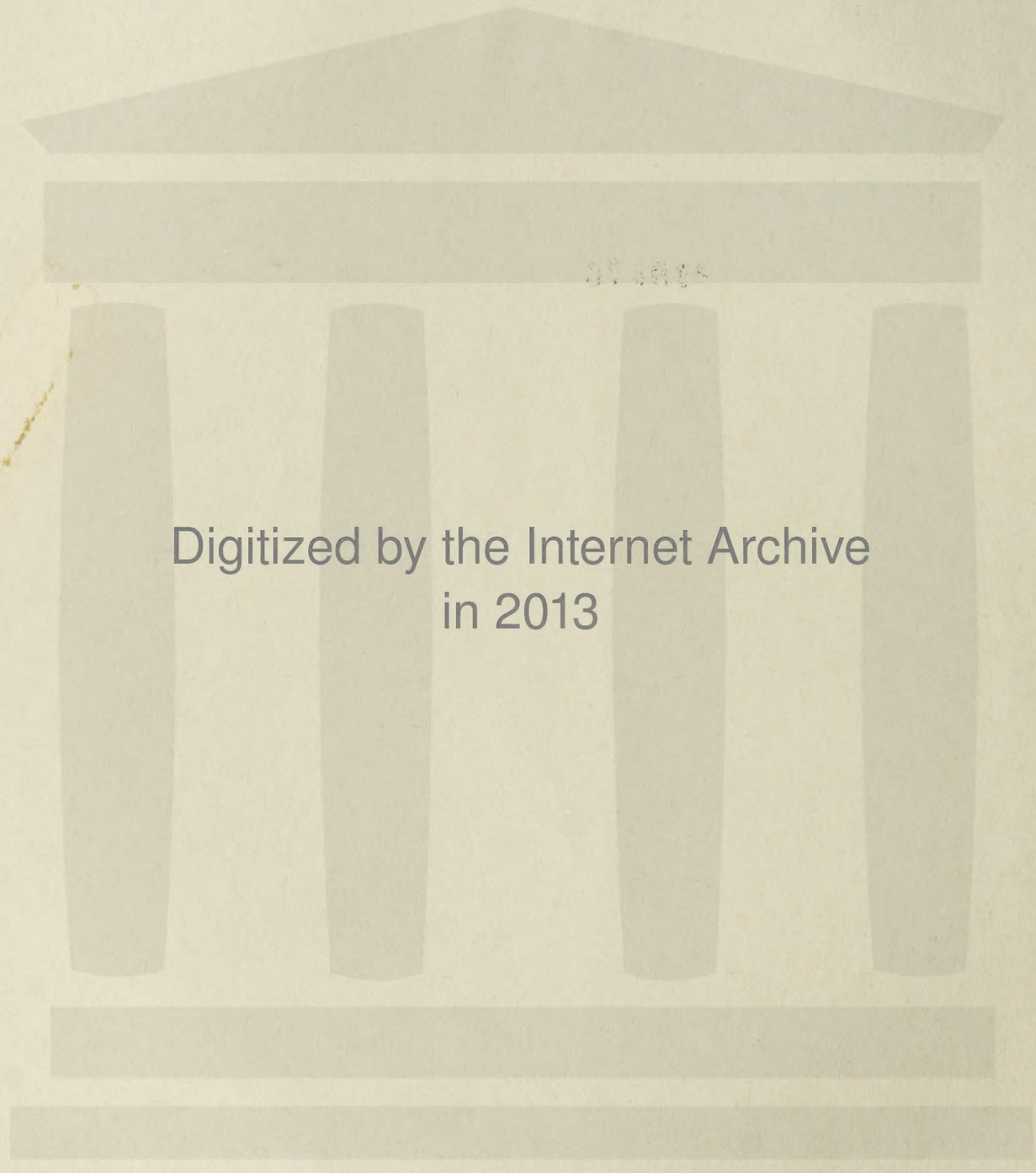
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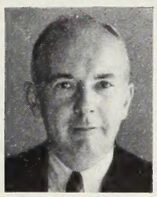
Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXVII NO. 1

January, 1960

JOURNALITIES



William McCleery

Here's a little bit of the secret life of BILL MCCLEERY, JOURNAL associate editor whose main job is to see that the JOURNAL gets "first look" at promising novels and short stories: "As a playwright (I have had two plays on Broadway and several others have been done in summer stock and published for amateur groups), I found myself writing about women a good deal (stars who have appeared in my plays on stage or TV or radio include Helen Hayes, Rosalind Russell, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Nanette Fabray, Sarah Churchill). It finally dawned on me I didn't really *know* much about women, and I thought working for the JOURNAL might be an excellent way for me to learn something. I have—I think. My wife thinks so too. Actually, I take the view that the JOURNAL is a man's magazine. Who needs to know about women more than men?"



Isak Dinesen

Sometimes we wish ISAK DINESEN were not so great a writer. Her short, short tale about a meddling wife, *The Blue Eyes*, on page 38 is one we shall never be able to forget. She makes one believe her fiction is truer than any fact. Isak Dinesen, as almost everyone knows, is a baroness who lives in Rungstedlund, Rungsted Kyst, Denmark, and she signs herself, in her most recent letter to us, Tania Blixen. (Dinesen was her maiden name.) A leading candidate for the Nobel prize this year and last, who will no doubt one day receive it, she remarked modestly of her story, "I *hope* the readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will like it." The baroness comes of an old Danish country family; her father before her made a considerable contribution to Danish literature, but Isak Dinesen, published and appreciated in a dozen languages, belongs to the world.



Victor Canning

VICTOR CANNING (*The Burning Eye*, page 34) was born in Plymouth, England, in 1911 and began his career in a local government office. For amusement, he began to write boys' adventure stories as a side line. His novels and stories have been widely read throughout Europe and America, and he has become one of the top-ranking writers of adventure and suspense. He travels widely. Such places as Italy, Holland, Yugoslavia, Majorca, North Africa, an island in the South Atlantic have all contributed their special atmospheres to Canning novels. When not personally adventuring, he lives quietly in England with his wife and two daughters. He is an expert and enthusiastic gardener. *The Burning Eye* will be published this year by William Sloane Associates.

Printed in U.S.A.

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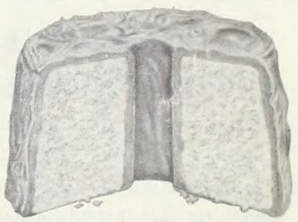
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BUTTERSCOTCH CHIFFON CAKE

2¼ cups sifted SOFTASILK Cake Flour	5 unbeaten egg yolks
3 tsp. baking powder	¾ cup cold water
1 tsp. salt	2 tsp. vanilla
2 cups brown sugar (packed)	1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)
½ cup cooking (salad) oil	½ tsp. cream of tartar

Heat oven to 325°. Sift flour, baking powder, salt into bowl. Add sugar. Make a well; add oil, egg yolks, water, vanilla. Beat until smooth. Beat egg whites and cream of tartar in large mixing bowl until whites form very stiff peaks. (Do not underbeat.) Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over beaten whites, folding just until blended. DO NOT STIR. Pour into ungreased 10" tube pan. Bake 65 to 70 min., or until top springs back when lightly touched. Turn upside down over neck of funnel or bottle. Hang until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Frost with your favorite butterscotch frosting or glaze, if desired.



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A.1. No-Crust Pizza

Mix 1 lb. chopped beef with 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, 2 Tbsps. A.1. Steak Sauce (the touch that makes the difference!). Pack lightly into greased 9-in. cake pan. Pour 8-oz. can tomato sauce over meat, sprinkle with ½ c. finely diced onion, 2 oz. American cheese grated, ½ tsp. powdered Oregano (optional). Bake about 20 mins. 350°. Serves four.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

Let's Tell the Truth About Dying

Boston, New York

Dear Editors: The epidemic of articles by cancer victims in the last few years leads even the most unscientifically minded observer to conclude there must be some correlation between people dying of cancer and the urge to appear in print.

Without exception the cancer patient is portrayed as a martyr, deeply suffering, but led at last through his troubles to realize the big things in life. All his trivialities are swept away, he appreciates the wonders of nature as never before, a change has come over his character so he is now a reformed person, he has turned again to God, and he keeps his temper.

I think it is time we let down our hair and told the truth. We have the urge to rush into print all right, but we who are dying of cancer are not martyrs or saints or holy folk. Frankly, if the truth were told, we embarrass our friends, and we often bore them.

Our first emotion is that of anger. We go through a "few nights of apprehension and hot weeping," but once over those we are surprised, shocked and angry. That this fate should be meted out to us—Us, of all people—seems hardly fair. We look around at our friends and neighbors and wonder why we have been singled out for this lingering, painful death. "Why me, O Lord, why me?" We forget that for every one of us who suffers others go free; we should be glad they are spared, not angry at our own destiny, deserved or undeserved. After all, why *not* us, O Lord? We are no martyrs—heavens, no.

Cancer is not a pleasant way to die. It is too endlessly prolonged, too excruciatingly painful. Yet through that last, the pain, we learn we can take more than we ever thought possible. We may rail, in spite of ourselves, when pain mounts; but if it subsides enough to be bearable we feel happy and relieved, like the woman whose girdle felt so comfortable when she took it off. I am not recommending extreme pain as a method of increasing pleasure or making us grateful for small comforts, but it does make us more able to bear the later heights of pain we will have to go through.

We embarrass our friends, for Emily Post has provided no rules for conversation with the dying. We know our friends guard their tongues, and they force us to watch our words even more. Mentioning that we won't be here next year, or even perhaps next month, is not in good taste. We have to talk about "when the children are grown," or "when this house gets too big for just two of us," because the sensibility of our friends to death will not allow them to face what we face each minute: the fact of our dying.

We are quite likely to bore our friends with our preoccupation with illness. We are so wrapped up in ourselves we talk too much. For that reason, I never bring up my illness; but if I am seriously asked about it I am only too glad to talk. It is a great relief to unburden oneself occasionally, to have the fact that one is bearing pain appreciated. One of the kindest acts a friend can do for a dying man is to listen to him.

What do we answer to the casual, "How are you?" For a person who is dying to reply automatically "Fine" is ridiculous. I solved it by saying cheerfully, with a rising inflection, "Pretty good." Now that there is no longer any truthful affirmative answer I reply, as lightheartedly as I know how, "Coming along," and that takes care of that. We have to be particularly careful not to be a specter at the feast, lest we spoil others' pleasure.

I don't suppose I should admit this, but we are not saints. The canker of our death which always eats at us makes us impatient, intolerant of other people's troubles. In great pain, it is hard for us to show sympathy with a bad cold, a hurt finger or a headache. Surprisingly enough, we usually come through well here, but don't be disgusted with us if we can't produce too much emotion over your problem. Yours will go, ours won't.

I'm afraid I have to admit I am often testy, irritated by my children's complaints over trivialities, even sometimes upset by my husband's kindnesses when they are ill-timed. He is, naturally enough, concerned over his dying wife; it is far harder on him than on me. He has to go on living; all I have to do is die, and die as well as I can.

Yet I, too, have cared for me a long time, and I find it extremely hard to face the end of my personality, the complete extinguishing of everything I planned. Thus we are both inwardly upset, and sometimes it shows outwardly. So is it any wonder that life, instead of being the beautiful idyl painted by cancerous writers, sometimes stoops to the petty details of existence?

I've gone through it all: the early times of Hope, the Facing the Truth, the Grin-and-Bear-It stage, then Just Bearing It, and now the End-Is-Just-Around-the-Corner or Final Stage. I'm still angry about it all, for I think no one has ever loved living more or had more fun doing it than I, and I want it to go on. But if it can't, then I must be truthful and say there are a few advantages in living only half a lifetime. Besides the end of good, death also means an end to tribulations—no more holding in the stomach, no more P.T.A., no more putting up the hair in pin curls, no more Cub Scouts, no more growing old.

Sincerely,
CAROL WILLIS

▶ ***Mrs. Willis died two weeks after writing us. Her husband believes, as we do, that her letter should still be published. ED.***

Well, You Know How We Feel About Girls

Elyria, Ohio

Dear Sirs: Having an armful of boys like this, don't you think I should be



The boys.

ashamed of this desire way down inside for a little girl?

Your friend,
MRS. HARLAND WILCOX, JR.

Repairmen Have Troubles Too

Somewhere in New York

Dear Mrs. C——: It was nice of you to listen to the kicks of an appliance serviceman the other day, and as you suggested I'll try to write of a few of them in this letter, to be sent to your favorite magazine.

Most of us doing this work do so because we like the work, and most of us really try to do a good job. Those of us who represent one of the major companies expect, as part of our job, to get a hard time once in a while from the owner of one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



BANANA WAFER PUDDING

with that *matchless* cooked-in flavor

Prepare pudding as directed on back of package. Chill. Arrange alternate layers of banana slices, vanilla wafers and pudding in a serving dish—finishing with a layer of pudding. Serve with whipped cream. It will be very easy to get the children in for dinner tonight. (And isn't this nice to know: you can create a whole extravaganza of different pies with this extraordinary package, too.)



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Hospital test report: Recently a New York hospital tested a new kind of steam medication called Vicks VapoSteam. An official medical journal reported that nothing else used "including cough syrup, antibiotics, or vaporizers, medicated or not, approached the effectiveness of (VapoSteam)" in relieving the cough.

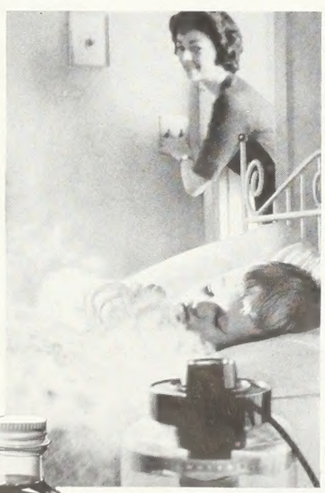
This new medication helped babies and children suffering with severe nasal stuffiness, croupy coughs and chest congestion "more rapidly and completely than any other therapy used."

VapoSteam is now available at your drug store. Pour it into vaporizer, bowl or wash basin of hot water to make the steam **twice as effective in spreading relief – more effective than ordinary steam or any other steam medication you can buy.**

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2. Gives your child famous Vicks aromatic medications in intensified form.





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bursts open these drops and spreads their relief twice as effectively.



NEW VICKS
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Steam Medication

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

of the machines that has acted up, more especially if the machine is in the warranty period, but that's part of the job, and we are sort of trained to take it. However, our parent companies could reduce this hazard considerably by the use of better materials and workmanship. Let's take a "fer instance." I have in mind a right nice lady who bought a new automatic washer in June. It arrived with a defective timer which had to be replaced. This wasn't too bad. It could happen in the best of circles. But along about the middle of August, a most frantic call came into the office from her. Her nice new machine was depositing gallons of water on her nice newly tiled floor. Yep, a drain hose rotted, cracked, split wide open. Today that's one of our big complaints: poor rubber. I know that our company does not make the rubber hoses that it uses on the machines, but by golly, if the bigger rubber companies have forgotten how to make rubber, then our appliance manufacturers should find smaller companies that do remember.

We have some machines in the field that have been in service since 1946 with the same drain and inlet hoses, but today the hoses barely last out the warranty period and a fair proportion of them do not even last that one year. This means that the serviceman, the customers' contact with the manufacturer in a lot of cases, gets a real hard time. And deep down in our hearts, we cannot blame the "gal." She can buy a nice long garden hose for not much more than her inlet hoses cost, and she can get a five-year guaranty.

Can you read another kick? Imitation material, I call it. Plastic for steel. I have in mind a nice steel friction wheel used to drive a pump on one of our better-known automatic washers. I can recall having to change only one in some seven years of working on these washers, and that because the set screw had broken and could not be removed. Sure, now we have plastic wheels, and what happens? People go away for a couple of weeks' vacation, the lubricant on the drive shaft sets up a little, and when they return and use the machine, the friction wheel engages, and within a second or two a nice flat spot is worn on the plastic wheel; then the driving wheel, which is rubber-faced, gets flat spots, so not only does a plastic wheel have to be replaced, but also the more expensive rubber-faced wheel. So, because of using poor material, the serviceman gets it from the owner, the company has another customer who certainly can't be called satisfied.

I most readily agree that the plastic wheel costs the company less than the steel wheel, but to me, if it makes the owners of the company's products unhappy, is it cheaper?

Thanks for reading my complaints, as well as for listening to them the other day.

BILL

All in the Game

Chatham, Kent, England

Readers Letters: Are American wives as crafty as English ones? My wife bet me five shillings I couldn't scrub and clean the house in two hours. She lost the bet—or did she?

Sincerely,
L. R. READ

More Psychiatrists Needed

New York City

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Since my Ten Ways a Child May Tell You He Is Headed for a Troubled Teen Age appeared (March JOURNAL), I have received a great many letters from your readers. It has unfortunately not been possible for me to answer all of them; but it pleased me to note that the article did help many parents to distinguish between serious and trivial troubles of their children—and to find that many troubles were amenable to proper treatment.

The letters have a lot in common. Almost without exception they are written by mothers (where are the fathers?) and they ask specific help for their own child or children. What emerges is the fact that facilities for psychotherapy of children and adolescents are woefully lacking. Some of these mothers have been told by agencies or professional people that their child should take "nerve pills," that "this is just a stage the child is going through," that the child will "snap out of it," that "some children are born that way; make the best of it," that they should *let* the child "siphon off his aggression" by any anti-social acts he wants to commit, that "it's all your own fault for not loving him enough."

Some children *are* very difficult to diagnose, to treat, to educate. But most of them can be cured or greatly helped. That can be done, however, only if somebody sits down and listens to the parents (yes, to the father too) and to the child. That takes time.

I don't think we have to teach the public much more about psychiatry. What is needed now is that we make it available to them, including those who cannot afford large fees. The response to my article proves that parents are aware of emotional problems. The tragedy is that they get a runaround when they seek help.

There may be ten ways in which a child may tell you he is headed for a troubled teen age, but there is only one way to do something about it, and that is through easy accessibility of trained and devoted professional people to help them.

Sincerely yours,
FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.

New Playpen

Eugene, Oregon

Dear Editors: Little Karen has spent much of her babyhood in this intriguing play cage constructed by her father, a young architect, Willard Martin.

The cage is six feet high from hook to hook and four feet in diameter. Nylon clothesline serves for the "wires" and a doorway is made when four of the ropes are unhooked from the cage floor. Excessive movement is avoided by means of a turnbuckle at the ceiling.



Karen at play.

This is one playpen we can expect to see suspended from the limb of a back-yard tree three or four years from now!

Sincerely,
THYRZA I. ANDERSON

You Can Help Retarded Children

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Editor: "Children in the Dark," by Glenn Matthew White (November JOURNAL), is one of the finest articles about retarded children that have appeared in recent years on the pages of our national magazines.

Our fund drives benefit enormously from such articles, and this means that fewer children must look to a state institution for help and more and more can receive the services they need in their own communities. Readers of your magazine who express willingness to help may send donations directly to the National Association for Retarded Children, 386 Park Avenue South, New York City, or to their local units.

Sincerely,
MRS. MAX J. NIESE,
Member of the Board,
Albuquerque Association for Retarded Children, Inc.

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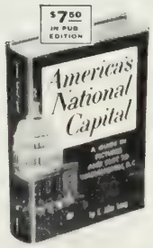
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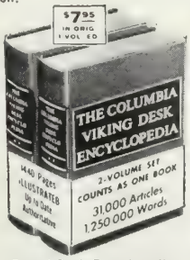
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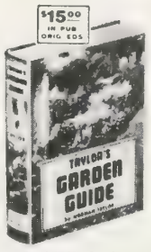
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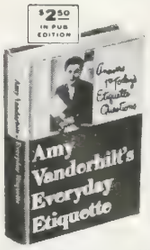
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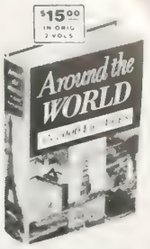
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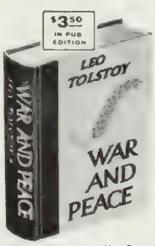
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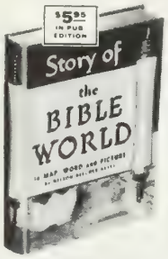
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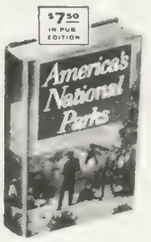
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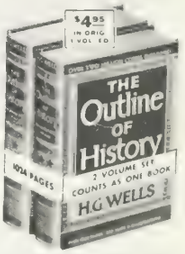
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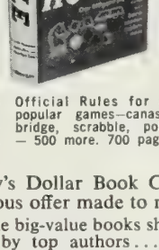
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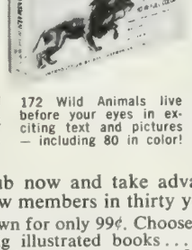
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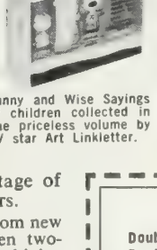


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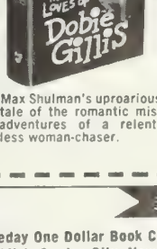


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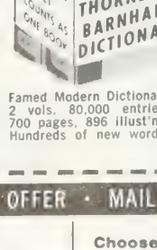
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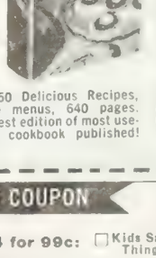
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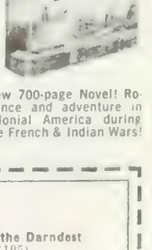
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Down with Closets!

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

Author of The Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Housekeeping and The Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Baby and Child Care

One thing is certain: there are unsuspected depths in almost every closet. One other thing is also certain: more things can be removed from most closets than could ever possibly be put back *in* them.

No more than one article should ever be removed at one time from a closet, and that one should be replaced at the earliest possible opportunity, as otherwise the gap may close forever.

Some people, when taken by a sudden fit of cleaning or house painting, make the mistake of removing from a closet *all its contents at the same time.*

When this mistake occurs, several things are revealed to the rash closet cleaner.

The first thing is that for the first time it becomes altogether clear just exactly how deep that closet is. No one had previously suspected that it went back more than four feet, as entry had been possible only on hands and feet in the little space left under the coats. Now, as the things are removed one by one, instead of making a little pile on a bench in the hall as anticipated, they are overflowing into the living room, dining room, and are now slowly flowing up the stairs like a living glacier. This glacierlike flow, though slow, is inexorable and gradually continues up the stairs and encroaches on the bedrooms. It is a good idea to keep the attic door *locked* while cleaning out any downstairs closets.

When all the boots, rubbers and galoshes have been removed from the closet and the movie projector has been temporarily placed on the living-room couch, a ski suddenly comes into view. Now who in the world could *that* belong to? No one in this family has ever been near a ski, let alone on one. (I mean, after all, what's the point? We can break arms and collar bones and ankles without going to all that trouble. We do it all the time, right here at home.) And there's something nerve-racking in the discovery of one ski. Where in the world is the other one? Could it be lurking under one of the children's beds? Could it be in a kitchen cabinet? Might it be lying dangerously on a cellar stair? Has the dog eaten it? Is it snuggled under the couch cushions, point up?

Behind the ski there is a roller skate with a broken strap. It could fit only a child of four and there hasn't been a child of four around here for six years.

Behind the roller skate there is a pair of swim fins in excellent condition, and a busted tennis racket. And there's the car back rest! Isn't it too bad we just bought a new one?

I wonder if it's possible that the person cleaning out this closet is not the absolutely world's best housekeeper.

Now it is a simple matter to remove from the closet all the coats hanging there. We can just throw them down on the . . . on the . . . well, all right, take them upstairs and put them on daddy's bed—just for the moment, of course. Here are daddy's overcoats, and here are the boys' coats, and mommy's spring coat, and . . . well, for goodness' sake, look at this blue tweed coat! I lost that one years ago. It still looks pretty good, too, if you don't examine it too closely. It seems to have lost some of its fuzz. I wonder if there could be moths in this closet. There seem to be some dog hairs on it too. I wonder . . . no. She wouldn't do that. Would she? Have made herself a bed in it?

Now, as the front layer of coats is removed, it is gradually revealed to the startled closet cleaner for the first time that there is a second layer. It had long since been forgotten that there was a second clothes rod behind the first, and once—years, maybe even decades ago—someone (*could* it have been me?) neatly tucked away the winter clothing in the summer, or maybe the summer clothing in the winter. It's hard to tell now.

Somewhere along the line, in school maybe, you were taught that matter (and/or energy) can be neither created nor destroyed. Well, any closet cleaner can tell you that it's not true. Matter gets created all the time. How else, then, did that bird cage get in there? I did *not* put it there. I never saw it before in my life. I never even had a bird, let alone a bird cage to put it in. Oh. You mean *that* bird. That parakeet. We gave that one away. They brought back the cage when the bird died? *Who* put it in the hall closet, and *why?*

Now let's shut all the closet doors and KEEP THEM SHUT.

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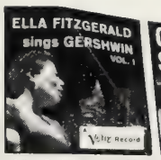


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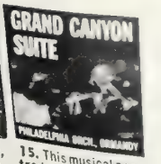
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ARE WOMEN BAD EMPLOYERS OF OTHER WOMEN?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

This question was suggested by responses I received from readers to an article that appeared in these pages in the September issue, entitled "The Remarkable Inefficiency of Efficiency."

In it I referred to the practical impossibility of obtaining full-time domestic help at a price that even a relatively well-to-do family can afford to pay; remarked that a "live-in" maid, counting together wages and living expenses, was better paid than many a college professor; and suggested that it is the snobbish social obloquy that attaches to domestic service that makes most girls and women shun it in America.

The article brought me numerous letters from women who are, or who have been, "live-in" maids, or otherwise engaged in domestic service. All, without exception, agreed that one of the most discouraging aspects of the life of a "maid" was the mere word describing her occupation. "It makes one a pariah," one woman wrote. Another told me that she had held for several years a position as a domestic in which she was very happy. She had been widowed, left with a small daughter, stayed with one family for several years, was well treated and appreciated, and was able to have her child with her. But when a man, a worker at that, asked her to marry him, he insisted that she give up that job and take another, because "I won't have my wife working in another woman's kitchen." The upshot was—since both needed to work—that she got a job in a grocery store and was separated from her child, though she could have continued by the day in her old position and kept her child with her.

A woman of admirable character who was housekeeper to a busy professional woman married a man from a small middle-class family, who wanted her to continue to work by the day to increase the family income. But her husband's family looked down upon her because, instead of working in a shop, she worked in a household, and they humiliated and depressed her. And it was the *women* among her in-laws who so humiliated her.

If an occupation is despised, those who practice it try to compensate in every other way for its disadvantages. They seek very high wages, want hours that are incompatible with the job; aware of the shortages caused by the low social status of the occupation, they exploit the fact and often feel no responsibility toward their employers; and so they make their own contributions to the so-called "servant problem."

I realize that the vast majority of American wives and mothers don't have domestic help. Yet nearly every middle-class family with children in the older civilized countries does have household help without problems like ours attending it. We would be a happier society if a larger proportion of our women could have part of their household burdens taken off their shoulders by another woman. Therefore, for those of us who have household help and for those who wish they could, it is worth while to consider some of the reasons why women, eminently fitted for it, prefer to do almost any other kind of work in this country.

Plainly, European women are more at home with servants and know better how to treat them. A greater clarity prevails about their tasks, and a warmer mutual feeling exists.

With the arrival of American Army families in Europe, thousands of American women had servants who had never had them before. Their European neighbors were shocked at the way they treated servants. Either they were too intimate or too demandingly rude—and often both. And there is, unhappily, an American tendency to believe that anything can be compensated for by sufficient money. According to the testimony of Europeans, many American women overpaid but greatly undervalued their employees, humanly speaking.

To what have those who have written me objected, apart from their social status and uneasy relationships?

Where they live in, they protest about their living quarters, and this is particularly true in big cities. "Anything is good enough for a maid's room," one woman writes. "Even in luxurious houses or apartments no attempt is made to make it comfortable or attractive."

"A catchall for the discarded furniture from the rest of the house." . . . "I had to make the curtains for my own room if I was to have any." . . . "A cubicle, not large enough for a regular-sized bed; one must

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THAYER

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sleep on a day bed." . . . "If the living quarters are presentable, they are usually in a house out of town and no provision is made for the maid to get into town oftener than once a week. She is housebound and lonely. I was stuck in the house six nights a week."

These criticisms of living quarters are, in my personal experience, true. And I think it is a great failure of women that they have done nothing about it. Women join all sorts of uplift movements, but do not manage to find a solution for their own problems.

In New York City I have occupied, at various times of my life, three apartments. All were spacious, but in all of them one was supposed to house a domestic worker in what amounted to a cell. Just why, if floor space includes a living room 32′ long, a dining room 20′ square, and master bedrooms as large as the dining room, is a maid supposed to be accommodated in an area 7′x9′?

In my own case, in each of these apartments I had to rebuild the maid's room. To make two without closets habitable, I had to have closets custom-made to fit the space; in one case I had a carpenter make me a tall, narrow chest of drawers; lighting was a naked bulb from a ceiling cord, no outlet for a bedside lamp, rooms with little outside light; in one I could get in a writing surface only by installing a wide shelf under the window.

Three feet more added to these spaces would have made cubicles into rooms, and made it possible to furnish them with pretty department-store furniture instead of highly expensive built-in equipment.

Quarters for domestic help are usually ill placed for quiet. Almost invariably they open from pantry or kitchen, so that if a member of the family goes to get a snack at night he wakes up the occupant. And the live-in maid has nowhere to receive a caller except in the kitchen or one of these tiny rooms. Only the most luxurious apartments have sitting rooms for domestics.

There are thus hundreds of apartment houses where the builders have assumed that the tenants or owners would have live-in domestic help without making anything like civilized provisions for housing such help. It appears that such help is not respected by the architects, builders or owners. A part of a floor could be set aside for such a purpose, where employers could rent rooms, the help have one or two sitting rooms, and a kitchenette to brew up a cup of coffee if they pleased. There they could, at least, enjoy the companionship of other people.

For this is another thing that domestic help complains of: "We have no life of our own. We take a job, thinking that we can plan our work and hours, but it does not turn out that way. Madam expects us to be continually on call. She does not define our duties at the outset. We understand we are to keep a dwelling clean and in order, cook at least two meals a day and wash up afterward. Then we find that we are also supposed to do the shopping, and do it in person at the supermarket. Often madam has no idea about prices and complains if we spend too much. Yet *she* orders the meals. We are held responsible without being given responsibility. We are continually asked to do what requires the kind of organization and intelligence a woman uses in managing her own household and doing its work, but at the same time we are treated as though we did not have a brain in our heads."

In my article I had remarked the financial advantages of receiving a good wage together with untaxed room, food and utilities. One maid challenged the food. "I rarely get a decent meal. Madam diets and expects me to diet right along with her. Actually, she diets at home and goes out often for lunch, or with her husband for dinner. You would be surprised to know how many families save on food at home in order to have money to spend in more ostentatious ways."

Live-in maids complain that when a woman has only one maid she doesn't expect to share the work with her; she expects the maid to do everything that she would find altogether too much to do herself. If there are children, the maid is expected to do all the housework and look after the children as well. "I wouldn't live in again for any money," one woman writes.

Of course there are two sides to this story. A few years ago I was compelled to look for a new housekeeper-maid because one who had worked for me for nearly twenty years wished to retire.

Several agencies sent me applicants, and a great many more came in answer to an advertisement. I must have interviewed forty women and I would not have employed a single one of them.

I was seeking an employee to clean seven rooms on four floors in a New York house, and to wash in a modern laundry dish and bath towels that needed no ironing. No cooking was required.

Nearly half the applicants immediately said they wouldn't work in a house with stairs, though there were broom closets on every floor, an intercom telephone system and no need for climbing the stairs more than once or twice a day.

One applicant wanted it clear what she was to have for lunch: "Chicken one day, lamb chops, steak on others." I explained that my husband and I did not confine our meals to the most expensive meats and that she would have what we did; if she wanted to pick her own menus, the place was not for her.

The vulgarity and impertinence of most of these applicants were appalling.

But if so many inferior girls and women choose domestic service, is it not due to the fact that many who can do anything else prefer another occupation? And if this is true, is it not the fault, by and large, of the women who employ them?

Domestic workers have told me that they greatly prefer to work for professional women: "They have their own work, and give a domestic much more leeway to work out her own schedules and routines." . . . "In general, they are better employers. They know what it is to work for other people; they have more respect for work of any kind than women do who have never, themselves, worked for a living."

The women who induce hostile attitudes in their employees appear to despise housework as menial and low. Despite the fact that well over 90 per cent of all American women do all or most of the housework in their own homes, it is apparent that a large proportion of them have no respect for the tasks. How, then, can they respect those who perform them for their living?

I venture the suggestion that perhaps women still do not really like *themselves* and their status; that there exists in their subconsciouses, at least, a feeling of inferiority with its roots in the long centuries during which their marital and social position *was*, very definitely, inferior to that of men, and that this influences their attitudes toward other women.

Women today occupy positions of the highest importance and esteem and are to be found in every profession and branch of learning; but this is all a fairly recent development. It is only a little over a hundred years since women were admitted to any university; not fifty years have passed since they were granted the national vote—emancipated male Negro slaves had it before they did—and control over their own property also dates from modern times.

In many ways the transition from an agricultural to an industrial-technological society has borne adversely on women from the viewpoint of their status, and, I suspect, their happiness. When half of our people lived on largely self-sufficient farms, there was a natural division of labor between men and women, and in her own realm mother was a queen. The home was a beehive of industries that have now left it; households were large, usually with a grandmother, maiden or widowed aunt or sister to help; all meals were eaten together, the father and husband coming in from the fields, and life was not divided and compartmentalized as it is now.

In such communities women's work was where her children were; today the woman who works has to leave them to someone else—and has increasing difficulty finding anyone else with whom she feels they will be safe.

What the eventual solution will be is not difficult to guess. We shall probably move in the direction of public nurseries for even small infants. But perhaps the strongest single impression that I brought away from Russia three years ago was that Russian women, *especially*, were not very happy. Women are biologically and temperamentally less fitted than men for a completely collectivized society. It is alien to their natures.

For the avoidance of which they should, I think, be kinder and more considerate of one another, whatever the relationship may be.

END



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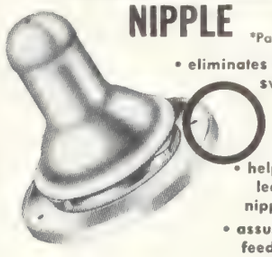
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"Some parents, including myself, have tried to make death seem not so threatening by saying that it is 'just like going to sleep.' This is risky, because a child may develop a dread of falling asleep, for fear he'll never wake."

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

Telling your child about death

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

SUZANNE SZASZ



Around the age of three or four, new fears begin to crop up. Fear of the dark, of fire engines, of dogs, of death.

"How do you explain death to a young child?" A number of mothers have asked this. Sometimes the occasion is the death of a distant grandparent or an acquaintance of the family. Or the question may come up when the child observes a funeral procession or a cemetery, or experiences the death of a pet.

I have never heard of an answer myself that could be relied on to prevent anxiety and misunderstanding.

Many religious parents are inclined to say, "He has gone to heaven," or "God has taken him away." Such answers may be satisfactory to a child of school age, who has heard enough about God and heaven on many occasions to have a fairly pleasant picture in his mind of a Good Man and a Nice Place. And by six years of age he is likely to have some philosophical acceptance of the inevitability of death and, at the same time, knowledge that it does not often carry away young people like himself.

But the child between two and five has, on the one hand, feelings that are quite easily disturbed and, on the other hand, little grasp of the everyday realities that would reassure the older child. You'll know what I mean if you've ever worried yourself sick in the middle of the night about some sin of your own or some danger to another person. Yet in the light of day you promptly lose 95 per cent of your fear and wonder how you could ever have become so foolishly panicky.

Young children are always in the dark in the sense that their inexperience, ignorance, lack of a sharp sense of what is real leave them at the mercy of their immediate feelings. Two-year-olds and three-year-olds and four-year-olds are curious, sensitive, imaginative. They feel strongly their dependence on their parents and are easily threatened by any danger of separation from them. The thought of going far away for good, or of being bodily taken away by angels or God—no matter how kindly these people are said to be—can be quite disturbing.

Though I started on the subject of explaining to a small child the death of another person, I've been talking as if it were the child's own death which was the issue. I didn't get sidetracked through absent-mindedness. The point is that a three- or four-year-old is at a stage of emotional development when he applies everything to himself, whether it's pleasant or unpleasant. When he sees a man driving a bus he forgets about the man and immediately imagines how it would feel to drive himself. He begins to act it out. When he sees a cripple he is promptly upset because he automatically identifies himself with the cripple. When he asks what a graveyard is for, and gets his first explanation of death, his next sentence is apt to be the frightened question, "Do I have to die?"

That's why it's so hard to explain to a young child about the death of someone else. As far as he is concerned, it's his death which is being discussed. Since he has a strong desire to remain alive, and to stay near his parents, it is impossible to describe death in such a way as to leave him entirely unperturbed.

Some parents, including myself, have tried to make death seem not threatening by explaining that very old people become so tired that they are glad to lie down and die peacefully, "just like going to sleep." This is partly futile, because a child can't possibly imagine being that tired. And it's a risky analogy because sometimes an anxious type of child will develop a dread of falling asleep, for fear he'll never wake up.

Isn't there any solution? Not, I think, in trying to find some neat or magical combination of words. But this is no cause for dismay in most cases. Everyday experience tells us that a majority of children have learned something about death by the time they are four or five, without appearing to be more than mildly and temporarily upset. They seem to make some kind of adjustment to the idea. This is partly accomplished by the processes of suppression or denial. You can see a child first asking worried questions. Then abruptly he becomes interested in something pleasant and his facial expression cheers up. The rest of the day he may seem unconcerned. Then, perhaps at bedtime, he suddenly declares, "I'm never going to die"—pretending that he can banish the danger with his resolution—or else he comes back to more of the anxious questions. Even in adulthood we try by the same methods to master or stave off what threatens to overwhelm us, though we usually aren't as successful in this as the small child. At any age, when a danger is too great to face the mind attempts to forget it for a while, but then comes back to it when reminded, and tries to master it, a bit at a time. This may happen during the day, but it's also the explanation of many nightmares.

The child who is intensely disturbed when he first learns about death, and who can't get it out of his mind for long, is the exception. Probably he has been an overly sensitive, overly dependent child from an earlier age. Perhaps he became chronically anxious back at the age of two, when his mother had to leave him suddenly for the first time for a couple of weeks and he despaired of ever seeing her again. Or perhaps his mother has always been a worrier about his safety and he has absorbed some of her anxiety—especially in regard to anything that might separate him from her. The child who does develop a phobia or obsession about death needs professional help, to untangle the background factors that have made him so susceptible to fears. In the course of investigation and treatment it often turns out that one of the main reasons why he worries so about his own safety is that he feels excessively guilty about his occasional angry feelings toward other members of the family and expects awful punishment for this.

The same thing applies to the child who has heard about a disease such as polio and develops a persistent dread of it. It's not that the disease was described to him in a mistaken way, but that he has a store of anxiety and guiltiness in his mind which happens to attach itself to a disease. This child with such a severe dread needs child-guidance help too.

So far I've been making the point that the exact manner in which death is explained is usually less important than the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

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LEGAL AID WITH A WOMAN'S TOUCH IN LOS ANGELES



For many a legal-aid client, the cost of a baby sitter can be almost as far out of reach as a lawyer's fee. In Los Angeles, Lawyers' Wives have provided a room where little ones can play and rest while mothers wait for an interview.

VOLUNTEERS CAN HELP

By MARGARET HICKEY

Every year thousands of men and women in this country need the help of a lawyer, but are unable to pay for it. Where can they turn?

Only those charged with crimes are likely to receive court-appointed attorneys (and this is uniform throughout the country only for crimes punishable by death.) But in civil cases there is no such provision. What happens to the wage earner hopelessly in debt following a period of illness, the mother seeking support for children of a disrupted home, the family facing eviction?

Perhaps the best source of help for people like these caught in a crisis is the legal-aid office. Often financed by united drives or voluntary gifts, these community organizations need the understanding and support of all citizens—not just of the lawyers. Legal aid becomes the organized effort of the community to provide legal counsel for people who, so often because of illness or unemployment, cannot employ an attorney.

Because of growing citizen concern (only 306 communities have legal-aid or defender offices, and 128 have committees of volunteer lawyers) groups such as the Los Angeles women whose work is described this month help in a number of cities.

In Oakland, California, another group of Lawyers' Wives brought about a survey of legal-aid needs in Alameda County which has led to greater financial support from lawyers and the community and an office staff increased from two part-time to three full-time lawyers. Wives paid for remodeled quarters so that clients no longer wait in a crowded hall, and the women help every day in the office. Last year some 1200 volunteers from all kinds of community groups—teachers, legal secretaries, business and professional women—worked indirectly but no less effectively for Legal Aid Society through a moneymaking Christmas Cargoes fair.

In New York City, volunteer service has come one step closer to the courtroom. In response to a request from Presiding Justice John Warren Hill, Red Cross trained volunteers help in the Children's Court. While parents wait for their cases to be called, children of all ages—unhappy, sometimes delinquent, often neglected—fill a crowded playroom. For some of them it is a stopover on the way to placement in schools or foster homes. A volunteer who speaks Spanish fluently helps probation officers take case histories; others help with the applications for assistance. But the job most sought is in the playroom where volunteers feed, diaper, rock, console and, most important of all, give tender loving care when children need it most. END

Doris Waters' face is still soft with youth, but there is a discouraged droop to her mouth. From her dark hair, clean but uncurled, to her small feet in inexpensive, high-heeled white sandals, Doris is weary. But it is not just the fatigue of a young mother tired out by three lively youngsters.

For four months Doris Waters has had no word from her divorced husband, now living out of the state, *and* no money. Without the child-support payments ordered by the court, she has fallen behind in the rent and the grocery bill. Her only belongings are the pieces of furniture, valued at $75, in her two-room flat. She is unable to provide proper care for the children. Is there any way, she wonders desperately, that their father can be made to help?

Now, in the blue-walled playroom of the Legal Aid Foundation of Los Angeles, Doris feels an unfamiliar rush of hope. Handing her chubby three-year-old a toy, Doris leads five-year-old David toward a blackboard, holds her youngest in her arms. Only this morning a neighbor told her about Legal Aid, suggested she come here for help. Not quite believing the hope, but not disbelieving it either, Doris looks over the filled waiting room, listening for her name to be called.

For Doris Waters is just one of thousands of Los Angeles men and women for whom the specialized advice and service of a lawyer would be completely out of reach if there were no Legal Aid. In this law office (supported by Welfare Federation funds) a client's eligibility depends on his inability to pay for legal assistance, as well as on the urgency and nature of his problem. Although not all can be accepted as clients (divorce suits, for instance, are taken only after very careful consideration, and needy criminal cases belong in the Public Defender's office), everyone who comes is seen at least once by a lawyer.

And come they do. From before nine until after four, five days a week, the foundation's waiting room—plain, high-ceilinged, rimmed with straight wooden chairs—is never empty. Referred by social agencies, lawyers, friends, employers, police, county welfare and probation workers, close to 90 people daily, as many as 125 on a Monday, wait here (some of them for four or five hours) for their chance to talk to an attorney.

With a paid staff of only six or seven lawyers and four office workers, the Legal Aid Foundation is hard-pressed to provide the service these people seek. Women volunteers, who type, file, register, man the switchboard and reception desk, know that if a single one of them fails to show up the whole process of legal aid will be slowed. Even with their assistance and the work of law students (who receive school credit), every day at Legal Aid is a busy day.

And in that unavoidable busyness (16,000 clients last year, many requiring more than one interview) the half-hoping people like Doris Waters can sometimes feel they have lost their way. Although the volunteers—most of them from Lawyers' Wives of Los Angeles, at least one from Junior League—are not often familiar with the full details of individual cases, they know that these men and women, requiring legal assistance primarily, need plain kindness and sympathy too. They see that as part of their job.

Perhaps the Legal Aid playroom best shows the women's gift of feminine warmth and insight. The outgrowth of Mrs. Milton A. Krug's dismay that youngsters had to wait long hours with their parents and hear the details of their problems, it provides a pleasant place where children can play while the mother or father is with a lawyer.

"They don't *always* stay there," Martha Krug, a former Legal Aid chairman for Lawyers' Wives, admits. "Some parents won't leave their children. But we don't try to force them to. Many of these are very insecure, mixed-up people who don't want to be told what to do or be pushed around."

Lawyers' Wives do not question the value of this room when they think of the mother whose four youngsters all needed fresh diapers, the tiny babes in arms whose milk can now be heated in the bottle warmer; when they see the bassinet, the high chair, the rocking horse in daily use.

As much as humanly possible, the women show that they care through courtesy and smiles and patience in all their dealings with the clients. It is not always easy. Switchboard



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operators—careful never to cut off a caller because "it may be literally his last dime"—must pacify the impatient seeking to have "just one little question" answered. "Well, look," a caller may insist, "all I wanta know is why they're suing me. They took back the car and took the furniture. How come they're after me?" Martha Krug remembers the man, dissatisfied with the only information volunteers may give—the address and hours—who growled, "You can be replaced, you know," and slammed down the receiver.

Receptionists, their desk set in the waiting room, must soothe the angry and troubled who say they cannot wait any longer, cope with those who forget their identification cards or, out of confusion or design, use different names on each visit.

Often, however, the hardest task is to face a client's despair. Registrars, who collect the registration fee—$1.00 for those able to pay—and type up docket cards, find that the question "Why are you here?" may release a heartbreaking flow of words and emotion. Volunteer Ann Baranger, tall, attractive young mother of two, says, "I sit there and pray, 'Please don't cry, please don't cry.'" But it is to the registrar—"the first listener"—that the thin, drooping woman repeats the words she cannot believe: "Get out or I'll throw you out." It is to the registrar that the nineteen-year-old, her fingers bare of rings, her eyes ablink with starting tears, says, "It's about an annulment . . . I—I don't know where he is."

With a quiet voice, an understanding look, a proffered box of tissues, the registrar calms her, tactfully points out that private details should be saved for an attorney.

The Wives convey their concern in other ways too: through the magazines they bring to the waiting room; through the games, candy, toys they keep on hand for children. Their small emergency fund has provided meals and carfare for a mother and five children who hitchhiked all night to reach the Legal Aid office. Pleasanter surroundings and speedier office procedures have been made possible by fresh paint, lighting fixtures, new desks and chairs, duplicating machines, the switchboard purchased with the $11,454 they have given. They have placed $9,823 in a building fund for future use.

Most basic evidence of the Wives' feelings are the more than 25,000 hours of volunteer work given since 1952—a contribution which allowed Legal Aid to handle a case-load increase of 25 to 30 per cent in those years, at a time when Welfare Federation allotments were unable to keep up with the needs of a booming population.

Current Legal Aid chairman Mrs. A. J. Bernhardt speaks for the corps of 75 active workers when she insists, "We get far more out of volunteering than it costs us." A handsome woman of thirty-nine, her short-cut black hair barely salted with gray, Lorraine Bernhardt laughs with delight as she remembers Mrs. L____, a plump little widow, caring for three youngsters on $62 a week, who bounced up and down with excitement when told that the suit against her had been settled in her favor. "She kept hitting her hands against the edge of the desk, saying, 'You mean we won? We won?' . . . By working here," Lorraine continues, "we come much closer to understanding law and lawyers—including our husbands—and how demanding a client can be."

Most important of all, the women learn that protecting the rights of the individual is not just airy idealism. In practice, it means dealing with very real, pressing and even sordid human problems, which often cannot be fully solved by legal remedy. It can be frustrating work.

Yet the call to ensure the rights of "people—just people" is so compelling that there are lawyers, volunteers and judges who worry deeply because the foundation can meet only 50 to 60 per cent of the need. With the continued help of Lawyers' Wives, and with a steadily growing public understanding of legal aid which they are fostering, Chief Counsel Edwin F. Franke looks hopefully to the day when "we can fulfill our debt to the community by seeing that all needy people have legal representation when they stand before the Bar of Justice." END

ALWAYS THE WOMEN

By PAUL ENGLE

There were the admirals who sailed,
The booted cavalry who yelled,
Crooks and thieves the country jailed
(Their mugs and morals smelled);

The bum, the handsome buck, the bold
Wandered the land, and cussed and prayed,
Rode in the sun, trudged in the cold.
Always the women stayed:

Ladies who sewed a dainty stitch
And bore their child by the wolf's howl,
Some wild ones, too, who scratched their itch
And talked with the wild owl;

The scared who screamed in the log hut
When twigs broke under the brown deer,
But dyed their skirt with butternut
And bore the barbarous fear;

All those whose summer-haunted cries
Were the hysteria of glad,
For when the white snow beat their eyes,
Their minds went white and mad;

Those who, hearing the red night make
The whoop of horror, still could shake
The heavy-sleeping child awake
With courage like an ache,

Could stand with husband at the door
Holding all night the heavy gun,
Until there slashed across the floor
The scalping knife of sun;

From wild grape climbing on the oak
They made the jelly, blue and tart,
Boiled maple sap above its smoke,
And broiled the elk's broad heart;

Now some were sharp of nose and tongue,
Some solid as a walnut stump,
Some narrow as a ladder rung,
And some were pumpkin-plump.

Whatever natural shape and sound
Combined to make each one a woman,
They walked across this savage ground
And made old nature human.

Always the women could persuade
Bears from a tree, men from damnation;
In deerskin, gingham or brocade
Gave a new house its consecration;

By calloused finger gently laid
Over the fevered eye's dilation,
By being women here, they made
A child-delighting nation.

Always these Western landscapes wore
Women around them like a dress.
Always these Western women bore
The touch of earth like a caress.
Always they move on to explore
Love's fearful wilderness.



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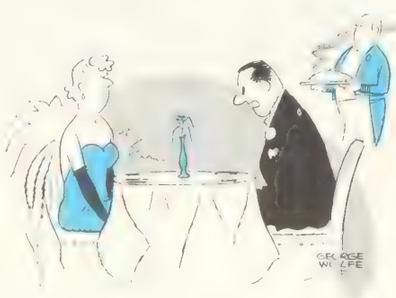
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Two forks! This is going to cost money!"

Our family discovers that a meal in front of the fireplace is the wintertime equivalent of a picnic in the patio in the summertime: but cozier, and also mosquito-free.

Our neighbor next door who used to complain that his college sons wore all his clothes now confides that he's glad to wear theirs on gala occasions.

My Dream Girl got a bit moist-eyed when we went to a campus beauty's wedding at the state university. Her sorority sisters sang on the front lawn as she brought her bridegroom from the church for the reception. I blinked myself.

"*As long as women insist on wearing open-toed and open-heeled shoes on a slushy day like this,*" *argues our lunch-table sage, taking off his rubbers, "they can't expect to elect a female President.*"

Our town's stingiest millionaire complains that his wife hides the daily grocery bills in kitchen drawers. "She doesn't want me," he grumbles, "to see what the meat costs."

"If Walter Lippmann and Marquis Childs can have cork-lined soundproof rooms," meditates the young father of five across the road, "then I need one also."

At the bridge table, our wives assert that husbands who help wash the dishes live longer. "It's so relaxing for a man," they argue. All I can say in rebuttal is that to watch your wife washing 'em is even more relaxing.

Our youngest cherishes, as the finest memento of his visit to the Brussels Fair last year, the Praeger volume of 337 pictures of the paintings there exhibited. Especially because Praeger once worked at an oil station in our town.

I gave my Glamour Girl an exotic Christmas present: a gigantic tridacna shell, from the Marshall Islands via Honolulu, to use as a birdbath in our patio. (My brother-in-law bought a smaller one for a salad bowl!)

How do the phone companies teach their operators to speak so seductively? A plain girl's quickest path to enchantment is a voice like a blend of lullaby, flute and hypnosis; it beautifies.

One of our town's tenderer husbands says he often loves his wife strongest during one of their semiweekly quarrels. "She seems so angry and pathetic," he says, "she tugs at my heartstrings."

We shook hands with the Khrushchevs during their visit, and reached two conclusions: that (1) he hasn't chopped much wood lately, and (2) she does far more to disarm suspicion than he does.

On the assumption that feminine curiosity knows no limits, our town's do-gooders are scheming for a winter tour of twelve select kitchens and bathrooms, at $1.25 or $2 a ticket.

Brooding over last summer's mosquitoes, we've hit on a bright idea: a squirt pistol for each picnicker or patio guest, loaded with bug spray, so they can spray each other. Who doesn't love to squirt a pistol?

One of our deep masculine thinkers has it figured out that a girl ought to weigh two pounds for each inch of height: six-footer, 144 pounds. "Do you mean I should weigh one hundred and twenty pounds?" cried a five-foot girl indignantly. "Never!"

I've never been able to relinquish my old neckties until my wife began to give 'em to church bazaars to auction off. Now I can rid myself of even the most sentimental mementos of girls of long ago.

My Glamour Girl has sicked two London and Dublin tailors on me; they want to make me suits. But I'm not too sure Englishmen are the world's best-dressed men. Their clothes often seem tight, short and skimpy, as if inherited from a somewhat smaller relative.

We visited the newest brave-new-world supermarket in our town, and a chill wind seemed to blow out of the gigantic future. Yet two things cheered me: doughnuts with potato flour, and onion-flavored bread.

I've received a letter adorned with a sticker: "Honor Grandmotherhood!" Yeah. But can't it be shortened to "Honor Gram!"? (And they mustn't forget gramp either.)

Teachers and professors continue to assure me that few students with straight A grades drive their own cars to high school or college. Maybe the A students will acquire their sports cars later?

You can't find real folksy folks anywhere except on farms and in villages, argues Roswell Garst, the wealthy farmer, host to Kh. I'd like to argue that with him; town and city folks can (I'm sure) be just as folksy.

We were honored one day by a surprise visit from Adlai Stevenson at our old homestead. But a career gal monopolized the talk and lectured him on politics. (I must study a technique for rudeness to such people.)

I'm glad they've quit paddling the freshmen pledges at dorms and fraternity houses. An equally drastic punishment would be to force 'em to hang up their clothes, and even the clothes of the upperclassmen.

How must one handle the problem of a barking dog, which wakes you at midnight and 6 A.M.? If you phone the owner he resents it. His children hate you. His wife scowls. Sometimes it seems simpler to shoot the dog.

Ah, a minor triumph! I've contended that bits of toast spread with peanut butter might make good appetizers with cocktails. But my Dream Girl scoffed at my plebeianism. And then we encountered peanut-butter hors d'oeuvres at a fancy cocktail party.

. . . When our oldest grandchild's promoted to kindergarten and becomes a team man,

. . . Or Harlan III climbs a tree at 2½ and tells a baby sitter to go home,

. . . And our daughter-in-law reveals she's learned 100 words of Japanese,

. . Or our son-in-law praises my twenty-year-old tweed jacket,

Then I'm glad I never followed my bachelor whim to emigrate to Turkey and acquire a harem.



Steak-and-Potato Supper

Pour on Hunt's Tomato Sauce, pop it in the oven . . . here's "meat-and-potatoes" a delicious new way

This hearty dish tastes as good as it sounds!

Juicy, browned pieces of round steak, appetizing casserole-roasted potatoes. And *extra* flavor goodness that comes from a rich red glaze of Hunt's Tomato Sauce.

Hunt's is what makes this a brand *new* dish, even though it's fixed with familiar meat and potatoes. Its special spicy character *blends and betters* the meaty flavor. Gives it color and appetizing aroma, too.

Hunt's Tomato Sauce works like this in your cooking because it's *all tomato*. No fillers to block the flavor. And just the right spices and seasonings added.

Hunt's comes already kettle-simmered to a rich sauce consistency—a natural for making hamburgers, fish, pot roasts, or even leftovers taste *extra* good.

Try it! And for your next "meat-and-potatoes" meal, serve your family Steak-and-Potato Supper. *Easy* to make—with Hunt's Tomato Sauce.

1½ lbs. round steak,
cut into serving-size pieces
⅓ cup flour 4 tablesp. fat
4-6 small potatoes, peeled;
or 2 to 3 larger potatoes, cut in half
1 small onion, chopped
2 tablesp. chopped parsley
½ teasp. salt ⅛ teasp. pepper
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Dredge steak in flour. Brown well on both sides in hot fat. Place meat in a 1½-quart casserole. Pour off excess fat. Scrape up browned drippings left in pan and add to meat. Arrange potatoes with meat. Sprinkle onion, parsley, salt and pepper over all and add Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 1½ hours. Makes 4 generous servings.

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Good cooks say:

"Never thought a cake mix could taste so good . . . and stay so fresh!"

"My neighbor couldn't believe I'd baked yesterday morning—the cake tasted that fresh and moist!"

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Betty Crocker



PRIZE RECIPES

3 new ideas for different stews

1. BEEF STEW BOURBONNAIS 2. LAMB CURRY 3. SUEY SUPREME

Stew is stew in *any* language . . . and wonderful, too! To the French, it's "ragout." Hungarians call their veal-and-vegetable medley "guylas," and the Irish love their "Mulligan." In fact, every country has its own version. Here are three terrific ones, for which Heinz chefs have already done much of the work.

• **Wonderful new** Heinz Concentrated Tomato Juice, tender-pressed from choice California tomatoes, furnishes the base for Lamb Curry (India's favorite). Beef Stew Bourbonnais, laced with wine and subtly tinged with herbs, gets a savory boost from rosy, flavorful Heinz Ketchup. And creamy, expertly seasoned Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup blends its richness with the bamboo shoots, bean sprouts and other good things in a Suey Supreme that's as Chinese as chopsticks.



BEEF STEW BOURBONNAIS

—Mrs. Frank Ellis, Northampton, Mass.

Brown 1½ lbs. beef chuck, cut in 1-inch cubes, in 1 Tbs. shortening. Add 1 clove garlic, minced, and 1 medium onion, chopped. Sauté until onion is transparent. Add ½ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Stir in 1 can Heinz Tomato Soup, undiluted, ¾ cup dry red wine and ¼ cup water. Cover; simmer 30 min. Add ¼ tsp. each basil and thyme, ½ cup thick, wonder-working Heinz Ketchup. Arrange 3 medium carrots, cut in ½-inch pieces, 1½ cups celery, cut in 1-inch pieces, and 4 medium potatoes, pared and quartered, on top. Cover; simmer 1½ to 2 hours. (Makes 6 servings.)



LAMB CURRY

—Mrs. Arleen Kauffman, San Lorenzo, Calif.

In a stew pan combine 2 lbs. cubed lamb shoulder, 1 cup water, ½ cup Heinz Ketchup, a 6¼-oz. can new, fresh-tasting Heinz Concentrated Tomato Juice, undiluted, 1 medium orange, thinly sliced, 1 clove garlic, minced, 1 medium onion, sliced, 1 tsp. salt, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, ½ cup seedless raisins, 2 pared, cored apples, sliced, ½ tsp. powdered ginger, 2 tsp. curry powder, 2 Tbs. brown sugar. Cover. Simmer 2 hrs., stirring occasionally. Serve over rice. (Makes 6 to 8 servings.)



SUEY SUPREME

—Mrs. Loren Herman, Rochester, N.Y.

Brown 1 lb. round steak, cut in 2-inch strips, in 1 Tbs. shortening. Add a 5-oz. can diced bamboo shoots, drained, 1 medium onion, chopped. Sauté until onion is transparent. Stir in 1 can Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup, undiluted, 1 chicken bouillon cube, dissolved in ¾ cup hot water, 2 tsp. perky, flavor-boosting Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, 2 tsp. sugar, 1 cup celery, cut in 1-inch pieces. Simmer, covered, 45 min. Add ½ cup drained bean sprouts, 1 cup shredded fresh spinach. Simmer 10 min., uncovered. Serve with crisp noodles. (Makes 5 servings.)

Liven cold-weather vegetable dishes (canned or frozen spinach or peas, for instance) with this Spring Vegetable Sauce: in top of double boiler combine 1 cup grated process American cheese, ⅓ cup milk, 1 tsp. rich, zesty Heinz 57 Sauce. Heat, stirring occasionally, until cheese melts. Serve over cooked vegetables. (Makes ⅔ cup of delicious sauce.)

Meat balls are extra tempting fixed this way: combine 1 lb. ground beef, 1 tsp. salt, ½ cup Heinz Hamburger Relish (peppy blend of chopped pickles in tomato sauce). Form into 16 meat balls. Brown in skillet. (Makes 4 to 5 servings.)



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IS HIS JOB YOUR RIVAL?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

HE'S MARRIED TO HIS WORK!

"How much loyalty does a man owe to his company, and how much to his wife and family? Doesn't a wife ever have first claim on her husband's time, or must she always put aside her own plans if the company beckons? My husband is an engineer with a research firm, a junior executive earning a lot more money than we expected at this age. (He's thirty-two.) Naturally I'm proud of his success, but I'm not sure it's worth it.

"Rush jobs are the usual thing, and when one comes along Howard takes it for granted that his evenings and weekends belong to the company. I wouldn't complain—I hope!—about an occasional late-afternoon call saying we'd have to cancel a casual movie date, but what about elaborate plans made long in advance, and involving other people?

"Last week brought the biggest disappointment yet. More than a month ahead, we'd made arrangements with another couple to celebrate my thirtieth birthday with an evening out—dinner and a show, a dress-up affair. Baby sitters were engaged, everything was set. That morning Howard said he might be tied up with a rush job, and I'd better break our engagement. But I just passed it off, saying he couldn't stand me up this time. Just about when he should have been coming in that night, he called to say he had to work, but for me to go ahead and have a good time.

"I went, but of course I didn't have a good time. Howard wasn't even home when I came in, and I cried myself to sleep. I was more hurt than angry. Next day he said he'd hated to disappoint me, but it seemed better than holding up half a dozen other people on the job. He promised it wouldn't happen again, but I know the next time a rush job comes along, he'll be right in there pitching.

"Let's face it. The real question is whether his job is more important to him than his wife and family. He's a good husband and father, and I know he loves me, but his job is my rival."

This wife's situation is not uncommon. Many wives must put up with long, lonely evenings while their husbands work late at factory or office, or are away from home on business trips. But the understanding wife recognizes that her husband's long hours are a hardship for him as well as for her. He is not seeking personal pleasure or gratifying a selfish whim. His working hours are regulated by inherent requirements of his profession or business, as in the case of a doctor or traveling salesman; by the demands of his employer or customers; and by his own conscience, self-respect and natural desire to get ahead.

The real question is not whether a husband's job or his home and family are more important to him, but how the separate and sometimes conflicting needs of both can be met without undue cost to either. The wife must remember that her husband's job maintains their home, provides for the family and made the marriage possible; it behooves her as well as him to recognize the company's claims.

At the same time the considerate husband will do his utmost to prevent his job from interfering with the needs and reasonable wishes of his wife. For instance, when plans are made for an important family event, the wise husband will explain the situation to his superior in advance, and will ask to be excused from special assignments on that date. Almost certainly his request will be granted. No doubt Howard had this approach in mind when he assured his wife that a similar disappointment would not occur again.

If you feel that your husband's work interferes unduly with your family life, the first step toward improvement is to talk it over with him, calmly and cheerfully but freely and frankly. Perhaps he hasn't been aware of the depth of your disappointment. Perhaps you haven't understood the justification for the company's demands on him.

Every self-respecting man wants to make a creditable record in his chosen field. Every conscientious wife wants to help him achieve that record. She cannot do it by resisting, resenting, and complaining about his devotion to his job.

Ask his co-operation in devising ways to share himself more fully with you and the family. If he doesn't respond, or if you still aren't satisfied, analyze your personal relationship to see what is wrong. Is your attitude realistic? Do you keep him under pressure financially? Are you thoroughly familiar with the nature of his responsibilities? The key to your problem and its solution may lie within you rather than in your husband's job.

WHAT WOMEN WANT FROM MEN

It was a wintry day when this young wife came in. She glanced out the window and said, "I feel as dreary as the weather. And after only eleven months, our marriage is just as dreary. Jim is intelligent and conscientious, and I hope I am, and we both want our marriage to succeed. But as of now, we're disappointed and not too hopeful. It's not that we have big problems; it's more as if we weren't temperamentally suited to each other or maybe to marriage. What are the personal qualities that make a happy marriage? It can't all be luck. Maybe if we knew what to work for, the future wouldn't look so dark."

There is ample reason to hope that this young woman's future will be brighter, because she is not putting all the blame on her husband, and is willing to work for improvement. In answer to her question, we can cite some of the major personality traits and attitudes which research shows to be associated with married happiness. You will notice that they are not identical for men and women. The traits that typify the man who makes a happy marriage are:

Emotional maturity. The emotionally mature individual is stable, responsible, willing to face facts, able to maintain self-control under stress. The most favorable environment for developing emotional maturity is a happy home under the guidance of affectionate parents.

Fair-mindedness includes tolerance, honesty, understanding of the principle of give and take; it is fortified by a sincere belief in the values of marriage.

Companionability means the capacity to share ideas, thoughts and particularly feelings. It is *not* found in individuals who are selfish, irritable, hypersensitive or asocial.

Considerateness, regarded by many wives as the most desirable trait in a husband, is expressed by kindness, co-operativeness and affection; it reflects mutual understanding.

Sociability is reflected by ease in meeting people and making friends, willingness to participate in social and community activities. However, even a sociable husband wants his wife to take some of the responsibility for their social life.

Integrity reflects sincere devotion to a code of ethics, values and ideals. The man of integrity governs his actions by his code, rather than by impulse, personal preference or expediency.

These are the outstanding characteristics of husbands who have achieved happy marriages. Below we list the comparable and complementary qualities that distinguish the happy and successful wife.

Role acceptance. No matter how career-minded she may be, the happy wife is a woman who voluntarily and by preference makes her first objective being a good wife. Other commitments, inclinations and achievements are secondary; husband, home and family are her first concern. This purposeful point of view is not accidental; most often it was acquired from her mother.

Emotional responsiveness means her capacity to share the feelings of others—her husband's anxiety, her child's discomfort, a friend's grief. Her reaction is to try to relieve the difficulty, by direct action if possible, but in any case by the comfort of her understanding and affection. Her responsiveness, like her husband's emotional maturity, reflects the influence of her parents' marriage.

Objectivity is akin to fair-mindedness, and depends on role acceptance. The objective wife sees herself, not only as a particular individual but also as a wife with responsibilities and obligations in common with other wives. She can identify herself with other family members and see a situation from their point of view as well as her own.

Compliance is one of her major virtues. She accepts her husband's wishes as her own. If he dislikes her smoking, she gives it up, not out of fear or subservience but because it will please him; she wants above all to please him and make him happy.

Patience (hers) makes the difference between a harmonious atmosphere and a discordant one. She supervises her children's table manners, but doesn't expect them to achieve perfection in a single lesson. She wishes her husband would remember to empty the trash basket, but doesn't nag when he forgets. She accepts disappointments gracefully, offers to postpone some purchase because the car needs new tires.

If your marriage is drab and unrewarding, take stock of your qualifications as a wife. If you can improve them, your marriage will inevitably become more satisfactory. Your example may inspire your husband to greater effort. The new year can bring new and greater happiness to you both.

DO YOU AGREE?

My daughter, seventeen, insists that going steady means informal engagement. I disagree. Who's right?

The term is subject to wide interpretation, but the usual order is from going steady to informal engagement ("engaged to be engaged") and announced engagement.

ASK YOURSELF:

Are We Companionable?

The essence of happy marriage is the companionship and sharing between husband and wife. This identification, based on common interests and feelings, should increase steadily from the wedding day on. The following questions may help you evaluate the companionship in your marriage.

Do you and your husband share:

1. **Some amusements like playing bridge?**
2. **A constructive hobby or recreation?**
3. **A deep interest like music or reading?**
4. **Each other's friends?**
5. **Home-improvement projects?**
6. **Quiet evenings alone together?**

Do you:

7. **Respect your husband as a man?**
8. **Place full confidence in him?**
9. **Discuss your problems with him?**
10. **Usually follow his suggestions?**
11. **Try to understand his "quirks"?**
12. **Sense when he is troubled or upset?**
13. **Really do your best to please him?**
14. **Always kiss him good night?**

Add your "Yes" responses. If your total is 11 to 13, you are in good company, since 12 is the average for happy wives married five to eight years. But with a lower score, try to correct the situation revealed by "No" answers to questions 7–14. Then you may be able to answer "Yes" to more of questions 1–6.



Now! A better-fitting napkin you can wear and forget!

You're confident . . . carefree . . . ready for after-theater fun. At long last, here's a feminine napkin you can wear and forget!

Fems feminine napkins fit better and absorb better. Long enough to fit securely—yet there's not an ounce of extra bulk.

Now your napkin stays put even under stress, thanks to the extra length of the tab ends. What a feeling of security!

Forget about stains. Wear your nicest things, knowing there's a protective safety-cushion to prevent accidents, whether you're seated or moving about.

Forget about shifting and binding. Better-fitting Fems feminine napkins are made to adjust to your body without discomfort—no matter how active you may be.

Forget about chafing. Touch the chafe-free covering to the inside of your wrist, where your skin is extra sensitive. No wonder Fems bring welcome relief from chafing.

Fems absorb quickly. That's another protection against chafing. And both the covering and inner materials are designed to keep surfaces comfortably dry, even during the heaviest flow.

Would you pay a few cents more for all this extra comfort and confidence? Of course you would! So next time wear Fems—and learn how freedom feels!



FEMS is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

NEW

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED HEREIN
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

LIVELIER CHICKEN TASTE



New enriched egg noodles



Better than ever. Richer, livelier, more home-cooked-tasting than ever—we've *doubled the chicken flavor.* Impossible? Try it and see!

New, enriched egg noodles that always cook up tender yet firm. Yea, every ingredient in Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup is *truly superb.*

Heartwarming nourishment in every fragrant spoonful of this livelier tasting soup. Enjoy it *soon!* While you're at it, try 'em all!

Home-cooked taste—the new mix way!





WERNER WOLFF FROM BLACK STAR

Journal about town

DAWN OF A NEW YEAR: HAPPY 1960.

WHAT WE DO
WHERE WE GO
WHOM WE MEET EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

50 years ago in the Journal

Oh, Marie!" was the hit tune of January, 1910, when trained nurses worked twelve hours a day and more for $25 a week. The whole state of Tennessee went dry, Madame Melba had the most glorious voice in America, milk cost six cents a quart, and daylight saving was first proposed.

"Are the only clever women in the world in Paris?" challenges Editor Bok in the January, 1910, JOURNAL. *"We believe the American woman can create her own pretty things to wear. We need your ideas for our new American Fashions department. If you shun such publicity, your name need never be published."*

In "My Quarrel with Women's Clubs" Editor Bok takes them to task for ignoring what he considers the crucial issues of 1910: the fearful increase of The Black Plague (venereal disease); the needless blindness in one third of all babies born blind (from gonorrhea); the dangers of the public drinking cup, in use everywhere; "quack" medicines and harmful "beauty" remedies for the skin and hair; and the annual slaughter of children from firecrackers. "All the clubwoman seems to be interested in," complains Editor Bok, "is self-culture."

"When a man takes a girl sleigh riding should he leave the horse to help her in and out of the sleigh?" asks Henry. "Stay in the driver's seat. Safety comes before politeness," rules social arbiter Mrs. Burton Kingsland.

"My baby is six months old now and seems to need something besides her milk. Do you approve of potatoes and gravy?" asks a mother. Answer: "Not until she is two years old. Give her one tablespoon of orange juice in the midmorning and one tablespoon of beef juice in the afternoon."

"High Tea: Jellied or fried chicken is often served with tea, coffee and chocolate. Hot buttered rolls, waffles and thin bread and butter are brought in constantly from the kitchen. The sweets are usually homemade and served with heavy cream and sponge-cake."

As New Year's Eve approaches, most editors agree the unexpected witching hours have been best. *Mary Bass*'s favorite New Year's Eve was on a trip to Bermuda when she went to a party in horse and buggy on a moonlit road by the ocean on her honeymoon. *Nelle Bell* remembers swimming and singing "Auld Lang Syne" under stars in Hawaii. *Bill McCleery* remembers it as the night his first play opened—"Hope for the Best," with Franchot Tone—and when a review said it had "warmth, wit and a static quality" he reached for the icebag, but it went on to be a Broadway hit. *Glenn White*'s was in a hospital after he bailed out of a plane and a beautiful nurse called "Princess" cooked eggs for him. The unpredictable can spark the year to remember.

*How do you get five bachelors to say yes? **Wilhela Cushman** did by inviting them to join L.H.J.'s famed fashions and models on location. Actor **Gardner McKay**, writer **David Loovis**, investment banker **John Shaw**, advertising executive **John Rathbone**, all gave us notes on the ideal girl. She must be lovely, intelligent, sweet, romantic, dazzling, loyal and obedient.*

To a reader who asked "What *is* the ideal figure?" The female form has upped and downed so that even Miss Americas run from oblongish 30–25–32 to hourglass 34–24–35. ***Helen of Troy*** was never measured. ***Venus de Milo*** is 48–38–51. ***Lillian Russell*** weighed 165 pounds. ***Audrey Hepburn*** weighs 110. No anthropologist measured screen actresses until the 1930's, when it took everybody's mind off the stock market. One scholar told us *figures* don't change as much as *posture*—"subdued when women had little orange juice," joyous in 1900, changed in 1920 when women competed and thought flat, while 1947 brought the New Look and ***Jane Russell***, and women today try for "a tall pioneer look" working alongside husbands. A famed New York store won't give measurements but will say, "As a husband brings home more money it settles in the region around his wife's hips."

DI PIETRO



Tape test: *Staffers check for perfect figure and see new one made of foam.*

Nora O'Leary invited us to see a new dress form in her Pattern Department and meet its inventor, *Grace Hiscock*. It seems there's a liquid foam used to seal submarines. Miss Hiscock uses it to make dress forms—never underestimate. Her customers include careerists, homemakers, *Mrs. Perry Como*, all busy women who like to sew. "The advantage," said the inventor, "is total accuracy. If a woman gains weight, the form can be built up. If she loses weight, we can just snip off some foam."

*Novelist **Ray Doliner** adds two extra qualifications—she must be willing to squeeze innumerable fresh oranges for him and never put celery in his egg salad.*

"Ben-Hur," the giant movie, may make the book a best seller for the fourth time. Ruth Matthews pointed out to us that the writer who began it all, Civil War Gen. Lew Wallace, used to write for the* JOURNAL. *So did his wife, Susan. As a matter of fact, he wooed her by promising to write a best seller and did. A romantic with humor, Wallace might be just as stunned by the current $15,000,000 mounting as by the first stage hit that ran for twenty-one years. His awed explosion: "My God! Did I set all this in motion?"

*The same day we discovered an inventor right on our own premises. Homemaking's **Vicki Harris** showed us patent papers for a mixing-stirring tool that took her four years to perfect and promises a whole nation smooth gravies. It also beats, blends, folds, and adjusts to shape of bowl or pan. "I didn't want to make the mistake my great-great-grandfather did," said Vicki. "He invented a reaper, but was still pottering when Cyrus McCormick's came out. So I checked facts, found that what I wanted didn't exist, took a course in patent law, and invented it." Motivation? "The same as any inventor's—I just wanted to make my work easier."*

Decorating editor ***Cynthia Wheatland*** has been telling us that Cardinal Spellman collects stamps, Raymond Massey woodworks, Margaret Sullavan makes jewelry, Katharine Cornell looms rugs, Patrice Munsel sculpts, Hermione Gingold is a glass and china connoisseur, and hobbyists all over town are looking for ideas on how to display old collections in new ways. You'll find some answers soon in the pages of the JOURNAL. Hobbyist ***Anne Fuller*** of our architecture staff turned out to be a bank collector. "Because my husband's an architect," she told us, "we collect toy banks with handsome doors and windows and authentic detail. I'm so used to our model of Independence Hall that once when I looked out the JOURNAL Philadelphia window at the real one I felt something was missing—and realized there wasn't a slot in the top for pennies."

Joan Younger and *Joe Di Pietro* were kept waiting by a baby for this month's How America Lives story. Joan helped ease waiting time by teaching father-to-be *Gene Nissen* to play chess; he taught her to speak Greek. Nobody placed bets on what the baby would be. "A girl, I know," said Joan, "because four of my five are girls." "A girl," photographer Joe assured the unnerved father, "because girls—including girl triplets—have been born on all baby stories I've covered." It was a girl, named Patty, and our staff not only took her picture for page 114 but took care of her the first day of her life.

No betting: *Gene Nissen and Joan Younger at games.*





ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

Too late he knew that his own lack of faith had put them all in deadly jeopardy.

And he knew, too, that their only chance to live depended on him.

The Burning Eye

By VICTOR CANNING

Wellard said to the ship's captain, "What do you want me to tell the passengers, sir?"

"Anything you like. Now get out of here—and watch yourself across the deck. I'm not heaving to to pick up a pill peddler. Not in this."

Wellard winked at the wheelsman and eased himself out through the bridge door, forcing it against the pressure of the wind. A great race of water slammed along the Cambria's deck, creaming and foaming over the rails and swirling up around his trouser legs. He took it all automatically. Standing outside the door of the main saloon, awaiting his moment to swing the door open against the permanent list of the Cambria, he thought that he wouldn't care if he never saw the sea again, never saw another ship or gull or coast. . . . *Give me ten thousand pounds*, he thought, *to carry me for a few years, and I'll happily put my feet up ashore tomorrow. A small house in a country town, a decent car and a brass plate—Christopher Wellard, F.R.C.S.*

He pushed the door open and went in. Juliet Barclay was wedged into a corner of one of the leather divans. The hem of her green silk skirt swung with the movement of the Cambria. She looked up at him: fair hair, the same kind of face almost as the woman who lived still in his memory; they were the same kind—too much money, too much time on their hands, too much attraction.

From the other end of the divan Howard Fisher said, "Well, doctor, when are we due to sink?"

Wellard said, "We're not."

Fisher was a painter with a growing reputation. The type of man, Wellard thought, who knew exactly what he wanted; talkative and careless of other people's feelings, but likable.

"There's no need for any alarm," Wellard said, looking at the others—Royce, Blaikie and Lily Pincott, who gave him a smile and a wink. "We're having a little trouble with the cargo and the captain has asked me to explain the position to you. Nothing whatsoever to worry about."

As he finished the Cambria took a wave up forward with an ugly jolt and shudder through her plates. The saloon floor sloped steeply under his feet and some loose magazines slithered across the boards and hit the far wall with a flutter of half-open pages.

"Nothing whatsoever to worry about," said Juliet Barclay. She had a light American voice, the accent Europeanized with the rub of travel.

"We've had three days of bad weather," Wellard said. "In that time some of our cargo has shifted. It was badly stowed in Bombay. That's why we've got a slight list to starboard now."

"Slight, old man?" Royce cocked an eyebrow at Wellard.

"I've known worse. The captain doesn't think it advisable to go on to Aden for a restow of the cargo. That's a three-day run. He's putting into a small port, Sugulli, on the Italian Somaliland coast."

The Reverend Henry Blaikie said informatively, "Ex-Italian Somaliland, doctor. It is now a United Nations trusteeship."

"Well, whatever it is, the Italians still run it. We can get the cargo shifted there. While this is being done the captain thinks it advisable for all passengers to be quartered

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE

THE BURNING EYE
is soon to be published in book form by
William Sloane Associates, Inc.

What you did was wrong," Juliet said, "but whatever you did, you did for me. I can't forget that. . . . Oh, Chris, you fool."

The Fluff



Handsome and competent,
Ace could carpenter, paint,
lay tile or sprackle.
"Just call me the Universal Man,"
he said.

Sometimes a handsome man . . . and a few well-chosen words . . . can bring a girl to the edge of ruin.

By GEORGE BRADSHAW



Sara Dana was twenty-six, long-legged, size ten; she had brown hair, gray eyes and a jaw that was, oh, maybe just a shade too competent. At the moment she was lying across the bed in her not yet finished bedroom, crying.

All this will have to go, she cried: *this beautiful big bed, my dear lamps, those louvered panels, those darling mirrors that have not been put up yet, my beautiful twelve-dollar-a-square-yard all-wool white carpet, the white marble table; all, all must go. And I must go back to that dreary bedroom in the Girls Hotel.*

The telephone rang. Sara picked it up. There could not be worse news.

It was Eleanor. They exchanged hellos.

"What's the matter with you," Eleanor said, "are you crying?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'm being sued."

"*What?*"

Sara took a breath. "For eight hundred thousand dollars."

There was a pause. Then Eleanor said, "But that's absurd. You haven't got eight hundred thousand dollars."

"I haven't got eight hundred," Sara said.

"Well," Eleanor said in her most common-sense voice, "then don't worry."

"*Don't worry*," Sara said. "It means my job, my future, the whole rest of my life."

"Are you serious?"

Sara said, "Did you see the show Monday night?"

Eleanor hesitated, and then began to talk very rapidly. "Listen, that's really what I called you up about. Monday we had to have one of Jack's most important clients and his wife for dinner. There was nothing I could do about it. They're from Philadelphia. She came in a gray chiffon dress—but the wrong gray, of course—and she had naturally blond hair she told me and all I can say is it looked it—and—well—they spent half an hour at dinner saying how they loathed television and wouldn't have one in the house, and wouldn't let their children watch it, and, darling, when your show came on at ten they were still there and I just couldn't ——"

"All right, all right, all right," Sara said.

"You are upset," Eleanor said.

"That I am," Sara said.

"I'll come right over," Eleanor said. "I couldn't understand a lawsuit on the telephone anyway. You mustn't cry."

"Yes I must."

"No, dear. Listen, is Ace there?"

"No."

"He doesn't answer his telephone and Jack's mother wants some shelves put up in her bathroom and I thought ——"

"Ace isn't here and I don't know where he is and I don't care. He's turned out just as badly as everything else."

"I am sorry. I'll be there in ten minutes."

Everything up to now had gone so well, so smoothly well, for Sara. Was that maybe the trouble? Was it that she was not used, since she came to New York, to anything but success and more success?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

"A man...in particular a sailor...has a big, rough heart," said Petrina's husband. "He may well carry two lov

A hundred years ago there lived in Elsinore a young skipper who was much in love with his beautiful young wife. By the time when, with skill, hard work and good luck, he got his own ship, he named it after her: Pretty Petrina; and he had a figurehead made for it in her likeness, in pink and blue, like that Sunday gown of hers which he had once brought her from Madeira, and with that long hair which his wife hid demurely underneath a small white cap, floating behind her as if blown backward by the wind, and painted a bright yellow.

He was very proud of and pleased with his figurehead. "Is she not lovely?" he asked his wife. "Ever in front of me, leading me on, she treads the high waves as in a dance. She braves the gales and the blizzards, and laughs into the salt foam. The wild sea birds are her playmates, and I have seen her with a kittiwake on the top of her head."

But his wife was jealous of his figurehead. "That is what a man is like," she said. "The woman who turns her back to him, and runs away from him, her he will love and run after. But the faithful wife who waits for him in his house, keeps his home fire burning and darns his socks, her he will never understand."

"Sweetheart, what would I do," he answered her, "with a wife whom I understood? I love her because she is like you, and I love you because you are like her! A man—and in particular a sailor—has got a big rough heart, as he has got a big rough fist; he may well carry two lovely women in it at a time. But I am happy to know that you, my pretty pretty pretty Petrina, have got such a tiny, dainty, wee little heart that you will never find room in it for more than one man, and not even for the whole of him, but that some part of him will be sticking out, and you will think, 'I wish he had not got that to him.' All the same, my grave-eyed pet, you are well aware that when I want a kiss I come back to Elsinore. And so tell me now, as we are talking about these things, whether you like to be kissed or not."

"What a question to ask one's wife," said she, "and you have never, never understood me!"

Now it so happened that when the skipper was trading to the East Indies he had the good luck to help, with much courage and perseverance, an old king of an Indian island to flee from treacherous and rebellious subjects and to bring him safely to the citadel of his daughter and son-in-law in another island kingdom. When the frail old man once more found himself among loving friends and loyal servants, with the tears running down his cheeks he made his rescuer a present of two highly precious sapphires, of a blue as clear and deep as that of the sea. These the sailor of Elsinore had set into the face of his figurehead, like a pair of eyes to it.

"O you fine and proud thing," he said to her, "now you are the perfect pretty Petrina. So bring me safely and quickly home to Elsinore." And indeed he made the journey home more quickly than he had ever done before.

He showed his wife how well the jewels looked in their place. "Now," he said, "you see that she has got your blue eyes. And she never closes them; on our way home she will have seen the flying fish leap from the water at only a few feet's distance, and the stars shooting over the night sky."

"It is an exceedingly silly thing," she said, "to put a pair of precious stones into the wooden face of a figurehead, and you would have done better in giving me those two stones for a pair of earrings. Then all the other skippers' wives of Elsinore would be envious of me."

"I cannot do that," he said to her, "my little soft-downed chick. I cannot possibly do that, and you ought not to ask me."

"Oh, well," she said, "if you choose not to understand me."

Now during all the time while he was home she thought of the blue stones in the figurehead's eye sockets, and in her heart she called herself an unhappily married woman. But it came about that the night before her husband was setting to sea again, the skippers' corporation of Elsinore gave a big carouse for him. While he was here making merry with his friends, Petrina had the glazier of Elsinore steal down to the harbor with her, and there herself held the lamp for him while he took out the two clear blue stones from the eyes of the figurehead and put in two bits of flat blue glass, as close to the color of them as he could manage to find. The sapphires themselves she put into a little box and hid them in the pocket of her gown.

Her husband did not notice the change; he innocently and tenderly kissed his wife good-by and sailed off to the Gold Coast. And the day after his departure his wife took the sapphires to the goldsmith and had them set into a pair of earrings.

But after some time the young woman found that her eyesight was failing. Dark spots and clots swam before her eyes like big and small fish in the sea, and soon she could not see to thread her needle. As she grew anxious about it she looked up an old Finnish woman, who had sat in Elsinore for a hundred years—for the Finns are strange people and will live till the age of several hundred years—since the time when, on the day of his coronation, King Frederick IV had wished to see his subjects from all parts of his kingdom, also from the country of the midnight sun, and had had them brought before him. The old woman's father, like many Finns, was skilled in witchcraft and sold wind in bags to sailors: if you undid one knot of the bag you would get a fine fresh breeze to run you along; if you loosened two knots you would get a strong wind to blow you forth; and if you loosened three you would get a fierce gale that would sweep you, amongst the foam of high billows, through the Skagerrak and the Kattegat past the gray old castle of Elsinore down into the Sound. Old Sunniva herself knew about medicines and applied eye waters and ointments to the eyes of the young woman, but none of these did her any good. In the end the old hag shook her head and said to the skipper's wife, "The forces that I have called upon to come to our assistance will not come forth. They tell me that they know of this case, and that they side with the forces that are against us. An injustice, they tell me, has been done, and must be righted. And I cannot see but that your disease is incurable, and that you must go blind."



The fair young girl now wrung her hands, tears ran from her half-blind eyes, and she cried out, "O God, that the Pretty Petrina was back in the harbor of Elsinore, and that I could have the glass taken out and the precious stones set back where they belong." She seized the old woman's hand, clung to it and begged her, "Sunniva, lead me down to the end of the pier, and tell me that you see on the horizon that great and blessed thing, a sail, and my lord coming back to me. I shall tell him then that he is free to fill up his big heart as he fills up his big glass!"

But the ship did not come back. Instead of that, a letter came from the consul of Porto in Portugal, to inform the people of Elsinore that she had been wrecked and had gone to the bottom of the sea with all hands.

And it was a strange thing and a terrible thing, the consul wrote, that in broad daylight, the sun high in the sky, she had run straight into a tall steep rock rising out of the sea. END

omen in it at a time." Others besides sailors' wives may find a personal warning in what happened.



"That is what a man is like,"
Petrina said jealously.
"The woman who turns her back on him
he will love and run after. . . .
But the faithful wife
he will never understand."

BLUE EYES

BY ISAK DINESEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK POTTER



"We need to stop delinquency before it starts. We need programs that seek out the endangered boy before he gets into trouble. We need to help him before he is delinquent. Later on is usually too late—for him and for society."—NELSON ROCKEFELLER

WHERE AND WHEN does DELINQUENCY



THEODORE HOUSER

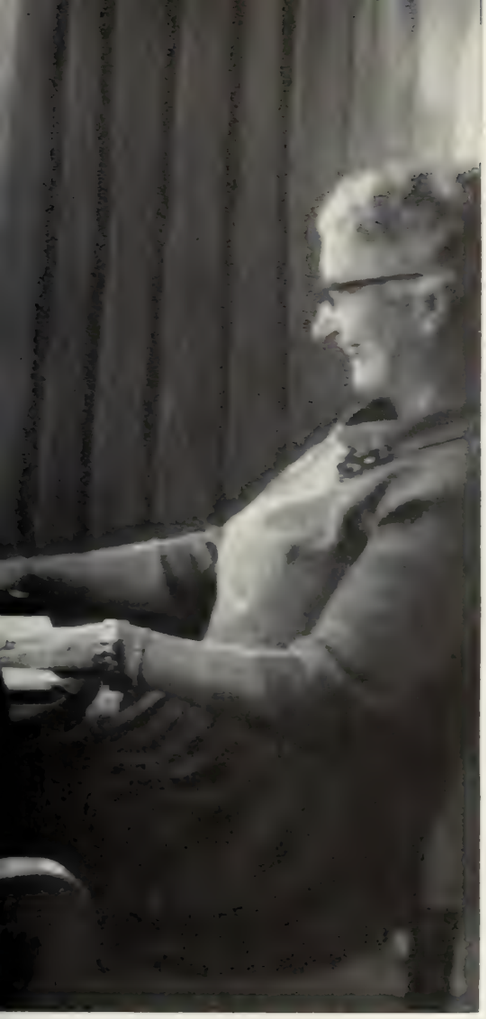
MISS MARGARET HICKEY: We have invited you here, Governor Rockefeller, and you, Mr. Houser, to help us bring to our readers a new understanding and a fresh approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency, if possible before it happens. Every community and every neighborhood in the nation is concerned about the tragic weakness of efforts so far to prevent this wastage of young lives, as well as money and property, that we call juvenile delinquency.

GOV. NELSON ROCKEFELLER: And let's face it: This problem concerns all of us. Close to three per cent of our young people are involved—and that's far too many. Youthful crime and violence have increased in alarming proportions in recent years. It's not something that involves just certain sections of our country, certain cities or neighborhoods. You know, one of my sons was beaten up three times on his way home from school here in New York a few years ago. In fact, eighty-two boys in his school were attacked and beaten.

MRS. BEATRICE GOULD: What age were they?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: They were twelve, fourteen. The police caught the boys who were doing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



The editors of the JOURNAL
invited Nelson Rockefeller, governor
of the state of New York, and
Theodore Houser, formerly president
of the Chicago Metropolitan Y.M.C.A.,
to discuss the causes of
juvenile delinquency and the
feasibility of various action programs
to combat youthful violence.
Participants for the JOURNAL *were*
Margaret Hickey, Public Affairs Editor,
who moderated the forum; the
editors, Bruce and Beatrice Gould,
and Glenn White, editorial co-ordinator.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL J. RANSOHOFF
FROM THE BOOK "PICTURES TELL YOUR STORY"

WRITE CONGRESS YOUR OPINION

This month (January) the House of Representatives will vote on a companion bill to the Youth Conservation Act (S 812) approved last year by the Senate.

The bill provides for the establishment of a Youth Conservation Corps under the administration of the Department of Labor. The corps would be composed of young men of good character between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one who would work on conservation projects in national or state parks and preserves. The program would start with an enrollment of 50,000 the first year; 100,000 the second year; and a maximum thereafter of 150,000 yearly. The enrollees would be paid $60 a month for the first enrollment of six months, with an additional $5 per month for enrollment beyond that period, and $10 a month additional for those with leadership responsibilities.

Federal costs are estimated at $125,000,000 the first year; $250,000,000 for the second; and $375,000,000 annually thereafter. States participating in the program would be required to match Federal funds.

If the bill passes the House, it is, of course, subject to the President's veto.

—THE EDITORS

start ?



PAT BOONE TALKS TO TEEN-AGERS

YOU AND YOUR NEW YEAR

By PAT BOONE



JOE COVELLO

Pat chats with Memphis Pat Boone Club teen-ager Sally Boswell about his own early marriage—Sally is wondering whether she should marry now or wait. Pat tells Sally how he and Shirley started, as a New Year's custom, the Happy Home Corporation Inventory, and how it works for them.

I met my lovely wife-to-be just before the holiday season in our junior year of high school, and by New Year's Day it was June in January for us. We celebrated by tramping out in the country in as timely a snowfall as Nashville, Tennessee, ever provided, and at about noon we ran smack into a sour old farmer from New England who was to influence our future New Year's procedure.

He was resting in the middle of a fence-repair job, blowing on his bare knuckles, and when Shirley and I called out "Happy New Year," he said, "I doubt it. I didn't have nothin' when I come here five years ago, and I ain't got nothin' now." Then he looked around a minute and seemed to brighten. "Anyhow, I'm holding my own." We barely got out of sight before we fell into a snowbank doubled up with laughter.

Shirley and I spent two more courtin' New Year's and then a married one, bogged down with time-money-job-college problems (built-in hazards for most student-bride-groom combos). That year I worked right through the magical midnight at my panel in station WSIX pushing buttons, studying, and wishing it were June in January again. The next New Year's we celebrated in Denton, Texas, with a brand-new daughter, a new radio job, a new college—and the same old problems. At midnight, with tiny Cherry bedded down for the night (we hoped), I gave my wife a very romantic kiss over a pile of diapers she was folding and said softly, "Happy New Year!"

And Shirley, with a quick grin, said, "I doubt it. We didn't have nothin' when we come here, and we ain't got nothin' now—but we're holding our own!" We laughed a minute and then we stopped and looked at each other.

I said, "I wonder if that's true. If it is, it's not good enough. It's never good enough just to stand still."

"Well, of course we've got Cherry," said my wife.

"And I've got another year of education," I said.

"And I'm a better cook ——"

"And I'm a champion diaper washer ——"

And that was the beginning of our Happy Home Corporation Inventory and Blueprints New Year's System. We sat right CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

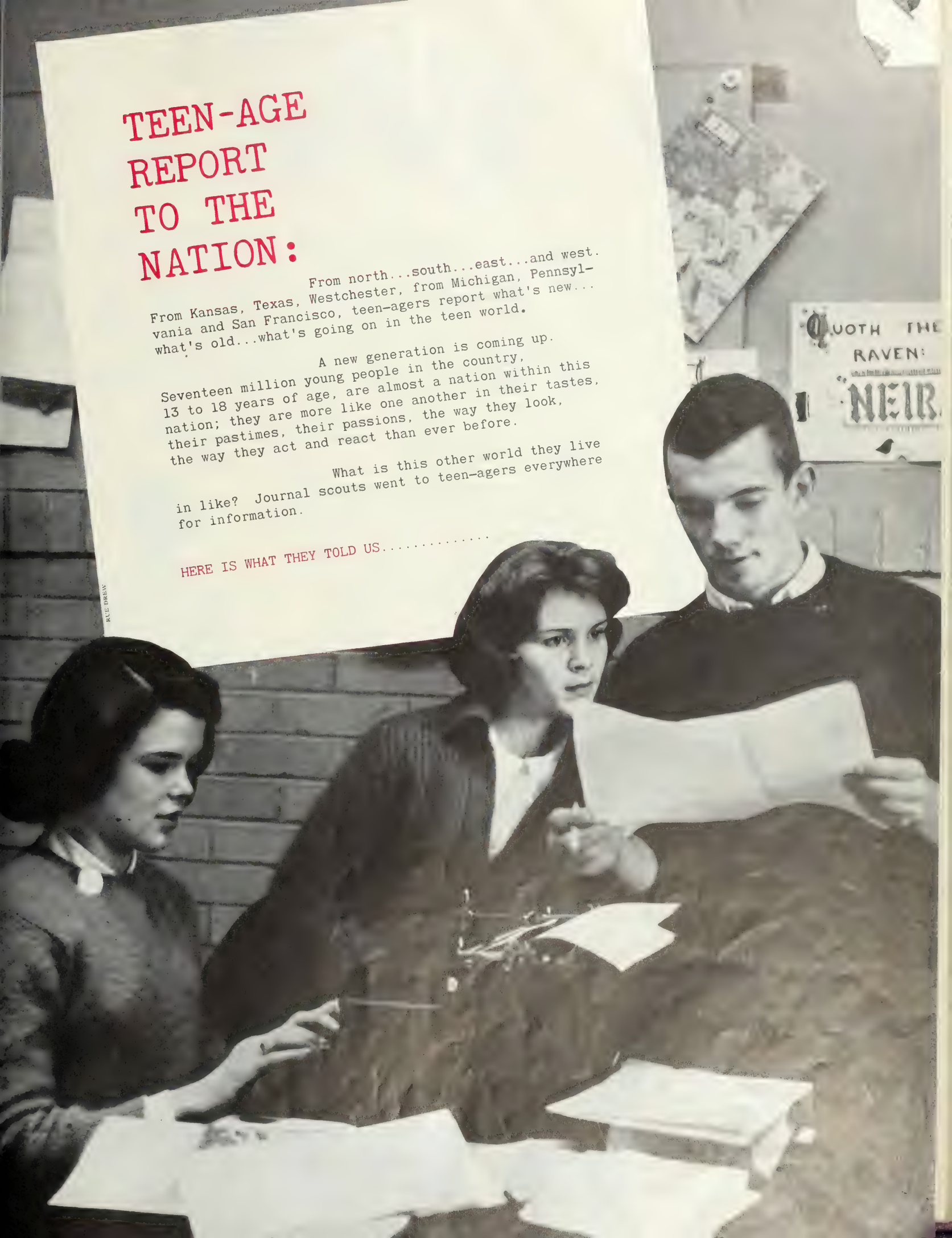
TEEN-AGE REPORT TO THE NATION:

From north...south...east...and west. From Kansas, Texas, Westchester, from Michigan, Pennsylvania and San Francisco, teen-agers report what's new... what's old...what's going on in the teen world.

A new generation is coming up. Seventeen million young people in the country, 13 to 18 years of age, are almost a nation within this nation; they are more like one another in their tastes, their pastimes, their passions, the way they look, the way they act and react than ever before.

What is this other world they live in like? Journal scouts went to teen-agers everywhere for information.

HERE IS WHAT THEY TOLD US.....



RUE DREW

NO MORE JIVE - IT'S OUT OF ORBIT

"PLAYING IT COOL," IN THE WORDS OF TODAY'S TEEN-AGER, MEANS CONTROLLED CASUALNESS--
A NEAT, WELL-GROOMED APPEARANCE AND A MORE MATURE APPROACH TO LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS.

It's funny, but adults seem to have their own ideas on how teen-agers talk and act, and that's it! Maybe they get it from movies and TV--sometimes even we have to laugh at the things we're supposed to say and the way we're expected to look. I guess everybody exaggerates--adults as well as teens. At any rate, just to set the record straight, we think that when you're a teen-ager it's time you grew up. The idea now is to be a little polished, to play it casual, not to seem to be trying too hard, to seem as though you don't care. We do, of course, about our appearance and all, but we don't want to make a big production out of it. We don't want people to feel sorry for us, or look down on us, or treat us as if we were specimens under glass. It's our world and we like it, neither Beat nor Boho (translation: Bohemian) and we're not going out of our way to prove anything--we just want to live and have fun like everyone else.

WE DON'T DENY THAT WE HAVE OUR OWN CUSTOMS, BUT PLEASE DON'T CALL THEM FADS.

The world changes and so do we; things that were "in" yesterday (to use an expression adults seem to like) are "out" today. Of course we may differ slightly from state to state, but the word today is "smooth, cool," sophisticated. Who remembers "sloppy joes" any more? They are definitely out--except for some Beatniks who never change their clothes and probably have a thing on bathtubs. In most places "Beats" have had it. No one tries to copy them or adapt their special brand of flavor. Girls don't like to wear leotards any more, let alone hair streaming down their backs, because they're so closely identified with "Beats." They may have a little more influence in San Francisco or Santa Barbara, but it's passing out. The same is true of the hoods with their black leather jackets, motorcycle boots, long hair and sideburns. Only one north-central area reports any "glamour" for this group, but most schools have outlawed this kind of thing and nobody minds. Oddballs just don't fit in any more. Today we admire the neat, fresh look--girls who are pretty and feminine, boys who are well groomed and conservative. All over the country, from Westport, Conn., to San Francisco, teens realize you can't be smooth and sloppy at the same time. But we can do without the really obvious bit--set-looking hair, gobs of make-up, too-precise detail--that makes you seem as if you spent hours before a mirror getting dressed, or long sessions at the beauty parlor. There's something phony about it which just doesn't appeal to us. But before we get to that, let me give you some idea on how teens talk, and about the way we act.





"SQUARES" HAVE BECOME "SQUIRRELS." "SEND ME" IS AS ANCIENT AS "OH YOU KID"; AND NOBODY'S EVEN HEARD OF A "SLICK CHICK."







PHOTOGRAPHS BY DREW—PRIGENT—COVELLO—ORNIZ





Maybe we do have a language all our own, but then so does the Army. And advertising. There's nothing wrong in it; if you understand what it means it can be kind of fun. But today we don't go in for the real cat talk--the hot jive that most people associate with us. That's as cold as last week's pizza. If anybody said "hep" or "daddy-o" or "crazy, man" or "drip" they'd really be dated! That stuff went out with swooning over Sinatra. Today we use words like "blast," meaning a ball, a terrific time. Or "out to lunch," which is not with it, for the birds. A boy's a "stud who is cool" in Santa Barbara; in Westport, "take size" means go away and don't bother to come back, while "rank" means cut down to size. Except in Port Huron, Michigan, and Atwood, Kansas, "square" has almost vanished from the face of the earth. Media, Pennsylvania, teen-agers say "that's close," meaning completely wrong, or stupid. Phrases such as "that was a real snow job," or "did he snow her!" (meaning "impress") have caught on practically everywhere. "In orbit" means the same as an older expression, "on the ball"; "making out" is necking; a "drag" is a drip, someone who slows everything down; "very nice" is an understatement for "wow!"

Most of us feel that very "hip" talk is dated and unnatural, and we'd like to keep our language on the conservative side. Oh, sure, we'll always have some colorful expressions--but then everybody does. What fun is it to use the same words all the time, without any variety? But as far as real bebop talk is concerned, we're just not interested.



IN SOME PLACES, GOING STEADY IS ON THE WAY OUT--
****
FEW TEENS ARE BUYING THAT ANY MORE.
****

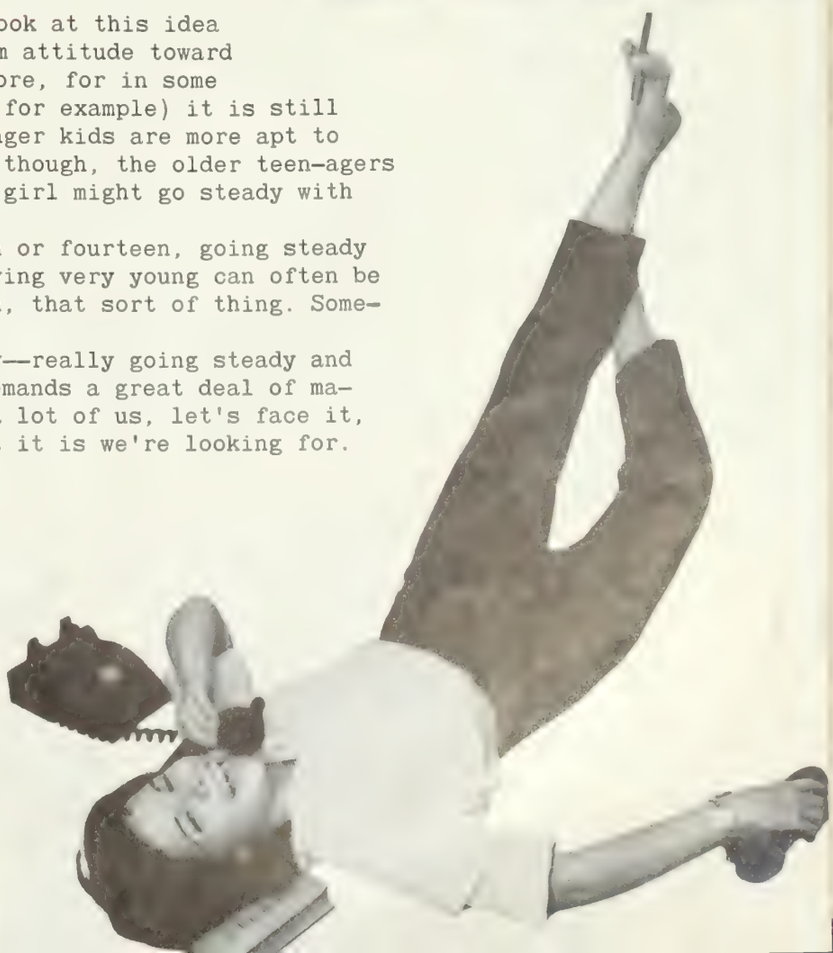
Most of us seem to have taken a good long look at this idea of going steady, and have come up up with a lukewarm attitude toward it. This doesn't mean that nobody does it any more, for in some places (the south and southwest, for example) it is still going strong. Nowadays, the younger kids are more apt to practice it. For the most part, though, the older teen-agers prefer to "play the field." Or a girl might go steady with four or five boys a year.



Starting to date at thirteen or fourteen, going steady all through high school and marrying very young can often be stifling--no basis for comparison, that sort of thing. Sometimes it works--often it doesn't.

We realize that going steady--really going steady and knowing exactly what you want--demands a great deal of maturity and responsibility. And a lot of us, let's face it, are still trying to find out what it is we're looking for.



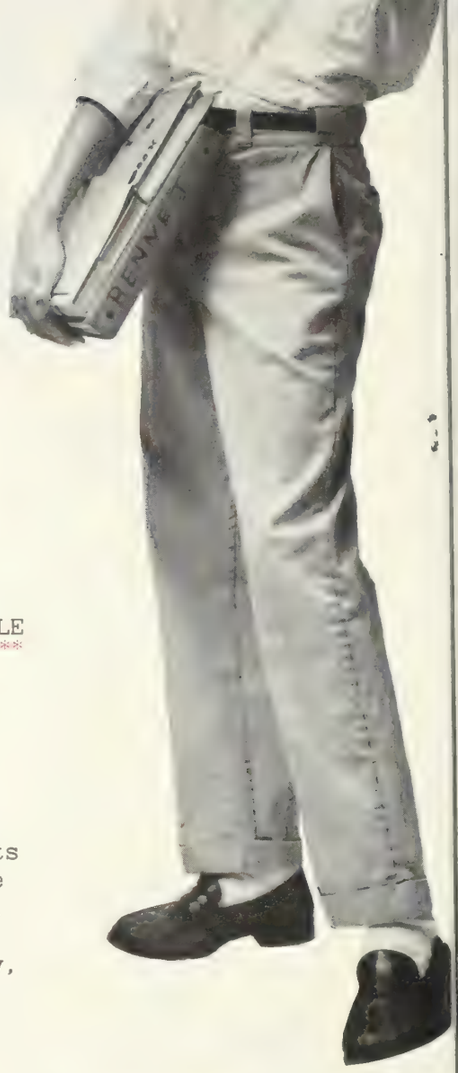












BEFORE A BOY GETS HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE, THERE ISN'T MUCH SINGLE DATING, BUT AFTER THAT, IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A HEAP YOU'VE HAD IT.

Theoretically, most kids start to date in the eighth grade. But in most states you can't get a driver's license until the age of fifteen or sixteen, sometimes seventeen. So until then, there really isn't much to do. Oh sure, there are lots of group parties and all, but who wants chaperons all the time? Nobody wants parents tagging along either, and that's the only way you can get somewhere if you don't have a license. And around the age of fourteen or so, girls start dating older boys who do have cars. So if a boy wants to have some fun socially, he has to have a license and, preferably, his own "rod" (though kids often borrow the family car for dates).

Most of the heaps are old ones which have been souped up. There is a current rage for real oldies, like Model T's. They're painted wild colors—or red and black—with fancy designs and usually a name splashed across them like "The Toad" or "My Blue Heaven." Some of them are pretty terrific. Often kids get together and just cruise around on Saturday nights, going slowly up and down the main streets from one end of town to the other. The younger ones do this on motor bikes, which are also very popular.



Some parents help pay for their kids' cars, but generally the boys are responsible for their upkeep. They work after school to earn money. It's just not considered right for a boy to depend financially upon his parents.

There isn't as much "dragging" and crazy driving nowadays. There are clubs and special places for that, but usually boys are careful when on dates. Maybe we're just getting more sensible about these things, but we'd rather leave the real "hot-rodding" to the hoods.

"NO PLACE TO GO" IS A COMPLAINT JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE.

For younger kids, almost all the dating is restricted to group parties: school-sponsored activities, football games, church socials, private parties—all chaperoned. But in many places, even when kids are old enough to have cars, there isn't much single dating—"doubles" are very big. You can go to movies and a dairy bar afterward for a milk shake. Bowling is popular,





and, in summer, frequent beach picnics and outdoor barbecues. There are youth centers, but generally they're not too popular. In lots of towns there are special Friday and Saturday night dances held for teen-agers, most of them informal. By the time you reach the age of fourteen, you can dance fairly well. Steps learned from friends, older sisters, dancing classes—even watching the Bandstand programs on TV—can teach you a lot.

Noon dances, in places like Cleveland, are frequently held in high schools and there are teen canteens which have dances several times a week. Of course there are the school proms. But when it comes right down to it, a lot of teens feel the need for a place to go—their own hangout—where they can dance and won't have to be under constant adult supervision. Jukeboxes in pizzerias are terrific, but you can hardly ever dance—no room. Night clubs are for the older set, too expensive anyway. This problem is often solved by private "blasts" at home, with records or an amateur band (piano, guitar, bass, maybe a trumpet).

Ice skating, tennis, skiing, hay rides are all a lot of fun. We're not very highly organized. Everybody's relaxed. Sometimes there isn't much to do—but then there's always the drive-in movie.



WHEN YOU'RE TWELVE AND ABOUT TO BE A TEEN-AGER, IT SEEMS PRETTY WONDERFUL AND EXCITING, LIKE STARTING ON AN ADVENTURE, AND MAYBE A LITTLE FRIGHTENING. BUT I THOUGHT OF WHIRLING DERVISHES TOO, WITH NO DIRECTION. I DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE THAT. I DON'T THINK MOST OF US ARE.



Nowadays you have to study, and the competition is keen. College, if you want to go, is expensive, and even if you get a scholarship, you will have to work to keep it.

Hardly anyone depends on allowances from home any more. We prefer to work for our money, independent of parents (boys often start as young as 12, to earn a little money of their own). There is work after school, doing odd jobs in drug and grocery stores, garages, or working as ushers in movies.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DREW—MILLS—KUHNER—COVELLO







Young women going places...



The weskit dress in flower-printed cotton with huge pleats, by Emilio Pucci— Simone D'Aillencourt, French mannequin, wears it for practically any daytime hour.

Brigette Schilling, aboard the SS Brasil, wears a red-ribbed wool jersey travel coat by Nat Bader over a tropical white pleated silk dress. She is in conversation with Loren J. Ellis, officer of the ship.

Fashions that go south now come back for summer

We see: the contrast of black and white—the white coat and the ink-black, barebacked bathing suit . . . the return of greatly loved palest beige jerseys and tweeds, especially in the travel-itself costume . . . then the sharp pinks, corals and yellows and crayon blues. We see: dresses with the fitted cummerbund and the small sashed waistline, pleated sheaths and pleated skirts . . . straight little jackets bound at the edges. It is the year for the splinter-slim sleeveless dress, huge pockets, unheard-of colors put together—magenta and turquoise, flame and lime yellow.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
BRACELET BY BARRA

Who is the girl in the softly sashed golden surah silk? It's Berenice Campbell. Young man asking: writer Roy Doliner; first novel, Young Man Willing. Dress by Larry Aldrich.

Young men with a future

Young women going places...

Young men with a future

And who is wearing these fashions in the sunshine orbit? Young women from offices, labs, designing rooms and college campuses, young marrieds from little city apartments and fresh-built suburban houses . . . women of all ages taking time off from careers and domesticity. Who else is taking part and looking on? Young men of the hour and the future, bachelors with a potential—writers, brokers, actors, advertising men, fliers, students and . . . Mr. X. X. Average, who also likes his girls beautiful.



White is forever . . . . white is all things to all women. Girl who loves it chooses a slim linen with an inch wide capeskin sash by Mollie Parnis.



You simply can't go without jersey. The pocket dress in blue-violet cotton jersey by Jean Campbell is a good traveler.





TOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

The no-back,
inky-black swimsuit
of elasticized, knitted nylon,
like a second skin.
Exciting idea for blondes;
brunettes can have white ones.
Young man is John Shaw,
investment banker.



Young woman from any
part of the U.S.A. flies
away south in a
pale beige tweed suit
by David Kidd of
Arthur Jablow; tweed
topcoat in the same color.
Also southbound—
John Rathbone, young
advertising executive.



Any Southern or
summer night—dance in
this coral ombré chiffon
by Ceil Chapman.
Packs easily
and weightlessly.



ft: The shirt on your back—
lipstick-pink Dacron and cotton, about
.00, by John Netzky. Wear it with
ite Arnel-shantung slacks, $15.00.

It must be love. Berenice Campbell finds perfect casual
fashion by Alvin Handmacher. Two-piece, white Arnel sharkskin
with a pleated skirt and blue cardigan. The young man in the
picture is David Loovis, author of Try for Elegance.

Young women going places...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN



A shirtwaist dress, in Brigitte's opinion, goes on every trip. This one is a two-piece pink printed cotton with a belt by Hannah Troy.

Half and half— dress like a jockey's shirt in white-and-gold Arnel-and-rayon shantung by Gregg Draddy. Girls like its simplicity and coolness.





Angela Howard likes to dress for a patio party in a long white Arnel shantung skirt and a printed silk shirt by Kenn Barr. The brown-and-white combination has news and distinction.

TRIP ESSENTIALS:

Red travel coat

Beige tweed suit with a silk blouse

A white dress, silk or linen

A jersey dress, wool or cotton

A pretty cotton

A chiffon evening dress

Casual dress for sight-seeing

A bathing suit

Pair of slacks and overblouse

Numerous packable scarves, colorful slippers and favorite jewelry

EXTRAS TO ADORE:

Beautiful white coat that goes over everything from tennis shorts to evening dress

A second bathing suit

A second dance dress

Pretty printed silk, additional sight-seeing dress

Long skirt or patio fashion

Beach or play dress

Shorts and shirt or a second slacks outfit



Young and affordable—black-and-white checked cotton, by Irwin Smoler, $6.95; to wear with a big necklace and bracelet, patent-leather belt and white shoes.

Sand-and-sea suits in the same cotton print will be seen on many beaches, now and next summer. Interested young man is David Loovis.



Young men with a future

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



The year's new pink in satin-bound rayon separates by Hannah Troy, a girl who loves the new color and a young man who likes both—Gardner McKay, starring in Adventures in Paradise.

and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Christian Dior YOURS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUOMBRUNO-BODI



This beautiful beige tweed "greatcoat" is double-breasted and fits easily over a suit. The pockets are in the side seams, which are hand-stitched for added detail. The suit, in a lighter-weight tweed, has a slim skirt and a double-breasted jacket with a matching tuck-in scarf. Both coat and suit are Vogue Paris Original Design No. 1472. Wear with all-beige accessories. Above: bag by Lucille; shoes by Newton Elkin: Left: bag by Gucci



FOR THE MAKING

THE JOURNAL IS PROUD TO PRESENT THREE CHRISTIAN DIOR DESIGNS MADE AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY BY VOGUE PATTERNS.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor



Dior's famous "hobble" skirt makes charming midseason costume. The dress has a becoming open neckline and a short sleeve. The waist-length jacket is finished with a self belt and bow. The pattern also includes details on how to make the dress without the band at the bottom of the skirt for less extreme effect. Vogue Paris Original Design No. 1470. Above: hat by Maria Pia; left: hat by Vincent-Harmik; necklace by Sandor Goldberger.

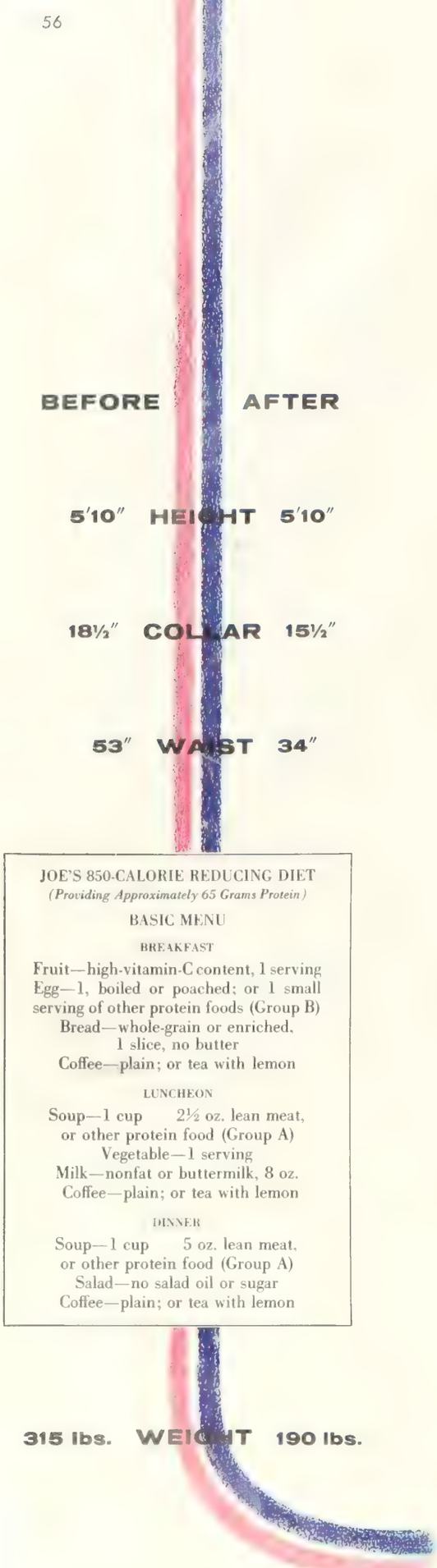




This charming mauve wool dress and jacket will go prettily into the spring without a coat. The dress has a deep V neckline accented with a stitching detail in a deeper shade. The skirt has easy fullness that is becoming to most figures. The double-breasted jacket has self-covered buttons and the same stitching detail as the dress. Vogue Paris Original No. 1471. Wear with violets. Above: shoes by Roger Vivier; left: hat by John Frederics; bracelet and ring by Seaman Schepps.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 92.
Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

© Vogue



JOE'S 850-CALORIE REDUCING DIET
(Providing Approximately 65 Grams Protein)

BASIC MENU

BREAKFAST

Fruit—high-vitamin-C content, 1 serving
Egg—1, boiled or poached; or 1 small serving of other protein foods (Group B)
Bread—whole-grain or enriched, 1 slice, no butter
Coffee—plain; or tea with lemon

LUNCHEON

Soup—1 cup 2½ oz. lean meat, or other protein food (Group A)
Vegetable—1 serving
Milk—nonfat or buttermilk, 8 oz.
Coffee—plain; or tea with lemon

DINNER

Soup—1 cup 5 oz. lean meat, or other protein food (Group A)
Salad—no salad oil or sugar
Coffee—plain; or tea with lemon

He lost 125 pounds—

Fat people, usually miserable, often feel handicapped in business, romantically and socially. At 315 pounds, Joe Girard *was* miserable. But not for any of the usual reasons. At 27 he owned a successful supermarket. His trim, attractive wife, Martha, was devoted to him. They had many friends among the young Iowa Falls, Iowa, couples.

But Joe's feet hurt. He felt miserable, yet he had to be actively on his feet from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

To get relief, he went to a doctor who, instead of treating his feet, treated his fat. He put Joe on a strict diet. His feet, he said, wouldn't hurt him when they had less weight on them.

Six months later Joe had scaled down to 190 pounds, an ideal weight for his 5′10″ height and bone structure. His feet no longer hurt. He had abundant energy. He wasn't tired even after a fifteen-hour day. And there were "bonus" advantages from losing weight

Before he started counting calories, he had paid out $115 for jumbo-size specially tailored suits. Normal-size suits cost less.

The Girards' four-year-old daughter, Yettee, a chubby kewpie doll, looked like big daddy. Fat seemed to be a family trait—several of the Girard family are large. Before Joe dieted, everyone accepted the fact that Yettee would naturally be fat. When the diet became standard fare at the table, Yettee also grew slimmer. This father-daughter act has shown the Girards that having a *tendency* to be fat doesn't mean that they *have* to be fat. Knowing how to prevent it, they won't let Yettee grow up a fatty.

After he lost 100 pounds, Joe could buy life insurance for the first time since he came out of the Navy at 19. Insurance companies take a dim view of 315-pound policyholders, even when they're only 27 years old. Fatties are so much more susceptible to heart attacks, diabetes, high blood pressure, gall-bladder disease, arthritis and risk in major surgery that it is too hazardous to insure them.

When his weight went down, Joe bought a large "ordinary-life" policy. Even so, he pays a high premium for having been so huge. His first year's premium was $753. The company will reduce that premium to $520 at the end of the year when and if Joe's weight remains down. That $233-a-year savings will amount to over $5000 by the time Joe is 50. When he is 60 he will have saved $7456—and his life expectancy is now 42.8 more years. Fat, he would have been lucky to see his fiftieth birthday. His father, also overweight, died of a heart attack in his forties.

Fat cooks and fat grocers are supposed to be good for business—walking advertisements. Joe had used his size in ads for a "Fat Man's Special." It's doubtful, however, if slogans like "Big bargains at Big Joe's" or "Get the biggest values in town from the biggest grocer in town" actually attracted any additional customers.

The diet, however, definitely boosted business. Local newspapers featured Joe's amazing metamorphosis. CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Joe's preliminary 1300-calorie diet and food groups, with calorie counts, are on pages 84, 86.

Weighing 315 pounds, Joe Girard could buy no insurance. Suits cost $115. Besides [illegible]



W. R. WILSON

After 6 months, Joe lost 125 pounds. Yettee lost 7, grew several inches. Yettee at 4½ weighed 85, measured 34″ around the waist. Clothes had to be made to measure.





Growing fast. Yettee's height will soon balance her weight. Father and daughter both watch diets.

and his daughter dieted too!

By MARGARET OPPEN [illegible]



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT

New Faces

9 A.M.

in less than a day

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor

"I don't think we can do very much with her," Dottie Robinson said about Babette Dorfman, pictured on these pages. "She's a sweet girl," Barbara Burke of our staff added, "but I can't see many possibilities either."

It was on the strength of our last March's New Faces in Less Than a Day that Babette, a sophomore at Vassar College, had written to us for beauty advice. She wrote, "My father saw your pages and said, 'See if the Journal can help you.'"

Now Babette was in the reception room eagerly awaiting the help we promised, and the two-girl consensus was not very encouraging.

"We're going to try, anyway," I told the girls. "I'm convinced there's no such thing as a 'hopeless' beauty problem."

Babette was photographed (above) as she looked on arrival and—four hours later—looking as she does on the opposite page.

Solutions: A really short hairdo, purposely designed to frame her face prettily, make her neck seem longer, add height—she's only 5′2″ tall. Babette's hair was cut in layers and set on rollers to achieve the becoming fullness. Thrilled, Babette later had a soft permanent to help maintain its curl and fullness.

With a lipstick brush, Babette learned how to follow the line of her upper lip, extending it *slightly* for more flattering fullness.

Babette complained: "My nose shines with or without powder." Solution: a light film of creamy make-up—untinted for day; tinted in a rosy beige for evening—to act as a base to hold powder. Next, note the improvement in the eyebrow line, in Babette's "after" picture, now that it is prettily arched and lightly penciled.

Babette's dress (before) is in a dreamy color, but see how blousy it looks, and how it hid a divine figure. More becoming lines and better fit will enable her to look inches slimmer—as well as inches taller.

for more New Faces turn the page

P.M.



New Faces

10 A.M. 2 P.M.





ROGER PRIGENT

When we first met Mrs. W. T. Gaddis, housewife and mother of two young children, she struck us as a classic example of a blonde who needed bringing out by brightening up. Pat's pale skin, pale lipstick, pale hair worn too severely, even her choice of a pale dress color, created an uninteresting monotone look.

Here's how Pat was turned into the real standout you see at the right. A new hairdo makes the most of her beautiful blondness, and also camouflages her unusually high forehead.

A creamy-base make-up with pink undertone, pink cream rouge gently blended, and a fluff of pink-toned powder all add needed complexion color. The make-up base doubles as a softener for her dry skin. Stray eyebrow hairs were plucked away and a light brown pencil was used to stroke on warm color. Dark brown mascara and misty green eye shadow emphasize her eyes. For lips and finger tips, a vivid coral-pink color.

In clothes, see how the chiffon and pearls at the neck maintain her softly feminine look, while the electric blue and brilliant red add needed dash.

Beguilingly feminine hairdo, make-up and clothes give Pat Gaddis, housewife and mother, a radiantly enchanting look-alive look.

1 P.M. 4 P.M







ROGER PRIGENT

9 A.M. 1 P.M.

The first step in Betty Lee's do-over was to revise her negative attitude. Any young girl who falls into thinking "I haven't the time to bother about my appearance" has fallen into a rut. In such cases, a fresh new outlook is as much in order as a gay new lipstick.

Betty's skinned-back hairdo has been traded in for a softly flattering arrangement to emphasize her blond delicacy while it camouflages her high forehead and strong jaw line. Newly arched eyebrows, penciled lightly, eliminate a frowning expression. Her overly casual dash of lipstick gave a pinched look to her lips. By applying a glowing pink color with a lipstick brush, Betty now follows and slightly exaggerates the pretty curve of her lips. Black mascara for her naturally pale eyelashes and sea-green shadow for eyelids make her eyes much more fascinating. By paying more attention to clothes colors that will enrich her own coloring, Betty takes a final and rewarding step toward beauty.

"Elegant! Aristocratic! Divine!" were the exclamations of praise as Betty Lee emerged from her fadeaway look into real beauty.

FRANCES PELLEGRINI



Mrs. Rodman Wilson's Beauty Workshop do-over transformed her appearance from "careworn" to "carefree." Biggest change: a new color for her hair, which is graying prematurely. Marion's black rinse covers a lot of the gray, can be applied at home after her weekly shampoo, washes out with the next shampoo. Minor changes in hair style—fringe bangs, soft fullness at sides—pack a pretty wallop.

For her dry skin, Marion now uses a tinted, moisturized make-up base. A creamy lipstick in a gayer red prevents lips from drying and chapping, while it brightens her over-all look. Eyebrows, grown shaggy with lack of attention, take on nicer proportions once they are plucked from underneath to create a pleasant arch and enriched with a warm brown color. Eyes become more brilliant with mascara (black for Marion) and blue-green eye shadow.

An everyday glamorizer: house dresses in becoming styles and colors. Marion's "shirtwaists"—neat but too tailored for her—have been replaced by gayer cottons with more flattering necklines. The cost remains the same—but the effect is younger, prettier.

At no extra cost, and only a few extra minutes, Marion Wilson, housewife and mother of four little children, discovers how to be glamorous inside the house as well as out!



With her son, now King George VI, in crown and coronation ermine, Queen Mary acknowledged the cheers of the crowds outside Buckingham Palace with thoughts, perhaps, of her first son, "darling David," who had abdicated the throne for "the woman I love."

"My feeling as your mother remains the same," wrote Queen Mary to oldest son after his abdication "Our being parted—and the cause of it—grieves me beyond words."

PRINCESS May

CONCLUSION

The first months of the new reign and of her widowhood made little outward change in the circumstances or the order of Queen Mary's daily life. She was no longer queen consort, but, since the king was a bachelor, she was not queen dowager either. She continued living in Buckingham Palace, where the king set up a small office for transacting business, retaining New York House as his temporary home. Queen Mary occupied herself in the sad task of sorting her late husband's papers and possessions. She also embarked on the redecoration of Marlborough House, where she was henceforth going to live.

On July 30, 1936, Queen Mary left Buckingham Palace, where her own rooms were about to be dismantled, and drove to Sandringham. On arriving at Sandringham she wrote a letter to the king, for she felt—as she had so often felt with her own husband—that she had not been very successful in expressing her thanks to him by the spoken word:

"I fear I was very quiet today when you came to see me but I feel sure you realised that I felt very very sad at leaving those lovely comfortable rooms which have been my happy Home for 25 years, & that I was terribly afraid of breaking down—It was dear of you to come & see me off & I thank you with all my heart. . . . It is very nice here & peaceful & I am sure I shall like it, but I miss dearest Papa quite dreadfully, even more than in London & his rooms look so empty and deserted without him; I forced myself to go in & look round but felt very sad. Papa adored this place & I love it, it is full of so many happy memories of my whole married life, tho' of course Papa & I went through sad times too—especially when poor Grannie became so frail those last two years."

That summer, breaking with his father's tradition of spending August on the grouse moors, King Edward VIII had chartered a yacht, the Nahlin, in which, escorted by two destroyers, he proposed to cruise with a small staff and a few of his personal friends off the Adriatic coast.

To the world at large, and specifically to the public of the United States of America, the short cruise of the Nahlin was the subject of violent curiosity and loud conjecture, for it was known that among the guests aboard the yacht was a married lady from Baltimore, Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson; and to everyone but the readers of the discreet and loyal British press it was equally known that the bachelor King Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson were in love. Dogged by reporters, photographers and tourists wherever they landed, the party found their only true privacy aboard the yacht.

On September fourteenth King Edward got back to London. He went that night to dine with his mother at Buckingham Palace. "Greeting her," he writes, "I wondered how much she knew about the stories appearing in the American press. But her conversation told me nothing." Queen Mary asked him whether he had enjoyed the cruise of the Nahlin. "Didn't you find it terribly warm in the Adriatic?" she inquired. "Her curiosity about the simple details of the voyage," the Duke of Windsor recalls, "reminded me of how she used to talk to us when we returned from school."

Queen Mary, who had spent most of the day arranging furniture at Marlborough House, was feeling tired. "David got back from abroad looking very well," she noted in her diary, "—and came to dine with me & we had a nice talk."



To her "darling Lilibet," as bride, Queen Mary gave jewels from her own wedding. After party for the newlyweds she wrote, "I stood from 9:30 to 12:15 a.m.!!! Not bad for 80."



The final emotional shock Queen Mary withstood was the death of son, George VI. At the funeral she walked with young Elizabeth II and the queen mother. "I suppose one must force oneself to go on," wrote the dowager queen to a lifelong friend—and only a month later she died.

WHO BECAME QUEEN MARY

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

Although Queen Mary had been subterraneously are for many, many months of King Edward II's love for Mrs. Simpson, she had never dis-sed the matter with him, hoping that with time strength of the emotion might evaporate. She d, however, consulted one or two extraneous per-ns in her anxiety and she had even urged the Cab-t to take some sort of "action" before Mrs. mpson's divorce case came up for hearing. Queen ry's anxiety arose, as is well known, from the t that Mrs. Simpson, who was born of a good nily in Maryland, had already divorced one hus-nd and was on the verge of divorcing the second. een Mary's views on divorce were clear and ict: one divorce could seldom or never be justi-d; and to divorce twice, on any grounds whatever, s unthinkable. The possibility of a lady "with o husbands living" marrying her eldest son and coming queen consort was out of all question.

The sequence of events of the winter of 1936 owed that Queen Mary's standpoint was one that s shared by the British Cabinet, and by the ad-nistrations of the dominions, as well as by large tions of British and imperial public opinion.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, first discussed the matter with King Edward VIII at Fort Belvedere on October twentieth. A week later the king saw Mr. Mackenzie King of Canada on the same subject, and on November thirteenth, the king's private secretary, Maj. Alexander Hardinge, wrote the king a letter apprising him that the British press was about to break the long silence it had hitherto preserved about himself and Mrs. Simpson, whose decree *nisi* had been granted on October twenty-seventh. On November sixteenth King Edward VIII again saw Mr. Baldwin, declaring that he intended to marry Mrs. Simpson and would, if necessary, abdicate the throne.

On the evening of this day the king dined with his mother at Marlborough House. The king's sister, the princess royal, was also present. When, sitting in Queen Mary's boudoir after dinner, the king broached the subject of his feeling for Mrs. Simpson, he found his mother and sister sympathetic; but when they learned that he was prepared to give up the throne in order to marry her, they were astounded and shocked. "To my Mother," writes the Duke of Windsor, "the Monarchy was something sacred and the Sovereign a personage apart. The word 'duty' fell between us. But there could be no question of my shirking my duty." The longer they talked, the more apparent became the divergence of their views.

To Queen Mary her son had two alternatives, two choices which he could make: to give up marrying Mrs. Simpson or to give up the throne. To the king these choices did not seem to exist: he was convinced that he could not endure his present life unless he was married to Mrs. Simpson, that he could no longer carry on as king without her "help and support," and that therefore, in the last resort, he must go. In this sense it seemed to the king that his duty was to leave the throne, while to Queen Mary it seemed equally plain that it was his duty to stay on it.

Not surprisingly, the discussion resulted in a deadlock. Queen Mary's arguments, which have not hitherto been published, were enumerated in a letter which she wrote to the Duke of Windsor eighteen months subsequently—that is to say, in July, 1938:

"You ask me in your letter of the 23rd of June to write to you frankly about my true feelings with regard to you and the

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"A couple are separated for two months," Rhya said, "and when they meet again they have to behave as strangers."

PART IV The following Sunday, Basil and Julia drove out for a picnic. "Let's have one day together, just ourselves," he said. On the previous afternoon the Indian would have received his message. Early next week he would receive the answer. He had tried to reassure himself. What could the Indian do? He had been imprudent, but he had done nothing wrong. He could not get into any trouble. So he argued, but he was apprehensive. He had the sense of standing on a brink, on a crumbling ledge. For the moment he was safe, but in Kuala Prang that Indian was preparing his reply. At any rate, they had this day.

It could not have been a lovelier day. They drove northward along the main canal. The rice fields on either side were bright with growing plants; water buffaloes wallowed in the mud—some of them had small boys straddling on their heads; an elementary type of windmill, a bare cross of wood on a seven-foot stake, slowly revolved, drawing up water from the canal. The houses were built on stilts. Before each house was a large fishing net, operated on the system of a seesaw. The net was supported by a wide bamboo cross; at the other end of the net was a ladder; when the ladder was released, the net sank into the canal; after a period of immersion, a boy walked down the ladder, lifting the net with his weight. The small fish flashed and glittered in the sunlight as they cavorted in the bottom of the net. Long low canoes were propelled along the canal by a man or a woman standing in the bows.

Basil swung his car away from the canal toward the beach. In a clearing of the bush, boys were playing at cricket with dried palm fronds cut into bats, and a small grapefruit as a ball. "They probably get just as much out of it as the big boys do at Lord's," he said.

"Looking at us they think 'He's getting as much of a kick out of her as Aly Khan got out of Rita Hayworth.'"

Basil put his arm round Julia's shoulders. "You're much more glamorous than Rita Hayworth," he said, "a great deal more."

She smiled at him tenderly. "Please go on thinking that."

They lunched on a lonely stretch of beach. They had brought out a vacuum bottle of rum punch. They swam and came back to their picnic basket.

"Back in England," he asked, "did you ever go punting on the river?"

"Never."

"I'm glad you didn't. I'd have felt jealous if you had."

"You turned up before I'd had time to do anything. I wasn't even a debutante."

"Don't you feel cheated sometimes?"

"Cheated?"

"Perhaps I read too many novels where girls play around, then say to the man they marry, 'I'm glad I've had a bachelor girl's life. Now I shan't feel inquisitive.'"

"Darling, that's defense mechanism. There are a terrible lot of girls who'd give their souls to be able to say, 'The first man who really made love to me is the man I married,' the way I can."

After lunch they drowsed. He rested against a palm tree, his face toward the sea. Julia was curled up on a rug, the picnic basket as a pillow. It was cool and tranquil. He had never felt more at peace.

Next morning there lay on his desk an envelope addressed in the familiar typewriting. He pulled open a drawer and tossed the letter to the back of it. He would look at it after lunch. But the knowledge that the letter was there broke his concentration. He thought, *I've got to know.*

He began to set out the pieces. He took out his key. "Supermarket Wednesday ten." He swept the pieces back into the box. *I won't go,* he thought. *Nobody can make me. I won't go.*

But ten o'clock on Wednesday found him at the supermarket. He was nervous, angry. "Now listen, I'm through with this," he said. "You must understand ——"

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FUEL FOR THE FLAME



BY ALEC WAUGH





JON ABBOT

I love to cook—mostly, I suppose, because it's the one truly creative thing about housework.

Cooking to me is poetry

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

Cooking to me is the poetry of the domestic arts. Moreover, *good* cooking requires pretty much the same talents as writing good verse—taste, imagination and the patience to take pains.

I speak from the heart. For although I have been writing poetry for more years than it is kind to count, cooking is a recently acquired skill. It's a skill I'm proud of, but I don't recommend anyone's learning it as late in life as I. I had always *talked* a good meal; but that, I discovered, wasn't the same as assembling one all by myself.

Fortunately, everyone in our house likes to eat, and that, plus what I like to think are certain native abilities, has sustained me. I am apt, however, to serve company a dish that hasn't been family-tested. I recall the day I made a piecrust for the first time, nudged into the venture by a beautiful magazine article. The pastry shell came from the oven looking exactly like the photographs, flaky, light, faintly golden—and just in time for dinner. The only drawback was that it *was* a shell. I hadn't provided a filling.

However, for buffet dinners (my favorite way of entertaining), I usually cling to the safe and proved: Poulet Marengo, spinach with curried eggs, strawberry mousse. For intimate meals I do braised veal or Russian borsch.

Basically I'm an old-fashioned cook. I love making all-day soups. I even bake my own éclairs. And I concentrate on such simple skills as maintaining a dexterous hand with mashed potatoes and a light one with fried eggs. I would ask any cook to pass those two primary tests. Her potatoes should be fluffy, lumpless and the color of cream, her eggs cooked slowly, slowly, to a perfection of formed white and gently quivering yolk. If she could serve those correctly, then and only then might I trust her with hollandaise sauce.

It is the homely food which most requires a touch of the poet.



Light as down, wondrously fragrant and not too sweet, this strawberry mousse is the perfect way to end an elegant meal.



My favorite company dish is Poulet Marengo—mostly because it looks so luscious, with its pink-and-white nuggets of lobster, red tomato wedges and golden breasts of chicken.



I love a soup whose broth is rich from hours of slow simmering. This borsch takes two days to make, but it's the best I've eaten.

BRAISED VEAL

For this you'll need 2 pounds veal cut for scaloppine. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in a large skillet and begin browning the veal. Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper, and as the pieces are browned transfer them to a shallow baking dish 8½″ square. When all the veal is browned, melt 2 more tablespoons butter in the same skillet and sauté ½ pound mushrooms, sliced, and 1 Bermuda onion, sliced thin, until tender. Season with 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ bay leaf crushed, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon each orégano and powdered savory, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Now blend in 1 teaspoon flour. Finally, add ¾ cup chicken stock and, if you like, 2 tablespoons Marsala or dry red wine. Simmer all together slowly for 5 minutes, then pour over the browned veal. Sprinkle 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley over all, cover the dish with aluminum foil, and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 30 minutes. Makes 4–6 servings.

POULET MARENGO

Have your butcher skin and split 4 chicken breasts. Salt and pepper each piece. Heat ¼ cup butter in a large skillet until it begins to foam. Add the chicken breasts and brown them (they'll really be more golden than brown). Now, if you like, spoon 2 tablespoons sherry over the chicken. Remove chicken from skillet, place in a shallow baking dish, cover with aluminum foil and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., 25–30 minutes or until tender. To the skillet add ½ pound mushrooms, sliced, and sauté until tender. You may have to add a little more butter. Now blend in 2 tablespoons flour, add 1½ cups chicken stock and simmer, stirring constantly, until thickened. Season with 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 bay leaf, crushed, 2 tablespoons fresh chopped chives (or 1 teaspoon of the dried), ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer slowly for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, cook two 10-ounce packages frozen lobster tails by package directions. Remove meat from shell and cut into bite-sized pieces. Add the lobster meat to the sauce along with 3 ripe tomatoes, cored and quartered (you can ripen these unrefrigerated in your own kitchen). Simmer the sauce 5–8 minutes more—until tomatoes and lobster are just heated through. Serve chicken breasts on a large platter topped with the sauce, arranging tomatoes and lobster meat attractively to double as a garnish. Makes 6–8 servings.

CHOCOLATE ÉCLAIRS

For the pastry: Heat together in a small saucepan ½ cup milk and ¼ cup butter until mixture begins to boil. Rapidly stir in ½ cup flour and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Stir and heat until batter leaves sides of the pan and rolls into a ball. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Now quickly beat in, one at a time, 2 eggs, so that the batter is smooth. Cool batter and chill in the refrigerator for about 1 hour. Shape chilled batter into six 2″ rounds on a well-greased baking sheet, allowing 2″ between rounds. Arrange each so that the batter peaks in the center. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for ½ hour. Reduce temperature to moderate, 350° F., and bake for 5 minutes more. Remove puffs from sheet and cool on a wire rack. *For the filling:* Make up 1 package vanilla-pudding mix according to package directions, but substituting light cream for milk. When the pudding is done, remove from heat and flavor with 1 teaspoon each butter and rum extract and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cool and then chill well. To make éclairs, cut off the tops of the puffs, fill the bottoms with the pudding, then replace tops. Frost the éclairs with ¼ pound sweet German chocolate which has been melted over boiling water. Makes 6 éclairs. Serve these immediately.

RUSSIAN BORSCH

This is a two-day soup, rich, red and sparkling. Cut as much meat from a 2½-pound beef shin as possible. In a large kettle, melt ¼ cup butter and brown the meat. Now add the bone, 3 carrots, peeled and sliced thin, 3 stalks celery (leaves and all), 3 yellow onions, peeled and sliced, and 2 potatoes, peeled and cut in half. Brown the vegetables slightly in butter. Add 1 quart undiluted beef consommé and simmer, covered, for 1 hour. Now add 4 beets, peeled and sliced, one 1-pound-13-ounce can tomatoes, 1 bay leaf, 2 cloves garlic, sliced, 2 teaspoons salt and, if you like, ½ cup sherry. Turn heat very low and simmer for 4 hours. Cool soup, cover, and refrigerate overnight. In the morning, skim off fat, remove meat and vegetables and strain soup. (By now their goodness has cooked into the broth.) Place the soup stock in a kettle, add 4 beets, peeled and sliced, 2⅔ cups undiluted beef consommé, a few sprigs parsley, 1 onion, peeled and sliced, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Simmer slowly for about 2 hours. Strain again and skim off fat. Serve hot topped with sour cream and chopped fresh dill. Makes about 6 servings. Don't make the portions large, the soup is very rich.

STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

Set two 10-ounce packages frozen strawberries out to thaw. Meanwhile, heat together 2 cups milk, 2½ envelopes unflavored gelatin and ¼ cup sugar, stirring constantly, until sugar and gelatin are dissolved. Remove from heat and cool. Now purée the partially thawed frozen strawberries (or buzz them in a blender) and strain the purée to remove seeds. When the milk mixture is cool, slowly stir in the strawberry purée. Flavor with the juice of 1 lemon and 1 teaspoon orange extract. Chill gelatin mixture until it becomes very thick and syrupy. Then beat until fluffy. Fold in 1½ cups cream, whipped, and chill until mixture begins to thicken, stirring occasionally. Now pour into a 2-quart mold and chill until firm. To serve, unmold on a dessert platter and top with thawed frozen strawberries or raspberries. Makes 8–10 servings.



Tender French pancakes, rolled around a succulent filling of chicken, spinach and sausage, are baked in a creamy, piquant cheese sauce. There are two salads—a ruby jewel of madrilène vegetable aspic, and spiced peaches filled with fruit! It's a party supper to celebrate the beginning of a wonderful, shining New Year!

GALA FOOD AND FESTIVITY

MENU
CREPES SUPREME
COLD HAM SWEDISH LIVER LOAF
SPICED-PEACH SALAD CUPS
JELLIED MADRILÈNE SALAD
EGG SALAD DRESSING
CELERY-OLIVE-AND-RADISH BOWL
WALNUT TORTE COFFEE
PLANNED FOR 6 OR 12

"The New Year, like an Infant Heir to the whole world, was waited for with welcomes, presents, and rejoicings!" It is the gayest, happiest time of the year, when all over the country people join hands and hearts to celebrate with those they love best. Everywhere are good will and good cheer; candles are lighted; there's a mouth-watering array of delicious food with family and close friends to share the gala.

These days, it is a growing part of New Year's tradition to give a joint party. The hostess prepares one main hot dish—in this case, delectable French pancakes stuffed with a luscious chicken, sausage and spinach filling, and bathed in a savory cheese sauce. (Pancakes, sauce and filling may be prepared ahead of time and frozen separately.) The rest of the menu is portable. One guest might bring the big cold Virginia ham, to be sliced on arrival. Or the smooth Swedish liver loaf, also chilled and ready to serve when sliced. There are two salads, a shimmering vegetable-aspic madrilène and a spiced fruit salad (which could serve as dessert for calorie watchers in the party). Walnut torte, layered with whipped cream, regal with its ruby crown of raspberry jelly, is the perfect climax for a really superb supper! In a season of joy and high expectations, this is an evening to look forward to, and to look back upon with pleasure!

SWEDISH LIVER LOAF

Wash 1½ pounds calf's liver. Soak in milk to cover for several hours. Wipe dry. Remove bits of membrane. Cut into pieces and put through the grinder four times with ¾ pound pork fat, 1 medium onion, peeled, and 8 anchovy fillets. Add 3 egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in 1 cup heavy cream. Season with 3 teaspoons salt, ¾ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon ginger and a pinch of allspice. Stir well. Blend in 3 egg whites that have been beaten into soft peaks. Grease a 7½″x3½″x2½″ loaf pan. Line with paper, and grease that also. Pack in the liver mixture. Cover with greased paper. Bake in a pan of hot water in a slow oven, 300° F., until done—1 to 1½ hours. Cool and chill overnight. Makes 10–12 slices. Plan on 2 loaves for a party of 12, to allow for seconds.

SPICED-PEACH SALAD CUPS

Drain the syrup from a 1-pound-14-ounce can large cling-peach halves, setting the peaches aside for later use. Measure ½ cup syrup into a saucepan. Add 1 cup cider vinegar, ¼ cup sugar, 1 stick cinnamon and 1 teaspoon whole allspice. Mix well. Bring to a boil and simmer gently for 10 minutes. Remove from heat. Add the peach halves and cool. Pour into bowl. Cover with saran and chill overnight, to give peaches time to "spice." To serve, arrange the peach halves hollow side up in individual lettuce cups. Fill peaches with pitted green and red grapes and some mandarin-orange sections. Sprinkle with chopped preserved ginger (about 2 tablespoons). Pass honey French dressing, made by mixing ¼ cup of your favorite French dressing with 2 tablespoons honey and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. The salad and dressing make 6 servings. Double quantities for party of 12.

FROM YOUR HOUSE TO OURS

GALA FOOD AND FESTIVITY

STUART TOWLER



Time to cut the glamorous walnut torte resplendently waiting on the coffee table in the living room. Time, too, for good talk over coffee.

FROM YOUR HOUSE TO OURS

CREPES SUPREME

Crepes: Beat 2 eggs until light and frothy. Stir in ⅔ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Mix well and add ⅔ cup flour alternately with 1⅓ cups milk. Beat until smooth. A wire whisk is good for this. Heat ½ teaspoon salad oil in a small skillet (about 5½″ in diameter). Test with a drop of water as you do a pancake griddle. When the water sizzles, pour in a scant ¼ cup batter and turn the skillet quickly to cover the bottom of the pan evenly with batter. If any holes form, cover with a little extra batter. Brown the crepe evenly on both sides and set aside while finishing all the batter. You should have 12–13 crepes (plan on 2 apiece). Fill each crepe with the following filling. Then roll up crepes around the filling and place in a baking dish. Cover with cheese sauce and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., until bubbling, about 30 minutes. Crepes, filling and sauce may be made a day ahead, but should not be combined until the party evening. Serve garnished with sautéed mushroom caps and tomato wedges.

Filling: Remove the casing from a 5-ounce hot Italian sausage and sauté the meat until golden brown, breaking it up with a fork while it is cooking. Drain off all the fat and stir in 1 small clove garlic, peeled and crushed. Cook 1½ packages chopped frozen spinach according to package directions. Press out all liquid and add to the sausage along with 1 cup chopped cooked or canned chicken, ¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese and a dash of onion salt. Mix well, remove from heat and allow to cool. Divide evenly among the 12 crepes.

Cheese Sauce: Melt 6 tablespoons butter and blend in 6 tablespoons flour until a smooth paste is formed. Add 3 cups light cream; heat and stir until thickened. Then add 2 cups grated Parmesan cheese, ½ teaspoon onion juice and a scant ¼ teaspoon curry powder. Continue heating and stirring until cheese melts and flavors are blended. Double the entire recipe for party of 12.

JELLIED MADRILÈNE SALAD

Heat 3 cups canned consommé madrilène with ½ teaspoon each basil and thyme. Meanwhile, soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup tomato juice. Add to hot madrilène along with ⅓ cup finely minced onions. Remove from heat. Season with ½ teaspoon seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, and a dash of pepper. Stir in a few drops liquid pepper seasoning and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Chill mixture until it begins to thicken. Fold in 1½ cups finely diced cucumber and ¼ cup each diced green pepper and water chestnuts. Turn into a 6-cup mold and chill several hours until firm. To serve, unmold on large platter. Garnish with sliced cucumbers, water cress and lemon wedges. Serve with Egg Salad Dressing. Makes 6 servings. Double recipe for 12, using a large mold or two 6-cup size. Make salad the day before.

EGG SALAD DRESSING

Hard-cook 2 eggs. Cool, peel and finely chop. Slowly add ¼ cup vinegar to ¼ cup salad or olive oil; stir in ½ cup mayonnaise and blend well. Season with ¼ teaspoon each salt and powdered garlic and 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard. Add the chopped eggs along with 3 tablespoons chopped chives and mix well. Chill thoroughly before serving. Makes about 1½ cups salad dressing. Double for party of 12.

WALNUT TORTE

Mix together 3 cups finely chopped walnuts, 1 cup fine commercial toasted bread crumbs and ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat 9 egg yolks until very thick and lemon-colored, gradually adding 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar. This is an important step. Blend in ¾ cup orange juice and 1½ teaspoons grated orange rind. Beat 9 egg whites until stiff but not dry, gradually adding 6 tablespoons sugar, a spoonful at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold the nut-and-crumb mixture into the egg yolks, alternately with the meringue—ending with the meringue. Divide into 2 greased 9″ layer pans lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 30 to 35 minutes. Turn out on racks to cool. Whip 2 cups heavy cream and sweeten with ¼ cup confectioners' sugar. Sieve one 12-ounce jar raspberry jam to remove seeds, or break up an equal amount of raspberry jelly with a fork. Put layers of torte together with whipped cream and jam or jelly. Spread top with whipped cream and over this a layer of raspberry jelly or jam. Decorate with more whipped cream, fresh or frozen raspberries and sprigs of mint. Torte layers may be made the day before, but for easy transportation take jelly or jam and cream with you to the party and combine there If you are serving this at home, it may be put together several hours before serving and stored in refrigerator. Makes 12 servings.

3 SOUPER WAYS WITH PORK!

Pork's plentiful! Make it extra-delicious with tangy Campbell's Tomato Soup or smooth 'n wonderful Campbell's Cream Soups. Millions of women know what good things begin to happen whenever you cook with Campbell's Soup! Good flavor – from the just-right seasoning. Good nutrition from wholesome ingredients. Good 'n easy cooking – because soup makes the gravy while it cooks! Make your next pork dinner Sunday-special with Campbell's Soup!



Good 'n easy! Good 'n thrifty!



BARBECUED PORK LOIN. Place 3- to 5-lb. shoulder or loin of pork in shallow pan; roast at 325°F. about 45 min. per lb. One hour before meat is done, pour off drippings. Combine 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup; ⅓ cup each chopped onion and celery; 1 clove garlic (minced); 2 tbsp. each brown sugar, Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice; 2 tsp. prepared mustard; 4 drops Tabasco. Pour over meat. Continue roasting; spoon sauce over meat often.





COUNTRY SKILLET SUPPER. Delicious new way to use weekend leftovers! In skillet, lightly brown 1 med. onion (thinly sliced) in 2 tbsp. shortening. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, ½ cup milk, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Add 1 cup cubed cooked pork, 1 cup cubed cooked potatoes, ½ cup cooked peas, dash pepper. Cook over low heat about 10 min.; stir now and then. 3 to 4 servings.





PORK CHOPS 'n STUFFING. Brown 4 pork chops (about 1 lb.) on both sides in oven-proof skillet; pour off drippings. Lightly mix 3 cups soft bread cubes, 2 tbsp. chopped onion, ¼ cup melted butter, ¼ cup water, ¼ tsp. poultry seasoning. Place a mound of stuffing on each chop. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with ⅓ cup water; pour over. Bake at 350°F. about 1 hr. 4 servings – for hearty appetites.

Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soup*

PRINCESS MAY, WHO BECAME QUEEN MARY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

present position and this I will do now. You will remember how miserable I was when you informed me of your intended marriage and abdication and how I implored you not to do so for our sake and for the sake of the country You did not seem able to take in any point of view but your own. . . . I do not think you have ever realised the shock, which the attitude you took up caused your family and the whole Nation. It seemed inconceivable to those who had made such sacrifices during the war that you, as their King, refused a lesser sacrifice. . . . My feelings for you as your Mother remain the same, and our being parted and the cause of it. grieve me beyond words. After all, all my life I have put my Country before everything else, and I simply cannot change now."

On the morning after this harrowing talk at Marlborough House—which had ended with Queen Mary's refusal of her son's suggestion that she should herself see Mrs. Simpson—Queen Mary sent the king a sorrowful, maternal little note: "As your mother," she wrote, "I must send you a line of true sympathy in the difficult position in which you are placed—I have been thinking of you all day, hoping you are making a wise decision for your future—I fear your visit to Wales will be trying in more ways than one, with this momentous action hanging over your head."

That same day Queen Mary received the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin. During the night the queen's bewilderment and shock had crystallized into a positive exasperation. To give vent to her feelings she reverted, suddenly and unexpectedly, to a Cockney-slang expression of her youth. "Well, Mr. Baldwin," Queen Mary exclaimed, stepping briskly into the room, hands held before her in a gesture of despair, "*this* is a pretty kettle of fish!"

For Queen Mary these anxious winter days of 1936 were terrible and bleak. In common with a great many other people in positions of responsibility, the queen had very natural fears of what damaging effect an abdication might have upon the position of the monarchy and its influence on the British Empire. All that she valued and admired in life seemed threatened. That a King of England should resign the crown for an overpowering emotion was not a situation for which there had been either precedent or parallel. Queen Mary was heard to remark bitterly, "Really! This might be Rumania!"

All through these days Queen Mary did her utmost to help her two elder sons—the actual king, Edward VIII, and the king of the future, who was still the Duke of York. King Edward came to tea at Marlborough House; after this talk which, like the first one, made no headway, Queen Mary did not see the king for another ten days, since, anxious to avoid public demonstrations, he withdrew to Fort Belvedere. Queen Mary did, however, have news of the king from the Duke of York, who, like the Duchess of York, was dreading his possible accession to the throne. Determined to maintain at least an outward appearance of calm, Queen Mary spent the last week of November doing Christmas shopping, visiting exhibitions and going to look at the London Museum.

It was on December third that the news of the constitutional crisis over the king's wish to marry Mrs. Simpson appeared in all the London papers. The Duke of York, who had been to Edinburgh for two days, has recorded the shock he experienced on reaching Euston Station that morning. "At Euston," he wrote, "I was both surprised & horrified to see that the posters of the Daily Press had the following as their headlines in block letters 'The King's Marriage.'"

Down at Fort Belvedere, where Mrs. Simpson, with her aunt Mrs. Merriman as chaperon, had taken refuge from a curious public, King Edward and his future bride were, as they have told us in their memoirs, equally astounded by the tone of the press.

At Marlborough House, Queen Mary likewise was aghast. "Darling David," Queen Mary wrote at 2:30 P.M. to King Edward, "This news in the papers is very upsetting, especially as I have not seen you for 10 days—I would much like to see you, won't you look in some time today? I shall only be out from 3 to 5—Ever yr loving Mama, Mary."

On receiving Queen Mary's note that afternoon King Edward, exhausted as he was, drove late at night to Marlborough House, where he found the Duke and Duchess of York, who had been dining there. The king explained to his mother that he had refrained from seeing her during the preceding days as he had been anxious to avoid giving her pain. "As simply as I could," he writes, "I explained the reasons for my apparent aloofness. 'I have no desire to bring you and the family into all this. This is something I must handle alone.'

THIN-ICE SKATING SONG

(To the tune of "Hearts in the Snow")

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Hearts in the snow
Merrily go,
Not a care in the world—
Then let's sing!
Jing-jing

Hearts debonair,
Anything's fair,
Just a game called sweet-hearts-
On-a-string!
Ting-ting

Eyes strangely bright—
Cold wind tonight!
A tear's like a di-
Amond ring!
Ring-ring

Hearts come and go,
Hearts in the snow,
But oh, how the wind
Can sting!
Sting-sting
Oh, how the wind can sting!

If she had hoped to learn from me that I had changed my mind, she gave no sign. I left Marlborough House sorry to disappoint her."

"David said to Queen Mary," the Duke of York recorded, "that he could not live alone as King & must marry Mrs. —— When David left after making this dreadful announcement to his mother he told me to come & see him at the Fort next morning."

The king did not, in fact, receive the Duke of York until three days later. On the morning of the eighth the duke called at Marlborough House, and on the following day the queen drove down with her daughter to the Royal Lodge at Windsor, the home of the Duke and Duchess of York. There, in the drawing room of Royal, as the winter afternoon shortened to twilight, Queen Mary heard of her eldest son's irrevocable decision to leave the throne.

"She was already waiting in the drawing-room when I arrived," writes the Duke of Windsor. "I gave her a full account of all that had passed between Mr. Baldwin and myself during the six days since our last meeting on the Thursday before. She still disapproved of and was bewildered by my action, but now that it was all over her heart went out to her hard-pressed son, prompting her to say with tenderness: 'And to me, the worst thing is that you won't be able to see her for so long.'"

Queen Mary's own diary account of this momentous interview is laconic. "Rather foggy day," she wrote. "At 1.30 with Mary to meet David (on business) at the Royal Lodge—Back before 5—Georgie & Marina dined." After dinner, the Duke of York arrived at Marlborough House and with Queen Mary looked at the draft Instrument of Abdication, a document which he himself regarded with revulsion and his mother read with incredulity. "I went to see Queen Mary," the duke recorded, "& when I told her what had happened I broke down & sobbed like a child."

Unlike her mother, the Duchess of Teck, and unlike her mother-in-law, Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary had never been given to an excessive use of exclamation marks. Hardly ever does this useful form of punctuation interrupt or emphasize passages in her diary. In her account of the Duke of York's visit that night the queen did, however, have recourse to the exclamation mark:

"Bertie arrived very late from Fort Belvedere and Mr. W. Monckton brought him & me the paper drawn up for David's abdication of the Throne of this Empire because he wishes to marry Mrs. Simpson!!!!! The whole affair has lasted since Novr. 16th and has been very painful—It is a terrible blow to us all & particularly to poor Bertie."

The following day, King Edward VIII signed the Instrument of Abdication in the presence of his brothers. King George VI succeeded to the throne. "Dark gloomy day," Queen Mary recorded. "I saw Ld Salisbury & the PM—At 3 to Piccadilly to see Elizabeth who was in bed with a cold, too unlucky. The PM made his announcement in the house about David's final decision—which was received in silence & with real regret—The more one thinks of this affair the more regrettable it becomes."

On surrendering the crown, King Edward VIII automatically reverted to the status of a Prince of the Blood Royal and became H.R.H. Prince Edward of Windsor. He had arranged to leave England the night following the public announcement that he was no longer king. Prince Edward therefore asked some of his family to meet him for dinner at Royal Lodge, before he made a farewell broadcast to his former subjects from nearby Windsor Castle.

Sending the prince a note to say how much her thoughts had been constantly with him, Queen Mary commented also upon the "wonderfully dignified manner" in which the Prime Minister had made the abdication announcement in the House of Commons. The queen went on to try to dissuade Prince Edward from making his broadcast: "Don't you think that as he [the Prime Minister] has said everything that could be said," she wrote, ". . . it will now not be necessary for *you* to broadcast this evening, you are very tired after all the strain you have been & are going through, and surely you might spare yourself this extra strain and emotion—Do please take my advice—Bertie tells me you wish us to meet you at dinner at Royal Lodge this evening, I hope there will not be any fog."

Prince Edward attached the highest importance to this broadcast, which would give him his first opportunity to speak out candidly to the nation and to explain personally and publicly the reasons for his action: "I have made this, the most serious decision of my life," ran one part of his text, "upon a single thought of what would in the end be best for all." He thus kept to his plan and, leaving the new king, his mother, his sister and his two other brothers as well as his uncle, Lord Athlone, and his aunt, Princess Alice, at Royal Lodge after dinner, he drove up to Windsor Castle, where he delivered the broadcast.

"After dinner," Queen Mary recorded, "David made his private broadcast to the Nation which was good & dignified, he did it at the Castle, we listened to it at Royal Lodge." In his broadcast, which concluded with the words: "God bless you all. God save the king!" Prince Edward had paid a tribute to the comfort he had received "during these hard days" from his mother and his family.

When he got back to Royal Lodge t prince relates that he "had the feeling th what I had said had to some extent eased t tension between us." It was by then getti late, and fog still shrouded the Thames valle Queen Mary and the Marlborough Hou party began to think of their drive back London. "And then," wrote Queen Mar "came the dreadful good bye as he was lea ing that evening for Austria. The whole thi was too pathetic for words."

Prince Edward of Windsor took leave of h younger brother the King of England at mi night, on December 11, 1936, and dro through the murk to Portsmouth across t Hartford Bridge Flats. At Portsmouth found the destroyer Fury waiting to carry hi over the Channel. After one of the most dr matic renunciations in history he thus left th shores of the country over which he had rule for a period of just over 300 days.

At his Accession Council next mornin King George VI announced that the first a of his reign would be to confer upon h brother a dukedom, and that he propose the novel title Windsor, which, although had since 1917 been the family name of th reigning house of Great Britain, had nev been a royal dukedom. The Duke of Windso who thus changed his name for the seven time in his life, settled upon the shores of a Austrian lake, there to await the declaratio of the decree absolute of Mrs. Simpson divorce, which would give them liberty marry.

For many months after his departure fro England, Queen Mary's relations with h eldest son were not harmonious; for althoug it was he who had won in that conflict, h mother could never conclude that he had bee right. They kept up a somewhat sporadic co respondence; she would write to say she su posed he must be very lonely in Austria an to assure him "that we are all out to help yo in every way we can." That the abdication wa now an accomplished fact was, to Quee Mary, in itself a reason for not discussing on paper any more. She would send her so small items of personal news such as:

"I went to 2 premières last week in aid c charities & have also been to 2 plays—It wa rather an effort at first as you can imagine no having been out for a year, but I had such charming welcome from the crowds that felt quite encouraged."

Or she would make some noncommitta comment on his activities: "I was intereste in reading you drove through Gmunden where in 1884 my parents Alge & I spent months with the Cumberlands who later bui a big Schloss there. . . . The country all roun is pretty as far as I remember & I did go t Ischyl once."

"We all felt miserable," Queen Mary note in her diary on the day of her second son' Proclamation at St. James's Palace, whic she, the king and his two daughters watche from the Wardrobe Room at Marlboroug House, "at the same time there was a sense o relief that all was settled."

The plain fact was that, as well as feelin miserable, Queen Mary was likewise feelin angry. "H M is still angry with the Duke, & really think that helps her to bear what sh called 'the humiliation' of it all," wrote a old friend with whom the queen dowage "talked hard about the Duke of Windsor an all her troubles" in March, 1937. But, sorrow ful and indignant, Queen Mary had rise magnificently to meet this crisis. The new kin and queen, and indeed the whole of the roya family, recognized how much the smoot transition from one monarch to another owe to Queen Mary's wisdom and popularity "Thank God we have all got you as a centra point, because without it [the family] migh easily disintegrate," one of the family wrote t her at this time.

As might have been expected, now that th intense strain of the abdication crisis was over Queen Mary suffered a physical reaction. Sh became so unwell that she spent Christma

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

hich is Aunt Jemima day at your house?

Could be any day! Aunt Jemimas are drenched with butter and syrup and gobbled up more often than any other pancakes in the world. And now they're so fast to make the easy shaker way shown on every Aunt Jemima package.







Look what you can do that's new: **BACON STRIP PANCAKES**

Cook strips of hickory-sweet Rath Bacon nice and crisp. Shake up Aunt Jemima Buttermilk batter, pour it over bacon strips on griddle. Bake golden brown on both sides and serve with hot butter and syrup. Great way to say "Good morning!"

If you like pancakes... sure as shakin' they're Aunt Jemimas!

Day and most of that week in her room, although not in bed. On Thursday, December thirty-first, she was able to dine downstairs again and later saw "an amusing Film. Thank God," she wrote on the last day of 1936, "this sad year is over."

In December, 1936, the preparations for the coronation of the bachelor King Edward VIII were well under way, and accordingly the date fixed for this ceremony was kept for the coronation of the new king and queen. "The whole of London is full of stands for the Coronation," Queen Mary wrote to the Duke of Windsor, whose diamond Garter Star she wished to borrow so that she might wear it at his brother's crowning.

By a tradition said to date back to the days of the Plantagenet sovereigns, no British queen dowager had ever attended the coronation of her husband's successor on the throne. Torn between her inborn respect for historical tradition and her inevitable wish to watch a son of hers being crowned as King of England, Queen Mary decided that she would for once herself make a constitutional innovation, and ask the king if she might not witness the Abbey ceremony and take her own part in the coronation procession through London. This decision of Queen Mary's added to the sense of solidarity with which the whole royal family was facing the new reign. It was amply rewarded by wild demonstrations of affection from the crowd: as the procession wound past Marble Arch, for instance, "the cheering redoubled, took on a deeper note, and after the splendid figure of the Blues came a glass coach bearing Queen Mary who never looked happier or more regal. Obviously deeply touched, she smiled and waved her acknowledgments again and again."

Fourteen days after the coronation Queen Mary celebrated her seventieth birthday with a luncheon party at Marlborough House. The third of June was for Queen Mary another, but sad, anniversary, for it had been the birthday of her dead husband, King George V. It was also, that Coronation Year of 1937, the day on which the Duke of Windsor attained his heart's desire: on that morning at the Château de Cande, near Monts in France, he was married to Mrs. Wallis Warfield. Queen Mary had not reconciled herself to her eldest son's marriage to a divorced lady: "Alas! the wedding day in France of David & Mrs. Warfield. . . . We all telegraphed to him," she noted in her diary.

Altogether, it may be said that Queen Mary thoroughly enjoyed the glorious summer of King George VI's coronation. She attended every court function and festivity, went to the Derby, saw the Aldershot Tattoo, took her part as a Dame of the Garter in the Garter Service at Windsor and, later in the same month, wearing academic robes, laid the foundation stone of the new Bodleian Library annex at Oxford.

In August, Queen Mary retired to Sandringham, and in September she stayed for varying lengths of time in four different country houses. While at Sandringham she went to a ball—described in her diary as "a most enjoyable entertainment. I actually took 2 or 3 turns in valses," wrote Queen Mary with legitimate satisfaction, for she was now seventy years of age.

The opening days of 1939 found the royal family as usual at Sandringham. It was a snowy January, but the weeks passed happily enough for Queen Mary, who made an expedition to Lynn to buy snow boots for her brother, visited one or two neighbors, and went to help Miss von Hanno, the devoted lady in waiting of the late Queen Maud of Norway, who was packing up Queen Maud's house, Appleton. Films were now shown regularly after dinner at Sandringham House; Queen Mary, who had the most positive views upon what she liked in the cinema, enjoyed, for instance, the film of Dr. Cronin's novel The Citadel, but found Alexander's Ragtime Band "very vulgar . . . horrid music or not what I call music." On other evenings charades were acted, in all of which Queen Mary took part, and on one occasion she wrote that "We ladies put on funny hats for dinner which was amusing." This holiday atmosphere was a last respite from the somber anxiety which the international situation was once more causing.

On March fifteenth Hitler seized Czechoslovakia. Two days later Mr. Chamberlain denounced him as a perjurer in a famous speech at Birmingham. This was the signal for the commencement of that diplomatic revolution by which Great Britain abandoned "splendid isolation" for a system of guaranties offered to threatened European nations.

A visit to Canada and to the United States had been arranged for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth for that May of 1939. In spite of the now self-evident fact that there was likely to be a European war, the king felt in duty bound to fulfill this obligation. Queen Mary and other members of the family, including the two little princesses, went down to Portsmouth to see the king and queen off. Queen Mary went on board the Empress of Australia and examined the royal cabins with her careful eye for the details of comfort; she judged the cabins "very nice. We then took a tender farewell of them both & landed—The ship left punctually at 3—it was a fine sight from the jetty—& we waved handkerchiefs. Margaret said 'I have my handkerchief' and Lilibet ansd. 'To wave, not to cry'—which I thought charming. We all returned to London by train arriving at 5."

While they were in Canada, the king and queen heard of Queen Mary's motorcar accident, which might well have converted the farewell at Portsmouth into a final one.

By an odd coincidence, the accident occurred seventy years almost to the day after that in which her grandmother, Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge, had been almost killed in May, 1869. In each case these ladies were seventy-one, and in each the royal vehicle was overturned; but, whereas the Duchess of Cambridge's brougham was hit by a hansom cab, modern progress had provided that Queen Mary's maroon-colored Daimler limousine should be hit by a heavy lorry carrying a load of steel tubing. In the accident to Queen Mary's car no one was killed. Traveling with her were Lord Claud Hamilton, her comptroller, and Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell, her Woman of the Bedchamber. The queen was just pointing out to Lord Claud that he had a caterpillar on his trouser leg when there was a thunderous crash of crunching metal, and the queen, Lord Claud and Lady Constance found themselves lying in a heap against the broken windows of the overturned Daimler. "It was a wonder we 5 occupants were not killed," wrote Queen Mary. "I was much bruised & suffered from shock, Claud had a bruised shoulder & Constance a black eye."

Queen Mary's behavior on this occasion won the wholehearted admiration of the London public, as well as of her fellow victims in the motorcar. "She joked with one of the workmen who helped her, and bent to adjust her dress before she was taken into a nearby house while doctors were informed by telephone," wrote a witness. "She had not Her hat or one curl out of place. . . . The only outward sign of disorder was a broken hat pin and Her umbrella broken in half."

On her return to Marlborough House, Queen Mary was found to be not only very severely bruised and shaken, but to have an injury to her left eye from a piece of glass which had, in her own words, "brushed off the film of the eye, a lucky escape." To her diary she admitted that her back "hurt abominably," but she refused to remain in bed longer than ten days; and although she had always been "rather an apprehensive passenger" in a car, she absolutely refused to make any change in her motoring habits, or to allow the world to know how very close she had been to death.

The outbreak of war on September 3, 1939, found Queen Mary at Sandringham. She listened to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's solemn statement that Sunday morning in the little Norfolk church of St. Mary Magdalene, for the rector, Mr. Fuller, had installed his wireless in the nave. "Everyone was silent but it was a tense moment & one could only pray and hope." Like many other worshipers on that fell Sunday, Queen Mary was interrupted at her devotions by the test air-raid alarm which was sounded throughout England at about 11:30.

On September fourth she noted that "an air raid signal at 2.45 drove us from our beds. I dressed hurriedly & descended with the help of Green [detective] to basement. The children were there & behaved beautifully. At 3.30 we heard 'All clear' so I returned to bed but not to sleep!" Later that morning Queen Mary left Sandringham, which she did not see again until 1945, for Badminton House, Gloucestershire, her home for the next five years.

At first Queen Mary was frankly restless at Badminton. She felt isolated from her immediate family—from the king and queen, from her other children and from her grandchildren. She felt cut off from London and from news of what was afoot. King George VI, who suspected that his mother might be feeling out of touch with events, gave instructions that Foreign Office news summaries should be sent down to Queen Mary in an official red leather dispatch box of which she kept the key.

Within the shortest possible time she was hard at work—visiting evacuee children, neighboring factories and workshops, canteens and hospitals. Another aspect of local war work in which Queen Mary became strongly interested was the salvage campaign. Already in the First World War she had inspired the schoolchildren round Sandringham to collect empty bottles. Now that the need was urgent, and the call for salvage was being made upon a national scale, she set to with a will.

"Very cold dull day," Queen Mary noted in her diary for December 19, 1939. "We began the Salvage, namely we searched round the walls of the Vicarage Walk and Kennel Drive, for old bottles, old tins, & scrap iron, we were most successful & filled over a wheelbarrow full—We are doing this at the request of the Ministry of Supply—& I hope to start it in all the villages in the neighbourhood." . . . "Some of the [Birmingham evacuee] children came to help," she recorded of another salvage operation, "& we salvaged old bones, tins, etc., evidently an old rubbish heap—while others cut down elders—I raked away a lot of rubbish."



Queen Mary contrived a busy, useful life herself at Badminton House. Her interes all local happenings, her patent enjoymen the simplest country pastimes, her consid ation for others endeared her to all on Badminton estate. It compensated for mu that she had lost by leaving London.

The pattern of Queen Mary's daily life Badminton was now set. It was altered only bad weather or by her hay fever or occasio colds in the head. Even bad weather was i permitted to deprive the queen of exercise, which she firmly believed. "Rained all day top of slushy snow," she recorded in Janua 1941. "Dick & I walked on a sanded path I h had made between the 2 conservatories, walked like 2 caged lions or bears for nea an hour! The air was good & it was not ve cold."

In the year 1942, that of her seventy-fif birthday, Queen Mary had arranged to p a couple of visits to Windsor Castle—t first, in March, for the confirmation of Pri cess Elizabeth (who her grandmother thoug "looked so nice in white with a small veil was quite composed"), the second for t christening on August fourth of the Duke a Duchess of Kent's third child and second so Prince Michael, who had been born that Jul

Nine days after the christening, Queen Ma motored to Coppins, the former home of h sister-in-law, Princess Victoria, who had le the house to the Duke of Kent in her wi This was a particularly satisfactory visit: "Th baby is sweet—Had luncheon & tea there Walked in the garden—Georgie showed n some of his interesting things." The happ cultivated family life of the Duke and Duche of Kent gave Queen Mary especial pleasur "he looked so happy with his lovely wife the dear baby," she wrote of that day with he youngest son.

The morning of August twenty-fifth, a Tues day of heavy and continuous rain, Quee Mary went over to Lord Methuen's house t listen to a lecture given in the great pictur gallery there in connection with the Nationa Association of Girls' Training Corps. Th queen afterward looked at the pictures in th gallery, returning to Badminton for luncheon The long, wet afternoon was spent arrangin photographs in Queen Mary's huge scarle folio albums. After dinner a telephone mes sage came from Balmoral to tell Queen Mar that the Duke of Kent was dead.

The Duke of Kent, who was thirty-nine had been killed instantaneously when the air plane in which he was traveling to inspec RAF establishments in Iceland had smashe into a hillside at Morven. Once Queen Mary had recovered from the first shock—"I felt so stunned by the shock I could not believe it," she wrote—her immediate thought was for her daughter-in-law, and so she set off the next morning for Coppins to try to comfort the Duchess of Kent. The duke's funeral took place in St. George's Chapel on August twenty-ninth; to attend this Queen Mary spent her first night away from Badminton since the war began.

Never, perhaps, in her whole life did Queen Mary display more Christian fortitude or a greater power of self-control than over the death of the Duke of Kent. All her thoughts were concentrated on her son's widow and his children. On the way back to Badminton from the funeral the queen gave a lift in her limousine to "a charming young American parachutist, most friendly," and to "a nice Sergeant Observer (Air Force) who had taken part in the raid on Dieppe last week," and succeeded in talking to both of them in her natural, amiable way.

This lift in her motorcar was not a solitary occurrence. As soon as she had grasped the idea that she could thus help members of the forces whom her motor passed trudging along the roads, Queen Mary had given orders to her chauffeur that they were to stop and invite any pedestrian soldier, sailor or airman into her car. She felt that she was in this way being of practical use; but these chance encounters had another, unexpected, result: they taught Queen Mary much that she had never had an opportunity of learning about the average life of the average young. Members

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ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: LONDON



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of her household agree that during the Badminton period Queen Mary became more democratic than ever before, and that she benefited enormously by her glimpses of the ordinary, everyday life of England.

Queen Mary stayed on at Badminton until the Allied victory was complete, returning to Marlborough House on June 11, 1945. Before leaving, Queen Mary gave separate audiences to the nine heads of departments on the Duke of Beaufort's estate. Tears streaming down her face, she handed to each a carefully selected present. "Oh I *have* been happy here!" she said. "Here I've been anybody to everybody, and back in London I shall have to begin being Queen Mary all over again."

In the great ground-floor reception rooms at Marlborough House, which had been damaged by blast, ceilings were down, doors blown from their hinges and most of the windows were boarded up and had no glass. Nonetheless, Queen Mary had made a series of expeditions to her house that spring to assess which parts of it could most swiftly be made habitable. By May thirty-first she found that her own suite of rooms on the first floor was "beginning to look quite nice" again. "It is such a joy to be at 'home' again at last," Queen Mary wrote to Sir Owen Morshead when she had been settled back at Marlborough House a week. "I am gradually unpacking all my things, but cannot arrange them, as all the windows in my drawing rooms library and dining room are still out with little hope of their being mended yet."

Distinguished foreign visitors began to call at Marlborough House almost as soon as the queen dowager's personal standard was broken from the rooftop; the first of these was General Eisenhower, who was received in audience on the very day following that of Queen Mary's return: "such a nice man, he came over here to receive the Freedom of the City."

It was on Friday, October 5, 1945, that Queen Mary at length saw her eldest son again. "Lovely day," she recorded. "Lunched with Bertie who arrived this morning from Balmoral. At 4 *David* arrived by plane from Paris on a visit to me—I had not seen him for nearly 9 years! it was a great joy meeting again, he looked very well—Bertie came to dinner to meet him."

With her customary unswerving consistency of mind, Queen Mary would never go so far as to meet her eldest son's wife, but when the duchess was ill in New York in February, 1951, the queen wrote to the duke: "I feel so sorry for your great anxiety about your wife, and am thankful that so far you are able to send a fair account so we must hope the improvement will continue. Do write me a short account of what has really happened."

On May 26, 1947, Queen Mary realized with something of a shock that she was eighty years old. The eulogies of herself in the newspapers, a special film of her career, a program devoted to her favorite airs on the BBC all pleased her, but combined to bring home to Queen Mary that her expectation of life was on the wane. She stoutly resented the onset of old age: "so tiresome getting old!!!" she wrote, and "It is a great bore getting old!!!"

The engagement, in July, 1947, of Princess Elizabeth to Prince Philip of Greece pleased Queen Mary. "Heard with great pleasure of darling Lilibet's engagement to Philip Mountbatten," she wrote on July tenth. "They both came to see me after luncheon looking radiant." She gave her granddaughter the jewelery which had comprised her own chief wedding present. Queen Mary thoroughly enjoyed her granddaughter's wedding. On November eighteenth she went to an evening party at Buckingham Palace: "Saw many old friends, I stood from 9.30 till 12.15 a.m.!!! not bad for 80."

The birth of Prince Charles in November, 1948, gave Queen Mary a fresh interest: "I am delighted at being a great grandmother!" On December fifteenth she attended the child's christening in the Music Room at Buckingham Palace. "I gave the baby a silver gilt cup & cover which George II had given to a godson in 1780," she recorded, "—so that I gave a present from my gt grandfather, to my great grandson 168 years later—"

Excitement over the birth and christening of Prince Charles was, however, modified by anxiety about the health of his grandfather, King George VI, who was suffering from a thrombosis in the leg, in consequence of which the family's Christmas could not be celebrated at Sandringham. The court remained in London. In March of the new year, 1949, an operation on the king's leg was performed, with seeming success.

Queen Mary had now begun to find, to her deep chagrin, that walking tired her, and she reluctantly resigned herself to the intermittent use of a wheel chair. In the winter of 1949–50 she was attacked by sciatica, which did not relinquish its grip until the summer.

The queen's vitality was unimpaired, but she could no longer take part in many public functions, and when the president of the French Republic, M. Vincent Auriol, and his wife came to London on a state visit in March, 1950, Queen Mary confined herself to waving to them from the little balcony outside her sitting room, as they passed by in procession up the Mall. In June, 1950, the sale of the carpet which she had worked, and which had been sent on a dollar-raising tour to the United States and Canada, delighted Queen Mary: "Saw Dow. Ly Reading who told me my Carpet had been bought for Canada by the 'Im. Daughters of the Empire' for £35,000 to which may be added more money by degrees—This is my gift towards the National Debt—!!"

Neither exhaustion nor a public appearance in a wheel chair could deflect Queen Mary from her determination to attend the service at St. Paul's Cathedral in May, 1951, at which King George VI initiated the Festival of Britain, held to commemorate the centenary of the Great Exhibition which Queen Victoria had opened in May, 1851. "A hundred years ago today," Queen Mary reflected, "my mother was present at the Opening of the

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51—when she was 17—& now I her daughter was present at this opening at the age of arly 84—Lovely service—most impressive, rtie's speech on the steps of St. Paul's was y good—At 4 o'clock I went for a drive to the decorations in the streets which were tty."

For Queen Mary, in her eighty-fifth year, still held anguish in store. In September ile he was at Balmoral, the king developed at seemed to be a heavy cold on the chest. turning to London, he underwent a bronoscopy which showed, although His Majy did not himself know it, that he had deoped cancer of the left lung. On Sunday, ptember twenty-third, an operation, made the more hazardous by the probability that might give rise to a coronary thrombosis, s performed. Queen Mary spent "a dread- morning of anxiety" at Marlborough ouse, while reports were telephoned to her om the palace. The reports were only "fairly isfactory": "there must be *great anxiety* for veral days," Queen Mary wrote. She had en to see the king three days before the eration and had found him "very thin but ry plucky & reasonable," but when she ally saw him after the operation she thought n "looking wonderful after his dreadful deal—he was sitting in the room beyond his iting room—we had a nice talk."

The king was well enough to go with his mily to Sandringham for Christmas where ueen Mary busied herself, as usual, arrang- g Christmas presents in the ballroom, and s able, each evening, to dine downstairs. Norfolk in midwinter did not provide an al climate for an octogenarian lady suffer- g from rheumatism, and Queen Mary acrdingly left Sandringham House on the teenth of January. She had left the king an optimistic mood about his health: "I am eing all my doctors next Tuesday morning, I hope they will be pleased with my progss," he wrote to his mother. At this examinon, the doctors expressed themselves deghted with King George VI's condition.

The next day, Princess Elizabeth and the uke of Edinburgh went to Marlborough ouse, to take leave of Queen Mary before eir departure for a five months' tour of frica, Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand. felt," Queen Mary wrote, "very sad at hav- g to take leave for such a long time." The llowing morning Queen Mary watched her anddaughter's standard being hauled down om the roof of Clarence House, and listened n the wireless to the account of the farewell enes at London Airport, where the king, atless and in a high wind, was waving his aughter good-by.

The days following Princess Elizabeth's drture for Nairobi were busy ones at Marlborough House. Queen Mary received Prince Xavier of Bourbon-Parma. She went to tea with the princess royal, drove in Richmond Park, and visited the Royal School of Needlework to arrange about the finishing of a new carpet she had started to make the year before.

At 9:30 A.M. on Wednesday, February sixth, Queen Mary was, as was usual at that hour, working in her sitting room when her Woman of the Bedchamber, Lady Cynthia Colville, asked to see her. Looking steadily at Lady Cynthia as she came through the door, Queen Mary asked, "Is it the king?" Lady Cynthia answered that a telephone message had just come from Sandringham to say that King George VI had been found dead by the valet who had gone to call him that morning.

From this, the last great emotional shock of her life, Queen Mary did not recover. Her household noticed that from now on the old queen aged rapidly. Even so, she did not give in. To a lifelong friend, Lady Shaftesbury, Queen Mary made one of her rare references to the likelihood of her own death. "I suppose," she said suddenly, "one must force oneself to go on until the end?"

"I am sure," replied Lady Shaftesbury, "that Your Majesty will."

Many foreign relatives had come over for the funeral, and Queen Mary saw several of these in the days that followed. She also, with characteristic vigor, set about making a new will, and sorting out her possessions. There was no morbidity in these proceedings, which were merely sensible measures based on recognition that she could not live forever.

The new year, 1953, was that of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Queen Mary, who drove out in Hyde Park in February to look at the stands being erected along the processional route, let it be known at Buckingham Palace that, should she no longer be there to attend the coronation, this solemnity must on no account of mourning be postponed.

On February ninth, a "horrid & cold" day, Queen Mary drove for the last time through the London in which she had been born and which she loved. She did not go out again. As an icy February gave way to an overcast and wind-swept March, it was clear to those around her that Queen Mary was dying. Yet, on the very threshold of the grave, the queen retained her interest in all that she had most liked in life. On the night before she died, she asked to have a book about India read aloud to her, and the last letter Queen Mary wrote concerned a work of art. Dated March eighteenth and addressed to a friend who had sent her a catalogue of the Goya Exhibition at Basel, this letter reads:

"I feel weary and unwell but your charming catalogue of the Goya pictures has given me great pleasure. I particularly like the portrait of Marianito Goya with the silk hat—as one sees it was painted with great love."

During the evening of March 24, 1953, Queen Mary died.

On a lowering day in March, to the roll of funeral drums and the military sound of marching feet, the body of Queen Mary was borne slowly and majestically through the London streets, held empty of traffic by lofty barriers painted, in mourning, royal purple.

On the thronged pavements Londoners stood silent and bareheaded. Most of those in that crowd could scarcely recall a period in which Queen Mary had not seemed an essential part of life in London, personifying for them all that was noblest in their country's tradition. They were conscious—some sharply, others dimly—that on that chilling afternoon they were mourning the unique.

For it was Queen Mary's crowning reward, as it is the fundamental lesson to be drawn from any contemplation of her life, that, by undeviating service to her own highest ideals, she had ended by becoming, for millions, an ideal in herself.

JANUARY NIGHTS

By MARGARET R. GOULD

The winter night is cold,
The snow is deep and bare;
Nothing breathes or moves
Under Orion's stare.

The Dog Star bays the sky:
The Hunter sees his prey
Escape across the dark
And vanish into day.

All night the silent chase
Crosses the snowbound sky;
Only the creaking elm
Sees the wild hunt go by.

Warm-hunched, the children sleep,
Each bed a quiet mound;
But in their dreams they sense
Orion and his hound.

TELLING YOUR CHILD ABOUT DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

egree of worrisomeness that is already a part the child's personality when he first hears out death.

Another factor that is highly significant is e parent's basic attitude toward death. The erson who dreads it, either openly or secretly, ill have a hard time presenting it philosophilly to his child. Usually a child's first questons come unexpectedly, giving the parent no me to compose the ideal explanation. The other who is unworried about anything (who oesn't fear or even think about her own emise, who is not apprehensive about whether e might upset her child with an unskillful exanation) will in general be able to use words nd exhibit a manner which imply that death pretty remote and really not worth bother- g about now. The parent who takes death ore solemnly, but who has a strong religious ith that to return to God—when the proper me comes—will mean the ultimate happiness, ill communicate her serenity to her child, hether or not he catches the exact meaning her words.

A mother who regards the viewing of the ead at a funeral as a morbid and barbaric stom would not let her child see the body of deceased relative, and if she saw an accident the street when she was with her child she'd make every effort to detour around it and distract his attention. She would be very right to protect him so, because he would probably absorb the full impact of her own horror.

Another mother, brought up to consider a wake one of the fundamental ceremonies of human existence, might consider it quite proper to let her child see the body of a relative. And her feeling of familiarity with death would make the experience for the child quite different from what it would otherwise be. I am not trying to judge whether one or the other of these opposite parental attitudes is the more wholesome. In either case the specific impact on the child will also depend on his individual personality make-up.

Though the basic personalities, philosophies and adjustments of child and of parent are of the greatest importance in how any child accepts the idea of death, this doesn't mean that the form of the explanation is of no consequence.

Needless to say, I would avoid, in a religious discussion of death with a young child, any reference to hell-fire, or to the possibility that he might not please God or reach heaven. Knowing that for him going to God, no matter how beautifully described, would be no compensation for being separated from his parents, I would picture our whole family as eventually growing old, dying and going to live together in heaven, ignoring the age difference for the time being, until the child is at a more independent and understanding stage. For a nonreligious explanation, I myself would point out that death won't come for many years, until we are all old and tired. And then—I would say—we'll just stop breathing and moving and feeling (without drawing any comparison with sleep). If the occasion of the talk were the death of a child whom my child knew, I'd admit that once in a great while a child gets very sick or has an accident and dies, but I'd also explain (without getting so tense about it that my reassurance sounded forced) that most people don't die until they are very, very old. Then I'd grin and hug my child and tell him that we're all going to live together for a long, long, long time.

Another time I'll discuss the much more complicated as well as tragic situation when a member of the immediate family dies. What we have learned about this throws light on children's reactions to other, more ordinary happenings.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

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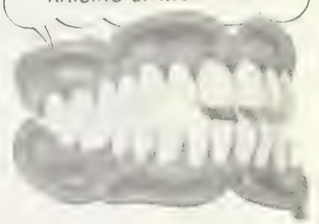
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WHERE AND WHEN DOES DELINQUENCY START?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

beating. It was an organized gang. Juvenile inquency isn't some abstract problem of a oup of unfortunate people remote from us. is right here. It affects all children and all nilies directly and indirectly.

MR. BRUCE GOULD: And the boy who gets aten by young gangsters is likely to find a y to do a little beating himself—or he may come an intimidated citizen the rest of his . Many businessmen cave in when the gang-rs come around. When one person, or one oup, gives way to even small corrup-n —

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Fear is a very de-uctive force. You are touching on some-ng I feel is basic to any consideration of the havior of youth. Those of us in government d those in business have a responsibility to nduct our affairs in a way that sets stand-ds of honesty. I think we all must examine r own activities to see if we are in any way ing down a shady road—or condoning or ven tolerating those who do. Example is, ter all, the great teacher.

MISS HICKEY: We are impressed by the im-ediate and practical steps you are taking to em the tide of juvenile crime in New York tate. We are especially impressed by your un-erstanding of the need to prevent the young-ers from taking the road to violence in the rst place.

MRS. GOULD: There are two phases of the roblem that interest me deeply. One is the evelopment of programs throughout this na-on for youth who are unable to do well in igh school and for whom school is a frustra-on and opportunities for employment almost onexistent. The other is, what can be done t the very earliest age to improve their home nvironment? Many have no real homes, ractically from birth.

CHILDREN NOBODY LOVES

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Let's start at the arliest possible age, which is where the family, there is one, ought to start. This is the area f the most tragic failure one sees—young peo-le growing up without love, without a sense f being wanted, without security, without xample or standards of any kind or any form f discipline. Such conditions leave a child ery little with which to face the world. If uvenile delinquency is to be prevented, the ommunity must find a way to reinforce such amilies and provide ways for these very young children to get some of the things they do not get at home. They must be given love and some sense of belonging.

Next to one's own family, or a foster family, the church is most important for instilling moral and spiritual values and setting standards for the young. I have a daughter whose husband is a minister. For a time they worked in an area of the Bronx where less than twenty-five per cent of the group attending church came from united families.

MR. THEODORE HOUSER: My experience, of course, has been entirely in Chicago. We find that when people of standards and substance move out of a deteriorating neighborhood to the outskirts or to the suburbs, their church moves with them, and no other church replaces it. In one area in Chicago the number of churches has declined from twenty-six to five.

While I fully agree with the importance of churches, there is a need for an agency of some kind to supply what ought to be the church's influence when the church is just not there. I have said this to church groups in Chicago many times, and it is one of their big problems. Who *is* going to better a town if not its churches?

MRS. GOULD: But isn't it true that a rather high percentage of children called delinquent come from homes where the church isn't welcomed? They are not exposed to religious influences. I am concerned about those young children who literally have no home—and there are many of them. And it is almost impossible for anyone to adopt them. I was told of one such sorry situation only recently. The mother has been married three times and has lived with other men between marriages; she has three children; she has been in prison twice (one of her husbands committed armed

PARTICIPANTS IN THE JUVENILE-DELINQUENCY FORUM

ELSON ROCKEFELLER, Governor of the ate of New York, previously served the Fed-al Government as Co-ordinator of Inter-merican Affairs, as Under Secretary of ealth, Education, and Welfare, and as a spe-al presidential adviser to President Eisen-ower. Elected governor of New York in 58, he has applied himself with energy and umen to state problems and taken out-anding leadership in efforts to combat juve-le delinquency.

HEODORE HOUSER, retired chairman the board of Sears, Roebuck and Co., a member and former vice chairman of the usiness Advisory Council to the U.S. Secre-ry of Commerce and chairman of the Re-arch and Policy Committee of the Commit-e for Economic Development. He relin-uished the presidency of the Chicago Metro-olitan Y.M.C.A. and soon was named vol-nteer national chairman for funds and mem-ers for the 1960 Red Cross campaign. hrough his Y.M.C.A. experience he became oroughly familiar with the problems of deal-g with youth gangs in Chicago and has a eep personal interest in seeking causes of venile crime and cures for young offenders.

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

The Seasonless Dress

Barbara J. thinks now is the perfect time to take stock of her wardrobe and to start thinking about additions for a brand-new season ahead. Meanwhile, for a midwinter lift to a midwinter mood, she looks for something bright and gay that won't dip too deeply into future fashion $'s.

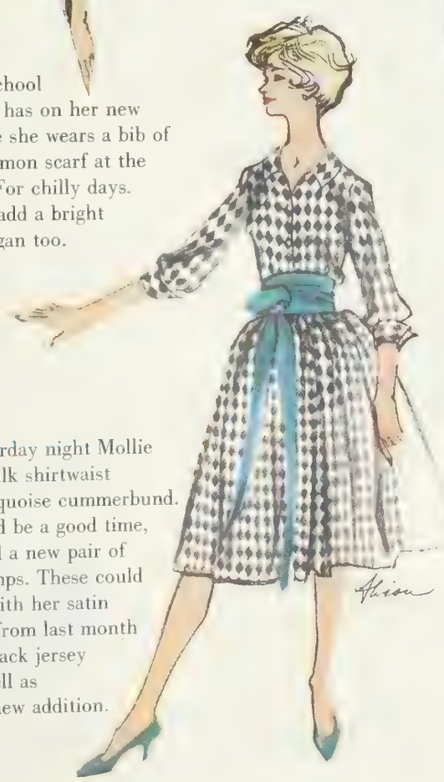
Mollie Farnham, our Barbara J., makes her one investment, a silk-print shirtwaist dress, and adds bright accessories already in her wardrobe. The dress will go well under her winter coat, alone it will be perfect for spring and . . . for that matter, it will be pretty *any* season! By BET HART



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HIMMEL DRESS BY MARY HERRICK



Mollie's first investment for the New Year is a print in a black-and-white harlequin design. The shirtwaist top has three-quarter sleeves, the skirt is full and can be billowed out prettily with a petticoat. The fabric is pure silk. The price, $17.95, takes only a small dip into future spring-fashion $'s.



A day in school and Mollie has on her new dress. Here she wears a bib of pearls, a lemon scarf at the waistline. For chilly days she might add a bright wool cardigan too.



Mollie has a tiny waistline and accents it here with a bright red belt. A crisp white dickey fills the neckline.

For a Saturday night Mollie likes the silk shirtwaist with a turquoise cummerbund. Now would be a good time, too, to add a new pair of bright pumps. These could be worn with her satin separates from last month and her black jersey suit, as well as with her new addition.



Spring may be only a thought for the future, but Mollie pretends it's already here. She fills the neckline of the dress this time with a white scarf and adds a pink flower.

robbery and she assisted), and yet she will not release her children for adoption. Isn't it time that the state or society consider providing substitute homes for children who do not, in any true sense of the word, have a home?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: This raises a question about the Federal Government program on aid to dependent children. This assistance is available only if there is no father in the home. The law, therefore, unwittingly encourages illegitimacy and even desertion of a family. If a father is out of a job, our experts tell me, the only way the children can get this aid is for the father to leave the family.

The state and the local community, as well as the Federal Government, do assume a financial responsibility for dependent children—it is a fast-growing item on both state and Federal budgets. But, you might say, we are assuming a financial responsibility without a full social, or human, responsibility. I find this a very challenging proposition. Through aid to dependent children we do have direct ties with these people. I certainly feel a broader approach is needed in this area. Of course I am sure our volunteer social agencies do know about many of these families, but they do not have the power, without a court order, to take children out of bad home environments and get them into new environments where they can be given security and develop characters.

MR. HOUSER: I have faced this problem through my connection as president of the Metropolitan Y in Chicago. We had many branch Y.M.C.A.'s in deteriorating or slum areas. Should we close them up and build Y's in the suburbs? We said no; if the Y.M.C.A. is to have the support of the business and civic leaders, it must play a vital part in meeting this great social problem. First of all, we rehabilitated and made more attractive the Y's in declining neighborhoods—and we faced the fact that the rougher sort of youngster will not come into a Y.M.C.A. He thinks it is a sissy sort of thing.

We started what we called a detached-worker program with the approval of the police department. Each detached worker became a sort of unofficial sponsor of a given gang. He dealt with its members through persuasion and protected them from the consequences of their acts on some occasions.

The hard core of these gangs are boys not only from broken homes, but from places where there is *no* home life, literally no home life at all. They are pushed out into the street. They had to join a gang for self-protection. We started with one as an experiment, rapidly expanded the plan and will soon have twelve to fifteen in operation.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: For self-realization too. They are worse than homeless, in some respects, because they are subject to negative influences.

MR. HOUSER: We talked to corporation executives who recognized that somebody had to tackle the job. They agreed to make eve effort to hire these boys if they were willing work. The gang worker gradually broug them into Y activities by saying, "Well, it's awfully hot day—why don't you go over the Y and take a swim? I can fix it up so y won't have to pay anything." And also one one he began to influence them to try to g jobs. In this way one of the most vicio gangs in Chicago was reduced from arou seventy to a very innocuous group of twelve fifteen. Chicago could use seventy or eigh such gang workers.

MISS HICKEY: This is the kind of practic plan we want to get; but let us get back preschool children for a moment—very you children with unfit homes. How do we rea these?

MRS. GOULD: I read about children bei put in jail because they are abandoned. Th are put in jail because there is no other pla for them, in many instances.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Of course th isn't a state-level operation. Each communi must provide day centers, neighborhoo homes and satisfactory places for neglected abandoned children—places they can get ca and love and decent food.

MRS. GOULD: Is there an adequate pr gram for those children?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: I think there a good examples, but not adequate facilities t take care of all who need them.

MR. HOUSER: Slum clearance and bett housing, while it may not rehabilitate the kin of parents who abandon their children, m prevent a family from losing all sense of d cency. Families decay at least partly becau they are crowded into one or two ding rooms.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Some of the fi est leaders in this country have come from th slums. Their families were able to overcom the lack of decent housing by less tangible a sets—love, character, initiative, work. On th other hand, some of the worst juveniles hav come from the suburbs. Juvenile delinquenc doesn't develop because of economic status o deprivation alone. More importantly, it i what the family does or doesn't do that create delinquents.

MR. HOUSER: Certainly, in many cases. On shouldn't minimize the importance of a mini mum standard of housing.

MR. GOULD: If we had methods of investi gation that would prove a family has com pletely disintegrated, has the government right, or should it have a right, to find a sub stitute home for the children? Common sens tells us that if the state had somebody to ob serve and then had the power to act——

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: The social inves tigators of the public-welfare agencies in th communities often do observe these condi tions. Government provides aid to dependen children or, in some situations, home relief



"Just like mommie says—
if you catch a cold and get a
fever, go to bed and she'll call
our doctor to come see you"



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". . . the same clothes he wore yesterday . . . don't *ask* him, *make* him . . . what? . . . he's old enough to make his own bed! . . . well, you tell junior . . ."

T children usually stay where they are—in th home.

MRS. GOULD: When it is recognized that the h ne situation endangers the child, are there a quate alternatives?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: The objective is t reinforce the family. There is certainly a n d for something more when the family is v ually nonexistent. I suppose that adoption, wn parental consent, is one alternative when c ldren do not have a proper home—and it's very carefully handled.

MISS HICKEY: Haven't we become a little it fferent to the mistreated and the neglected c ld?

MRS. GOULD: That is, must the state con- er the home, even if it is not a home, so red that the mother, even if she is not h ther by any definition, must be allowed to k p her children?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: I personally uld rather see the church and the social ncies take the leadership in meeting these blems. You get into some fundamental man rights here.

MR. HOUSER: It would be a terrible respon- sility of judgment to decide when and if a ld should be removed from a parent.

MRS. GOULD: There are some circum- nces when the court can render judgment d place children elsewhere—if the father is using his child, if one parent is dead and the her incompetent, ill or imprisoned, when re are no relatives to take the child, and so . But there are many borderline cases. Obvi- isly, none of us wishes to take the child away m the home if it could be rehabilitated, but ien it is quite evident that rehabilitation of home is impossible, is there a way that a ild can be taken from it and placed in a bet- environment?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Without parental nsent, and in the absence of mistreatment d other conditions similar to those you ntion, the answer is no. I don't believe we ow enough about how to take care of chil- en who don't have a good home environ- nt either. There are, of course, some very od child-care facilities, but by no means ough of them. These projects also run into great deal of money.

Our approach to the problem of juvenile de- quency in this state is to spot youngsters o are getting off the track and showing signs aggressiveness before they engage in other ert acts which result in arrest. They are und through the school, social agencies or e church and then helped to the extent they n be helped with existing facilities. We in- nd to improve and expand facilities, but to ove to assist every youngster caught in de- onstrably poor home environment is a big der.

It would be a tremendous number of chil- en, unfortunately, in this state. I am afraid at there would be some irresponsible par- ts who would take advantage of this pro- am and simply hand over their children. ou raise a very interesting and a deeply im- rtant human question, but it would have to explored and discussed with the greatest re and sensitivity before state action could en be considered.

MISS HICKEY: You think it is important to scuss the question?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: I do indeed. hat is my point—it is getting at the very ots.

The public should sit in on some of the emency hearings that I hold in Albany. A ondemned man has the right to a clemency earing before the governor prior to electro- ution. Reviewing the records of these people the most tragic experience any governor as. These records are complete, including en the history of the condemned man's par- nts. They are heart-rending. Some of those eople might have been saved if they were ealt with at the early age you suggest.

MR. GOULD: One hears that in Switzerland ere is no juvenile delinquency. I can't help inking there is a force of public opinion ere that helps prevent it. Here it seems we nd to feel everyone is entitled to do what he ants to do, even when he is imposing upon e community.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: If Switzerland oesn't have juvenile delinquency, it is one of the few countries in the world that don't. It is a world-wide problem.

WHAT SCHOOLS CAN DO

MISS HICKEY: May I take the governor and Mr. Houser now to the next area of influence, which is the school? Do we get youngsters into school early enough and into classes small enough so that some of their problems can be spotted and corrective steps taken?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Of course you are accepting the fact that the state through the schools has to assume the responsibility of the parent who hasn't met it.

Well, almost all children are in school at the regular school age of six. Those who don't learn to read are a source of trouble, and they can be spotted. Ability to read is of crucial importance. It is reading that gives children a chance to become a part of the school life and to develop intellectually. If they don't learn to read they are disinterested, frustrated, apart, and that is a sure sign of trouble ahead. Children who have difficulty learning should be given special care. If they are unable to make a go of the academic school, I feel that work schools should be developed under the local board of education.

MRS. GOULD: I am delighted to hear that you emphasize reading. I, too, feel it is very important and that corrective measures might be taken much earlier. Many schools do not begin remedial reading until perhaps the eighth grade, and by this time the slow readers are already far behind. Reading difficulties become evident in the third or fourth grade. A really concentrated effort in the earlier grades might save as many as fifty per cent of these children from failure in other subjects. I think the first-grade teacher is the most important teacher a child has.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Remedial reading should be a major effort. It is expensive and that is why many of our schools do not provide it.

MISS HICKEY: It is always expensive to do a good job, but doing it will save other costs.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER. Absolutely. Prevention is far cheaper than correction. School people are aware of this and I think they are pushing improved reading programs. New York City also has special schools—the so-called Six Hundred Schools—for youngsters who do not fit into a regular school program.

I think in addition there should be work-study programs in which nonacademic boys and girls can receive training for various kinds of occupations. Here one begins to run into some problems with the unions, who are justifiably concerned about preparation of people for the various trades. They want the best, the most able people they can get, and rightly so. Here in New York State we are working with both labor and industry to develop training programs and employment opportunities for these young people who just do not adjust to regular schooling.

MISS HICKEY: This is for out-of-school youngsters?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: For the sixteen-to-eighteen-year-olds, the problem is different from that of the younger group. We are also reviewing the employment laws as they pertain to fourteen-to-sixteen-year-olds. It is tough for most of them to find any sort of job. While we want to protect them in every way from exploitation, we don't want to make it so difficult that a young person who cannot study cannot get work either. We have also so-called continuation schools for those who obtain working papers and leave regular school to go to work. Unfortunately, the programs of these schools, which are held in daytime hours, do not appear to meet the problem. Many who leave school early don't have the capacity to study because they have never learned to read.

MISS HICKEY: And they often lack work habits.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: That is the truth. They have no discipline. They have no standards. They don't feel that they belong. They are not loved. They are not wanted. You wonder that so many of these young people are as wonderful as they are when you consider the rejections they must endure.

MR. HOUSER: In Chicago we have found it is the most difficult thing in the world to get some of these boys to engage in competitive sports. They are afraid they might be beaten. They might lose face in any kind of competitive sport.

When members of a gang begin to see the value of individual development, through individual competition, the gang attitude disappears. The gang attitude is not to attack unless there are ten boys against one. Competitive sport is one alternative to gang-type activity.

MR. GOULD: Do you feel new attitudes can be taught?

MR. HOUSER: They can be taught, definitely. There is no question about it.

HONEST LABOR

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Work school looks as though it offers a similar possibility to certain young people. They have to go to school like any other youngster, but they go to a special school which gives them an opportunity to perform a job that will lead to a productive life.

MRS. GOULD: In the past, such schools have not won the co-operation of the youngters or their parents because they feel these schools are less desirable than regular academic schools. In fact, such schools are often called "dumping grounds"—even by some teachers and administrators.



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How can a program for nonacademic youth be set up that does not have that stigma? Would not actual work for which they are paid give them more status?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: We have got to work with the labor leaders and industrial leaders, and there are some laws we must try to get changed. As they stand now, a boy between the ages of fourteen and sixteen must get a permit for each job he takes. Such laws were enacted to stop exploitation of child labor—and certainly we do not want to turn back the clock. The situation now confronting us, however, is one wherein certain features of these laws and regulations, rather than protecting him, stand in the way of our giving the youngster the kind of work experience and practical education which can best equip him for life. There is also the possibility of camps for older boys who can't do schoolwork and can't find jobs. Such camps would give a boy a chance to get out of a bad environment and into a new environment where he will have a chance to develop as a person.

MRS. GOULD: Isn't it true that there is a great deal of conservation work that needs to be done in many parts of this country?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Yes, there is. In New York State we have thousands of acres of conservation land. This is also work accepted by labor groups. If an attempt were made to compete with regular labor, the problems are evident. We must also remember that about one hundred thousand young people are graduated from school and college each year in New York State. These young people want jobs too.

MISS HICKEY: Governor, would you recommend government-sponsored projects for youths who cannot compete in the market?

WHAT YOUTH CAMPS CAN DO

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: I have already committed myself to such a program in the state of New York. We are in the process of developing camps right now The one I visited today is constructing a campsite, swimming pond and picnic grounds. They are building the tables and chairs and fireplaces—all these things. It is wonderful.

MR. GOULD: What is their spirit in doing that?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: I talked to a couple of dozen of these boys today and asked them. Some of them have been there as long as nine months and some of them have been there only one day, but they were unanimous in their feeling that the camp was far better than the institutions from which they had come. There was less tension, they said. It was calmer and more relaxed, and they were learning to do real work. Some of them are extremely fine-looking young persons.

MR. GOULD: These are so-called delinquents?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: These are. Some of them not for the first time either.

MISS HICKEY: Is this type of training camp also possible for the boys who can't get along in school and can't find employment?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: I think very definitely. The boys I saw today were learning discipline. They were learning how to work. They were learning how to cut down a tree faster than the other fellow—and this is a real outlet for energy and aggression, believe me. When a boy works seven hours in the outdoors, he is soon in good shape—mentally as well as physically. They have an incentive system—they are permitted to stay up later or have an extra amount of ice cream and cake or something if they do especially good work.

MISS HICKEY: How can the Federal Government help the state to form youth work camps?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: We have asked the Federal Government to let us use certain Federal property. It is surplus. If we can get some Federal land, buildings, and equipment and supplies, that is all we need from them.

MRS. GOULD: The term "delinquent camps" or "predelinquent camps" has been used to describe such youth camps. We surely do not want to call them permanently by such a name.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: It is a popular descriptive term, but it shouldn't be used. I agree completely. Let's call them opportunity camps or just youth camps—something that puts no stigma on the boy who has been in one.

MISS HICKEY: Do you see such camps replacing the old-time corrective institutions?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: No, I don't see them replacing them for all, or even most, delinquents. There are many boys the authorities don't dare place in such camps, which are completely open. In the camp I visited today fifty boys may be in a dormitory with only one man supervising them. They have good relations with the community and the community has accepted them, but these boys were carefully selected.

We are short of institutions too. Some judges are having to parole young offenders because they haven't places to put them. Often they are paroled to the same parents who helped to cause the trouble. We plan, also, to accelerate the training of probation and parole officers so we can give much better guidance to young offenders.

MRS. GOULD: It is true, isn't it, that good parole systems and adequately trained parole officers can do a great deal for them?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Yes, it certainly is.

WHAT CITIZENS CAN DO

MISS HICKEY: What success have you had, governor, in getting responsible citizens aroused to take action in their own communities?

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: We have had meetings with representatives of key groups in various communities. I think New York State is aroused as never before. We are trying to work with all private agencies—to help them and to encourage them—for I don't think it should be a governmental activity entirely. We must not lose the care and the concern of the individual citizen. There is room for everybody to help.

The community near the camp I visited today is very friendly to the project. People in the town help to arrange parties for the boys. They send out presents. Local baseball teams include the camp team on their schedule. There is a good community relationship. Before a camp is established in any area, community leaders should be completely informed and helped to understand what a youth camp is. They should be assured that care will be taken to ensure their protection. Their interest and leadership should be invited and encouraged. With this type of preparation, I feel youth camps can be established almost anywhere and have a good relationship with local people.

MRS. GOULD: I must return to the earli years, for I believe very deeply in their in portance. Perhaps we need to do more wo before the age of eight.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: I think your en phasis on the early age is very constructi and farsighted. The possibilities of a broad approach to delinquency problems at a ve early age gives me a lot to think about. I sha certainly look into the work that is being don and the studies undertaken, with very youn children in need of help.

MRS. GOULD: This, too, is something th volunteer worker can help in. Some voluntee committees are already helping such so-calle problem children in public elementary school They also get acquainted with the home an they are able to call to the attention of th proper authorities those children who are be ing neglected. There is a great opportunity fo service in this field for the volunteer workers o some of our great organizations. Churc groups could do much here too.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Of course one o the reasons we have been concentrating on ac tion programs is to eliminate the immediat problems as soon as possible. But I think th long-range approach is of tremendous im portance.

Of course each child must be judged and as sisted as an individual. Each one has a specia situation. What is his background? What ar his potentialities? What are his handicaps How can we give him a better chance? Is i possible to improve his home environment And what is the cost? This isn't an overnigh operation. It's a long, slow process, and i will take everybody's understanding and par ticipation.

But I think we can do a tremendous amount—and we must not underestimate the wonderful work that has been done, and is be ing done. There are many people who have given generously of their time and energy, their very lives, to help solve the problem. We would be in a lot worse situation now if it hadn't been for them.

MISS HICKEY: Certainly one of the most important efforts is to give young people an opportunity for work experience

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: Yes, that is what will give them a sense of belonging to this world—a feeling of usefulness and an outlet for energies.

MRS. GOULD: That is the goal—a sense of usefulness, a sense of really sharing in our society.

MR. HOUSER: I would be the last to pose as an expert in this most difficult field. As a businessman, used to dealing in a practical way with specific problems, I see the need for providing wholesome leadership to these gangs. We have proved they are not hard to reach. They respond to leadership which they respect. Knowing no other standards, they will respond to leadership of a criminal type. On the other hand, they can be taught a different set of standards with properly trained leaders. Somewhere in the picture, the desirability of steady employment must enter, and possibly we must face the fact that in our complex society there is a fringe of beings who will not respond to educational standards and who need some type of job at a relatively early age.

MR. GOULD: We are very grateful to you, Governor Rockefeller, and to Mr. Houser, for spending this time with us. We know how busy you are.

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER: There is hardly anything more important than thought and action to solve this problem of our society. Education perhaps is the number-one effort in the United States; this is number two, in my opinion.

I am grateful to you for letting me come here. It is through publications such as yours that the public can come to have a real understanding of the basic forces which create the problem and learn what can be done to help solve them. Youthful crime and juvenile delinquency must be dealt with in a constructive way, both to protect innocent citizens who are the victims and to help those unfortunate young people who are the offenders. Too often the case is that they have never had a chance to become useful citizens. We must find ways to give them that chance. END

NEXT MONTH

DREAM HOUSE IN THE WOODS

Bring the children (there are three bedrooms) and live happily ever after just where you always longed to be—high among the treetops, with the wind like a harp in leafy summer, and the sun a warm blanket when leaves fall. The JOURNAL's newest Portfolio House provides you with a terrace and lawny area on the lower level, a dining terrace on the main floor, a laundry and superbathroom on sleeping level—most practical! That fireplace in the bedroom is for the poet in you.

FOR ADULTS ONLY

A sudden question opened Beth's eyes to the way in which she was failing Lance and little Susie: "Do you want to be your mother's baby or the mother of *your* baby?" For marriage, as the counselor pointed out, is a grown-up thing, though nowadays a frightening number of teen-agers are giving it a try. "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO SAVE YOUR CHILD?

The corruption of the innocent through heartless and immoral barrages of violence on TV is changing *your* child and the world he must live in. The evidence against these "children's" programs is overwhelming. In "How Movie and TV Violence Affects Children," Dr. Fredric Wertham refutes every argument commonly used to excuse sadistic shows—and tells what you can do to have them stopped.

"AFTER TWO NORMAL BIRTHS, WHY SHOULD I HAVE A CAESAREAN FOR MY THIRD BABY?

I can't understand it—does my doctor just like to cut? I know that Caesareans are more profitable for him!" But there *was* a good reason for the out-of-town doctor's diagnosis, and Dr. Schauffler was glad to explain it. "Tell Me Doctor."

Also, "The Nixons At Home," a How America Lives visit; "Dr. Spock Talks With Mothers"; delicious, spring-quickened recipes; eight pages of exciting fashion news; Dawn Norman's expert beauty advice; decorating projects; stories; poems; and everything that helps a woman to be womanly

IN THE FEBRUARY JOURNAL

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THE Beauty of the World

Untroubled by modesty, man through the ages has acknowledged his merits. Is he his own best critic?

By HONOR TRACY

It has never been the practice of the female sex to air its views on the other sex—not, that is to say, in writing. To our way of thinking, this results in a notable gap in literature. Almost every male writer has at some time felt the need to communicate his ideas on the other sex, as well as his own. The masculine concept of man has never perhaps been formulated more economically than by Hamlet. "How noble in reason!" he exclaims, with the quiet modesty which is a distinguishing trait. "How infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world!"

The qualities short-listed here are never seen to happier advantage than in man's dealing with woman, in love or in war, as we now in a spirit of due reverence shall seek to establish. His infinite faculties shine nothing like so brilliantly when he is surrounded by other men, as of course all their faculties are infinite too. He needs as a foil what Aristotle termed the "monstrous aberration of Nature"; in other words, us.

Let us consider man as he sets about the choice of the beloved. Thanks to his godlike apprehension, he really believes he is choosing her, and not the other way round. Once he has found her, his infinite faculties enable him to see her not as she is—which might be dull—but as Cleopatra, Mme. de Maintenon, Audrey Hepburn or his dear old Irish nurse, whichever way his temperament inclines him. The girl, with her limited mind, may be a little puzzled by the fact that, having fallen in love with her—as she thinks—he should at once demand radical changes in her appearance, pastimes, conversation and point of view. But if she knows what is good for her, she will ably impersonate the character desired, at least till the gold is safe on her finger. At the same time she must be prepared, having entirely recast her personality to suit his convenience, to find him peering haggardly at her and mumbling, "You've changed!"

The infinite faculties of man work even more powerfully in regard to himself. In theory, of course, the woman is perfection, a goddess, and would never look at a chap like him, but in practice this is all bunk. Exactly how the dear fellow sees himself we can never hope to divine, but it is clear that his vision works independently of externals. This happy state of affairs was brought home to us once in the course of an evening in Budapest, when we sat by a café window and watched the Hungarian lovelies strolling past. It seemed to us that each was prettier than the other, but the men were more discerning. It was a real education to listen to them.

"Beautiful face, but too short in the neck," they would say and, looking again, we saw they were right.

"Too much bosom for the undercarriage," they justly complained.

"Glorious figure—but look at the ankles," they cried reproachfully, and with reason.

"Oh, *no!*" they chorused once, as a plain, dowdy girl went by.

One of our connoisseurs was bald, except at the tip of his nose, and his teeth spread out like a hand of cards. The other squinted and had a dear little potbelly that leaped up and down whenever he laughed.

"I wouldn't give a thank-you for that," they would growl of some passing Juno.

Or take the following advertisement which it was once our happiness to find in a local newspaper: "Widower, 66, wooden leg, wishes meet attractive woman, 25–35, own house and/or 2000 pounds in bank, view matrimony; essential send photograph; serious." What female could ever arrive at such perfect confidence?

Asked at what age men were at their most attractive, a male friend of ours, who will never see fifty-four again, replied with tranquil certainty that it was fifty-five. In this particular field we have often speculated as to the point where a man considers himself definitely out of the running, and incline on the whole to believe it is just after breath has left the body.

Let us assume that in spite of all this the beloved remains impervious to his charm and deaf to his cajoling. In life there is no such thing as a "rejected male" in the sense of his being found inadequate. Any disappointments in this direction arise from some grave flaw in the beloved herself. Either her head is stuffed with romantic nonsense, or she is her own worst enemy. Or else she will be psychologically maladjusted, if not queer. And looking back on the affair in years to come, the Beauty of the World will say, "We would never have done for each other. Thank goodness I saw it in time."

But what if all goes according to plan and the beloved has the wit to discern the merits? He is the happiest man alive and she is pretty well satisfied too. Yet still there are breakers ahead, he being what he is and she being ordinary flesh and blood. Endless patience will be called for if this unnatural yoking is not to be irksome, and the noble reason will often have to work full out.

Suppose that on the way home after a party she were to remark, as even the best

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

HE LOST 125 POUNDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

People went to see for themselves, and whatever brings people into a grocery store is good for business. Joe welcomed customers come to see the man who was no longer a freak.

Losing weight made Joe look so much younger that people who hadn't seen him for a while sometimes failed to recognize him. "You must be Joe's little brother," one lady insisted.

From childhood Joe seemed destined to be a fat grocer. As a chubby junior-high student, he worked in his father's store. By the time he entered high school, weighing 205, he was an accomplished meat cutter.

Like most teen-age boys, Joe had an enormous appetite, and he was a hefty 225 pounds in his senior year, despite football and hard work.

After high school he spent a year and a half in the Navy, losing a few pounds in boot camp. But they soon came back.

Out of the Navy, Joe went into business in Woodward. At 19 he had his own grocery store.

During the Korean crisis, called back into the Navy, he served two years as a fireman with the 6th Fleet. When his father's death brought him home, Joe took over the store. Working from early morning until late at night, he had little time for any recreation but eating. Heavy food for his stomach seemed to help him forget the weighty problems on his mind.

Soon after Yettee was born, Joe bought a new store in Iowa Falls. For a time he drove back and forth every day and one morning fell asleep driving to work. His car a total wreck, Joe escaped with minor injuries—was hospitalized for only five days.

"The doctor said it was his fat that saved him," says Martha. "I resolved right then that I would never urge him to diet. I'd rather have him alive and fat than thin and dead."

In Iowa Falls the Girards soon made friends. Evening feeds frequently became parties. Wherever the gathering occurred, the refreshments were calorie-rich. Ice cream, pizza, potato chips with lots of dip—these were favorite "snacks" for Joe.

He gained steadily—far more than either he or Martha realized. Family movies of Joe running with a kite shocked them both. "He looked just like a big bouncing ball," says Martha. They couldn't believe he was *that* fat.

But it wasn't his wife's insisting, lack of friends, nor business that brought Joe to the doctor, and to the diet. It was his feet. They hurt. Unbearable pain made him want nothing so much as relief—not even food.

Their son, Hamilton Eugene, was just one month old. The girls, Yettee and Stephanie, were four and three years old. Martha had enough to do without changing her entire cooking routine, so the whole family (except the baby, of course) ate the diet the doctor ordered. Joe and Yettee grew slim together.

At the beginning the diet called for 1300 calories a day, for three meals. There were no "snacks," no parties. Just 1300 calories a day. The doctor prescribed medication to curb Joe's appetite, geared to larger helpings and frequent snacking. Even so, Martha had to get out the diet chart several times to prove she wasn't trying to starve him.

"At first it didn't seem like enough food for a bird," says Joe.

Some dieters complain of nervousness during the early stages of dieting. Joe's sunny disposition didn't change. "If anything, he's more jovial now than he was before," said a friend.

It took will power to avoid eating after work. Long habit had left him with a craving for food in the evening. So he was allowed only one glass of milk but all the black coffee he wanted—no more.

Both Joe and Martha found it hard to refuse little Yettee food. She loves sweets. To deny her the cookies and desserts she craved seemed cruel. Much as it hurt, they firmly refused to indulge her.

For the first three months Joe lost about a pound a day. After 90 pounds were gone, his weight leveled off. Then the doctor cut him down to 850 calories a day. In another month he had trimmed off a total of 102 pounds. Still Joe and the doctor and Martha kept at it until he reached his goal of weighing only 190 pounds. Because of his active work schedule, no special exercise was needed.

Losing 125 pounds changed his collar size from 18½″ to 15½″. That immense 53″ waist was slimmed to 34″.

During the transition he wore his old shirts to work, including the white ones, with belted wash pants. When his goal was reached, he happily discarded them all for attractive new garments in normal sizes.

Joe still keeps his diet handy, but most of the time he eats normally. He enjoys having a crowd in for pizza—but if the pizza puts on pounds, back to calorie counting.

Instead of coming home too tired for anything but eating, Joe has pep that's amazing. They've joined the country club and Joe can now dance for hours—on the feet that were once so painful he could hardly walk.

Playing with the children is fun, and Joe is looking forward to going swimming with the family. He can walk into any clothing store, buy a swim suit—and wear it in public!

JOE GIRARD'S REDUCING DIET

Joe followed his diet exactly as prescribed except for the meat. Grocers usually take home whatever meat they are "long" on at the store. Usually that is steak. Joe ate beef, usually broiled steak, throughout the dieting period.

After three months of his "1300-Calorie Diet," Joe reached a plateau, where his weight remained the same despite his faithfulness to this regimen, so his doctor put him on 850 calories a day. Both basic diets are given—the 850-Calorie Diet on page 56. Here is Joe's 1300-Calorie Diet:

1300-CALORIE REDUCING DIET

(*Providing Approximately 90 to 100 Grams Protein*)

BASIC MENU

BREAKFAST

Fruit—high-vitamin-C content, 1 serving
Egg—1; or 1 small serving of other protein foods (Group B)
Bread—whole-grain or enriched, 1 slice, and 1 level tsp. butter or margarine
Coffee or tea—2 tbsp. nonfat milk if desired

LUNCHEON

Soup—1 cup
3½ oz. lean meat, or other protein food (Group A)
Vegetable—1 serving
Salad—no salad oil or sugar
Milk—nonfat or buttermilk, 8 oz.
Coffee or tea—2 tbsp. nonfat milk if desired

DINNER

Soup—1 cup
3½ oz. lean meat, or other protein food (Group A)
Vegetable—1 serving
Salad—no salad oil or sugar
Bread—whole-grain or enriched, 1 slice, or 1 medium potato
Butter or margarine—1 level tsp.
Milk—nonfat or buttermilk, 8 oz.
Fruit—1 serving
Coffee or tea—2 tbsp. nonfat milk if desired

LATE-EVENING

Milk—nonfat, or buttermilk, 8 oz.

Food groups, with calorie counts, appear on pages 86 and 87.

Considerable variety in meals is possible by substituting foods within the same food groups. In this way, the person on a reducing diet can eat many of the foods frequently prepared for the rest of the family. Naturally, the dieter's foods should be simply prepared, and served without additional butter, sauces, gravies, sweetenings, and so on.

The JOURNAL advises all prospective dieters to *check first with their own doctor before beginning.*

FOOD GROUPS FOR DIETERS ON PAGE 86



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FOOD LISTS FOR DIETERS

Even with foods allowed on diets, calorie counts vary widely, particularly with meats, soups and cheeses. If you plan to try the 850-calorie-a-day diet, you naturally must select from foods containing fewer calories; 1300-calorie dieters will have a wider choice.

FRUITS

FRESH FRUITS	CALORIES (Approx.)
Apple (small)	50
Banana (½ medium)	50
Blackberries (½ cup)	30
Blueberries (½ cup)	40
*Cantaloupe (¼ wedge, 5″ diameter)	25
*Grapefruit (½ small)	50
*Grapefruit juice (4 oz.)	45
Honeydew melon (2″ sector)	50
Muskmelon (¼ wedge, 5″ melon)	35
Peach (medium)	50
Pear (medium)	50
Pineapple (½ cup, diced)	35
Plums (2 medium)	20
*Orange (small)	50
*Orange juice (4 oz.)	60
Raspberries (½ cup)	35
*Strawberries (1 cup)	45

*These fruits are rich in vitamin C. At least one serving should be taken each day.

CANNED WATER-PACK FRUITS	
Applesauce (½ cup)	50
Apricots (½ cup)	35
Cherries (½ cup)	40
Grapefruit sections (½ cup)	35
Peaches (2 halves)	30
Pears (3 halves)	40
Pineapple (1 slice)	35
Plums (3)	20
Prunes (3)	30
Raspberries (½ cup)	50

Frozen fruits have the same calorie count as fresh fruits, unless packed in syrup or otherwise sweetened.

VEGETABLES

	CALORIES
Asparagus (6 stalks, fresh)	15
Asparagus (6 stalks, green, canned)	15
Beans, string (½ cup)	20
Beets (½ cup, diced)	35
*Broccoli (½ cup)	15
Brussels sprouts (½ cup)	15
Cabbage (½ cup)	10
*Carrots (½ cup)	15
Cauliflower (½ cup)	10
*Chard (½ cup, leaves only)	10
Collards (½ cup)	40
*Kale (½ cup)	25
Kohlrabi (½ cup)	20
Onions (5 small)	10
Parsnips (½ cup)	40
Peas (½ cup, green)	55
Potato (medium)	100
Pumpkin (½ cup, canned)	40
Rutabaga (½ cup)	25
Sauerkraut (½ cup, canned)	20
*Spinach (½ cup)	15
Squash (½ cup, summer)	20
*Squash (½ cup, winter)	40
Tomatoes (½ cup, canned)	25
Tomato juice (4 oz., canned)	25
Turnips (½ cup, white)	25

*These vegetables have high vitamin-A value. At least one serving should be included in the diet each day.

RAW VEGETABLES FOR SALADS

	CALORIES
Cabbage (½ cup, shredded)	5
Carrots (½ cup, shredded)	15
Celery (3 small stalks)	5
Chicory or endive (¼ small head)	5
Cress, garden (½ cup)	10
Cress, water (½ cup)	5
Cucumber (½ medium)	5
Escarole (⅓ heart)	5
Kale (½ cup)	25
Lettuce (2 large leaves)	5
Pepper (1 shell, green)	20
Pickles (1 large dill, cucumber)	5
Pimientos (1 tsp., canned)	5
Radishes (3 small red)	5
Romaine (1 large leaf)	2
Tomato (1 small)	25

LEAN MEAT AND OTHER PROTEIN FOODS (GROUP A)

	2½ oz.* FOR 850-CALORIE DIETERS	3½ oz. FOR 1300-CALORIE DIETERS
Roast beef	115	160
Beef, round, lean meat	110	155
Beef, shank	120	170
Lamb, leg, roasted	135	195
Roast veal, leg or shoulder	110	150
Chicken, canned	125	175
Chicken, stewed or roasted	90	125
Roast turkey, white meat	110	155
Clams, 6 little neck	55	75
Cod steak, baked	60	80
Flounder or sole, baked	45	65
Haddock	75	105
Halibut steak	90	125
Lobster, canned	60	85
Mackerel, canned	140	195
Salmon, canned	120	170
Shrimp, canned	60	80

*2½-oz. portion is for luncheon. Remember to double portion (and calories) for dinner.

PROTEIN FOODS (GROUP B)

	CALORIES
Egg	75
Edam cheese (1 oz.)	85
Cottage cheese (½ cup, skim milk)	100
Bacon (3 strips, lean, crisp)	100
Swiss cheese (1 oz.)	115
Cheddar cheese (1 oz.)	145

SOUPS

(Canned, diluted with water)

	CALORIES FOR 1 CUP SERVING
Consommé	20
Bouillon	20
Chicken rice	40
Celery, clear	70
Chicken noodle	70
Chicken gumbo	75
Tomato soup, clear	80
Beef	85
Beef noodle	95
Beef with vegetables	100
*Clam chowder	100
Vegetable beef	105
Vegetable	110

*The calorie counts for Clam Chowder vary widely according to brand. The calorie count given here is approximate.

MISCELLANEOUS

	CALORIES
Bread (whole grain or enriched, 1 slice)	65
Butter (1 tsp.)	35
Buttermilk, skim	85
Nonfat milk	90
Margarine (1 tsp.)	40



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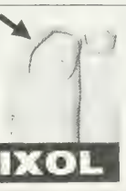


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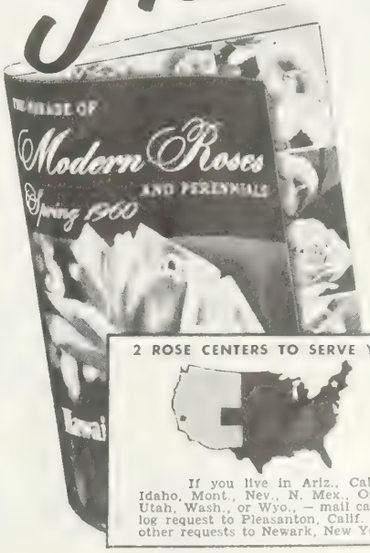
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YOU AND YOUR NEW YEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

there and folded diapers (actually, Shirley folded; I stacked) and as honestly as possible took stock of our progress during the year we were leaving and listed our serious aims for the year ahead.

THE BACKWARD-FORWARD LOOK

I've let you in on an intimate family scene, first because I think of you as family friends, and second because your letters about this time every year ask holiday questions—How do I, personally, keep New Year's? Do I go to parties? What kind of resolutions do I make? Can I advise you about your parties? About your resolutions?—and I want you to know I've given those questions a lot of thought in my own life. Though I'm not an expert, three more babies and five more happy New Year's have built up my experience; and since I'm an odd sort who likes to collect facts and elder-statesman wisdom, I've come across some guideposts that I'd enjoy passing along to you.

When Shirley and I decided to approach each New Year's with an honest "where-have-I-been-where-am-I-now-where-would-I-like-to-be" attitude. I discovered this was an old Roman custom Julius Caesar's reformation calendar established January first as the beginning of the new year and that day, as well as the whole month, was dedicated to the god Janus, who was supposed to preside over doors. His name comes from the Latin *janua*, a door. Janus was represented with two faces, one looking forward, the other looking backward. The Romans were very careful (before partying kind of ran away with 'em later on) to regulate their conduct on the first day of this month so that every word and act should be happy example for the next 364. (And thou I feel some very modern Americans desi their New Year's resolutions to last just abo one day, I'm against it, myself. If it's a one-d deal, it's superstition. If it's a year-long cha lenge, it can change your life.)

Later, in the England of Queen Elizabeth the British tailored the Open Door policy wi the general custom of unbarring the hou door with great formality to "let out the o and let in the new."

So Shirley and I try symbolically to stand that door on New Year's and get a backwar forward perspective—the good as well as t bad. Believe me, if we counted up only shor comings, or how far we miss our highest mar we'd get plenty discouraged. But what we d mand of ourselves is growth, not perfectio (as, for instance, if I could be only ten minu late for all my appointments next year instea of half an hour, why, maybe the year after th I could be almost on time!), but we do *ai* high because I agree wholeheartedly with or bit of borrowed wisdom that comes in hand around our house. It was James Russell Lov ell who said, "Not failure, but low aim, crime." So we're out for a moon shoot ea year—but we'll settle for an orbit round th earth, if that's the best we can do.

INGREDIENTS FOR MAKING DREAMS A REALITY

In talking over your resolutions, I can't ve well be specific—because maybe you're nev late, maybe you don't take on more than yo can do (like me), maybe your specific fault laziness, mental or physical . . . or selfis ness, or . . . well, here is a list of virtues I four listed by another elder statesman, Benjami Franklin: temperance, silence, order, resol tion, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, mo eration, cleanliness, tranquillity (and if yo haven't met that one, it's worth looking up- it's on my current list), chastity. You ca check your own specific defects against th list, I found, and come up with your mo noticeable character flaws.

But here are four questions I use when I t to measure my growth toward successf living:

First: Have I gained a more mature attitu toward life and my responsibilities? I know th sounds frighteningly dull and maybe pompou or out of reach—but it isn't any of the things. I've found it a terrific method for ge ting farther and farther from the playpen an closer and closer to the thing I truly want. An even preteens stumble on it now and the Take the six-year-old daughter of a clergyma who was sick and put to bed early by he mother. Twice she asked to "say good nigh to papa" and twice her mother replied tha papa was busy and couldn't be disturbed. N one to give up so easily the sly little tyke size up the situation and put it another way "Mamma, I am a sick woman and I want t see my minister." You know the ending.

Second: Have I enlarged my vision? Are m dreams bigger? Do I look around me with mo eagerness, more wonder, more imagination?

This is very important because until we d we'll live in a duller world of limited oppo tunities. The great English poet, Williar Blake, once said, "When I look at the sun, yo say to me, 'What do you see? Do you not see yellow disk the size of a guinea?'" and he re plies, "No! No!" Yet until I, P. Boone, wa able to imagine a little bit, to use vision, thought it was an oversized orange and that rose on one side of Nashville, about over th movie house, to set behind Mr. Morehead barn. A small world indeed!

And when I was ten I thought I knew ou cow, Rosemary, whom I milked daily, prett well—yet all I saw was an embarrassing co named Rosemary. Galileo, they say, saw th lenses in the eye of an ox—and copied ther into his telescope.

Third: Do I think? Do I use all the know edge I have on hand and strive for more?

It's handy stuff, this knowledge, and th ability to think pays off. An eminent painte was once asked what he mixed his colors wit in order to produce so extraordinary an effec "I mix them with brains sir," was his answe

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*ourth: Do I believe that I can succeed and
l willing to work toward my goal?*

amma is a great persuader. Back home,
e wanted to change our point of view in a
y there was always the spanking, but as I
older she found other ways. I remember
: when she felt I was slouching my home-
k she brought me these lines from Jerome
Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat:* "I like
k; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it
ours. I love to keep it by me: the idea of
ng rid of it nearly breaks my heart."
hough her reproof didn't break my heart,
l get the idea—and she kept impressing
me. "Believe you can do it—then *do* it.
is success." Even Charlie Weaver's mom
dn't have put it better.
was interested to read in the autobiogra-
of Conrad Hilton, a most successful man,
he agrees with mamma. "It has been my
erience," he writes, "that the way most
ple court failure is by misjudging their
ities, belittling their worth and value. Did
ever think what can happen to a plain bar
on worth $5.00? The same iron made into
seshoes is worth $10.50. If made into nee-
, it is worth $3,250.85, and if turned into
ance springs for watches its value jumps to
0,000.00."
he worth of the same amount of material
talent) increases as it's used by (1) the most
ure and responsible individual, (2) the one
the biggest vision or dream, (3) the one
knows the most and thinks the most
rly, and (4) the one who believes he can
ceed and then gets in there and starts
gin'.
Boy or girl, man or woman, whether the aim
make the most out of a bar of iron, to be
rofessional football player, get a scholar-
, go into business, be a homemaker (espe-
ly a homemaker, says my wife) or a singer
ecially a singer, says my wife's husband),
se are the four general lines along which
'll need to grow from one New Year's to
next if you want to be successful.

PARTIES WITH A PURPOSE

Y'ever hear of a First-Footer? Well, in
otland's tradition the First-Footer is the
st important person at any New Year's
ty. He (or she) is the first one who steps
r the threshold after the clock strikes
lve. And it's very important for the luck of
family that he doesn't come empty-handed.
's got to be totin' cake or bread or some
d offering and enough for each guest to
are. He'd have to have a real armload at our
use!
In Scotch tradition, deciding to be a First-
oter and whose threshold you wish to cross
hether alone or in a group) is a gay but defi-
ely meaningful idea, 'cause you might choose
ur best friend—or your worst enemy. The
rpose is to take your first step into the New
ar with a gesture of love and good will to-
rd your fellow man.

lot long ago, I heard of a couple, teen-age
adies at a big-city high school, who really
rked at this idea. They were voted Mr. and
iss Popularity in their senior year, and it
sn't hard to understand why. On New
ar's Eve they'd get together for a big party
the girl's home, and they made sure to in-
e any of their friends who were carrying on
ds or nursing grudges. Cupcakes were pro-
ded and half an hour before twelve the guests
parated into small groups (each containing
e of the soreheads) to First-Foot at the
use of the "enemy." Even if the "enemy"
sn't home, they were honor bound to cross
threshold and leave the cake. You can
agine how feuds faded and fences were
nded by one footstep and one small New
ar's cupcake. At least it was a step in the
ht direction!
Mr. and Miss Popularity took it on them-
ves to cross the threshold of some of the
re shy class members, the ones they knew
uld be at home—alone.
Now, this is my idea of a fine New Year's
rty—and I don't think the pagan revel can
mpete with it in adventure *or* fun *or* the
orning after" waking up on that important
t day of a New Year with a *good* feeling.
d I'll admit right now that I like to feel
od.

From old Dutch times to the middle of the nineteenth century in ol' New York, New Year's Day itself was devoted to that same idea—love and good will toward the next fella. Every door was thrown wide open. It was a real goof to omit any relative or friend in these annual calls when old acquaintances were renewed and family differences peacefully settled. Now, being a friendly soul right down to my white bootees, I like this idea too (although I haven't yet figured out how they avoided being out calling on you when you came to call on them).

Tyrone Power had in his library a diary kept by another Tyrone Power in 1834, in which he described his first New Year's in New York. In it he explained "the strict observance of this day." After recounting a delightful series of calls he concluded: "I then returned to my hotel to think over the many beneficial effects likely to grow out of such a charitable custom which makes even the stranger sensible of the benevolent influence of *this kindly day* and to wish for its continued observance."

Here's what I think. No matter what we actually *do* to celebrate—whether we party, or go First-Footing, or go to a football game, or call on friends and relatives—we can make any activity a Party With a Purpose if we get a good grip on that one idea: *This Kindly Day*, this opportunity to set our personal relations straight and start the brand-new cycle without an "enemy," or a feud, or a resentment, a neglected friend or a broken fence in our friendship circle. Make sense?

DOLLARS AND SENSE

By FRANCIS O. WALSH

Wages are up,
And prices are steeper.
Money still talks,
But talk's getting cheaper.

INTERNATIONAL NEW YEAR'S PUNCH

New Year's punch, for many adults, is a "pepper-upper" designed to inject gaiety into the holiday celebrations. The way I see it, too often the gaiety is artificial and the punch leaves 'em *flattened* on This Kindly Day.

For myself, I'd like a pepper-upper more substantial and more lasting and so, from all over the world, Shirley and I have scrambled together the ingredients for our own concoction.

As you can see, the ancient Romans, the English, the Scotch and the Dutch have contributed so far. Now from old China comes our first pepping-up ingredient. Out of what was once the most gracious culture in the world comes the idea of filling the year with joy and happiness.

"I humbly wish you joy," said the mandarin to everyone he met. "May joy be yours." And we say, "*Happy New Year.*"

When I say this to you, I mean it!

Do you know the definition of an optimist? An optimist is *A hope addict.*

And as I wish you happiness, I wish you optimism and hope. I salute you in the old middle English *Waes Haeil*, or as we say, *wassail*, which means "to your health." And I challenge you to *be happy and healthy all year long.*

You know, we're always as happy as we permit ourselves to be. I remember drooping home one evening when I was a freshman in high school and my dad taking a long look at me and saying, "How are you tonight?"

"Oh, I'm fine," I said.

"Then why," he suggested, "don't you notify your face?"

A man named Anthony Euwer who knew there's no pepper-upper like a smile put it thus:

No matter how grouchy you're feeling,
You'll find a smile more or less healing,
It grows in a wreath
All around the front teeth,
Thus preserving the face from congealing.

The next ingredient comes from Mobile, Alabama, U.S.A., and may seem to some of the old grumps an odd recommendation—but they have to remember that I'm a singer and I know the value of noise (?) or, to be more dignified, "expressing your feelings in sound."

I recommend *singing*, *cheering*, *hearty laughter* (screaming and giggling, who needs it?), *handclapping*, *drum beating*, *piano playing*, *trumpets*, *flutes*, *rooting sections*—well, you get the idea.

The tradition of New Year's noisemakers originated, as far as I can discover, in 1831, in Mobile, when one Michael Kraft and some friends dined on New Year's Eve at a Creole restaurant. On the way home they passed a hardware store belonging to one of the group. Rakes, scythes, gongs, cowbells, the lids to pails were hanging outside to indicate what was for sale within. In a burst of joy and good spirits the merry men latched on to these instruments and went through the city serenading sleeping citizens. If a bewildered householder appeared, he was shanghaied into the group. The last house visited belonged to the mayor, who asked 'em in for breakfast. This evening became tradition and grew into the Mobile Carnival—and we in the other states inherited the cymbals, the cowbells, the gongs.

Now, because I know how valuable is this form of self-expression, because I have sat in a barn and *sung* to a cow when I should have been milking the poor ol' heap, I only add that you should guard and never abuse this privilege! Don't harass the neighbors. Don't terrify your parents. I wouldn't advise serenading the mayor either! Remember, on This Kindly Day the appropriate noise is still *Auld Lang Syne*. Pick your spot, pick your company, pick appropriate horns and shakers—but don't forget song and laughter and cheers are great and they're the best stimulants of all. That goes for the whole year.

One last ingredient, the most important, comes from Europe (all points) and is called "*dipping*." This time-honored custom calls for the head of the house (or any individual), as soon as he wakes on New Year's Day, to pull from under his pillow the Bible he has placed there the night before. With closed eyes he opens it and puts his finger on a page. Then he opens his eyes and reads aloud to his family. He continues "dipping" in the Bible until he feels he has gained direction and strength for the coming year. As a regular thing, this "dipping" would be much more valuable when it's practiced in a more systematic way. But you get the idea.

To me, both the *happiness* and the *heart full of song and laughter* that I fervently wish you all through the new year are possible only if the Lord puts them there, and so I would recommend, as the most lasting, most substantial picker-upper I know, *daily dipping* into the Bible this coming year for direction, strength, comfort, and the kind of joy that has staying power.

Under "New Year's" in my scrapbook is a poem called "My Creed," by Harold Arnold Walter. I think, this year and most years, it comes closest to setting forth my personal goals. I've been creeping up on 'em a long time. This is my own special moon shoot. So far I'm still just orbiting around the earth. But I offer it to you as one of the aims I cherish most—and perhaps you'll want to adopt some of it as your own:

I would be true, for there are those that trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

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D-FOLD-DOWN COOKING UNIT • E-SINK • F-PASS-THROUGH

By adding two rooms to left side of house, much was gained in not extravagant space. New part fits beautifully, complements the kitchen, spares main areas.

THE HOUSE THAT

The house shown here was beautifully tailored for a small family; but as families do, this one grew. Bedrooms upstairs allowed for expansion. The crying need was for eating space, one room where the whole family could gather at least once, usually twice, for family meals—a table standing ready to seat six and expansible to eight so there would always be room for guests.

This room, in the new-old way of dining rooms, must also serve for children's games and study, sewing and accessory tasks. Needed, too (because the perfect small kitchen originally planned had no such area), was an adequate and informal snack space.

By H. T. WILLIAMS



Doors here fold back to open the room into a summer porch, can be shadowed with split-bamboo shades. Café curtains wash. Floor is mellow brick. Ceiling is stenciled (could be papered).

Walls are white-painted plank. Pass-through over cherry buffet is painted to resemble tray. Table is white ash on walnut base, has two extra leaves and can seat eight. The chairs are cushioned in linen and sailcloth to resist weather and wear.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUERRERO

All was solved by building on the dining room and large pantry you see on the pages here: a pantry with an eating table for four—more shelf and equipment space—and the plus bonus of a cooking center, apart from the kitchen, where soup can be heated, tea and coffee made and even the children can indulge their fancy for frying eggs or making fudge or fixing sandwiches without colliding with crucial activities.

All secondary considerations were met too: more storage space, more refrigerator space and frozen-food space and a dishwasher, not considered so essential when the family was small.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

GREW

The dining room is gala now with painted chairs,
disk table, family mementos, hardy floor, white walls . . .

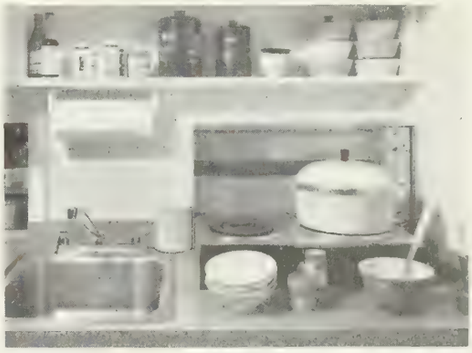
The serving pantry with kitchen facilities; it has snack bar,
extra storage, power to run appliances, easy pass-through.



A tabletop (see last picture below) becomes a counter by lifting two drop leaves on the wall. Freezer-refrigerator never needs defrosting, has a freezer section below plus ten cubic feet for fresh food.

Pantry counter and the dining-room server in next room are built to same height—a pass-through joins them. Vinyl floor was put down with special adhesive over the on-grade cement floor. The multicolor terrazzolike pattern is practical against footprints. Plan, as you see, stays clutter-free.





Two electric units fold down from wall when there is cooking to do. Other times, counter is free. Below it is dishwasher that also helps warm plates for meals.



When foursomes gather, counter leaves go down, leaving a table in place. A power unit in wall is backed by heavy three-wire circuit—runs toaster, coffeepot, electric frypan and all.

THE BURNING EYE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

ashore. We should make Sugulli by first light tomorrow morning."

Howard Fisher came awkwardly across the saloon. "Just what is our cargo?"

"Rice and hides." Wellard spoke casually. In his mind he could see the afterhold. Rice would swell, so would hides; awkward cargo in a bad sea, and the bags of rice would split. If the Cambria was taking water—and he knew she was—the pumps would be going; there would be loose rice everywhere, blocking valves and choking the pipes. If they didn't make Sugulli by morning he was sure they would go down.

The Reverend Henry Blaikie had decided that he would not go in to dinner. He lay on his bunk, wedged in with pillows, and with each roll of the Cambria the wardrobe door swung open and then crashed back. The sea was like something living, angry, trying to smash its way into the cabin.

He lifted the Bible and opened it in the hope of comfort—but not now. He had sinned; and although he knew that the Lord would forgive, he knew, too, that he had been left to find his own way back to grace, had been left perhaps to find his own punishment.

He stirred uncomfortably at the thought of going ashore at Sugulli. He didn't want to see colored people again.

There was a knock on the door and Royce came in. "Are you all right, padre?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you. What can I do for you?" Blaikie disapproved of this man. The day after the Cambria had left Bombay the captain had been advised by radio to hold him on fraud charges and to hand him over to the protectorate police at Aden. "I imagine," said Blaikie, "that you didn't come here for spiritual advice?"

Royce smiled. "Padre, you know these parts. I just wanted to find out what kind of place this Sugulli was."

"You'll see it tomorrow."

"That's true, but I like to know where I'm going."

"I should think that in the past a lot of other people would have liked to know that too."

Royce laughed. "Well, I'm going to pay for it. Ten years in Dartmoor. Not pleasant, but I'm not squealing. Anyway, there's no harm in wanting to know about this Sugulli."

"No, I suppose not. Sugulli is on the Gulf of Aden coast of Somaliland. It's about eighty miles due west of the Horn of Africa."

"Is there any big town near it?"

"Not really big. There's Kandala, another hundred or so miles to the west. Beyond Kandala there's British Somaliland and beyond that French Somaliland. Six or seven hundred miles of coast line."

"But Sugulli's Italian, isn't it?"

"In a way. Somalia used to be an Italian possession—the old African empireof *Il Duce*. He built roads, poured money into it and tried to settle his people, but the only thing he ever got out of it was the almost universal hatred of every Somali for the Italians. . . . Why this sudden interest?"

"Oh, I just like to have a general picture."

"After the war the United Nations gave the trusteeship of Somalia to the Italians. The whole thing was disgraceful. They're due to hand over their trusteeship to the Somalis sometime in 1960, and personally ——" Blaikie broke off suddenly. "Well, that should give you what you call a general picture." And then, cocking a dark eyebrow at Royce, he said, "I'm afraid I can't tell you whether the Italian trusteeship authorities have any form of extradition agreement with the United Kingdom."

Royce grinned. "I'm not interested, padre. But thank you very much. Kandala, eh?"

"That's right. But it's a long journey. It's not yet the end of the rainy season in this part. Even if you could manage a mule or a camel, I wouldn't advise it."

"The thought never entered my head, padre," said Royce easily.

Wellard felt tired. The crew working in the afterhold had been thrown all over the place and he'd had cuts and bruises, a concussion and one man with a broken leg to look after. He knocked on the door of Lily Pincott's cabin and heard her call. A large whisky and a few minutes' chat would do him good. It was easy to relax with Lily.

Lily, a loose wrapper around her, was sitting on the edge of her bunk holding a hand mirror. "Take a pew, ducks. I'll be with you in a sec."

He dropped into a cane chair and watched her as she finished her eyebrows. On the table was a large wicker hamper. A slatted door had been pushed aside and six white doves were perched on top. As Lily reached for glasses two of the doves flew up and settled, one on each shoulder.

"Look," she said. "They want to go into the routine. You'd think they'd be seasick."

"How long does it take you to train them?" he asked.

"About a year. Bags of patience. How long do you think it'll take me to make *you* feed out of my hand?"

He smiled at her. "Old man albatross I am. Always on the wing."

She put her hand on his hair and shook his head, making a mock angry sound. "You're a hard nut," she said. "But I like you. That's the trouble with me. When I like someone, I like them too much. You think this tub will make Sugulli?"

"Easily."

"I don't envy you being stuck on her."

"I'm leaving at Naples. Another ship. I shan't be sorry."

"Naples, eh? That's my next booking. You ought to come and see my act. I come on in silver tights and masses of flimsy stuff. Very artistic, and covered in blasted pigeons. Drums rolling and sexy music. It's about as vulgar as can be. Standing there with the doves undoing little knots, and things falling off me." She laughed.

He stood up. "You ought to chuck it. Go home and settle down."

"Maybe—but who with?"

"Some nice guy who wants to settle too."

She looked at him, smiling. "You ever tried waiting for an albatross to settle?"

They made Sugulli by early morning. The Cambria came in under the lee of the easterly horn of the little bay, where the seas were calmer, and her chain went out. Wellard listened to it running for a long time and knew there was deep water here, probably right up to the beach. The Cambria had a list on her now that had taken her rail down to within twelve feet of the water.

They put over a small boat for him. With rain driving at his back, he sat in the stern, swaying to the movement of the boat as the seamen pulled toward the beach.

There were five or six men squatting under the palms. He stopped in front of the group and said, "Anyone here speak English?" They looked at him with a mild curiosity. He felt irritated. This was really the purser's job, but then the purser with all the other officers was hard at work on the cargo. So the doctor got it. "*Parla Italiano? Italiano? Ufficiale Italiano. Carabiniere!*"

An old man stood up and made a gesture for Wellard to follow him. They went along the row of palms, passing five or six houses, and then were on a rough road, the potholes overrunning with water. To their right Wellard saw flat patches of cultivated land, the tall green of maize and a few sheds roofed with corrugated iron. The road after about half a mile dipped and met a small stone causeway that jutted some way out into the lagoon, where it ended in a flat island with a block of buildings in its center.

An Italian flag swung damply in the wind over a doorway to the left of the buildings. It was a square, ugly concrete block with narrow windows. To its right, and adjoining it, was a taller, two-storied building, running right out to the water's edge. A board announced *Albergo Commercio.*

The old man pointed to the door under the flag. Wellard went through the doorway and the gloom rose about him like smoke. At the end of the corridor was a beaded curtain, and from behind the curtain a voice, heavily accented, said in English, "You from the ship?"

Wellard held the curtain aside. A man wrapped in blankets, lay on a small camp bed. He had a round, red face and crisp, coal-black hair. He gave Wellard a smile and then shut his eyes and shivered so that the bed shook. The spasm over, he said, "Giuseppe Dracopoli. Yousseff was here and told me."

"I'm Wellard. Yes, I'm from the ship." He went closer to the man and put his hand on his forehead. "I'm a doctor. Malaria?"

"Why not, when they put me in a swamp? Tomorrow I shall be all right. Ship in trouble? Must be to come here."

"We want to bring a few passengers ashore until the cargo's restowed. Have you dosed yourself for this?"

"Quinine and Chianti. You know something better, doctor?"

"Maybe. Who's Yousseff?"

"One of my askaris. He lives next door in the *Commercio*." He closed his eyes and his body shook. When the spell passed, he went on, "Tell Yousseff to fix everything for your people. But you bring blankets, and food."

"I'll fix it. I'll give you an injection too. We shall only be here a couple of days."

"You will find that too long. I have had five years; no, six." He shut his eyes and this time they stayed shut.

As Wellard crossed the room a shadow fell across one of the courtyard arches. A man stood looking at him. He was a Somali wearing an old Italian-army tunic and faded blue denim trousers.

"Yousseff?"

"*Si, signore dottore.*"

"You were listening?"

"*Si, signore.* Hear everything *tenente* says. Ship very poorly, eh?" He made a tilting motion with his hands. "Come, I show you bedrooms. This ways." He backed toward the courtyard.

As they went out Dracopoli shouted feebly, "Don't give him anything to drink."

Yousseff smiled. "*Tenente* joke. Am very sober man, *signore.* Drunk once a week only."

The wind had practically gone, making now only the faintest whisper through the palm trees. The sea was still running quite high. Away in the lee of the low headland, lights from the Cambria picked out her white superstructure and made a wobbling oval of illumination all around her

Sitting on the edge of a broken stone coping above the beach, Wellard jerked his cigarette away and, shifting his feet, felt the hard, crisp top sand break brittle beneath them. A couple of native boats had been run down to the water's edge and men were preparing for the night's fishing.

At his side Royce said, "But, old chap, I can't see that it's any skin off your elbow what happens to me."

"It isn't. Frankly, I don't care what happens to you."

"Well, then. I see Dracopoli has an old army truck at the back of his place. I could be fifty miles away by morning."

"You could do that without telling me."

"Not on your life. You'd hear the noise and you'd be out after me. Right?"

"Right."

"So, it's better to have an understanding. Look, you stay fast asleep and I'll make it worth your while. Name any bank, anywhere, and when I'm in touch with the good old funds again I'll send a draft."

Wellard laughed. "Don't waste your time. The captain's put you in my charge, and that's that. Even though I might be tempted by your money, you'd never pay me a cent. And between ourselves, the truck's no good. Yousseff's got half of its innards under the kitchen table."

Royce was silent for a while. Not dispirited. If one thing wouldn't work, there was always another that might. Looking now at Wellard, he had a rising curiosity about the man.

"You're right, doc. I wouldn't pay you. But just supposing you knew I would, and the truck was O.K.?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

OTHER VIEWS OF VOGUE PATTERNS FOR CHRISTIAN DIOR DESIGNS ON PAGES 54 AND 55

Vogue Design No. 1470. One-piece dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38). $2.50. Version shown requires 4⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 1471. One-piece dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38). $2.50. Version shown requires 3¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.





Vogue Design No. 1472. Suit, coat and scarf; 10–20 (31–40). $3.00. Version shown requires 2⅝ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and scarf and 3½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for coat, size 14.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Wellard stirred a little and said, "Then I'd want ten thousand pounds."

Royce chuckled. "Every man has a price. Now I wonder what you've got your eye on for ten thousand."

"Something that wouldn't suit you at all."

"Like me to guess?"

"Some other time. We've got company." Juliet Barclay was coming down from the ridge.

"You couldn't get that for ten thousand," said Royce. "She's worth the earth. If I had her money, old man, I could afford to be honest."

Wellard was watching her cross the sand, sinking into it with her high heels and spreading her arms to keep her balance. She came over to them and settled alongside Wellard, her skirts spreading with a stiff rustle of silk. Her face, in profile, was pale and clean-cut. A drift of expensive scent caught his nostrils. *Expensive, elegant, used to getting what she wanted, sure of herself...* Perhaps she reminded him of the past because the other had been something like this.

Her hands were resting lightly on her knees. He was strangely, almost physically conscious of them. Long, cool hands. . . . He saw himself dancing with her, holding her hand, imagining the easy, responsive movement of her body. It was the kind of trick his mind hadn't played on him for a long time, and he stirred uncomfortably. To escape her he looked out across the waters to the Cambria.

That moment was one which was, all his life, to be inerasable, something to lurk forever sharp in his memory, to come leaping back with every detail clear at a moment's will. He sat there and watched the horror begin, with a dreadful deliberateness which was somehow also rapid.

Under the lee of the low dune headland the listing Cambria slowly dipped her starboard rail to the sea; the great open mouths of the after and fore holds, battens and covers loose on the decks, began eagerly to suck down and swallow the inrushing sea. Then she turned over completely. For a second or two she lay like that, then there was a deep, angry mutter of explosion. And abruptly there was nothing but a fury of boiling, turbulent white water.

Wellard was running hard down the beach. He had his hands on the gunwale of one of the native boats, lighting to run it seaward. A dark face appeared on the opposite gunwale, openmouthed with the strain of pushing. The boat began to move and Juliet Barclay was beside him, braced forward, white-faced, pushing with him. As his head bent with effort he saw, in the way that trivial details cling to the mind after shock, that she had kicked off her high heels to get a better purchase on the sand. The bow hit the sea, and then they were through the surf and throwing themselves aboard; already there were three men at the oars. From farther along the beach was the movement of other boats, other people. Seeing the steering oar unmanned, he went quickly aft and took it, bearing on it and taking the nose of the boat round and toward the distant headland. Crouched beside him was Juliet. He put his hand into his pocket and handed her a box of matches.

"Light this thing behind me."

She stood up, crowding against him, and with his free hand he held her by the waist while she struck a match to light the fishing torch of oily rags.

A few moments later and they were at the spot and by the flaring torchlight Wellard could see the surface, disturbed and marbled with oil and eddies, and littered with planks and hatch covers. Quite close one of the Cambria's boats drifted, upturned. A white face and the splash of hands caught his eye. He saw the face go under.

"Take her."

He pushed the butt of the steering oar to Juliet and flung himself over the side, hitting the water clumsily. He went under into the blackness, and after a while his groping hands felt the flesh of an arm. He came to the surface and began to kick out, dragging the man toward the boat. The bow swung round toward him. Above him he saw Juliet Barclay tail and white against the boat flare.

"Hold on!" She leaned over with one of the Somalis and they began to pull the man into the boat. He trod water, waiting; then Juliet reached down to him, her fingers clamping firmly about his own.

All through the night and morning a search went on.

Wellard followed Dracopoli into his house. "You shouldn't have come out."

"It is nothing. In another day it will be gone."

"What now?"

Dracopoli shrugged. "You are now in Sugulli for some time. In this season the big dhows stay close to their ports."

"The Cambria's radio went while she was at sea. We couldn't send a message that we were putting into Sugulli. When she's overdue at Aden, they'll think she went under in the monsoon."

"Well, she did go under. What tragedy! Of her captain and crew only one man saved."

"No other bodies have been found?"

"Yousseff has been out again with some of the men. There is no hope for anyone else. Most of them have been trapped in her, and then there are the sharks. She lies there in very deep water. I will send my askari to Kandala with a full report. From there they have communications. They can get a boat diverted to pick you up, or send one up for you."

"How long will that take?"

"Who knows? Kandala is over a hundred miles away. In this weather the road is useless for a truck. My boy will ride . . . four or five days, and then they have to make the arrangements. It could be a week, but almost certainly longer."

Back in the *Albergo Commercio* Wellard went up to the room where they had put the seaman. Edward Harkness, whom he had pulled out of the sea.

He was sitting up in bed, a bandage around his forehead. He gave Wellard a grin that showed three broken teeth and said, "Good evenin', doc. Think I might be allowed to have a smoke?"

"How are you feeling?" He went over and felt the man's pulse. It was normal. Wellard tossed a packet of cigarettes and a box of matches onto the bed.

"No grumbles, doc. No grumbles. Not for a while, anyway. Thanks to you."

Wellard went to the narrow window. It was getting dark outside. "Did you see anything of the captain when you came on deck?"

"Not a thing, doc. I was aft, you know. Nobody else was on deck. I'd just got up when over she went and I slid across the deck like a flounder and hit the rail with the old knob." He touched his head. "It's the nearest Mrs. Harkness has come to being a widow ——" He broke off; it was too close and the people who had gone too much alive in his mind still.

Wellard said, "How do you feel about food?"

"Fit, doc. Show me a steak and chips."

Wellard smiled. "Soup and spaghetti."

"No grumbles, doc."

Wellard went down the passageway toward his room. The door to the roof was open and on the rain-cooled air he caught a sudden drift of perfume. He stopped suddenly, as though a voice had called to him.

He went up the stairs. Juliet Barclay was leaning on the parapet overlooking the lagoon, her raincoat draped around her shoulders. As he went across to her she turned and gave him a calm smile and he contrasted it in his mind with the look on her face he had seen as she helped pull him into the boat. She had been full then of an angry anguish and he remembered how surprised he had been at the strength in her hands as she held his arm.

"I came up here for some air," she said. "My room was like an oven. What a ghastly day it's been . . . a terrible business. I can't get it out of my mind. Is there any hope for the others?"

"None, I'm afraid. With the Sugulli men we've been all round the beaches, right up as far as the place where the lagoon runs into the sea." He drew on his cigarette, relaxing against the tiredness in him "As soon as it was light some of the men and boys dived, but there's more than ten fathoms of water."

"What happens now?"

"We're stuck here for a while. Dracopoli is sending a dispatch to Kandala. If you want to send a letter, I'm sure it could go down in his bag."

She shook her head. "There's no one. No one that important."

"No one? What about your husband?"

Without looking at him, she said, "He was drowned three years ago in a sailing accident."

"I see."

She turned to him, her head softly silhouetted against the pale wash of night sky over the lagoon. "And you?"

He shrugged. "No one. So that makes two of us."

She went on: "It surprises me that such a small ship as the Cambria should have a doctor aboard."

"It doesn't normally. Usually I'm on the bigger boats in this line. But I got orders at Bombay to leave my ship and come back on this one as far as Naples to take over another."

"You like the life?"

Every time she moved, the fall of her hand or the turn of her head bringing the pale smoothness of her cheek into view evoked a flood of imagery in him—the kind of response he hadn't known for years.

"The pay's reasonable," he answered lightly. "So is the food. And the company changes."

"And you never wanted a shore practice?"

"It never happened that way." To steer away from the subject he asked, "What were you doing on the Cambria, anyway? She's hardly your class. No luxury bars, no swimming pool, no expensive private suites. You don't need to travel slow or rough."

She laughed. "I don't have to. But sometimes I need to. I know what you mean. I ought to keep in my own little world, the luxury world. That's the trouble with being rich: people expect you to stay in your proper place. You don't know how lucky you are having a job to do. Something that gives you a place in a real world."

"I wouldn't complain if I had money."

"I'm not complaining about the money. Only about the high-class jail it builds around you. And about people—people like yourself, for instance, who adopt a special way of looking at you. Not liking you very much. Perhaps secretly resenting you."

He shook his head. "You've got it wrong. I don't dislike you."

She laughed gently. "Now you're trying to get out of it. But it's no good. With someone like Lily Pincott, for instance, you're quite natural. With me, I can see the barrier go up."

Without thought he said quickly, "You're quite wrong. I like you. But if you want the truth, maybe I was prejudiced. It's not the same thing." As he spoke he was wondering why she should have this power, against all his experience, to draw him to her so that everything she did and said had a compelling appeal to him.

"Why should you be prejudiced about me? You don't know me." Her mouth tightened and she leaned back against the parapet.

"I suppose it was because you reminded me of someone. She was rich too." Too late a voice inside him cautioned him to keep quiet.

She said firmly, "You can't leave it like that. What went wrong?"

He straightened up. There was no escape. "Everything. I was too young, that was all. Just qualified. She was married. Unhappy. I thought there would be a divorce and we would be married. There was a divorce—I was cited. But no marriage."

"Why not?"

"She didn't see it that way. She was my patient and the General Medical Council struck me off. It took me five years to get a reinstatement. By that time I'd become a ship's doctor for good, I guess. There were plenty of foreign lines that didn't care about the G.M.C." He faced her and saw that she was moved. He went on with a light laugh, "It's all right; I don't have any dramatic feeling about it."

He put his hand out to her arm, to lead her away. But she stayed still looking at him. He could hear the water splashing musically from the cistern. The air was full of her scent and he could feel his hand trembling on her arm.

"Come on," he said, and she turned with him toward the roof door. But in the movement, not knowing whether it came from him or from her, they were suddenly close together and his arms went round her. He kissed her gently, and then with a stronger impulse.

She moved by him toward the door and he followed her down the stairs. In the darkness he felt her hand find his for a moment and then she moved quickly away to her room.

The open space in front of the causeway was dappled with great pools of water, and the air, now without wind, was full of a rich, tangy smell. In the starlight, Royce could see that the water had risen about a foot since yesterday. Halfway up the causeway a dark, squatting shape rose upright slowly. He recognized Yousseff, a plaited-grass basket tucked under his arm, trousers rolled high.

"What are you doing?"

Yousseff grinned and pointed to the culvert under the causeway. "Fish trap, sir. They come through hole and put heads in net. Yousseff pick them out. Very easy. Mister look for something to do?"

"What I want is something on four wheels that goes—and don't offer me your truck."

"For bottle of whisky, tell you where to see good Americano jeep. Only come today."

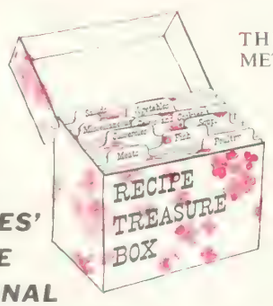
"Half a bottle. Tomorrow."

"O.K."

"All right," Royce said, "I can manage from here."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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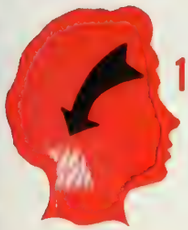
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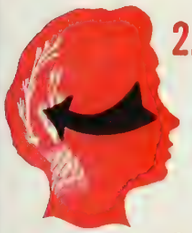
Tense, Nervous Headaches

ETTER THAN ASPIRIN OR SPIRIN WITH BUFFERING

How Tension Headaches Start



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Nervous tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles.



2. Pressure
Tension puts painful pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels in the head.



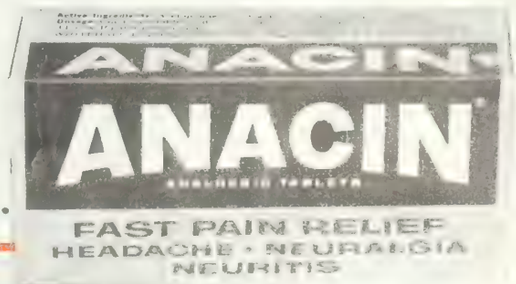
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

He went down the ridge, his feet sinking into the soft, damp sand.

It was an Arab-type house with a wooden balcony added to the front overlooking the lagoon. Underneath the trees a jeep was parked. Its canopy was up and it was covered with drying mud. Royce walked slowly round it. The tires were good. Something pricked him gently in his back. He turned slowly and found himself facing two Somali men. One of them held a short-handled spear, pointing now an inch from Royce's chest.

"All right, chums. I'm not giving any trouble," said Royce.

The man without the spear stepped forward and Royce followed him toward the house, the man with the spear behind him. The light of an oil lamp came out through a large doorway. As they came onto the balcony a man stepped through the doorway and the leading Somali stopped and said something to him. The man answered, looking at Royce over the head of the Somali, amusement twisting one corner of his mouth. Behind the man, through the doorway, Royce could see a tall Somali woman standing in the room. She was better-looking than any Somali woman he had seen so far; tall and well built and with a gentle, mild sort of face.

"Come in," the man said, his voice unmistakably American. "You must be either the doctor or the one they want for fraud."

"A good guess," said Royce, at ease now.

"Sit down." The man pushed a chair forward with his foot. "You're not the doctor—he'd be wearing uniform. Fraud, eh? I heard it was for half a million."

"I'm not in that class yet." Royce smiled. "Thirty thousand."

"So. Well, news gets a little exaggerated when it travels. I'm Harmer. American. Mining engineer. Been in these parts, here and the other side, Arabia, the gulf, fifteen years. This is my wife, Madame Harmer."

Without a flicker Royce bowed. The woman turned and unexpectedly smiled at him and then went out of the room.

Harmer laughed. "She understands some English. What are you doing out here?"

"Two helpings of Yousseff's spaghetti need some walking down."

Harmer chuckled. "And you came through that little cut in the reeds over the other side of the ridge? Clever to find it. Brave to come through it too. Crocodiles. Muddied those nice brogues of yours."

Royce shrugged his shoulders. "I was a Boy Scout. Anyway, Sugulli's no Monte Carlo. I was bored."

"It's not good, but I'll take it. You've got too much on your mind to start sidetracking after women. But for the record, these Somali girls can be pretty faithful. Eile always carries a knife when I'm away. We really are married. Took her all the way to Mogadiscio—and that's the end of the earth from here—and a drunken old pastor did it. One daughter, Maria. She's sleeping on the roof."

Royce said, "Not a family man myself. Have to be able to move around quickly. But here's to you and yours."

"I'll run you back to Sugulli," said Harmer. "I've got to see Draco."

Harmer parked the jeep by Dracopoli's headquarters. Royce thanked him for the ride and went into the *Albergo Commercio* through the courtyard. Yousseff was in the boxlike kitchen.

"You find jeep, sir?"

"I came back in it—with Mr. Harmer."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Harmer. Very fine man. But one day be trouble over his Eile. I get bottle of whisky now?"

"Not now, or ever. The jeep's no good to me. It would take dynamite to blast the ignition key out of a man like Signor Harmer."

Yousseff jerked his fox-cub head. "Me, I work for Mr. Harmer once. Services not satisfactory. Once I lose spare key for jeep. Signor Harmer very angry. *Curiosa, signore*, but I look again this evening and I find key." His hand came out of his trouser pocket.

Royce reached out for the key. "Tomorrow—half a bottle of whisky."

Yousseff's hand closed tightly. "Tomorrow. One bottle of whisky."

"O.K." Royce knew when not to haggle. "One bottle, tomorrow."

Yousseff flipped the key through the air to Royce. "See, *signore*, I trust you."

"A lot of people do." Royce grinned. "Allah be praised!"

"I met one of your party just now," Harmer said. "Royce. He turned up wandering around my place. I gave him a lift back in the jeep."

Dracopoli opened one eye. "That's what he was after. The jeep."

Wellard said, "You'd better keep your hands on the key. All he wants is a good start. Can't blame him."

Harmer bit gently at his lower lip. "He wouldn't get far. These are the *gu* rains. Even I pack up. Everything becomes mud." He pulled from his pocket a thick Manila envelope, wax-sealed, and tossed it across the table toward Dracopoli. "You've got a man going down to Kandala?"

"Yes, tonight. Fagih—he's going by mule. Anything new?" He nodded at the envelope.

"My report? No—the usual junk. When they read it maybe they'll send me back over the water. I'd like to get away."

"What do you do?" asked Wellard.

Harmer smiled. "I'm an oilman. Engineer, geophysicist, dog's body. I've got a small post about fifty miles south in the Almaskat."

"What's that?"

"The mountains you can see. From there I scout around with my two boys."

"His company holds an oil-exploring concession from my government," said Dracopoli.

"There's oil here?"

Both Harmer and Dracopoli laughed.

"Everyone would like it if there was," said Harmer. "But there isn't. I've been over five years trying to convince my people of that. My kid's got a couple of boils, doc. You wouldn't care to have a look at them?"

"Certainly."

"Mighty nice of you. I'll come by in the morning and take you up. Any time?"

"Any time. I'm not going anywhere."

"Good." Harmer stood up and his shad stretched black and squat across the gl tabletop. "By the way, the big boy's co down to Libah. I passed him about thi miles out today. Stopped and had a wo That's where I learned about the Camb He's sharp. Never misses a thing."

"He's sharp—*uno stiletto*." Dracopoli rol his eyes at Wellard. "We talk about the s tan—Ali Yacquibi. Once a year he comes the coast for many reasons. To bring the ca to the plains where there will soon be gc feed. For the air. To show his face arou so that none of his people will get big idea

"He's all right," said Harmer. "It's a ha over from the old days when they alw came down once a year to collect tribute. S do, maybe. Also"—he grinned—"any wre on this coast belong to him. So I guess a thing off the Cambria belongs to him, hi hoof and hair."

"Give him Royce," said Wellard.

Harmer went out and the bead curta made a lingering, sibilant sound after him

Dracopoli leaned back in his chair a wiped his hot face. "Like me," he said, "he been here too long."

Wellard said, "From what little I've seen it, this country could do with oil. Mor schools, irrigation, good roads ——"

"Oh, yes. It would put the place on map."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic."

"That is because I understand politics. here could cause trouble."

"I don't see why."

"*Dottore*, you are an innocent. The trust ship terms are that we are to hand this co try over to the Somalis in 1960. Comp independence. You think we should go if was discovered? And then there would be trouble with the Somalis. . . . Luckily, ther no oil." Dracopoli stood up. "In Sugulli known that you are a doctor. Tomorrow mo people will come to you. Yousseff has ranged this, and I have plenty of medical s plies here."

He hasn't said anything to me."
racopoli smiled. "Nor to me. But I know
sseff."
t'll give me something to do."
One needs that in Sugulli to keep sane."
opoli picked up Harmer's letter from the
. "Now I must see to Fagih and my dis-
nes."

gih sat his mule easily, Dracopoli's dis-
n bag tied to a leather belt around his
t under the ground sheet which he had
ed over his shoulders. The rain fell stead-
rough the darkness and the mule's hoofs
e a regular suck and splash in the muddy
nd. After a little while the ground rose
tly and the road curved inland along one
of the lagoon. Where the curve began was
ch of olive trees; two men moved out from
cover and stood across his road. Fagih
d in without alarm.
ey were Somalis, not coast people, and
both carried short-handled spears, the
n of the fighting men. Fagih slipped off
mule and unshipped the dispatch bag
his belt. He handed the bag to one of
men. Without a word the two men turned
began to run at a steady jog trot.
gih led the mule to the olives and hob-
it. Wrapping his ground sheet close about
he sat down at the foot of one of the
. Now and again on his trips to Kandala
happened. Sometimes he would wait here
t or ten hours before his bag came back.
however long it was, he waited patiently.
country belonged to Sultan Ali Yacquibi
a word from him could kill a man. Allah
no patience with a fool. And Fagih was
ool. In the end his bag would come back
he would go on to Kandala. And Fagih
r permitted himself the curiosity of won-
ng why the sultan liked to read Dracopoli's
atches. Such curiosity could be dangerous.
shut his eyes and went to sleep.

lthough it was still raining, the three men
nder a wide awning spread over part of
lat rooftop. The wet awning sagged in the wind and the night was full of the sounds of water. Jibarti and the Khalifa Hassan Jebro would have been happier in the house, but the Sultan Ali Yacquibi hated to be enclosed by walls.

Two petrol lamps burned in niches cut into the roof parapet. The three men sat cross-legged on small carpets, and a low table between them was set out with small cups of *shiaha* tea. Also on the table rested Dracopoli's dispatch bag, opened. One of Ali Yacquibi's hands rested on it. The two others—his brother, Jibarti, and the holy man, Khalifa Jebro—waited for him to speak. The khalifa watched him with the eyes of love. The khalifa, over sixty, nearly twice as old as the sultan, watched the man he had known as a boy and knew that this was the exact moment when Ali Yacquibi passed from him to be neither influenced nor commanded any longer.

Jibarti, three years younger than his brother, watched the sultan, but with no love. One day the sultan should die at his hand, but he knew that not yet was the time or the place.

Ali lifted the empty bag suddenly and dropped it at Jibarti's feet. One hand protected the papers on the table from the wind.

"Burn this."

Jibarti let it lie. To have picked it up at once would have been the action of a slave.

The khalifa said, "You have chosen?"

Ali nodded, and there was a hint of a smile on his face. "A man must choose his path wisely before beginning his journey. And the path must be kept."

"If Allah sends a landslide," said the khalifa quietly, "a man must step aside into another path."

"Allah can also send a whirlwind which will lift a man up and carry him swiftly to the end of his journey. Everything is with Allah." He moved his hand slightly over the papers on the table. "This thing is with us. It will stay with us until I say the time has come." He looked at Jibarti. "Do I have to tell you what to do?"

Jibarti stood up slowly, and his dark head just touched the sagging belly of the awning above him. "How can it be known that the American will have said nothing of his discovery of oil to others?" he asked.

"He keeps it to himself until he is sure that the news has reached his company. He says this in his report."

THE WHOLE TOWN WAS TALKING

Jed Wallace, the banker, said, "You can't buck a whole town without coming out black and blue." The town was in a fever of excitement—women as well as men—because the high-school basketball team was so close to the state championship. Carlisle McIntosh was the star-spangled hero and nothing was too good for him! His mother worried and so did Debby Parker, with whom he went steady. So, too, did old Martin Hoodless, who thought it was all "cussid foolishness." Ruth Moore tells the story in a new novel,

THE WALK DOWN MAIN STREET

complete in the February JOURNAL
condensed from the novel
soon to be published by
William Morrow & Co., Inc.

"A man who discovers riches will surely tell one friend?"

"Not this man. He knows the danger of this discovery. One careless word could be a dagger in his back. All this he explains to his company. Now go."

Alone with Ali, the khalifa knew that this was truly the moment. He was alone with a stranger. No longer could he say "Yes" or "No" to this man and be heard.

Ali said slowly, "In your heart you feel this thing is wrong?"

"It is not of right or wrong that I think. Things which seem safe and begin small have a way of growing. The hole in the water tank passes from dripping to a jet of water which will drain the tank."

Sharply, Ali said, "The discovery he has made belongs to Somalia. But it must be kept hidden until we are ready to use it. There is only one way to make a man silent."

It was almost dawn when Fagih was wakened by the sound of hoofs. With a man at each stirrup, running beside the horse, the rider came up to the trees. Fagih recognized Sheik Jibarti, saw the damp folds of the yellow *maro* draped over one shoulder, leaving his right arm bare, and on it, distinct against the brown flesh, the tight band of the ivory ring which marked him as a warrior who had killed more than five men.

Jibarti slid from his horse. This was no work for a chief. His men would do it, but he must witness that the thing was well done; Ali Yacquibi had one way with mistakes and that was to give a man no chance to make another.

In the moment when Fagih realized what was going to happen, the thing was already happening. The two warriors raised their *warans* and the sharp blades were in his flesh. He fell to the ground and lay still, his blood black and spreading above the tunic belt.

Without a word from Jibarti, the two men picked Fagih up and carried him to the lagoon edge. They waded waist high into the reeds, and threw him out into the gray waters.

It was a warm evening and the whole party stayed late on the terrace. Dracopoli had brought over an old phonograph and some even older records. Royce, concealing his impatience, was the life and soul of the party.

It was past midnight before everyone had retired and he could get away. He slipped



quietly out onto the terrace, wearing rubber-soled shoes and an old raincoat which bumped awkwardly with the packages of food he had stuffed into his pockets.

He stopped at the top of the ridge, under cover of the acacias. Looking down, he could make out the whitish gloom of the house and the tall, dark shapes of the trees around the courtyard which hid the jeep. All he had to do now was to keep a wary eye open for Harmer's boys. Well, here he went: lucky Johnny Royce on the move again.

From the ridge behind him Wellard's voice, faintly out of breath, came quietly: "All right, Royce. Let's go back."

Royce said angrily, "I'm getting out of here."

Wellard shook his head. "Hand over the jeep key and we'll go back and forget this," he said.

Royce jumped forward, hands outstretched for Wellard's throat. Wellard caught his right wrist, side-stepped and kicked Royce's feet from under him. Royce hit the sand with a jolt that stopped his breath.

Standing over him, Wellard said, "I did too many years in foreign ships. Some of the men used to come back fighting drunk. I had to handle them. Now give me the key." He reached down for it.

Suddenly from the house below them came one high piercing scream, brief and agonizing.

Wellard began to run and heard Royce with him. Long before they reached the yard, rising flames had begun to cast tall, black tree shadows back toward them, and swelling in their ears came the sharp crackle of burning wood.

Wellard saw that the back of the house was ablaze. He raced up onto the veranda, pushed open the loose doors and shouted, "Harmer! Harmer!" Just inside the room he pulled up, one hand gripping hard at the edge of the door. Harmer and Eile lay on the bed, a silk cover pulled back from their bodies.

Wellard went over to them. But even as moved he knew there was nothing he cou do. Harmer lay on his back, naked except f his pajama trousers, and a short-handl *waran* had been driven into his chest abo the heart. It was clear from Eile's still, starin eyes and the fear that marked her gentle fa that for a few seconds she had wakened a had known what was to happen.

"They're gone?" Royce's voice, shakin came from behind him.

"Yes."

Wellard glanced at the flames which we curling and flaring at the steps that led to t roof. He could go up, but he would never l able to come down.

"Get outside," he said. "Round by the je and wait for me. The child's on the roof. Th may not have touched her."

Lying on a chair were Harmer's jacket a trousers. He snatched them up and ran to t stairs, twisting the clothes round his hea Smoke bellied down the hall and the awnin was alive with racing flames.

Maria whimpered as he came up to her. S was naked except for a small shift.

"All right, love. Just a little fun and gam with your Uncle Chris." He wrapped th trousers and jacket about her, lifted her in h arms and ran to the far parapet of the roo The thatch was flaming like a great torc Burning particles of palm eddied and whirl over them. "Royce! Take her."

He leaned far over the side, lowering t child, saw Royce catch her. Wellard hit t ground and rolled, and then was up and ru ning for the trees.

"There's nothing more we can do. We better get out of here quick," Wellard sai "There could be people about who mig think it none of our business."

Royce went toward the jeep. "Give me t key."

Wellard sat at his side holding the chil As they drove up the slope Royce turned h head and looked back at the house. "Well he said grimly, "I finally got my ride in th thing. And if you hadn't turned up to del me I might have walked straight in on thi party. And got the same treatment."

The next morning it was pouring. As We lard walked along the corridor to Juliet room, he could hear water cascading from t roof. Juliet's room was the only one with spare bed and Maria had been put in with he The child was still in bed, in front of her tray with warm milk and bread.

"How is she?" he asked.

"She didn't sleep much. But she's enjoyin her breakfast."

Maria looked at him, smiled, and sai something in Somali. She held up a bunch keys on a ring and shook them musically.

"I gave her those to play with. They're fro her father's clothes. She seems all right, don you think?"

He nodded. "They're tougher than w imagine."

"What's going to happen to her?"

"I don't know. Dracopoli can tell her th her father and mother have gone away for little while. In the meantime she'd better sta up here today. Is that all right?"

"Of course. Between us Lily and I can loo after her." She came with him to the door. " must have been terrible," she said.

He nodded. "It wasn't too good."

She stood there with the door pulled bac so that they were hidden from the child in th room. The rain drummed distantly on th roof. He saw her lips frame to say somethin and then she was in his arms. "Chris—o Chris," she murmured.

He found Dracopoli in his office, lookin much better and wearing a fresh uniform, h revolver holster and belt highly polished.

Wellard sat down and lit a cigarette. "You' been up there?"

"Yes. I took the jeep up at first light. Noth ing left that you could recognize. Your pad is looking after what remains. It is a terrib thing. Poor Harmer and Eile."

"What happens to the girl?"

"I shall have to think about it. Her people— that is, Eile's people—won't want her. They'

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

The variety found in the shapes of ilex, laurel and andromeda leaves makes this arrangement—set in an old pewter bowl—an interesting and attractive decoration for hall or living room.



Winter Flowers



Shiny evergreen leaves last the winter through, brightened up from time to time with a few colorful flowers from a shop.

By JANET COTTIER

In winter months the evergreens from a small garden come into their own. Arrangements made with a variety of dark green leaves will last without needing any change for about a month, and the infinite variety in the shapes of the leaves and in the subtlety of their coloring makes them eye-catching decorations wherever they are used. For special occasions the same evergreens can be used as a background for a few bright flowers—tulips, carnations, roses, and so on—bought from the florist to transform the dark leaves into a gala bouquet.

Here is the same arrangement of evergreens that is shown at the top of the page. but with the addition of only six bright red tulips the green leaves are changed into a dramatic bouquet for very special occasions.



In this arrangement andromeda leaves are used as a background for a few yellow carnations. The wooden box used adds a warm glow to the sharp contrast between the glossy dark green leaves and the delicate pastel of the carnations.


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

as stiff-necked about mixed blood as Mussolini was."

"Is there any chance of catching whoever did it?"

Dracopoli stood up. "Only one man can help, and that is the Sultan Ali Yacquibi. If he wants the murderers, then they will be brought in. That is why you and I are going to see him this morning."

Libah consisted of two or three Arab-type houses standing in a long sandy bowl. A small wooden staging ran a little way out into the water with a scattering of boats tied alongside, shallow low-prowed punt affairs piled high with cut reeds. A little way back from the houses were pitched the camel-hide tents of Yacquibi's people, and Wellard could see the movement of camels and cattle.

The sultan's house stood some yards back from the lagoon edge, flat-roofed with a tiny minaret at one corner and a large saffron-colored awning sagging across part of the roof. Two Somali warriors squatted at the low doorway, short spears resting in their arms.

Dracopoli spoke to one of the men and he went into the house. He came back shortly and led them through the house and up onto the roof. Ali Yacquibi was sitting under the awning on a palm-fiber mat, and a little to his side sat the khalifa, an open *Qur'an* on his knees from which he was reading in a monotonous voice. As they came across the roof the sultan raised his hand and the khalifa stopped reading.

Dracopoli saluted the sultan and gave him a greeting in Somali and then said, in English, "This is Doctor Wellard from the ship, the Cambria, and since he has little of Italian and no Somali it would be well to speak in English."

"He is welcome here," said the sultan. "I have heard of the misfortune to the ship."

"There is another misfortune too," said Dracopoli. "That is why we are here."

"I have heard of that also."

"The doctor arrived at the house. He saved the *bambina*."

"The child is nothing. The other two are dead." He turned to Wellard. "God has made you the witness of much violence." He went on, to Dracopoli, "You have come to ask why this was done and to ask me where are the ones who are responsible?"

"Yes."

"To the first question you know the answer. The woman was of good family from one of the Saleban *rers*. Had she taken the American as a lover it would have been less serious. But they were married. Does a Somali woman marry a *sab*, a Midgan, a Tumal, and her brothers do nothing? Only recently I spoke to the American. I told him to send her back or to take her away."

Dracopoli said firmly, "If her brothers have done this thing, there is the law of the Italian Administering Authority. The woman's brothers must be brought to me."

The sultan looked over Dracopoli's head toward the rain-veiled waters of the lagoon. "Her brothers were fifty miles away when this happened. I have authority over my people, Tenente Dracopoli, but not even I can find out who did it. The American was a good man and I liked him, but he was stupid." He looked at Wellard. "You talked much with him? He was your friend?"

"No. I hardly knew him."

"He understood this country well. He should have taken some woman from the coast. Then this would not have happened. There are elements among my people which I regret."

"Maybe," said Dracopoli. "But this man was an American. There's going to be much trouble over his death."

"There is little I can do," said the sultan. "Death is not important."

Driving back in the jeep, Dracopoli said, "Now you can see what kind of job I've got."

"He knows who did the murders?"

"*Certo*. He could have them brought in by raising his little finger."

"And he's really dead keen on racial purity?" Wellard asked.

"You heard him. No true Somali woma must marry a *sab*. That's a slave. Midga Tumal and Yibir . . . leather and metal wor ers, and court jesters—but outcasts. And, far as he's concerned, so are all the whites

"You know," Wellard said slowly, "th thing doesn't fit together. It just doesn't fit

"Why not?"

"Because of Eile. She was in love wi Harmer. The real thing. If she'd had just o idea that being with Harmer would ha brought him into danger, she'd have left him

"Interesting ——"

"You know it is. And why, after five or s years of marriage, do her brothers sudden feel that they have to do something about long-established, but not very serious, insu to their family pride?"

Dracopoli stopped the jeep and switche off the engine. "You are no fool," he sa slowly. "What is it you have in your mind?"

"Oil."

Dracopoli nodded. "Why should Harm be killed because of that?"

"If he'd discovered oil, the first people know would be his company. But if the sulta knew, he'd have him murdered before could tell anyone. The sultan would want keep any oil discovery secret until the truste ship ended."

"*Dottore*, you have forgotten one thin Harmer brought me his last report. If he ha discovered oil, the news would be in that. Th report is already on its way to Kandala wi my dispatches. Ali Yacquibi would have mu dered him for nothing."

"Then why do you think he was mu dered?"

Dracopoli shrugged his shoulders. "Wh can tell? For some other reason, not Eile, n oil. Maybe for no reason. To kill a man o here is like smoking your first pipe, or havin your first woman. Just something. In the ol days they went out and killed the first perso who came along just to wear the white feath in their hair to show they had killed." H switched on the jeep engine, and said, "Bu anyway, I would not like you to discuss yo theory with anyone else. In a little while yo will be away. You will forget Sugulli, and th only thing of this place that will be with yo will be a little dust, maybe, in your trouse cuffs. *Fortunato lei*."

The sky had cleared before a fresh nort west wind. Lily and Juliet were playing wit Maria under the shade of a palm tree. The had made a ball from paper and string an were tossing it to the child. Maria was wea ing a garment made from one of Juliet's dresse

Blaikie sat at the other end of the terrac the Bible open on his knees. He stirred a littl uncomfortably as he heard the sound Maria's laughing voice. She had lost most her shyness and seemed unconcerned by th absence of her parents, accepting what ha been told her by Dracopoli. *Complete trust her elders*, he thought. *Complete faith.*

The paper ball came rolling toward hi Maria followed it, running unsteadily. He brown arms and legs were contrasted sharpl against the white silk of her dress. She picke the ball up and, smiling, held it out to him throw. Before he could restrain himself, h shook his head and frowned. The child, puz zled for a moment, turned back.

At once Blaikie was ashamed of himself an he felt the burden of his own guilt and anguis heavy in him. The child, the child's color an this place all revived sharply his past. She wa Harmer's child. And she was Harmer's sin He had been murdered because of her. Th wrath of the Lord? What, then, was to be *hi* punishment? Like Harmer, he told himsel brutally, he had taken a colored woman, an like Harmer he had had a child. But unlik Harmer, he had not taken the woman to b his wife. She had gone away and had had th child without his knowledge; had come bac to tell him that the child was dead, that h need have no fear. From one hour of loneli ness and weakness, one hour of darkness, lus and sin, a child had come into the world—hi child, to be killed at birth to keep his nam free from scandal. All this the woman ha done, without his knowledge, and out of lov for him.

The next morning after his surgery as Wellard od pulling on a clean shirt there was a ock at the door.

Yousseff came in. "*Dottore*—have case for u. Not at surgery. You come now?"

"Come where?"

"Only one hour from here, *dottore*. Very k *amico*. You ride mule. I run alongside."

Wellard knew Yousseff by now. The man s scared. "All right. What kind of sick-ss?"

"Not sure, *dottore*. You bring everythings."

Yousseff brought the mule to a halt by a t. "Here, *dottore*."

Wellard got down stiffly.

"Very poor peoples," said Yousseff. He lled aside a hanging piece of sacking and ld it for Wellard to enter. Yousseff spoke in mali to someone in the gloom and Wellard w that it was a small, wiry old man wearing ly a loincloth. He stepped by them and oped the sacking back so that there was ore light in the hut.

A man was lying on the ground, tightly cooned in a blanket. Wellard bent down r him. The man stared up at him, his eyes ight with fever.

"*Amico mio . . . molto dolore*," said Yousff.

Wellard put his hand on the man's fore-ad. The skin was hot and dry. With help om Yousseff he turned him and took away e blanket. The man was naked except for a ad of rags that had been spread across his est. In the feeble light Wellard saw deep ounds, one close up under the right arm d another in the lower part of his chest.

"How did he get these?"

"By spear," said Yousseff. "Attacked by d men. Throw him in lagoon, but this man ere, turtle fisher, find him when cutting reed. ring him here and send for me."

Wellard reached for his bag. "How long as he been here?"

"Three, four days. Is bad, mister?"

"Is very bad, Yousseff."

He worked on while the old man watched d Yousseff, anxious to help, fumbled with ings from his bag, getting in the way.

When he had finished, he said to Yousseff, Why was he attacked?"

"Robbed, *dottore*."

"What had he got that anyone would want? goat or a broken-down donkey? Who is ?"

Yousseff shuffled uncomfortably. "You do ot know, *dottore?*"

"Would I ask if I did? Who is the man?"

Yousseff dug his foot into the sand. "Is bad ing. Be much trouble over this. Is Fagih, *ottore*."

"Fagih?" Wellard felt the shock hit him. You mean the messenger to Kandala?"

"Yes, *dottore*. Fagih."

"What happened to his dispatches?"

"All gone, *dottore*. Robbers take them."

"Who would have attacked him?"

Yousseff's sharp, foxy face was full of nxiety. "Many bad men up here." If he knew ny more, he was not telling.

Dracopoli lay stretched out on his cane haise longue as Wellard talked. Now and gain he ran his hands through his thick black urls, puffing out his cheeks and letting the air o from him as though with it he would have iked to release years of futility.

"When we talked in the jeep—you were alf expecting something like this?" said Wellard.

"In a way. One learns not to be surprised n this country."

"You want to see Yousseff?"

"No. He will say no more than he has said. And the old man the same. One word too nany could mean a spear in their backs."

Wellard stirred impatiently. "But something's got to be done."

"Of course. But we must be careful. First"—e looked at Wellard—"there is your party. No message has gone through. So I shall send another. But I should keep this from the others."

"And Harmer and the oil business?"

"I think that he had discovered oil. His letter told about it. The sultan will have destroyed the letter. Already, too, he will have sent a party to clear away any signs of Harmer's work—wherever the discovery was made. When you leave here I shall go down to Kandala with you and report to my *capitano*. I could not trust to send about it by messenger."

"And Fagih?"

"You think he will die?"

"He should be dead already, but he isn't."

"He has a woman here. I will send her out to look after him and you will tell her what to do."

"And if the sultan finds out he's still alive?"

"He would have him killed. But I think he will not find out. His people do not go to that part of the coast. Yousseff, the old man and the woman will say nothing. As soon as Fagih is well enough to move he will go—without being told. He will stay away until I send for him."

"I see." Wellard leaned back in his chair, trying to sort out the various lines in this problem. Only he and Dracopoli knew the full truth. It would be easy to make a mistake that would put them all in danger. "I don't like this second messenger. Surely the sultan will stop this man and wonder why you are sending another message to Kandala about us when we aren't supposed to know that Fagih hasn't got through."

Dracopoli smiled. "You should have been a *carabinieri*. But I am sending another report, anyway, about Harmer's murder and asking for instructions. As a postscript I shall mention that the Cambria party is still here and getting impatient. It will look natural so the sultan will not stop it. So long as you and I keep our mouths shut, *dottore*, there is no danger."

He had, Wellard told himself, to get this thing straight; if he didn't it would run away with him, with them both, and there would be nothing but trouble. And the cold answer was that no matter what had begun between Juliet and him, no matter how they felt, the thing must be stopped. He'd known this all the time, and had ignored it, but he had to face it.

A shadow penciled itself across the ground at his feet. He looked up and saw Juliet. The faint sea breeze touched the looseness of her fair hair. Distantly he could hear the wash and hiss of the sea sucking at the white sands of the beach. The great pulse of the waters seemed to move into him, beating and surging through him. What could you do? What strength had you got, the anguish in him demanded, when the woman stood like that, all and the only woman under the sun, and logic and common sense fled before the magic which she carried?

He made a movement to rise, but she came forward swiftly and sat at his side. He kept his eyes down, avoiding her face, seeing the way she curled her legs under her and the thrust of one foot against the sand. He dug his hand into the sand, gripping it and feeling the hard, sun-baked grain of it against his palm.

"Chris—what on earth's the matter with you today?"

"It's no good," he said harshly.

"What isn't?"

"Us. This thing."

She was silent for a while, and then she said, "You love me?"

"Of course. Of course I do!" He turned quickly to her, fighting the thing which was inside him. "That's the trouble."

"I don't understand. From that first moment on the roof we've both known what was happening. And now here it is. What can be wrong with it?"

He longed to take her in his arms. But he held himself back as though he were holding some great door against a tremendous gale.

"We can't live in the clouds. We've got to come down to earth. We should have to the moment we left Sugulli. I'm a ship's doctor. I make about as much a year as you spend on nylons and scent." He saw her lips open, but before she could say anything he went on: "I've got nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"But I don't care. I just want to be with you."

"That's another thing. You wouldn't be—married to a ship's doctor. Me away half the time—living in one world. And you waiting for me in another. Can't you see it just won't work? We must be sensible."

"Blast being sensible. Chris, darling, what does my money matter? If you love, then you share. Our love is the only thing that matters. We should have that, and it would always be you and me."

"Would it? I could change."

"What nonsense. You're strong, you know yourself and you've got pride."

"That's just it. Pride, if you like. A man has got to bring something into marriage besides love. If I had a shore practice, a future, I'd not waste words. You'd be my wife and live my way. But I've nothing except . . . well, old-fashioned pride if you like. If I throw that overboard, what is there left?"

"And you wouldn't let me buy you a practice?"

"That's something every man has to earn for himself, the one thing he has to be able to offer a woman—a position as his wife. Surgeon's wife, plumber's wife—or what have you. I can't live off you. You must see that."

"All I see is that you're being stubborn and unrealistic. I suppose some women would take this. Kiss a beautiful dream good-by. But I'm not going to." She stood up and the sand from her skirt showered down in a thin hail over his hands. "You're a stubborn beast. Oh, I can see you think you're doing the right thing. But you're wrong. You're thinking about it instead of accepting it. A woman doesn't do that. Not me, anyway. Love isn't something that can be questioned or planned. Chris, look at me."

He turned his head up to her.

She smiled down at him. "I'm not letting you go. You don't want me to."

"You've got to face it, Juliet."

"No." She shook her head. "You've got to face it. Sooner or later you'll see it my way. You'll have to if you really love me."

She walked away. He had to fight with himself to stop from running after her.

Money. Suddenly it had become very important. He'd never worried about it much before. But now in this hot, sand-blown, flyspecked Sugulli he wanted it badly. With enough to keep going for a few years he could go to Juliet. He had to have that much at least. But how did a man get money in the bank?

Suddenly he jumped to his feet. He felt a surge of excitement like a great tide flood through him. There was all the money he wanted waiting for him up at Harmer's house. Right under his nose. All he had to do was to collect.

At Harmer's request he had gone up to attend Maria once. He reconstructed in his memory that time when he had seen Harmer, in the main room of the house, turn from him and open the little safe at the side of the desk. The safe had been clamped to the floor boards. The burning wreckage would have collapsed on it and buried it. Harmer would have a safe that was fire- and water-proof and he would be the kind of man who would have kept a copy of his report to his company. Back at the *albergo* Maria was playing with the keys of the safe. All he had to do was to take Harmer's report and keep it to himself until they were out of Sugulli. The oil company would pay for that information. Pay high. Ten, fifteen thousand pounds. Enough even to buy himself into one of the exclusive Harley Street practices—he could soon bring himself up to date. And Juliet—she'd be happier in London than buried in some country town.

An hour later he was looking down at the remains of Harmer's house—a black untidy stain in the sand beside the lagoon. He went to the house, picking his way through the remains of the stone piles that had supported the veranda. His feet sank in the thick ash. Before him ran the broken-edged outline of a mud wall which had divided the sitting room from the back of the house. Some blackened roof timbers were piled haphazardly against it. The safe should be to their left. He skirted the timbers and stopped.

He was too late. There was a large crater-shaped hole where the debris had been scraped aside. Clear in the ashes he could see the marks of the fingers which had clawed the safe clear. On the level ashes before him were the marks of naked feet. He swore.

Sultan Ali Yacquibi was covering every possibility. Somebody might remember the safe, so he'd got his men to take it. It couldn't be opened, but that didn't matter. The sultan already knew what was in it. His only concern would have been to get rid of it.

Wellard's eyes followed the footmarks toward the sand. Reeds stood six feet high at the water's edge, a belt of green and yellow running out twenty feet before meeting the open water. Clear through them were the signs of the men's passage. They had just heaved the safe out into the lagoon. He knew it was there. All that was needed were a rope and a boat and darkness.

Royce had a ladder against the palm tree on the terrace and had fixed a spar from the tree to the parapet of the *albergo* roof.

As Blaikie came out onto the terrace Royce called to him, "Padre, hand me up that rope, will you?"

Blaikie handed up a length of rope that lay on the ground. "What is it?"

"Just an old-fashioned swing, padre. Maria is so full of bounce we've got to find something to amuse her."

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

Courage: what it takes for a plump woman to order a rich dessert when she has the eyes of several slender women upon her.

This ordinary today is the wonderful yesterday in tomorrow's memory.

When a woman really wishes to see how old she appears, she should not look in her mirror but at her contemporaries.

A person's tact is measured not by what it accomplishes for him but by what it accomplishes for others.

The honeymoon is over when husband and wife realize that although marriages seem to be made in heaven, they are always lived on earth.

The way some persons can help keep drunken drivers off the road is to stay home.

Of all the achievements of the past half century, the two greatest are the emancipation of the atom and the emancipation of the housewife.

Too many persons think that passing a driving test is the only test they'll ever have to pass in driving.

Boy, half asleep: "Nobody gets up at this hour of the day."

Mother: "Of course not! They're all up."

Rich man: one who can afford to do without a necessity.



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You serve the finest when you serve Stokely's Finest Green Beans

Green Beans
by Stokely-Van Camp, Inc.



"That's right," said Lily, coming along the terrace with Maria. The child was laughing and chattering away in Somali.

Fisher came out of the *albergo* carrying a sawed-off length of plank with holes drilled in either end. "How will this do?"

"Just the job. You and the padre fix the rope that end."

Blaikie looked at the child dancing around Lily. *The child*, he thought, *of sin* . . . like his own child. Maria half turned to him, called something in Somali which he could not understand and then giggled, covering her mouth with her hand and hopping on one leg. Something about the movement and the young dark face rippling with laughter struck at him. . . . Sin. How could anything so young bear any part of sin? This child, all children were born into innocence. . . . *Suffer the little children to come unto me*. The words were in his mind unbidden. He saw himself avoiding the child, refusing even to bend and pick up her ball—immersed in his own sin and despair, wondering why God had set him down here.

Royce came down the ladder. "Now," he called happily.

Blaikie watched as Maria was seated on the plank and Lily began to push her gently. She squealed, half afraid, half delighted, and then was suddenly bubbling with pleasure.

"Push!" Lily's voice sang out.

"Push!" Maria copied her.

Blaikie found himself moving to the back of the swing. His hands touched the thin shoulders for a moment and then the child swung out, legs flying, shouting with pleasure; as she swooped back to him he steadied her gently and sent her away again. Watching her, hearing her cries of delight, he was suddenly possessed with a great sense of relief—relief which had no words to explain it. As though this were all that the Lord demanded of him: that he should be here, pushing a little colored girl to and fro on a swing, that his hands should touch her and his eyes should watch her without bitterness; he was oblivious of everyone else, knowing only that there was something like the hope of peace and understanding with him again.

Royce said, "O.K., padre, you've done your spell. Let me."

Blaikie walked slowly away. Tears made the bright lagoon waters dance mistily before him. He turned back to the *albergo*. He wanted to be alone in his room to think and to pray.

It was ten that evening before Wellard could get away. In his pocket was the ring of keys with which Maria had been playing. Behind Dracopoli's courtyard there was a palisade of bamboos. In a cut in the reeds below was Dracopoli's boat. Wellard pulled out a length of bamboo about twelve feet long. He carried it down to the boat in which lay a rope that he had put there earlier in the evening.

He pushed off and let the boat drift. After a time he began to paddle and made a wide half circle, well out into the lagoon, to take him southward and past the *albergo*. Juliet would be lying in her room asleep.

He was doing nothing wrong. He was going to help himself and also vindicate all the work Harmer had done. No matter which side was right—if any were right—the spoiling of the sultan's plan was a rough justice to set against Harmer's murder. And there was no betrayal of Dracopoli. He didn't have to know about this until much later. All he wanted was the right to be able to offer his love to Juliet without fear—Juliet, his Juliet.

He dipped his paddle savagely into the water and brought the boat inshore. With the bamboo pole he began to probe on the bottom of the lagoon just off the mouth of the passage. The pole struck something hard. He held it in the water, tapping gently. There was no doubt in his mind—the safe was sitting below him, half sunk in the mud. He rammed the pole into the mud alongside it to mark the spot. He fixed the rope he had brought to the bow, gave it a half turn round the pole to steady the craft and dropped the free end overboard.

He stripped off his clothes and eased himself over the side. He took the rope and dived, following the pole down into a black world, and found the safe, the edges slippery with mud.

He came up, sucking in air and smelling the stench from the disturbed bottom. Two more dives saw the rope securely about the safe and he returned to the boat.

He dressed, not hurrying, because to hurry would have let his excitement and satisfaction have rein. Then he took the strain on the rope. The gunwale of the boat dipped low for a moment as the mud held the safe. Then it came free and the boat rocked back. Moments later he had the safe in the bottom of the boat. From the ring, he fitted the safe key. The door came open with a quiet little suck of air. Putting his hand inside, he felt papers and envelopes, dry and secure from the water.

Methodically he cleared the safe. All he had to do now was drop the safe and go back to the *albergo*. Somewhere in one of his pockets must be what he had come to find.

He had no time for action. From either side of him out of the night a reed boat closed in silently. From either side he felt the even pressure of spear blades against his back and he held himself very still, waiting.

Under the awning the sultan, Ali Yacquibi, sat cross-legged before a small table. On it was all the stuff which had been taken from Wellard's pockets.

Wellard stood there in the rain, watching the movement of the sultan's lean hands over the papers, watching him sort them, pushing them aside until he was left with the sheaf of quarto pages held by a paper clip. By the attention the man gave these he knew that they were the things he had come to find: the promise of money, and now the promise of exactly nothing—less than nothing, because he was not fool enough to suppose that his life would be of any more account to this man than Harmer's or Fagih's.

The sultan looked up now and said quietly, "The last time you were here I said that Allah had made you the witness of much violence. Allah now makes you the victim of violence."

Wellard rubbed his wet hands together and he saw at once how the movement made Jibarti stiffen into alertness. The one brother talked and the other watched.

The sultan looked down at the papers. "You know you must die?"

"If Allah wills it." There was a hard humor in the tone.

The sultan smiled. "You would like a drink? Whisky, I mean."

"I would."

"I have it always. Many people visit me who are not of my religion." He said something in Somali to one of the men.

A fiercer squall of rain beat across the roof and thundered dully against the yellow canopy. The sultan nodded toward the corner of the awning opposite Jibarti and said, "You may stand under the awning there."

Wellard moved, feeling his feet wet within his shoes, the damp folds of his trousers clutching at his legs. Beyond the khalifa was a pile of mats with a wooden headrest. He had heard from Dracopoli that the sultan always slept up here, hating to be inside.

The sultan said, "Tomorrow your body will be floating in the lake and the crocodiles will take it, as they will take the others."

"The others!" Wellard made a move forward, but Jibarti's spear came up, leveled toward him.

"But of course. Why should I kill you and let Dracopoli and the others go?"

"But they know nothing about this!"

"You expect me to believe that? That you have said nothing at least to Dracopoli? If only he knows, the others must go." The sultan's lips thinned to a cold smile. "There is no difficulty. No message has ever reached Kandala, you know. Your people will be presumed to have been lost in the ship. And Dracopoli is nothing."

"But you can't do this," Wellard cried. "I give you my word. No one knows but me. I wanted the money I could get from the oil company. No one else knows!" He felt his desperation go through him like a flame.

The sultan shook his head. "I can risk nothing. Nothing you can say can alter me."

Wellard stood there, possessed by agony. Out of his own recklessness and self-seeking, he had condemned the others to death.

'h roof door opened and a woman came
ou carrying a small brass tray. He
ch her. He was going to be killed, and
il others. And for all their deaths he
al be responsible. Each one he had con-
m —Juliet . . . Lily—all of them—
yc . . . Fisher . . . Blaikie and Maria . . .
ic oli . . . Harkness and Yousseff. All of
n

'h girl came across to him, holding out
gl ss. *One chance, just one*, he prayed. His
re tightened round the glass as he thought
hi wning pole at his back and the weighty
go f the wet canopy.
He aid harshly, "Here's hoping nothing
s ght for you," and drank.
Hi hand came down with the glass and
ar vement flowed into a quick jerk that
t flying toward Jibarti's face. The glass
ic Jibarti on the cheek and the man
m ed backward. Wellard whipped round
l ked at the awning pole behind him. It
t way from him, the guy rope sagging
se

As he corner of the awning dropped to-
rd him he jumped clear of it, turning to-
rd ibarti. The Somali, in stumbling, had
sh d into the awning pole on that side. The
ol front part of the canopy collapsed over
s an and the khalifa. The two Somalis by
d or sprang to their feet, shouting, and
t them threw his *waran* at Wellard. He
c coming, ducked. Jibarti, tangled in the
r pe, was struggling to get to his feet. The
e able was now in the open. Wellard
b d the sheaf of quarto papers. As he
re or the parapet on the lake side, he saw
tv warriors rush toward him.
Th ground was about fifteen feet below and
hi it awkwardly. The next moment he was
in for the lake edge, cramming the papers
in is pocket as he ran. Behind him he
ar the pad of feet on the wet earth. In the
in led darkness ahead he saw the bulky
p of reed boats drawn up halfway from
w ter. He headed for the nearest and ran
in splashing into the water until it was
w his knees. He threw himself into the
it nd groped for the paddle. He couldn't
f and a desperate panic began to rise in
hen it came under his hand close to the
ar nd he whipped it over the side. He pa -
di uriously, his breath panting from him,
wg the boat out into the lagoon, praying.

Dcopoli dressed while Wellard talked.
"Ad that's it," he finished savagely. "I
ad money and I went after it. I didn't think for one moment of anyone else. And now ——"

"All right, *dottore*." Dracopoli's red face was grim. "Let us get this thing out of the way. Between us, that is. The others you must face later. I am a soldier. You have done something which, except for a miracle, will mean my death. You know this. I know this. That is your punishment. At this moment I would rather be in my shoes than yours. Now let us do what we can. He knows that none of us can get away from here. That's why he did not send boats after you when you escaped. He has all the time in the world." Dracopoli held out a bunch of keys. "At the back of my bedroom is the armory. Unlock it and get out the machine gun, the carbines and the ammunition. When you have done this take the jeep and back it against the *albergo* wall. Switch the lights on to cover the causeway. I will get Yousseff and Harkness to help carry over the arms to the *albergo*." He turned and hurried through into the corridor.

When the job was done Wellard paused for a moment. There was no time now for maudlin self-reproach. Nothing mattered except the others. They had ammunition and food. There must be something he could do to give them some chance. He owed them all their lives and it was a debt which he must honor.

The jeep lights cut a great swath along the causeway and the sand hills were molded with shadows, black against the white sands. In a moment, he thought, as he pulled the shutters, he would go back and face them all.

Dracopoli, a solid authority in the room, had explained the true facts of Harmer's death, and the reason why the sultan had wanted to keep the oil discovery a secret. Step by step he took them through all he and Wellard had known up to the visit Wellard had made to Fagih. It was here that for the first time he was interrupted.

Blaikie said evenly, "Then no message has gone to Kandala about us?"

"None. So far as the outside world is concerned, you all went down with the Cambria."

Fisher moved forward. "Come to the real point. We're not children. All these guns and so on—what's happening?"

"One moment, *signore*. Unfortunately for us, the sultan has now discovered we know about the oil and is determined to kill us all to keep his secret."

"What?" cried Fisher.

"But surely, this is ridiculous ——" Blaikie broke off as Dracopoli went on.



"Think how you'd feel if one of your pollywogs was missing!"



Shellie Beans...

country-cooking favorite

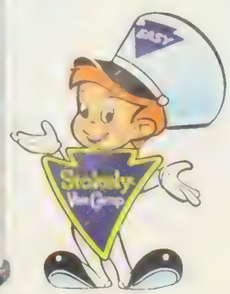
An old-fashioned family favorite—the meaty, nut-like flavor of shelled-out beans blended with the traditional goodness of cut green beans! Stokely uses a time-honored recipe—cooks them till they're just as tender, just as good as the beans grandma used to fix.

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"He is going to kill us."

"We knew nothing about the oil until this moment," said Royce. "Just what ——"

"You are serious about this?" asked Blaikie.

Dracopoli nodded. "It is the truth."

"But that's madness," said Lily. "He could never . . . wipe us all out ——" Her voice trailed away.

Dracopoli began to explain how easily the sultan could hush things up. The Cambria party didn't exist anyway, and the people of Sugulli would never dare to speak against the sultan.

Wellard saw Juliet watching him, her brows furrowed a little, her face serious.

"Signor Fisher has said not to treat you like children. This I do not do. I give you the facts." Dracopoli rubbed a pudgy hand against his sweating cheek and then went on. "We have a little ammunition, food and water—we can resist for a while. But only a miracle can save us."

Royce blew a cloud of smoke and said questioningly, "So we're all for the high jump? Well ——" Then looking directly at Wellard, he went on, "What I'd really like to know is how the sultan knows that you know about this oil thing. And also how you know what he intends to do. You and the doctor could have kept this to yourselves and we'd have been all right. Where did the slip-up come?"

Dracopoli gave a wave of his hand. "Is it important? The thing ——"

Wellard stepped forward. "I did it," he said. "Late this evening I got hold of Harmer's safe. I had the keys and I guessed there would be a copy of his oil report there." His mouth was dry, his words coming hoarsely. "I was caught by the sultan. That's how he knows. But I got away and came back here ——"

"Dracopoli let you do this?" asked Fisher.

"No." He forced himself on. "He knew nothing about it. If it had come off I wasn't going to tell him. I was going to sell the report to the oil company. I wanted money." He flung the words, seeing the room as a haze of yellow light. "I didn't think of anyone. Just myself."

Out of the shadows he saw Juliet's face, staring at him, and then he saw one hand come up and rest against her cheek and she lowered her head. For a moment there was no movement, no sound from the rest of them. Then Fisher sprang forward, his face contorted with passion. Dracopoli caught his arm and held him. But over the lieutenant's shoulder Fisher shouted, "You're a bloody murderer!"

"Howard!" Lily ran to him and held on to him. "Stop it! Stop it!"

"He's right," Wellard said savagely. "Everything he says is right."

Royce stood up. "Shouting our heads off won't help. But there's one thing I'd like to know. It's my life among others that the doctor has gambled. Just for the record, I want to know why he had to have money. I'm curious." He turned toward Wellard. "What were you going to shake the oil company down for? Kind of thing I'd do. Bit off your line, isn't it? What did you want the money for?"

Wellard was silent, facing them all. Even this, he thought bitterly, they were all entitled to; he had no right to preserve anything of himself. Against their jeopardy his own feelings were straws.

"All right," he said harshly. "If you must know ——"

"Chris." Juliet came across to him and put her hand on his arm.

Wellard shook his head. "It's all right, Juliet. Let me tell them."

"No. I'll tell them." She was fighting to keep her voice calm, but he could feel her hand shake. "He wanted money for me."

"For you?" Royce's voice echoed with surprise. "But you've got stacks."

"That's the trouble. I love him and he loves me. But he wouldn't marry me without anything. He had to have something ——" Her voice shook and broke. "He was a fool . . . full of pride and stubbornness, full of ——"

"Juliet." Wellard put his arm around her, holding her to him, and against all the distress in him there was this solitary joy of knowing that no matter what he had done, she was still with him. He looked grimly at them and said, "What Juliet says is true. I wanted a shore practice. I wanted a place I could take a wife to."

Royce shifted uncomfortably. "Sorry, old man—sorry. I didn't know I was going to get into anything like this ——"

Blaikie came forward like some dark, ruffled bird. "It is easy to blame the doctor. I blame him. But we should not forget that at times we all sin against one another—sin without meaning to, without looking ahead." His head came up sharply, his eyes dark and stern. "Nothing will be gained by bitterness. Through God's grace there is always hope. And it is to God that we must look now."

He began to pray, the strong Welsh voice echoing comfortingly around the room.

When it was over Dracopoli said, "Now it is necessary that everyone should know what to do." He began to detail the plans he had made and they listened in silence, all of them drawn close together by the danger which hovered over them.

As Dracopoli talked there came a shout from the head of the stairs. It was Yousseff, who had been left on the roof with Harkness.

Dracopoli started rapidly for the stairs and Wellard followed him. When they got onto the roof Yousseff pointed out to the lagoon. Dimly seen about a hundred yards off the *albergo* was the loom of five or six reed boats, spread out in a rough crescent shape.

Dracopoli turned from them and walked to where the machine gun had been posted overlooking the causeway. The sand dunes at the far end, swept by the jeep lights, were pockmarked with great pools of shadow.

"They will be there too," he said. "From now on we must stay at our posts."

Juliet stumbled a little on the angle of the roof stairs and felt hot coffee splash onto her hand. The ragged edges of the dawn were unraveling against the eastern sky. There were four of them on the roof, one in each corner of the parapet.

She went first to Fisher, on the lagoon side. He smiled at her across the top of his cup.

Royce called encouragingly, "Ha, cof
Just what I needed."

She noticed that he had his carbine ne
tucked away under a ground sheet.

He grinned at her as he took his cup
said, "Well, here's to the luck of the Roy
Death or Dartmoor. Fine choice."

Despite herself, she smiled and then went
to Dracopoli. He said, "*Grazie, signor*
When you go down, tell Harkness to switch
the jeep lights. We must save the battery."

Reaching Wellard, she squatted on her he
and put the tray on the ground. A sudd
squall of rain beat across the roof.

"You don't have to go on feeling bad ab
it, Chris," Juliet told him. "Not with me, a
way. What you did was wrong, pighead
silly. But whatever you did, you did for
Oh, Chris, you fool."

He took her hand and said quietly, "I l
you. Nothing can change that. But I had l
faith in it than you. I wanted some kind of
surance; I know better now. A bit la
though." He smiled wryly at her.

Wellard saw the tears in her eyes and
pulled her to him. With his arms about h
his lips on hers, the thought was drumming
his mind that there had to be something
could do. He didn't care about the difficulti
which could lie in the future—only that the
should be a future.

She moved out of his arms and there was
brightness and life in her face that came fro
courage and confidence. In a steady voice s
said, "You put us all in this. You can't esca
that, and I know you don't want to. But you
the only one here I have any faith in, re
honest faith. You've got to do somethin
You've got to do something, Chris darlin
because"—for a moment her voice faltered
"because I want more than twenty-fo
hours—I want more ——"

Dracopoli sent Fisher and Royce below t
eat. The sun was strengthening rapidly an
little wraiths of mist were curling up fro
sand and water. Dracopoli came across t
Wellard and lit a cigarette.

America's new way to bake

(*from Pillsbury!*)



fter a while Wellard said, "Surely with a m hine gun we can hold them off for days?"
racopoli shook his head. "We have very lit: ammunition for it. Enough, maybe, for ou night."
"You don't think we've any chance?"
None. The sultan has all the men he w ts—and arms. He has them. It will be at ni t. They will rush along the causeway and th boats will come in from the lagoon." He ge ed his half-smoked cigarette over the pa apet top. "No, *dottore*, we are dead already ex pt for a miracle."

he morning shadows were shortening ac ut the *albergo* buildings. Lower down the sl e some of Jibarti's men sat in little parties, n ed except for their loincloths, a few carry- ir rifles, but most of them armed with their w ans. Out on the lagoon the long, ragged cr cent of boats had drifted a little nearer th shore.
is eyes on the *albergo*, Ali Yacquibi was g ng his order for the attack that coming ni t. As soon as midnight was past ——
Ali Yacquibi pulled the pony's head round a began to ride away. The khalifa rose and, st ing the right stirrup, walked alongside the p y as they made their way toward Libah.
After a little while the khalifa, looking al- w ys at the ground ahead of him, said, "You a content with this thing?"
"I am content."
"Allah has taken you beyond me."
Ali Yacquibi shook his head. "Allah has given me your holiness, Hassan Jebro. *tariqua* still strays in the foothills while y are on the mountaintop. Your holiness o great that you have forbidden me noth- , though in your heart you grieve. Last ght on the rooftop when I told the English ctor that all should be killed I waited for to curse me and forbid me. You have the wer of *il kullul*."
At the mention of *il kullul*, the burning eye, power to curse, the khalifa straightened. "hy should I turn on you the burning eye, son? My curse would not stop you. But already it is on you, not from me, but from the Great One."

Ali Yacquibi made a slight, uncomfortable movement of his shoulders. "I am in Allah's hands, in the great hand of God. When He wishes He will destroy me. The moment of death is in His mind."

"It could be soon, my son."

Ali Yacquibi looked up at the blazing eye of the mounting sun. "You think of Jibarti? Of the way he stood and listened when I spoke to him? Of his mind already awake to the fighting and the killing and the black stains of blood, and the power twisting inside him like a snake, threshing for freedom? All this I have seen."

"He will come back after the attack tonight with blood on his *waran* to kill you. This is the moment he has chosen."

"Who can know Allah's moment until it arrives?"

For two hours Dracopoli kept the jeep motor running to charge the battery for the lights he knew he would need when darkness came. They had now barricaded the doors and windows and had brought over all the food supplies which Dracopoli had in his headquarters. The roof of the headquarters abutted onto the roof of the *albergo* and they could cover it easily if anyone tried to attack across it.

Toward the end of the morning Wellard came down from a spell of duty on the roof. He got a can of beer and took it out onto the terrace, sitting down in the shade and staring out at the black line of reed boats.

Lily came out of the *albergo*. "How's it going?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"As bad as that?"

"Yes, Lil, as bad as that."

She was silent for a moment, then she said, "Last night I was dead scared. But, somehow, today I've got used to it—for a while, anyway. There are some people, you know"—there was a shade of a smile on her lips—"who can manage everything but love. But the moment they get tied up with that, everything goes wrong. You and me. Everything we do to make it right just puts it more out of joint. You wanted money. Enough to make it right between you and Juliet?"

ICE STORM

By LOUISE D. PECK

I woke from a night of wind and rain
To a mineral day. Stones, barns
And fences glazed. Strangled woods
Dazzled the air. As though ice were cage,
Neither bird nor squirrel moved along
The path of crystal grass I walked.
The perilous sun cracked among
The waiting trees. Everywhere
Was prison until I reached the pond.
In an open heart of water there,
Mallards swam in a pleasure of glide.
It seemed they moved the countryside.

"That was the idea."

"You made a mistake. No, I don't mean because you've brought the house down around our ears. But about her, and about love. . . . Still, how could you know? You're only a man. Somewhere in the book it says for richer or poorer, for better or for worse. That works, you know—if the other thing is right."

"I know. But it's all a bit late now." He made an impatient movement. "If only there was something I could do!"

"You'll think of something. I know you will." She hesitated for a moment, then said, "You mustn't mind the way Howard explodes—I'll have him trained in time."

He smiled at her, but at the back of his mind the words "in time" rang ominously.

Dracopoli glanced at his watch. "One minute past midnight."

Firing began simultaneously from the land and from the boats on the lagoon. The bullets thudded into the *albergo* wall and there was a crash as the windscreen of the jeep went.

Dracopoli said, "They want to put the jeep headlights out. See, the little wall at the head of the causeway. They are there."

He began to fire his carbine methodically, taking his time, and Wellard followed him. He could make out the thin pencil stub of the wall and now and again the shadow of movement above it. He fired, aiming carefully, but the range was too far for him to see the effect of his shots. Behind him he could hear Royce talking between shots to Fisher and once Royce turned and called, "It's difficult to see, but the boats are coming in a bit closer."

"Keep firing, slowly," Dracopoli called back. "If they get too close, I'll bring the machine gun over."

The bullets from the lagoon whined over their heads while below them the shots from the land plugged into the wall above the jeep.

Dracopoli, half talking to himself, said, "There are about four rifles over there and about the same number among the boats——" There was a great splintering of glass below them and one of the jeep lights went out. A few seconds later the other went. "Soon they will come," said Dracopoli. "Keep firing down the line of the causeway."

They fired steadily into the darkness, seeing the occasional white exclamation of water

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

starts. From the land and the lagoon behind him the rifle shots went on in a slow, steady rhythm, all aimed at the parapet top.

"They're not coming. Those shots are as far away as ever," said Wellard.

Dracopoli called over his shoulder, "Can you see the boats?"

"More or less," shouted Royce. "They seem to be in the same place."

"It is Jibarti who leads this," said Dracopoli. "I saw the sultan ride off with the khalifa early today."

Wellard asked, "Jibarti's instinct would be to rush in?"

"*Certo.* He will not worry about losing men."

"Then what's holding him back?"

"I should like to know."

Crouched below the parapet, Wellard heard the whine and smack of the bullets. If they were coming, why didn't they come? Jibarti's whole instinct would be to rush the place. But he didn't. Why? Because he had other orders? The sultan, he thought, had given his orders and ridden off, a hard, confident man—gone back to his rooftop to sit there and wait while the khalifa read from the *Qur'an.*

There was a lull in the firing, and in that moment's silence Wellard heard something away in the darkness. He strained his ears and briefly he was sure he caught the sound of paddles dipping to water. There must be a boat close in to the headquarters. It came to him then. The sultan was too intelligent to take a bold frontal attack. Why waste men when a boat could go flanking away to the north and come up unseen behind Dracopoli's headquarters? Four men could set the place afire. It would go up like a torch and flames could sweep through to the *albergo.* And then the fire had a real hold the rest of the Somalis would come in.

He hurried to Dracopoli. "Quick, give me your pistol."

Silently Dracopoli handed the pistol to Wellard. He went, crouching, quickly across to the parapet that looked down on the *carabinieri* headquarters. He dropped to the lower roof and ran along its length to the far end. The yard below was a great block of darkness. Then there came the slap of bare feet on the smooth tiles.

The darkness below was suddenly pricked by a red, glowing eye. The tiny flame wavered a moment and then the piled bamboos and rushes against the wooden framework of the house wall swirled into a great torch.

He fired and the man nearest the flames went down. Two turned and began to run for the archway, but he fired quickly and one dropped to the tiles. The other gave a cry and Wellard saw him stagger into the arch side and collapse. He jumped for the ground. As he did so, the remaining man flung his *waran* at him. The spear passed above him as he crashed toward the man; they went down together. He felt the other's body twist and jerk and the movement of a hand forcing itself between them to get at the knife which the native wore on the top of his loincloth. Before the Somali could reach it, he fired.

Away on the *albergo* roof he heard the machine gun open fire. He ran to the cistern and grabbed the cut-down oil drum which Dracopoli kept as a dipper. Fortunately the fire was still feeding on its own body of rushes and bamboo and had not taken hold of the building yet. After a few drums of water had been thrown on, it died down, great wreaths of white smoke twisting up from it.

There was no firing now from the land or from the lagoon. The boats were still out on the water, but drawn farther back. For a moment they had won breathing time.

But time was running out fast, Wellard told himself angrily. Anything was better than just waiting, any chance was worth taking. He remembered Juliet standing in the darkness over him, saying, "I want more than twenty-four hours"; remembered Lily saying of Fisher that she would tame him, "in time." Time, time, time.

He went to Dracopoli. "You think the sultan will be with his men, or at Libah?"

A little puzzled, Dracopoli said, "He leaves the fighting to Jibarti. He will be at Libah."

"On the rooftop?"

"Possibly. Why?"

"What men will be up there? In the house?"

"The khalifa. But otherwise the house is used by the women only."

"What guards?"

"One at the door. Maybe one on the roof, but this is not certain. Every fighting man will want to be down here."

"Then there's a chance."

Dracopoli was looking shrewdly at Wellard. Then he said, "It is impossible."

"Why? You can do without me for two hours. And I need one other man. Harkness."

"Why him?"

"I'm a ship's officer. He's the only one left from the Cambria's crew—he'll come."

"All right, *dottore,*" said Dracopoli."

AULD ACQUAINTANCE

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

Dear Dorothy Perkins,
A neighborly neighbor,
Hangs on the fence
And laughs at my labor—
Pink is her apron,
Ruffled her clothes,
"I'm coming right over!"
(She's such a nice rose.)
Dorothy Perkins,
Pink-cheeked, has smiled
In all of my gardens
Since I was a child.
Gossipy, blossomy,
Prim in her frills,
Little pink petals
Of laughter she spills.
Dorothy's washline
Is pink in the sunlight—
Starched baby dresses,
A scallopy hat—
Imagine the others,
The front-garden roses—
Baroness This and the Lady
of That—

I say when I'm told
She's a climber, not clever,
"Who—Dorothy Perkins?
I've known her forever!"

Wellard filled his pocket with shells for Dracopoli's pistol and for the revolver with which Harkness was already armed. He found Harkness in the corner of the parapet overlooking the courtyard.

"We've got a job to do, Harkness."

"Anything you say, doc."

"We're going down into the courtyard and rub ourselves as black as we can in the fire ashes. Then we're going up to Libah in the boat those Somalis left behind. We're going to kidnap Sultan Ali Yacquibi. Once we've got him back here, we can walk out without trouble. All right?"

For a moment Harkness said nothing.

"Apart from me, you're the only Cambria man left. I couldn't ask any of the others until I'd given you the chance."

"Like keeping it in the family, eh, doc? All right, let's go."

When they were about three hundred yards from the shore Wellard stopped paddling. He could now make out the glow of light under the awning on the house roof.

He turned to Harkness. "That's the place. He'll be on the roof under that awning."

A few minutes later he ran the boat up onto the open beach. They crouched in the boat, watching the long slope of dark ground ahead of them, and the pale front of the house.

"All right," Wellard said and they went quietly toward the main, arched entrance.

A Somali, a shadowy huddle squatting against the door, looked up as they stood over him. His *waran* rested against the door. Harkness swung his clubbed revolver, and the man collapsed. The whole thing was done quickly, wordlessly, as though it were something long rehearsed between them.

They were at the bottom of the steps when above them Wellard heard the sound of a door opening. He pulled Harkness into the shadows at the side of the stairs. Footsteps came slowly down. The khalifa, his head bowed, lips murmuring, passed close to them.

They stood for a while after he was gone. Wellard could feel the sweat running from his face as he began to climb the stairs. Toward the top the darkness gathered again and Wellard went forward blindly, groping ahead of him. He felt rough wood under his hand, and an iron handle. To his surprise it moved easily and without noise. If there was a guard on the other side, they were in for trouble. One shout could finish them.

He whispered to Harkness, "If anything goes wrong, look after yourself."

He pushed the door back swiftly and stepped out onto the roof, swinging round rapidly to where the door guard might be. But the door was unguarded.

Ali Yacquibi was lying on the narrow bed at the back of the awning, his head propped up on a sloping wooden rest, and flat on his chest was a book. His head was turned toward them. As Wellard threw himself forward he saw the long, deeply cut hawk's face, full of cold intelligence, the dark, burning eyes.

Ali Yacquibi came up to meet him, his body twisting like a snake. Wellard's hands clamped about the thin, strong neck, just as the man opened his mouth to call. The power of the other's body under him was like some inhuman force, a wild, untamable anger at this assault. He hung on to him and saw Harkness, poised and waiting. As his fingers pressed against the man's neck he felt the other's hands slide over his face. The thumbs jerked deep into his eye sockets, blinding him with a red flare of pain. Harkness struck, and suddenly there was no resistance under his hands.

He sat back on his heels panting. Half blinded, he saw Harkness bending over the sultan, wrapping thick cloth about his face. He helped Harkness roll the man over. They roped him up, clamping his arms to his side and binding his ankles together.

"He'll be out a long while. I hit 'im a fair crack, doc. Couldn't do it any sooner, you was mixed up so."

Wellard stood up, the sharp pain in his eyes moving now to a dull ache. "We'll take him between us."

Harkness shook his head. "I can manage him, doc."

He bent down and, putting his arm around the sultan, worked him over his shoulder. With a grunt he rose to his feet, arching his back to avoid the awning top.

Wellard went down the stairs, pistol in hand. He beckoned to Harkness and the man came crablike down the steps. They were halfway across the hall when the door to the women's quarters opened.

Wellard spun round. In the doorway stood the girl who had brought whisky to him. She gave a long, wailing cry of alarm.

"Run for it!" shouted Wellard. "I'll be with you." He pulled the door and hung on to it until he judged that Harkness was well away. Then he sprinted after him.

They pushed off quickly and began to paddle. As they did so, from the darkness of the dunes away to the right they heard the thud of horses' hoofs.

Through the open door Wellard could see the first smoke-gray touches of dawn light begin to spread along the eastern horizon. He went into the little room where Ali Yacquibi sat tied in a chair, arms pulled behind him, feet bound to the lower rungs. The man said nothing, watching him intently. Even in this awkward position, his long white robe untidily open at the front, he gave the impression of smoldering power. The bruise over his left temple where Harkness had hit him was swollen and the blood had dried in a dark fan down to the cheekbone. Wellard, with Juliet, cleaned it, and then put a plaster over it. The pinky-white splotch added to the incongruity of the man's appearance—a final humiliation.

Maria was sleeping on a small bed against the wall. She was curled into a tight ball, the sheets half slipped from her to the floor. Wellard bent and put them back on the bed. He felt, in himself, the lift of new strength; not just hope, for he refused to have anything to do with that, but of certainty—the certainty, hard and vigorous with him now, that he was going to see this through, that the debt had begun to be paid and would be paid in full.

Dracopoli, Blaikie, Royce and Harkness were sitting, each on an ammunition box, in the center of the roof. He saw their faces come round, the creases lined with dust, the stubble dark.

"Now that we've got the sultan, you really think we'll get out?" It was Royce.

"We've a chance. How far is it to Kandala?" He turned to Dracopoli.

"Seven, ten days at the rate we should travel." He rubbed at his stubble.

"If we took the sultan as a hostage—how far should we get?"

"You're thinking of Jibarti?"

"Yes."

"The khalifa might hold him back for a couple of days. I wouldn't trust him. He has all to gain from his brother's death."

"You'd take the risk?"

Dracopoli shrugged. "What else is there?"

Blaikie said quietly, "May God give us a safe passage."

Wellard said, "Lily's got some breakfast under way. I'll keep watch up here while you eat. I'm pretty sure they'll be sending someone out soon."

"It will be the khalifa," said Dracopoli.

The Reverend Henry Blaikie came out onto the roof carrying a mug full of coffee. Wellard said, "I should sit down, padre. They might be tempted to take a pot shot at you."

"I've eaten," said Blaikie. "I thought you'd like some coffee." He sat down. He felt tired and dirty, and still shaken by the noisy horrors of the night, but he was aware that there was now a sense of peace in him which had nothing to do with this respite.

Wellard drank a little. "Why haven't they sent anyone yet, I wonder?"

Blaikie shrugged. "It takes us all some time to adjust ourselves to suit new conditions."

Wellard smiled. "You've all had plenty of adjusting to do in Sugulli. Thanks to me."

"Yes. I'm grateful to you for that."

"Grateful?" Wellard looked at him in surprise. "Why?"

"You showed me how a man should deal with his mistakes. There is always something to be done. God sees to that. But He expects a man to search it out for himself."

"I just took a long chance to get myself out of an awkward situation. I even risked another man's life—Harkness'—to do it."

Blaikie shook his head. "If we get out of here it will be because of you. That is what I want now more than anything. I want to give Maria a future."

"You're going to look after her?"

"Yes. I shall adopt her."

"We'll get out. Don't worry."

"If we do—and I pray God we shall—I shall go back to my work, knowing that the things which have distressed me, my doubts about God's will, or man's interpretation of it, are idle. One must take action as honestly as the light of our poor candle shows us how."

Wellard, fishing for a cigarette, said, "Here comes a rival of yours, the khalifa. But I doubt whether he's as full of good will to me as you are. We'd better go down."

The khalifa came along the sunken causeway onto the higher ground before the *Albergo Commercio.* The door was pulled back, and two men came out, both of them carrying revolvers. He recognized them at once. There was the Lieutenant Dracopoli, a man for whom he had much respect, short, fat, walking with the marks of tiredness on his body.



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The other was the Englishman, the doctor, and there was fatigue in him too. But it informed his body like a steady anger; he walked, watching, full of awareness, and his lips were a thin, dark line against his tired face. This was the man who had taken the sultan; of all the people in the *albergo*, this man had the mark on him.

Dracopoli, talking in Somali, said, "Listen carefully, Hassan Jebro, for I give you the orders of the Englishman. He is taking his people to Kandala and I shall go with him and your people will give us free passage."

The khalifa, looking at Wellard, said, "Before we talk I must see with my own eyes my lord. He must be here before me."

Dracopoli went back to the *albergo*. The two of them remained, facing each other, but the Englishman was looking beyond, to the other end of the causeway where the Somali fighting men stood and watched. The khalifa was thinking that this man should be dead and all the others dead, for that had been the plan. But here he was alive and his hands were full of power. He had taken the power himself, and it was, he knew, more than any man could do by himself without the grace of Allah—so he was marked and chosen.

Dracopoli came back with the sultan. Ali Yacquibi walked slowly, for his feet were hobbled closely and his wrists were pinioned behind his back. There was a ragged patch of plaster on his temple. But for all these indignities he was still Ali Yacquibi, with the blood of the prophet in him. He looked at the khalifa without humiliation, and the khalifa, seeing the pinioned eagle, knew that nothing was finished. And now the Englishman began to speak and the Italian translated for him.

"This is your master," said the Englishman, "and he is unharmed. Unless everything is done as I order, he will be killed. Understand this"—the pistol made a slight movement—"he will die if any move is made against us."

"The Englishman is a man of his word. Do as he says." Ali Yacquibi's voice came harsh and severe. "Tell Jibarti that from Sugulli to Kandala is a long road. Tell him also that the guard who slept and the men who failed to light the fire must be killed."

"The men who should have fired the building are already dead at the hand of the Englishman. The guard shall be killed." The khalifa spoke now to the Englishman. "It shall be as you order."

"Good. Then all the boats, all the fighting men must return to Libah. This evening I go to Sugulli with two others; if we are attacked, the sultan will be killed. By dawn we shall be gone and the sultan will be left behind—but only if we are not attacked."

The khalifa bowed. "You require mules and camels for your journey to Kandala?"

The Englishman's thin lips moved to a faint smile. "We require nothing but obedience."

From the roof, Dracopoli and Wellard watched the Somalis moving away south to Libah and, later, the small flotilla of reed boats turn and paddle into the sun haze across the waters of the lagoon.

Dracopoli said, "When it is dark the fighting men will return. When you go to Sugulli they will not be far away."

"It's a risk. But we've got to take it. You yourself have said that we wouldn't get far along the road to Kandala. With every hour Jibarti will find it harder to hold himself back. But twelve hours could be enough. You can explain things to the others. All we need is food and water—and luck. And what I need"—he smiled at Dracopoli—"is a shower and a change of clothes."

He went down from the roof, took a shower and shaved and put on clean clothes. Afterward he lay back on his bed, feeling the tiredness running through him like a drug. There was nothing to do now but wait for darkness.

When he woke the light was on and Juliet was sitting on the side of his bed. She took his hand, smiling at him.

"You've slept for hours," she said.

"I needed it. How long have you been here?"

"Not very long."

He pulled her gently down to him and she lay in his arms without speaking. She put up her hand and touched the side of his face, and he was aware of a deep sense of contentment. In this moment there was all the truth that lay between them. All one needed was trust in love itself and the courage to accept what might come. . . . It was so simple.

The three of them stood in the darkness outside the *albergo*. Harkness and Youssef had carbines slung over their shoulders and carried small hand axes. Wellard had a .38 automatic pistol and a torch.

They went across the causeway and there was no noise except the splash of water around their legs. The immediate slopes of sand dunes and the rising stretch of road were deserted but beyond them the darkness was too thick to see anything.

A figure rose from the shadows and Wellard's pistol came up swiftly. He flashed his torch on. The khalifa stepped into the light.

Wellard, keeping the man covered, said to Youssef, "Ask him what he wants."

Youssef spoke to the old man and the khalifa replied.

"Is alone, *signore*. Say he come to see your orders are not broken. Come with us to Sugulli."

"Tell him to walk ahead."

Youssef spoke to the old man and he began to move along the road to Sugulli ahead of them. Wellard switched off his torch.

Somewhere away to his left he caught the sudden stamp of horses' hoofs. Youssef said quietly, "They are out there, *dottore*. Not even the khalifa could keep them away.

"Go ahead and tell the khalifa if our people hear one shot it will be the end of the sultan."

After a while Youssef dropped back. "He say there will be no shots. No trouble."

There were a few lights ahead of them now coming from the houses in Sugulli. When they reached the head of the beach Wellard said to Youssef, "Tell the old man to stay here."

He turned as Youssef spoke to the khalifa and looked at the houses. All the doors were shut, but from the barred windows the people of Sugulli were watching. And beyond, among the maize patches and in the scraggy olive groves, he knew there would be others—Jibarti and his men.

Harkness and Youssef followed him down the beach to where the Sugulli fishing boats were drawn up on the sands. There were several of them. One was bigger than the rest, with a small mast stepped amidships, its sail rolled on a boom. The boat would take ten people. Not in comfort, Wellard thought grimly. He flicked on his torch.

"All right," he said. "You know what to do, Harkness. I'll keep watch here."

Harkness turned to the nearest boat and Youssef went with him. The sound of the axes bit through the night as they smashed at the thin floor boards.

Wellard looked back at the khalifa. Behind the old man others were standing in the shadows of the palms, watching and listening. He knew that they must now understand what was happening. And he knew, too, that at the moment it needed only one wild cry from a tribesman, one angry movement from Jibarti to start them sweeping down across the white sands in a black tide.

His hand tightened on his pistol. He heard Youssef and Harkness begin on another boat. All had to go except the one they would use. The reed boats from the lagoon would be left but they could never venture out to sea.

The sound of the axes was suddenly still. Out of the gloom Harkness and Youssef appeared.

"Right," said Wellard. "Let's get this thing out."

He turned, setting his shoulder against the stern, and the others took up station, one on each side. They eased the boat down the steep slope to the sea. It went slowly at first, resisting them. Then, as the bow dipped, it ran easily to the surf. Wellard felt it rise, seeborne, saw the others slide aboard, the water breaking from their legs in untidy webs of phosphorescence. The sea rose about his own legs. He hung on to the sternpost, and Harkness, above him, reached down a hand to haul him aboard. As he righted himself he could

"There is a blue shirt for a boy and a pink one for a girl all ready and three-year-old Mary has a toy to give the baby." Preparations included sterilized newspapers, lots of boiling water and faith. "I asked Jesus for a girl," Becky told her father afterward.



"OUR BABY WAS BORN AT HOME"

BY JOAN YOUNGER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Patty Nissen wanted her husband Gene to share in the "great spiritual experience of birth."

"We're planning our July-expected baby to be born at home," Patricia Nissen wrote the JOURNAL last spring. "Would you like to share in the experience?"

Her husband Eugene wanted very much to be with Patty at the birth of their third child. Their daughters, Becky, now going on six, and Mary, just four, had been born in hospital delivery rooms without him, but Mary was delivered by natural childbirth, and to Patty her birth was an unforgettable and joyful memory.

This nine months of pregnancy went fast. Gene was teaching Greek at Concordia Senior College in Fort Wayne, Indiana, acting as assistant minister at a nearby Lutheran church, and continuing study for his Ph.D. Both he and Patty were occupied making things for their shining-new one-floor four-bedroom house on the Concordia campus. Despite her many activities, twenty-eight-year-old Patty felt entirely well and energetic, and confident the baby would come when she said it would: July 31, or the first of August. And so it is July 31, 7:30 P.M. Earlier today, by the neighborhood swimming pool, Patty had her first contraction. Now

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"Will I ever be that slim again?" Patty views her old dress form, now minus the pillow in the middle for fitting maternity clothes. Gene gets out the diaper pail: "Now we're really in business."

Early the night before. Patty lets the girls comb out her hair. She has never had her locks cut, and Gene has warned her, "If you ever do, you will have to sleep under the bed until it grows out."





"We'll never have a baby any



5:10 P.M. "What would I ever do without you?"—Patty.



6:30 P.M. "You're wonderful, Patty."—Gene.

NTINUED FROM PAGE 111

another, some-
at stronger, makes itself felt, and Patty
ps sweeping the patio. Since dinner at six,
e has washed not only the dishes but two
ture windows in the hope of speeding up
e birth process, but there is still no sense
urgency, no need to notify the woman
stetrician who has agreed to undertake the
ivery. "Come on, girls," she calls out.
's time for bed." "I'll hose them down
night," Gene says quickly, leaving his
wer. "Oh, no, you won't," Patty says,
ghing. "I need the job." The two girls
from the swings where they have been
ying and frolic like two puppies around
tty's knees. Quick, slim Beck is blond
e her father, while roguish Mary is
k and dimpled like Patty. "Pop along
w," Gene says and they pop toward the
rcelain tub by the back door and, slipping
t of their sun suits, clamber in. Deftly
tty soaps, scrubs and tickles them. "You
a good mommy," Mary says. "You are
good helpers," Patty says. She rubs them down on the shelf beside the tub and then they race back to their bedroom, where Patty combs out their pigtails and replaits them. When the girls are in their shortie nightgowns, she calls to Gene. It is time for the girls' nightly devotions.

Gene reads to them from a Bible-story book and then from the Bible. Together they all repeat the Lord's Prayer. "Thank You, God, for a lovely day and a swim and everything," Becky adds. Mary folds her hands and is briefly, solemnly silent. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep," they sing in small, piping voices. "If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. If I should live another day, I pray the Lord to show the way."

"I'm going to wash my hair," Patty says to Gene as, hand in hand, they leave the children's room. "Will it be soon?" Gene asks. Patty shakes her head. "Oh, Noos," she says, "don't worry. It will be tomorrow—we have lots of time." *Noos* is her pet name for Gene. It means "brain" in Greek and she says that is why she chose it, but Gene, laughing, says obviously it is short for Nuisance.

She washes her hair in the shower as usual and combs it out before the dressing-table mirror in their big bedroom. The air is heavy and humid tonight and restlessly Gene paces around the room. It is here that the baby is expected to be born.

11 P.M. "I'm going to take the sewing machine down now," Patty says with a note of excitement in her voice, "and then get a good night's rest." She has been mending a seam in a friend's bathing suit and putting the finishing touches on a small flannel gown for the baby. The sewing machine stands on a card table in the middle of the nursery and it has long been understood that removing it would be the last thing she did when labor began. "Can I help?" Gene asks, but Patty is already lifting the seventeen-pound machine and putting it into the built-in closet.

"Tomorrow," she says. "*Deo volente*." It is Latin for "God willing." She is not the classical scholar Gene is, but she loves the

ner way." Labor was long, but Patty never cried out.

HOW AMERICA LIVES



7:39 P.M. "What a thrill!" The baby is on Patty's stomach.



7:41 P.M. "It's a miracle," says Patty. "I love you."

ancient languages and uses many phrases from them. Last year they were all in Greece on a Fulbright teaching fellowship Gene was granted, and throughout the house there are countless mementos of what was to them an enchanted time. One of Patty's favorite smocks is printed with a Greek key pattern; on the baby's dresser is a Greek pin dish. Nearby is a Greek carrying basket for the baby.

But there are also American things. The crib in the corner was both Becky's and Mary's, as were the bathinet and the bassinet. "We certainly have enough things to put him/her in," Patty says, looking around. In their own room is also a cradle Gene made for Becky, a sturdy pine rocker carved in Greek across the top: "For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Why don't you have a cup of coffee while I iron an extra sheet?" Patty says. "Betty called tonight to remind me to have it." Betty had her baby at home, too, with the same doctor, and has been an inexhaustible source of advice. "Sure," Gene says obligingly, but, thinking of Betty, he goes into the study and takes down the large table there and moves it into the bedroom. Betty warned them that the doctor needed a lot of space for "things."

12 midnight. The Nissen house is quiet now and Patty is drifting off to sleep while Gene is practicing his personal devotions. He reads from the devotional book and the Bible and then prays *ex corda*—from the heart. "Thank You, God, for giving us two little happy children. We ask You now for strength in the hours to come to meet our obligations as parents. In Jesus Christ's name, amen." Outside the cicadas cry, and in the distance a light gleams on the chapel spire.

August 1. 5 A.M. Patty rouses drowsily from sleep and sees Gene looking at her. "I can't sleep," he says. "Things are working," she says sleepily. She stays awake long enough to notice that the contractions are now about fifteen minutes apart, but they are not very strong. Vaguely she feels Gene still watching her as she slips back into sleep.

7 A.M. Half awake, Patty hears Becky's voice saying, "Hey, where's the baby?" Becky's head is deep in the cradle. "Not yet," Patty murmurs and, whispering, Becky begins explaining things to Mary. "That's the table for the baby to lie on when she gets her clothes on," she says. "That's the diaper pail for the diapers. Nobody must touch ——" Her voice lilts on, but Patty is no longer listening. Suddenly it gets louder. "Mommy, Mary is fricker-fracker." It is the family phrase for being naked. "Sh-h," Gene says, appearing at the doorway, shaved and dressed. "Let your mother sleep." It is his habit to make breakfast, and the children follow him from the room to the kitchen, Mary carrying her play suit. He helps her into it and then gets them their usual eggs, orange juice, milk and some of Patty's homemade whole-wheat bread. It was Becky's turn to say grace.

8 A.M. Patty wakes again and reaches for her devotional booklet. She practices her daily devotions in the morning and then writes tersely in her diary of the preceding day's activities. She sleeps with her hair up but now she takes it down, runs a brush over it and reknots it before slipping into a pink brunch coat for breakfast. "Isn't it a lovely day to be born?" she says happily as she goes into the kitchen. Picking up the phone, she calls her friend Eileen Porter. "May I bring the girls over to visit you today?" she says brightly. There is little need of further conversation. It is all planned. She hangs up and stares at the phone. "I'd better call the doctor," she says.

The doctor wants to come out and examine her, but Patty is sure "things are a long way off yet." She persuades the doctor that it is perfectly all right for her to come in to the office instead, which is on the way to Eileen's. The doctor agrees. She is pleased that Patty's baby is coming now because she has another woman about to deliver in a trailer and has been afraid that both babies would come at the same time.

The doctor's name is Lydia Shapiro and she is Russian by birth. A pediatrician as well as an obstetrician, she got her American training at Mt. Sinai in New York and Chicago Lying-In, where they handle many home deliveries. She sometimes uses hypnosis as a painkiller during birth instead of anesthesia, but Patty has told her she hopes to manage without either.

"Oh, I feel so good," Patty says now, stirring an extra teaspoon of brewer's yeast into her orange juice. "I'm going to pack a bag full of bajamas," Mary says importantly. "Maybe that's a good idea," Patty says, "although I hope it won't take that long." "Oh, mommy," Becky says, "I hope the baby will get here all right." Patty gives her a hug. "You'll see," she says.

11 A.M. The children are at Eileen's now; Gene took them there while Patty went to the doctor's. The doctor said she was pleased with Patty's progress and that she would cancel her afternoon appointments and be at the Nissen house by 1 P.M.—"Unless I should come earlier?"—and Patty promised to call her if she were needed in a hurry. Gene and Patty are sitting at the dining-room table now, a round pine piece that Gene made. "Present," Gene says, putting an old-fashioned pocket watch beside her coffee cup. Patty laughs and then tenses and closes her eyes. "When I get one now it's a whip," she says. "Seven minutes apart," Gene says when the next one comes, and he gets a sheet of paper and writes the time down. "I'd better get myself prepared," Patty says, standing up. "Isn't it wonderful I can do it myself? Nurses' razors are so dull." Going down the hall, she stops and looks back at Gene. "Don't be worried," she says gently. "Me? Worried?" he says. His eyes are pink-rimmed and his face looks pinched. "I just didn't sleep very well. Because of the heat."

12:30 P.M. "Do you want lunch, Noos?" Patty says. She is walking around the house, stopping now and again as a contraction seizes her. "No, thanks," Gene says. "Yes. Or no. At least I'm not as hungry as I was at breakfast." "Can I eat?" Patty asks. "Why not?" Gene says. "If you're hungry." Abstractedly Gene eats some leftover tuna casserole Patty puts in front of him, while she divides her attention between a bowl of gelatin salad and a bunch of grapes. "I miss the little guys," Gene says. "How many children did I say I wanted?" "Eight," Patty says. "Four boys and four girls." "No, I said at least six. You are the one who wanted eight. Do you still?" Patty nods dreamily. "Enough so there is never any income tax to pay. The saving will pay for their college education." "Oh, they'll all get through college," Gene says. "If my father could do it for me and my brothers on his salary as a minister, I can do it for my children being a teacher." Patty nods. Although her father was a successful sporting-goods salesman, her grandfather was a Lutheran minister and she has no more concern about money than Gene has. "I wouldn't know what to do with a lot of money," she says. "We have everything we want now. We are so lucky. God has been so good to us."

NEXT MONTH

"I think daddy ought to get a new job," Julie once told her mother, "so he would be home more." She and her sister Tricia aren't particularly impressed by the importance of their father's position, though they do know he is Vice President of the United States and know something about the functions of government.

. . . And that is the way the Richard Nixons want their home life to be: private, and no politics at the family dinner table.

NIXONS AT HOME

BY HAZEL MARKEL

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the February JOURNAL

It is true that as well as health and happiness they have a plenitude of worldly goods. Gene's income has only recently gone up to $480 a month, but the house is provided for them by the college. Moreover, Patty is a bargain hunter. And in the nine years since they met at a church camp and married they have acquired all the major laborsaving appliances, and taken excellent care of them. They also have two cars—one a nine-year-old Chrysler given Patty by her father, the other a Volkswagen bus which they bought in Germany and fixed up as a camper. This summer Gene has been using the bus as both transportation and a home-away-from-home at the University of Michigan, where he is getting his doctorate. Patty makes most of her own clothes and the children's and by careful shopping and home baking keeps the food budget to a minimum. They have paid for their travel photographs by giving slide lectures on Greece. Even their baby sitters come easily—they are the young students of the ministry at Concordia.

1:13 P.M. The doctor rings the bell and walks in. "You're too early," Patty says. "Oh, no," says the doctor, waving her hand. "I don't mind waiting." She bustles into the kitchen and asks Gene to start boiling some water. "I thought that only happened in the movies," he says. "For the gloves, the instruments, the sterile cloths for the baby," the doctor says. Each pan is to boil a different length of time and Gene starts writing each figure down on the same paper on which he is timing the contractions. "You ought to be an accountant," he says to himself. The doctor goes back to the bedroom. She has already checked on Patty's preparations, earlier this week, but she wants to check them again.

1:31 P.M. "Wow, here's another one that's a beauty," Patty says. The contractions are now a regular six to seven minutes apart, but Gene is no longer watching Patty worriedly when she has one. He is excitedly occupied by the pans of boiling water and the time sheet. Patty's excitement, on the other hand, is leaving her. Her attention seems to have turned inward and she looks engrossed and absorbed. Only when a contraction comes does she stiffen and become taut. "The grass looks extra green today and the sky looks extra blue," she says now, idly. "Do you want to finish mowing?" "No," says Gene, gaping at her. "It will be a while yet," she says, not noticing his amazement. "I don't want to go anywhere," he says shortly. Patty draws in her breath, startled. "Oh, that was a funny one." "Six minutes on the dot," Gene says and then looks at her sharply. "Gee whiz, Patter, we're going to have a baby!" Patty smiles at him, a wide, dreamy smile with no surprise in it.

1:47 P.M. "Where are the newspapers?" the doctor is calling from the bedroom, and Patty goes down the hall to answer her. The newspapers are in two bundles in the nursery closet. Months ago Patty took forty sheets of newspaper, rolled them up in brown paper a baked them in the oven for an hour at 35 The roll will be opened and placed on the b to serve as a sterile pad during the delivery

"And now my gown," the doctor says, t ing it out of its plastic covering. She stays the bedroom and Patty goes back to Gene. is still boiling things and looks harried. "T Burner-with-a-Brain has the brain of a moro he mutters. "I see now why most people to hospitals."

"Imagine being in a labor cell right now Patty says. "Ugh." She picks up today's new paper from the tea wagon. "I haven't read t funnies today." For a moment she attempts concentrate and then puts the paper dow "They are not funny today," she says. "Ev Pogo. Or maybe I'm not. And yet I feel funny She laughs. "Remember those funny thin we used to say in high school? They all hac storal to the mory. Spoonerisms. 'Oh, son times your boubles are trig and sometim your smoubles are trall. But if you trad houbles at all, how could you blecognize yo ressings?'" She stops, closes her eyes and h body tenses. Then the wave has passed a she again is relaxed.

2 P.M. "I would like the gloves, please the doctor says to Gene and he points to a sti boiling pan. "Good," says the doctor. "No put on these three pairs." She hands them him and beckons to Patty. "Time for t checking." "I'm glad you're here, doctor Gene says. "I guess Patty would live throu it if I had to deliver the baby; but I mig not." The doctor and Patty have gone dow the hall and are not listening to him. A p boils over and he turns quickly back to t stove. "Noos," Patty cries, "put down a gre big one!" Her voice is filled with elation. Ge turns down the gas under the pan of cloth looks at the clock, scribbles on the paper ar then turns the gas back up again. "It looks if I'm the assistant, even so," he says to hin self.

2:23 P.M. The contractions are now comir five minutes apart and are of considerable i tensity, but Patty has been dozing throug them. She has had a shot of vitamin K, t blood-clotting vitamin, but no sedative, an she does not want them. The only time sh has cried "Ouch" was when the birth area wa washed with soap and germicide. She stretched out on the bed, the newspapers u der her and a sheet over her.

The doctor has been resting and waiting o a chair beside the bed. On the table is h open medical bag, some cloths, scissors to c the cord with, tape to tie it, and two of th three pans of cloths for the baby, while th third is cooling in the freezer. When Patt opens her eyes the doctor says, "You must g up and walk around now. We have only a fou centimeter dilation and we need nine.

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HOW THE NISSENS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Their monthly income is $480 plus their house and Gene's tuition for graduate work. This is how they spend it:

Food (Patty bakes her own bread, buys beef wholesale, seeks out bargains for the freezer. Becky's hot lunches cost $5.)	$90.00	Recreation and entertaining (At least one trip a year costs $40—gasoline and souvenirs; they sleep in car.)	11.00
Clothing (Patty sews; grandmothers give girls clothes, Gene wears many wash-and wears)	22.00	Club dues (faculty & church)	2.00
Fuel, light (college pays water bill)	20.00	Donations (they tithe to Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod and give to charity)	51.00
Furniture and appliances (Gene makes many pieces, but they have recently bought major appliances)	40.00	Magazines, newspapers, books	15.00
Car maintenance (this includes insurance)	28.00	Life insurance and church pension fund	31.00
Child care (students and faculty daughters receive 50 cents an hour to baby-sit)	15.00	Income tax	27.50
Medical (Blue Cross, Blue Shield, dental care)	16.00	Personal-property tax	6.50
		Toys, gifts	5.00
		Debt retirement (They borrowed to go to Europe, buy used Volkswagen and film. Only $75 of doctor's $150 fee was paid by medical insurance.)	100.00
		Total	$480.00



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Clumsily Patty gets up. "I'll walk a mile if it will help," she says. Her face is wet with perspiration, but her voice is as strong and happy as ever. She puts on her pink brunch coat again and Gene says, "Start pacing up and down the hall and I'll count out a mile." "When the water sac breaks, the baby will come," the doctor says. "Not before."

3:50 P.M. "I wish the time were going as fast for you as it is for me," Patty says to Gene. She has been walking up and down quite a while now, but still the sac has not broken, nor has the baby pushed much farther downward. "I'm not complaining," Gene says, putting his arm around her. Patty smiles up at him. "Let's have a cup of tea." She walks back to the bedroom to ask the doctor to join them. "I'll boil the water," Gene says. "I'm a water-boiling expert." The three of them sit around the table and Patty takes a banana from the fruit bowl and eats it. Gene chooses a nectarine and stares fixedly at it. "What will the cigarette ads do without the fuzz to shave off?" he says. "What do you mean, Noos?" Patty says, frowning. "You know, those ads with peaches being shaved. To show how sharp cigarettes are." He pauses. "Let's see now. I mean razors, don't I? I'm not excited—much." "I feel so dreamy and relaxed," Patty says. "I'd like to go back to bed. Or at least accomplish something. Could I wash some more windows?" The doctor smiles. "You are accomplishing something, Patter dear," Gene says. "You must walk," the doctor says. "Ah, the bension is tilding up again," Patty says, getting up, "and I am just putzing around."

5:10 P.M. The baby has moved downward now and Patty has gone to lie down. The doctor would like to break the water sac, but Patty has asked her not to so long as it is not medically necessary. "Let's just let nature take its course," she says, "even if it works slowly." The doctor agrees. "All is running true to course," she says, "but I do not want you to suffer." There is a long, strong contraction and Patty starts to pant to relieve it. "Relax," the doctor says quietly. The pressure subsides and Patty smiles at Gene, who is bent over her, holding her in his arms. "I sure would like a meat-loaf sandwich," she says. Her eye catches the newspapers under her. "Read to me," she says. "I'm all out of touch with the news." "You're so pretty, Patter," Gene says. "Oh, Noos," Patty cries, "what would I ever do without you?"

5:40 P.M. The water sac broke suddenly and completely a few minutes ago, and now the doctor is getting the blanket and diapers the baby will be wrapped in ready while Patty and Gene watch. "It's hard to believe it is true," Gene says. The doctor has taught him how to massage Patty to ease the delivery, and while he has been helping he an.' Patty have discussed whether he should take a course in male nursing. "Maybe you could get into a hospital delivery room then," Patty says. "Why would I want to?" he asks. "It's much better this way." "But it's so long for you. Mary came so fast—but this one —— Maybe they all struggle at being born—coming out of that warm place ——" "You saw Mary before I did, but I'll see this one first," he says. "Can you see the head yet?" "Not yet." "Just a couple more, though," the doctor says, entering the conversation. There is a big contraction and then Patty says, "I've forgotten how to dress a baby." "It comes to this after nine months," Gene says, "and still I can hardly believe we're going to have one. Let's see what you've got out for the little guy." He leaves her and looks at the big table. "A shirt—two shirts, one pink, one blue—a binder and a little gown. Oh, I see, one shirt is for a little boy and the other is for a little girl." "Mr. Nissen," the doctor says, "put your hands on top of her abdomen and massage very gently, please . . . very gently." There is a long, heaving breath from Patty. "I see the head!" Gene exclaims. "Dark curly hair—like yours, Patty, like yours!" "But I wanted red hair," Patty says. "Patter," Gene cries, "the baby is coming!"

6 P.M. But the baby does not come. Its head is pressing, pressing against the cervix, as each powerful contraction of the uterus drives it farther down the birth canal, but it cannot push through. The doctor would like to cut the skin, but Patty is adamant. She had stitches with both Becky and Mary and remembers the recovery from them as being more annoying than recovery from the birth itself. "We said we would let nature take its course and we will," she says. "I feel strong—and it's not hurting the baby, is it?" The doctor assures her that it is not. "It's Patty's show," Gene says. "She's run it pretty well so far." "I could do this every afternoon," Patty says, "when you consider what you get out of it." "Relax," the doctor says. "Relax. Relax between the contractions. Don't push. Push only with the contractions." "If I'd done my exercises regularly it probably would have helped," Patty says.

6:30 P.M. The baby still has not stretched the cervix sufficiently, nor have the contractions. The doctor again asks to cut an opening but again agrees with Patty there is no danger in not doing so and so she does not. The contractions are coming close together now and Patty is saving her strength after each one for the coming of the next. But she has not cried out; only the heaving of her body and the noise of her breathing reveal the pressure the baby is applying. The doctor alternately tells her to push and relax, and Gene repeats over and over how wonderful she is.

7:10 P.M. Still the baby has not arrived. Now Patty is asking how much longer it will take, and the doctor once again is asking if she may use her scissors. "No" Patty says. "No." Her voice is clear and strong. "I could never make it without you, Noos," she says. "You are a good patient, and he is a good help," the doctor says. "Some mothers are just robbed—robbed," Patty murmurs and then gasps for breath.

7:20 P.M. "The baby can't stretch that old scar, honey," Gene says worriedly. "It will," Patty says. "Don't be anguished," the doctor says and it is hard to know to whom she is talking, Gene or Patty. "Just relax, relax, relax as the contraction goes down." "Oh, it's a wonderful feeling in between," Patty says, sighing. "The poor baby." "He's doing all



Anna Marie Nissen, photographed minutes after her birth. She was a 10-pound baby.

right," Gene says. It is cooler now, but still in the nineties. Patty lies near the foot of the bed with the doctor in front of her, kneeling on a pillow. Gene stands beside Patty and during the contractions bends over to cradle her in his arms. Now she is bent almost double.

7:30 P.M. Delivery is close now, as the baby presses downward, downward, and the contractions come one upon another so closely they are almost continuous. "Stretch, baby, stretch," the doctor murmurs. "Now—now, push with this contraction—push—push—now relax—relax ——"

7:39 P.M. Then—suddenly—there is the sound of a baby's wail and like an arrow the baby has popped from the uterus into the doctor's deft hands. In skilled rhythm the doctor has caught the child, clamped the cord, and laid the baby on Patty's stomach. "Oh-h"—Patty's wail is one of pure joy—"see the baby!" Gene is still thunderstruck. "Oh," he says. "Oh, oh, oh. What a thrill!" "What is it?" Patty says. But there is no tim to examine the baby now. The afterbirth i coming with the same catapulting speed th baby did. The baby cries healthily and con tinuously, its small face growing rosy, its hea shaping itself beautifully. Now the docto picks it up. "It's a girl," Gene says. "It' Anna Marie!" "It's a miracle," Patty says "Isn't she beautiful—she's so pink and he eyes are so round and her little fingernails– and a girl! With a ready-made wardrobe!" Gene has passed her the baby, wrapped now i a blanket and diaper, and together they loo down upon her tenderly. "I love you," Patt says to Gene, looking up at him, and he smile at her. "You are wonderful," he says and world of love is in his eyes. When the docto takes the baby to weigh her the scales regist slightly more than ten pounds.

10 P.M. The baby is asleep now, and Patty i almost asleep. The baby did rip her, however and a few stitches were necessary; she feel sorry about them. Still, she is glad she too the gamble—if the doctor had cut her it i possible that many more stitches would hav been necessary. The doctor used hypnosis t ease the pain and tension of the sewing up. " knew she was stitching me, but I didn' care," Patty says now. "Do you suppose it wa really hypnosis?" "We are nicely finished an that is what is important," the doctor answer and, waving good-by, goes home. Once mor the big room is tidy; the pans are gone an so is the table, and only the rosy-cheeke baby, peacefully asleep in the basket besid Patty, reminds one now of the miracle whic occurred here so recently. "Oh, I am so hun gry," Patty says, stretching. "I'll get you meat-loaf sandwich," Gene says. "You mus be so tired," Patty says. "I think maybe thi way is too hard for you." "Oh, no," says Gene shocked at the very idea. "I'll never forget it It was all wonderful. I wouldn't have anothe baby any other way." "Still," Patty says wist fully, "it seems sad that hospitals can't pro vide special delivery rooms for healthy an happy parents who are eager not to miss an of this great experience." Gene smiles at he gently. Her strong convictions about livin life fully and deeply have led him down man paths he might not have found for himself and he is keenly aware of how enriched hi life has been by her vigorous vitality.

For a moment they are silent with happines and then they both begin talking at once abou the two little girls. Gene has just called them on the phone at Eileen's house, where they have been too excited to go to bed. They are delighted with the news. "I asked Jesus fo another sister," Becky said, while Mar couldn't stop giggling. "Oh, I can hardly wai for them to see the baby," Patty says. "To morrow," Gene says, "I will baptize Anna Marie with water from the River Jordan." "Oh, Noos," Patty says, "isn't it wonderfu to be home!"

FUEL FOR THE FLAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

The Indian raised his hand. "Please, Mr. Hallett, please. It's you who must get this straight. There is only one thing that is impossible: that you should cease to co-operate with us; you have got in too far. This is a dangerous game."

"I don't understand."

"I know that you do not understand, Mr. Hallett; but there are some things that it is not necessary for you to understand. There is only one thing that you must understand: that my friends are very powerful and they will not permit you to cease to be co-operative. You have signed three checks. They represent rewards for services that have been rendered. If those checks were in the hands of, let us say, Colonel Forrester, he would place a very unfortunate interpretation on your having received that money. It would be the ruin of your career."

"But ——"

Again the Indian raised his hand. "Mr. Hallett, it is not very desirable that we should be seen together here. It is, in fact, most imprudent. But it is important that you should realize, once and for all, the position in which you stand. So I trust you will supply me as soon as possible with the information for which I asked."

Harry Pawling turned the second sheet of the Pearl's monthly news bulletin. "Everyone will be glad to learn," he read, "that Mrs. Pawling was able to arrive in England in time for her son's operation. What a difference has been effected in the life of Pearl employees by modern facilities of communication and transportation. In the old days of the East India Company ——"

Pawling let the report fall forward on his desk. He closed his eyes and began soundlessly to recite his big speech in Rose Without a Thorn. It was the best part he had ever had, a part into which he could enter most completely. He got up from his desk; he began to pace the room, mouthing his lines.

There was a tap on his door.

"Come in. Ah, hullo, Basil." He checked. He had never seen Hallett look like this before; he had seen him with a hang-over but this was different. His face was haggard, his cheeks drained. "Are you ill?" he asked.

Basil shook his head. "It's what I came to talk to you about. It's . . . no, I don't think I'm ill, but this is the wrong place for me: the humidity. Suddenly it's got too much for me. I can't take any more. I want a transfer."

"I see." Harry looked at him thoughtfully. This wasn't a new phenomenon in his experience. Men had these breakdowns; so did women. "You'd better go down to the doc and have a check-over," he suggested

Basil shook his head. "That wouldn't do any good. There's nothing to show. He'd prescribe vitamins or a fortnight's leave in Singapore. But that's not the point. This place is wrong for me. I've got to have a change."

"How long has your contract got to run?" Pawling asked.

"Ten months."

"That isn't very long."

"It's more than I can take."

"That's how you feel this minute, but we all feel this way sometimes. We can't transfer everyone who feels depressed. If a man is really ill, if the doc says he needs a change, that is another matter. That's why I say go down to the hospital for a checkup."

"And I've told you, haven't I, that that isn't any good. The doc'll say there's nothing wrong with me. I've got to leave, I tell you. This place has got me down."

He spoke impatiently, in a way that Pawling was not used to being spoken to, especially by a junior. Pawling answered him abruptly. "You're not yourself and you forget yourself. That's not the way to talk to me. If you don't care to go down to the doc, then we will consider the matter closed."

Back in his office Basil stared at his empty out tray, his full in tray. He pressed his hands against his temples. He had to get away. He had to go. He looked at the chessboard and the box of chessmen. He got out his key; then wrote out a message. He needn't tell them too much: enough to keep them quiet while he laid his plans. He had to go. Julia must work on Barbara. What was the point of having influence, if you didn't pull every string?

Next day, shortly after breakfast, Lila rang Angus up. "You're dining tonight here, aren't you? Shelagh's coming too. You won't forget to be attentive?"

on't."
you doing anything this afternoon,
out half past five?"
ought of going to the nets."
u'd better go then. I can't be certain of
ns. Anyhow, I'll be seeing you this eve-

at won't be much use, will it? I never
chance of talking to you when we meet
ic."
n you shall tonight. You shall sit next
t dinner. Mind you prove an entertain-
versationalist."
laugh, mocking, half contemptuous,
ging in his ears when the receiver hung
on its hook. He felt angry. Friendship,
iness, was there one iota of either in her
e to him? He clenched his fists, rebel-
resentful, impatient to even out the
to assert himself. Ah, but when he held
his arms she was subdued, dominated,
vient to each successive whim. He closed
s, picturing her as she would be that
g.

neth Studholme tapped on the door of
e's bedroom.
me in," she called. She was seated at
essing table, penciling her eyebrows.
oked over her shoulder inquiringly. He
ide her.
a little worried about tonight," he said.
e ordered a very special dinner. Bull
If they aren't a delicacy, what is?"
not worrying about that." He paused,
rehead wrinkled. "Reynolds is an odd

what way odd?"
I knew that, I shouldn't be so wor-

nolds was a postwar type, the outcome
orld in which there were three kinds of
: capital that you could cut into;
s that were so highly taxed that it did
y a man to earn more than a certain
and expense accounts that were real
to the men with access to them. Rey-
was one of those: he lived from day to
a world of mergers and new issues; he
a profit out of every landslide, since he
at extra sense of guessing half an hour
ance which way the land would slide; he
o share in progress; he did no worse
things were going badly; he had no faith
future, no reverence for the past; he
ed the market. Men like Reynolds were
ators, improvisers, exploiters. Yet they
he sons and grandsons of the members
old propertied middle classes. You had
n where you were with them; but you
t know where you were with a man like
is Reynolds, and the disarming thing
him was that he looked so exactly like a
orthian Englishman. You felt that he
Forsyte who would live by the Forsyte
but he was not. He was devious. That
hy Studholme was worried about this
g.
I be grateful if you would keep your eyes
rs on the alert," he said. "I want you to
Reynolds. I've got a premonition that
hing I ought to know about may get said
t."
hat has he done to make himself so im-
nt?"
hat's what I'd like to know. He calls
If a public-relations consultant. That
be anything. He gets around a lot. He
nfluential contacts. Frankly, I'm in the
"
ll do my best."

ner was at eight. It was a family party.
nolme had been anxious not to make it
l. Shelagh had come in on Lila's in-
ce. He had asked young Macartney for
gh. It was, in fact, the same party with
ddition of Reynolds that had lunched
e day that Annetta had planned to visit
ya.
ynolds was the first arrival. Studholme
ed him in terms of their wartime ac-
tanceship in Cairo. "So here's my man of
ery again."
ynolds laughed: the easy, self-confident
of the man who does not need to ex-
himself. He turned to Lady Studholme.
you have wartime experience with the 'funnies,' Broadway or Baker Street?" he asked.

She shook her head. "My war could not have been less glamorous. A small child to be looked after allowed me only half-time war work. Fire watching, driving cars, you know."

"I know."

He smiled, a warm, understanding smile. Studholme noted it with a sensation of distrust. Much too much the professional ladies' man.

"Miss Marsh," the A.D.C. announced.

Annetta paused in the doorway. She had wondered how she would feel when she next saw Francis Reynolds. She was resolved not to give herself away. But at the sight of him, standing beside his hostess, so suave, so self-assured, a feeling of repulsion struck her. How could anybody be so double-faced? She had found men honest on the whole. If you played straight with them, they were straightforward in return. Reynolds was the first man who had deliberately tried to take a mean advantage of her. Her lips closed tightly for a second. Then she recovered.

"This is a pleasant surprise for me," she said; her voice could not have been more casual.

"It is pleasant for me, very pleasant, but I can't say it is a surprise."

"Not a surprise?"

"I knew that you were here. I was looking forward to seeing you again."

"But you didn't know that you were coming here. You told me definitely that you were not coming here."

"I often have to change my plans," he told her.

"I shall be very inquisitive until you tell me what made you change your plans," Annetta said.

"I'd like to be able to say it was your presence here, but I wouldn't be being altogether truthful if I did."

He underlined the word "altogether." Studholme, looking from the one to the other, thought, *They know each other better than I realized.*

"Did you hear about that chap who tried to shoot me?" Annetta asked.

"Of course. But I did warn you, didn't I?"

"Not in so many words."

"But I think I said ——"

She interrupted. "When I heard that you were coming here, I wondered whether that attempt had had anything to do with it."

"That's very flattering to me."

"I didn't mean it that way. You told me that you fished in troubled waters. That episode may have made you feel that the waters here were more troubled than you had suspected."

He looked at her thoughtfully, as though he were asking himself a question. His half-smile was a little crooked, was half affectionate. "One doesn't know for certain why one does half the things one does. I don't think I tried to work out why I had that hunch that it would be a good idea for me to come here, but maybe—yes, very likely—the news about that attack on you may have been the deciding influence."

How smooth he was, how convincing he made himself appear. But she had known that he was coming here long before that episode. Sir Kenneth had known for weeks. Reynolds was a cheat, a liar. Was she the only person who had seen through him?

"Where were you when you heard about that episode?" she asked.

"In Kuala Lumpur."

"Did they talk about it much?"

He shrugged. "Do people ever talk *much* about anything that's not their direct concern? So many dramatic things are happening in so many different places, and thanks to radio and TV they seem to be happening in our own drawing rooms. Nobody has time to worry for very long about anything that does not immediately concern him, but in your case ——" He paused. "I myself did feel rather personally about that."

The tone of his voice changed. It assumed a caressing quality. She resented it, and yet it warmed her. He might be a liar and a cad, but he had felt something for her. That's why people like this were such a menace. They had their sincere side. They cheated only every now and then. But he must have had all his plans laid to visit Karak before he had heard news about her in Kuala Lumpur.

"Dinner is served, milady."

They took their places. Lila turned to Angus. "I haven't seen you since that lunch party when Annetta arranged to go out to the oil camp. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Nothing in particular. You know what the routine of life is here."

"Do I? I know what my routine is. But I don't know yours."

"Mine's not so very different."

"Oh, but it must be. You're a man and I'm a woman. You are a bachelor; I'm a carefully chaperoned young woman. Think what a difference that makes." Her tone was brisk and social. "I'd give a lot to see your diary," she was saying. "To know what you were doing hour by hour. I never had a brother. My stepbrother is too young to be any use. I'd like to have had a brother like you, somebody who's good at games, someone who enjoys life. You could tell me so much."

"If you think of me as a brother, you might at least call me by my Christian name."

"Should I? Perhaps I should. Now tell me, Angus, what kind of women do you like?



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What kinds of things do you like most in a woman?"

She paused interrogatively. He did not answer. His eyes looked very directly into hers. She recognized what that look said: "I may have liked other women in my time, but now there's one woman only for me, you." That was what that look said and the impulse was strong upon her to answer with the look it longed for, a look that said, "I, too, my dear, I too." But something stayed her, the prescience that the time had not yet come for that.

One day there would be in her life a man whose look across a table she would answer with the look that Angus longed for. But Angus was not that man. Her nerves might quiver at his look, at the sound of his voice. Her senses might vibrate to his touch, but she did not love him. He was nothing but a forerunner.

She smiled brightly. "Now tell me this about yourself. It's something I'm very curious to know. Do you always fall for brunettes or blondes or redheads? Or is it incalculable, unpredictable? You just don't know whom you'll fall for. Now be a brother, tell me about the way it is with you. It'll be such a help to me, when my time comes, when I fall in love."

He's loathing it, she thought. She gloated in the knowledge and the heady sense of power that it gave her.

On the other side of Angus, Shelagh was talking to the A.D.C.

"Have you made any decision yet about your future?" she was asking him.

"Up to a point. I've decided to give up the army and to look for a job abroad."

"Why abroad?"

"I want to start a new life among people who didn't know me before this happened. I don't want to be pitied, I don't want to be explained." He paused. "I'm being terribly egotistical. The trouble about you—or rather, the nice thing about you—is that you mak so easy to talk about oneself."

She flushed. He really was a terribly person. He would be so right for Barbara

"You have such a way of seeming terested," he said.

"But I am interested."

Oh, but I am, she thought. She did like for himself, and she was interested in him himself, but at the same time she was in ested in him as the solution for all t problems: hers and Barbara's, her fath and her mother's. It would be so wonde if it could work out this way. Five pe would be better off, five people who were too happy now. No one would suffer. Usu somebody had to pick up the bad hanc every deal, but this time there was no hand. Oh, but what peace, what content if could get her parents back together! To ha real home again, somewhere where she longed.

"You thought once of going into Pea she said. "Does that idea still appeal to yo

"I'm toying with it, Pearl or some equ lent of Pearl."

"In that case ——" She hesitated. An i had struck her. "Why don't you come spend a week with us? Then you could what the inside life of an oil camp is. have leave, don't you?"

"I'm about due for some local leave. I thinking of taking it in Singapore."

"That would cost a lot of money. might not have too much fun with people don't know. You could have a real rest us, and it would be a holiday. I mean y be doing different things. It is a world o own, you know, an oil camp. Don't you t that you should come down and see ho looks from the inside?"

"It's not a bad idea."

"It's a very good idea. When do you t you could get that local leave?"

"Any time I apply for it. I've been he year."

"Then I'll ask my stepmother whe would be most convenient for her," She said. "How long would you like to sta week, a fortnight?"

"From a Friday to the second Monday lowing. That would only count as a v against me."

"Ten days. Fine."

A lot could happen in ten days. Everyt could happen in ten days. A momentary s of guilt flicked her conscience. Was she p ing a very crooked game, cheating be their backs people who had trusted her, la traps for them? She shook her head. could she be behaving badly when five pe would be the better off as a result of wha was scheming?

Dinner was over. Lady Studholme hac the women into the drawing room. Studh moved round the table and took the next to Reynolds.

Now, he thought, *what secrets can I tract?* "I should very much value your v on what is likely to happen in Singapo he said. "What happens there will hav repercussions here. Particularly in the Ch community."

The door opened. A servant came i whisper in Gerald's ear. He rose. "Will please excuse me, sir." He was back w half a minute. "It's London, sir. I think should take the call." He followed his into the office. Reynolds and Angus wer alone.

"Tell me," said Reynolds, "I haven't h chance of asking you, but how is your fat I'd heard he wasn't well."

"Do you know my father?"

"I haven't met him, but I've heard a him. Who hasn't? Yours is a well-kn family. They told me in Singapore that he practically retired from the business. Is true?"

"As far as attending the office, yes, bu keeps in touch with everything that's g on. It's he who makes all the big decisi

"But he is seriously ill, isn't he?"

"His chest is bad and his heart is wea suppose that one day his heart will give u the strain."

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isn't he very bored? What does he do all
l read?"
He spends most of his day working out
s problems."
Chess, indeed." It was interjected quickly,
sudden note of interest. "Chess must
been a great consolation to him during
e months in prison," Reynolds said.
t would have been if he had played it
."
So this is a new craze?"
During the last eighteen months."
e door reopened. Studholme returned.
significant moment that he had foreseen
come and gone. He had not been there
otice it.

arbara was bored. It was eight-thirty in the
ning. Charles had left an hour earlier for
office. Shelagh had left ten minutes ago for
"keep-fit" class. She ought to have gone
Shelagh, but her attendance at the class
ng the last two months had become in-
singly infrequent.
he walked across to the mirror, turned be-
it slowly. Charles told her that it suited
to be a little plump, but that was because
was nearly fifty. He did not want her to
too thin. He did not want her to under-
the disparity in age. That was the trouble
ut marrying a man older than yourself. He
excited and flattered by your youthful-
. At the same time he was frightened by it.
wanted to reduce the gap. *I'll go to the
o-fit class tomorrow*, she assured herself.
he telephone bell rang. It was Julia. Could
come round that morning? Any time that
ed. What was wrong with right away?
a was always a counterblast to one's own
ondency. Even when she was depressed,
so dramatized her annoyance that you
e stimulated. This morning, however, she
ked harassed.
It's about Basil. I'm worried and I want
r help."
What's wrong?"
I'm not quite sure. He's being moody. He
s he needs a change."
When is he due for one?"
In ten months' time."
That's not so long to wait."
That's what I tell him, but he insists. He
't take another week of it, he says."
Is he ill?"
Not in any obvious way. He doesn't sleep
well; that's why he drinks too much. So
t he can sleep. He's worrying. That's all
now."
Everybody feels that way sometimes."
I know. That's what I tell him, but he
n't listen. He's got to go, he says. That's
y I've come to you. Can't you pull strings
h Charles?"
'Well ——"
There was a pause.
'Has Basil asked you to ask me this?" said
rbara.
'Not in so many words, but that's what he
ant after he'd been to Harry."
'So he went to Harry first?"
'Of course. He had to."
'Had he?"
'Naturally; a subaltern can see his colonel
y by asking his captain first."

There's as much protocol as that, is there?
the new girl here, you know. I haven't
rned all my lessons. What did Harry say?"
'He wanted Basil to see the doc. Basil said
re was nothing wrong with him that
owed."
Barbara guessed at what Julia was feeling.
ell, was it her fault if her husband was the
neral manager and her friend's a junior as-
tant?
"Of course I'll do my best," she said. "I'll
k to Charles—but you know how it is with
e. I'm a newcomer here. I don't know how
e score adds up. I'm always afraid I'm going
make a mistake of some kind. Something
at seems common sense to me is against
otocol. I expect that this whole thing is far,
simpler than I imagine and that Charles
ll say, 'What on earth have you been making
this fuss about?' Let's hope so, anyway.
t's have a glass of sherry."
They were back to their old harmony, chat-
ing away, at ease; but nevertheless there had been that period of tension. A seed had been sown.

When Charles came back for lunch, he raised his eyebrows at the sight of dirty glasses. "On a weekday?"

"Julia's been here; a crisis." She explained.

He shrugged. "That's certainly a problem child."

"Can you do anything to help?"

"How can I? His contract says three years. He hasn't a doctor's certificate."

"But don't people get moved sometimes before their time is up?"

He shook his head. "Only under special conditions. If a man has fallen down on a job—and Basil's not done that. Or if a man deserves to be promoted out of turn, or if there's a vacancy and no one else can fill it. Basil isn't ready for promotion and heaven knows when he will be. He's not the most valuable member of my staff."

"You couldn't make an exception in his case?"

"If Pearl made exceptions like that, it wouldn't be the firm it is."

"Must I tell Julia that?"

"No need for you to. I'll have a talk with him. Not in my office; here. Perhaps he feels he's not appreciated. One or two little things have not gone right. Kingsford was telling me about some careless slip he made. I shouldn't be surprised if in the course of a little chat I put my finger on the trouble. Let's have them up as soon as possible, and make it a rather special dinner."

She made it that. From the start Charles set the tone. "There's so much red tape here in this job of mine," he said. "I spend so much time with people who are supposed to be important, that every now and again I need to relax with friends with whom I don't need to put on dog."

He set himself out to charm and he played the role of the uncle rather than the contemporary. He did not, as he had so often in the past, behave as though he were one of them. He did not, through Barbara, link himself with Julia and Basil. Instead he talked from the vantage point of twenty years' seniority.

It was planned as reassuring talk for young people on the threshold of a fast-changing world. Before he had his quiet talk with Basil, he wanted the atmosphere of the evening to say, "Take a long view. Things work themselves out. Look back three years; are any of the issues that were worrying you then still problems? Look forward three years. Nothing that worries you now will be worrying you then."

When Barbara and Julia had gone into the drawing room he refilled Basil's glass.

"I love the taste of port, but I've an idea that what I love about it most is the realization of all the trouble that's gone into the making. Have you ever been to the Douro and seen the harvest? You should. It's a fiesta. All those peasants coming down to the farms, singing the traditional songs; the gathering of the grapes by day and the treading of them in those great stone troughs; the music at night and the women dancing and all the courtships that begin there; then the wine coming down the river in those square-sailed barges, and the great casks where it matures, the constant care of it, the replenishing with wine and brandy as it evaporates; all that twelve years' labor for our half hour's pleasure. It makes one feel a millionaire. It also makes one a little humble. It helps one to be patient."

He paused. "When I get depressed," he said, "—and who is there that doesn't?—I like to think of those casks in Oporto, and the wine slowly mellowing. Whatever else in the world around us may be deteriorating, that at least is getting better."

He had, he hoped, lulled Basil into a kind of coma before he changed the subject, without altering his tempo. "I was having a talk with Harry Pawling the other day and we were mentioning you. He told me that you weren't too happy about yourself; that you wanted a change. I told him that we all felt like that when we were young, that that kind of depression was one of the occupational hazards of working for a firm like Pearl. He mentioned something about a slip-up you'd made at some shipping conference. I forget what it was. I know it was quite unimportant. But he was afraid that you might be bothered, that you were thinking he didn't appreciate your work; which of course he does, as we all do. Harry has doubts every now and again about himself. That's probably why he comes down on you rather hard sometimes. It wouldn't be at all a bad idea if you had a talk with him one day, and told him how much you enjoy working for him. I'd be very grateful if you would."

Later Charles told Barbara what he had said. "I shall be surprised if that doesn't put things straight. I made him think that Harry, not he, was the problem boy. I don't expect to have any more trouble there. That's thanks to you. What would I do without you?"



"It's chicken à la budget."

Back in the Halletts' bungalow there was no such atmosphere of peace. Basil strode up and down the room, a whisky soda in his hand. Julia sat by the radio, letting him talk on. "It didn't work," he said. "I didn't get a chance to speak. Oh, yes, he was very nice, very suave and smooth. But what good does that do me? I've got to get out of here." He went on talking, repeating himself, sipping at his whisky. "This place is wrong for me. I'll go off my head if they make me stay on here. Why can't they understand that?"

"If I can't understand it, how can you expect them to?" Julia said. "It can only mean one thing: that you've some reason you haven't given me."

"Why should you think that?"

"Because there are only three reasons why a man feels he has to leave a place. He's queer and he's being blackmailed; and you're not queer. Or he's borrowed money and can't pay it back, and you're not a thief. There's only one other explanation: that he's got himself mixed up with a woman and can't face the consequences. Is she married and her husband's after you; or is she a respectable debutante? Have you made Lila pregnant?" Her voice was sharp, angry and contemptuous.

"You've got it wrong. There isn't any woman in this thing."

"What is it, then? You're running away from something, aren't you? What are you running from, if it isn't a woman?"

He could not answer that. He had to turn the talk to the one issue of which he could speak sincerely. "I'm as much in love with you now as I was on our wedding day."

"Are you? How am I to know? And even if that's true, it wouldn't prevent your having your bits of nonsense on the side." She spoke spitefully, savagely.

Her anger made it easier for him. "Listen," he said, "there's never been any woman in my life but you. There never will be."

She laughed. "Do you expect me to believe that?"

"You can say what you like; and I don't blame you for being suspicious, since I can't tell you why it is so desperately important for me to get away. But you must trust me because this is true: you are the only woman in my life. By that I mean that you are the only woman I've made love to."

"What ——" She hesitated. "You always let me imagine that ——"

"I may have, but that was vanity. You know what young men are. You know how they boast about their conquests. All this modern psychology about the dangers of inhibitions."

"But you, Basil, I can't believe ——"

"How could you be expected to? There's so much talk about this, but —— I don't say that I'm entitled to a halo on this account."

Later in the dusk she said, "Now I'll believe everything you ever tell me. Everything but everything forever."

Next morning a letter from the familiar typewriter lay upon Basil's desk. Was it a check? If it was one, should he sign? As well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. Four signatures to three. Did it matter much? But it was

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a chess problem. He set the pieces out. "Report interview Forrester."

For a moment he was puzzled. Then he remembered. He had told in his last report that he had been asked by the policeman for an account of Reynolds' visit. He had reckoned that it was the kind of useless information that would acquire him credit without doing any damage; but the Indian was more interested in this than in the other items he had given. Reynolds was due tomorrow. He himself was going into Kuala Prang the following week; he would go in and see Forrester. He was anxious to know how the land lay there.

Forrester received Basil with his habitual bland geniality. "Good, good, I was expecting to see you soon. I read that our V.I.P. had been down. He's a pleasant fellow, isn't he?"

"Very pleasant."

"Did he show an intelligent interest in what you showed him?"

"He'd been round several camps before. He seemed to know the essential facts."

"I wonder why he wanted to go round this one, then," Forrester said. "Did he ask many questions?"

"A few. Mostly about the men who work for us. What proportion are Chinese, things like that."

"Did he mention the attempt on Miss Marsh's life?"

"He wanted to see exactly where it happened."

"Did he say anything that particularly struck you, something that seemed unusual?"

"I listened very carefully as you asked me to, but I didn't notice anything."

"The slightest thing may be important. That's the curious, the fascinating thing about this game of mine. You can't tell till the very end what is going to prove a clue and what isn't."

"I don't see how the visit of a man like Reynolds who has no connection with the place could provide you with a clue."

"That puzzles me. I don't see why there should be, but there may be. Perhaps I'm wrong. Are you keeping a check on Pearl employees who go racing?"

"I'm doing my best, but it isn't easy. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"Exactly; but if enough people are looking for that needle, one of them may prick his finger on it. So much of police work is routine. I'll tell you something else that's curious. If you start investigating a man in one direction, you may catch him in another; or one of his friends. I remember a case during the war. I was suspicious about some hashish smuggling. I was mistaken, but while I was stumbling down that blind alley, I caught up with a very clever case of tax evasion. It pays to keep out of police records. By the way, you are a chess fan, I remember. I wonder if you can solve this one for me." He got himself to his feet. He pulled back a screen. Behind it were two boards with the men set on them. "I'm like a schoolboy with a crib under my blotter. It wouldn't be good for discipline if my staff saw the boards out in the open. Now look at this. White to play and mate in three moves. I've been on it for two days and made no progress."

Basil looked at the board. It was very crowded. "There seem a great many pieces on the board," he said.

"That's what I feel myself."

"Where did you get hold of it?"

"From a friend in England. We have a kind of tournament with each other."

Basil studied the board. He could see no sign of an attack developing.

"Could I take down the positions and try to work it out when I get back?"

"I wish you would."

On his return he arranged the pieces and took out his code book. "Situation dangerous, lie low," he read.

Angus Macartney tried in vain to concentrate his attention on a novel. His father had caught another cold and he had come out from Kuala Prang in the early afternoon. He had expected Lila to telephone that morning, but she had not. "It's difficult for me at times," she'd say. He couldn't see why it should be. She had no work to occupy her.

It was nine days since he had seen her. If she rang him up this evening at his flat and got no answer, would she call him here or would she shrug her shoulders with a "That's too bad" again? Why on earth wouldn't she let him call her up? Why shouldn't they admit a friendship? This wasn't 1859. Friendships between men and women were accepted nowadays.

His straining ears caught the crunch of car wheels on the gravel. It puzzled him. Visitors were rare. He rose, walked out into the hall. It was Forrester.

"Looked in to see how your father was. Heard he'd caught another cold. He ought to be more careful. Is he visible, as our French cousins say? Fine; and as he's a rich man, I'm sure that he won't neglect this old confederate. Yes, you've guessed right. And, for heaven's sake, no ice in it. I'm not a Yank."

Forrester stretched himself out in a long chair. He gave the appearance of having settled down for a long visit. "I'm too old for this job, yet I'll be sorry to quit it," he said. "I'm curious to know what'll happen next.

THE HUMAN MALE

or Achilles' Heel Isn't Weak
Until He Gets a Blister on It

By GEORGIE
STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The human male will doggedly sail
Through treacherous ice-blocked seas
To map the snow on some polar floe,
While his month-long whiskers freeze.
Or fighting jungles, he'll bravely track
Ferocious beasts to their lair,
To snare 'em and truss 'em and bring 'em back,
Intrepid and debonair

Yes, scorning hardships and laughing at peril,
His spine as straight as his rifle barrel,
He studies voodoo and tribal rites,
Or charms a cobra before it bites,
And manages feats of derring-do
That simply amaze me through and through.

For this hero hale is the selfsame male
Who, when he bides at home,
Lies limp on his couch, a quivering grouch,
With a little cold in his dome;
Who plucks at the coverlid, weak and wan,
When threatened by tonsillitis,
Or moans like a saint with his thumbscrews on
At the least hint of neuritis.

So whenever I read of how dauntless men
Are planning magnificent deeds again,
Like scaling some new Tibetan mount
Through rigors and dangers beyond all count,
I always pray that they'll make it minus
The black defeat of a touch of sinus!

There are so many questions to wi never have the answer. I feel as though reading simultaneously half a doz cartoons that can't have an end bec soon as I've got to the end of one set acters, another group will pick up the I find that tantalizing."

He was in a garrulous mood. Angus him closely. He was sufficiently famil Forrester's routine to know that he n his office except for a specific reaso rester had come especially to see his Why? He was talking now about the situation in Karak.

"For instance, I'd give a lot to kn it'll all work out. But within a few mont retiring I shall be out of touch. I sh confidential reports any longer. The Karak will be in the news; the balloon up. There'll be a revolution, or an att revolution. Somebody'll be murdered. be a leading article explaining the back to the situation. There'll be questions House. For three, four days Karak w topic of general conversation; then the some fresh sensation."

He paused ruminatively. "I'd give know exactly what it will be that Karak into the news, and when. I'll what I'd like to do. I'd like to choose dozen of the leading notables and as to write down what they think will ha the next five years; then put their pro into sealed envelopes not to be opene Karak hits the headlines. I wonder guess would come the closest?"

"Yours should be," Macartney said

"It ought to be," Forrester told hin would it? I don't know. I live in a smal of my own. Studholme is the man who know. He knows all I do and a good de I don't. I would give a lot to know w would prophesy."

"What would your prophecy be?" cartney asked.

"That's what I ask myself. In every ca comes my way I try to put myself in th man's position. That's how one cat criminal; asking oneself how one woul one were he. We're not dealing with cri now, of course. We don't know, in fac whom we are dealing. That's one troubles. But let's see what's happe other countries where there was an equ situation, where there are an oil camp reigning house. The local Nationalists w capture power. There's a move against th because the ruling house has close links Western country and it relies on the W maintain itself in power. Who are the N alists here? The mob can always be w up by the cry 'Karak for the Karakis who is going to work up the mob? Thos are going to profit by it: the army a industrialists. The army most of all."

The monologue ran on as thoug colonel were talking to himself, but knew that Forrester was preparing those traps to which he had referred. must be a point to this rambling discuss

"I would prophesy," Forrester cont "an attempt by the generals to seize po they succeed, they will nationalize t fields. That will antagonize the British a friends of the present regime, so they wil the support of another powerful co There are three such countries, China, and the United States. As the *coup d'ét* have been organized by a moneyed the United States will be the appropriat Americans are both anticolonial and Communist. They are ready to suppor dollars any country they can regard as wark against Communism. The ge therefore, will try to convince the Ame that they have staged their *coup d'état* t tect the country against the Comm menace. Here there is no real Comm party; at least I don't believe there is. Y essential that the rebels should co both outside world opinion and unpo nationals that a Communist menace do ist. Now what would I do, I ask mys that situation? What would you do, M ney?"

Macartney shrugged. "How can I tell I'd do? I can't picture myself in that posi

ıd that, my good friend, is the reason ou'd never be a good policeman. You o be able to put yourself in other peo- positions. I remember hearing a lecturer be Balzac and Dickens as the two great- ovelists of their day because they could der the skin of a greater number of peo- an their rivals could. They were—this he phrase he used—themselves more e. The same holds true of the detective. nore people that he is, the more effective He's got to be able to guess at his 's next move.

this is what I say to myself in this case: t would you do in Karak if you were an tant industrialist and you wanted it be- that there was such a thing here as a nunist menace?' I tell you what I'd do: t as an *agent provocateur*. The few Com- sts there are could be easily misled, made ieve that the Kremlin took them seriously. ct, do you know what I believe, Macart- I believe that attempt on Annetta Marsh rganized by the revolutionaries so that lame should lie with the Communists." s voice did not change its pace, but is, watching him, was aware of a tension is watchfulness. His half-closed eyes on the old sick man. Angus looked the one to the other. Did his father react ıy way? He could not tell; the room larkening.

o that's what I should put in my sealed ope," the colonel said. "What do you , Macartney?"

ou may be right."

e old man's voice was steady. Angus, hing him, wondered whether the colonel got the result he sought.

When do you prophesy that all this will en?" he asked.

Not in the old king's lifetime. Or perhaps ould put it this way: I don't think that k will make the headlines in the old 's lifetime. But I've a hunch that the Com- ist Party, instigated by the generals, will number of wild things to prepare the ic temper. It will be a great relief to me this royal wedding is safely over."

nnetta woke early on her wedding morn- Though the room was still dark she could the thudding of the launches on the river. looked at her bedside clock: just after five. ying back, her hands clasped under her while daylight filled the room, she pic- d the day that lay ahead. She would go n with Rhya to see their future house. She no idea what it would be like. She did not know where it was. A priest wrapped in a on robe would scatter it with lustral water. would receive the king's blessing. She ld be wearing for both these ceremonies nary European clothes. After lunch at t Ladda's house she would assume her monial robes. They were voluminous and in texture. Red and blue silk, shot with and silver threads draped over a tight- ng jacket that buttoned high at the neck at the wrist. Her head was to be wrapped gold turban. Her shoulders would support llection of heavy gold and silver bangles to her, resembled the collar of a horse's ness.

t half past two Rhya would call for her they would drive to the palace for the re- ion. At the far end of a long room they ld kneel, side by side, at a kind of praying , their hands hanging over the edge while guests came up, one by one, to pour lustral r over them. The water would drip into a l of roses. There would be no party for the sts. On arrival the guests would hand over r presents to an attendant. After they had red the water, they would be given, as they the room, a souvenir of the occasion: a och for the women, a tiepin for the men.

When the last guest had gone she and Rhya ld drive to their own home. It would be first time they would be alone together for months. That was going to be the strangest ng about the day; stranger than the cere- nial robes and the lustral water. For three nths they had conducted a lighthearted affair. She had not even asked herself ther she was in love with Rhya. What did mean by "love"? By tonight she would be his wife, a future queen, under conditions which were opposed to everything for which—by training, taste and temperament—she stood. She almost envied the veiled Moslem woman being carried in a box to meet a stranger. That seemed a more natural destiny than hers.

The room was light. She supposed she should be getting up.

Lila saw, four places ahead of her in the long file moving up the stairway to the reception room, Angus Macartney's slim back and sleek dark head. The file moved slowly forward. For Angus the ceremony had a mystic meaning; he was not a Buddhist, yet when the time came for him to pour the lustral water, he would have the same sense of dedication as Elizabeth of England's peers had had when they took their oath of allegiance in the Abbey. The prince looked very dignified in his scarlet-and-black robe and the silver-and-gold turban. On his bride's face was a soft, tender look, but her chin was strong. Angus prayed that she might be the right wife for Rhya. The crown prince would need the right wife as much as the right friends.

Angus' turn had come. He was handed the short syringe, rather like a long, old-fashioned fountain-pen filler, and pressed the bulb. The water trickled out and dripped through the outstretched fingers onto the bowl of roses. The scent of the roses was delicate and fragrant. Angus' lips framed a prayer: *May I never fail in my trust to you.*

He turned and moved away and saw Lila. Their eyes met; she smiled mockingly. His heart began to thump. He felt tense and taut. He waited at the end of the room for her to join him.

"Do you realize it's eight days since we've met?" he said.

"As much as that? Oh, surely not," Lila told him.

"Eight days." His eyes were bright. "When do I see you?" he was demanding. "What about tonight?"

"I'm not quite sure. I may ——"

"If you aren't sure, that means you can't be doing anything that matters. I'm going back to my office. I'll be there till five. Then I'll be in my flat till eight. Ring me at one or the other. You've got to, do you see?" His voice was threatening.

"I'll try," she said. She watched him move away with a slow smooth stride.

It was five o'clock. Annetta and Rhya were alone at last. She had scarcely seen the house that morning. She longed to see it, but she was tired, desperately tired. "I'd like to rest," she said.

"I too."

Her clothes had been moved from Aunt Ladda's compound and unpacked. Her brushes and her manicure set were laid out on her dressing table; her dresses hung up in the wardrobe. She took off the heavy ceremonial clothes and laid them on the long rattan chair. The bathing room was modern in that it had European fittings, but its tiled floor was a step below the level and the huge traditional jar of water with a wooden cover and a dipper stood in the corner. She splashed herself with water, soaped herself, splashed herself again. Refreshed and half restored, she went back into the bedroom. A light silk dressing gown lay over a chair. She put it on. A box of cigarettes was at her side. She took one out and lit it.

There was a tap on the door. "May I come in?"

He was wearing black Chinese trousers and a light silk pajama jacket. His hair, half grown since it had been shaved at the monastery, looked like a crew cut that was in need of immediate attention.

"I'll be glad when your hair's grown," she said.

"Don't you think I shall too?"

They laughed, an easy, cozy laugh. "May I have a cigarette?" he said.

He lit one and they smoked in silence. The room was in half darkness through which the light of their cigarettes glowed.

"How little I thought when I tore up that ticket to the Drury Lane that we'd be here like this today," he said.

She did not answer. It was so exactly what she had been thinking twelve hours earlier.

"Do you remember what you said when I tore it up?"

"Very well."

"We're beginning a honeymoon; by all the rules it should be an anticlimax. What would the average person say if he were given this as a hypothetical case? A couple are separated for two months; when they meet again they have to behave as though they were practically strangers, putting their emotions away into cold storage."

He talked lightly, but her heart warmed toward him in a way that it had never done before. That he should have felt like this, that he should have thought just this! *We really are one person.* She sighed. How well he understood her own confusion; how foolish her doubts seemed now. She was utterly at one with him. He stubbed out his cigarette and turned toward her. *At last*, she thought. *At last.*

Two miles away, Angus paced his flat. He had been waiting for two hours now. The champagne in the refrigerator was chilled to freezing point. The canapés had begun to wilt. Seven o'clock. She would not be coming. Yet he could not leave till eight, in case she should

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion. It's the kind that comes in those moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

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phone. He had said until eight, so he must stay. She might have some explanation. She might want to make a date for the next day.

He looked at the clock resentfully. *Hurry*, he adjured it. Let eight o'clock come quickly, so that he could leave this flat and all the torture that it held for him. The telephone and the clock, the warders of his prison.

In her bedroom at the Residency Lila lay back among her pillows watching the telephone, picturing Angus striding up and down his flat, flinging himself angrily into his long chair, picking up a book, trying to read it, tossing it away. He was her slave utterly. At any moment she could fling him from these torments of anger and despair into a heaven of gratitude and ecstasy. She had only to lift that piece of metal. She rose, walked over to the mirror, turning before it slowly. What power she possessed. Only four years ago she had been the ugly duckling. She stretched her arms lazily above her head. How good to think of him waiting there.

She went next door and ran a bath; this was one of the few houses in Karak—was there indeed another one?—where you could wallow in tepid water. She scattered a handful of crystals and watched the water cloud; the air grew scented. Poor Angus in that lonely flat. She dressed slowly. Half past seven. Should she call him now? Make some excuse, say something, make a definite promise; a promise that she would keep? She hesitated, then shook her head. She was only doing this so that later it would be better for them both. He would be grateful this time tomorrow.

She found on the radio a program of dance music. She turned it low, as an accompaniment to her thoughts. She watched the minute hand move round; at last it reached the twelve. She rose to her feet. *That's that*, she thought.

She switched off the radio. What was he doing now? Would he drive out to see his father? How ill was his father? She hesitated, then stepped toward the telephone. She lifted the receiver, dialed the number. A moment's pause, the ringing tone. It went on ringing. She waited for thirty seconds, then hung up. So he had flung out of the flat as soon as the hour had struck—or hadn't he? Had he gone earlier? She frowned. She wished she knew. Had she overplayed her hand, strained his patience beyond the breaking point? If she had, she must put it right. Early tomorrow she would ring him up, make a date for the afternoon.

In a fury of despair Angus drove through the night. The fabric of his entire existence was in shreds. He was nothing to Lila, he knew that now. He was neglecting his business, he was seeing none of his friends. And all the time there was this niggling worry about his father. He had thought back so often over those two interviews with Forrester. Did his father belong to a group that was employing *agents provocateurs* to goad the Communists into premature and foolish action? If that were so, what was he, Angus, doing, waiting hour after hour for a telephone bell when he should be trying to solve the mystery? That afternoon he had poured the lustral water over the crown prince's hands; he had vowed the allegiance of a lifetime; then he had turned and there was Lila. All thoughts of his future sovereign had vanished from his mind and heart. He had become a pathetic slave. How contemptible of him.

A baby moon had already sunk below the horizon, but the sky was cloudless and starlight lit the road. His foot was pressed on the accelerator. Half the cars that came toward him failed to dim their lights. Half the cyclists had no rear lights. The road was a raised causeway across the flooded rice fields. There was no room to avoid an accident if a reckless driver tried to cut in against oncoming traffic. But he did not decrease his speed. What was the point? He was sober and clearheaded. And did it matter so much what happened to him? What purpose was he serving in the world?

He arrived home shortly after nine. He had expected to find his father in the library, but the room was dark except for a single reading lamp shining on the chessboard beside his father's chair. This chess again. Something turned on this chess. Was not that the piece of information that had made Reynolds start, that had caught Forrester's attention? The pieces told him nothing. He called the No. 1 boy.

"When did my father go to bed?"

"At half past seven, master," the boy told him.

"Did he have any dinner?"

"No, master."

"Was he well?"

"He no say he ill."

"I see."

He tiptoed up the stairs. He stood outside his father's bedroom. So that the air could pass freely under the ceiling, the walls were set several inches short of it. He could hear his father's breathing, heavy, stertorous but steady. His father was asleep.

He tiptoed back into the library. "Some bread," he said. "Some cheese and the decanters."

THE STEEPLE WEATHER VANE

By DIONIS COFFIN RIGGS

The minister said
We ought to take down
The weather vane,
And put up, instead,
A more appropriate symbol.

What's weather
But the sign of God
That's written in the canopy
Of sky above the church,
Or in the restless sea?

He said there ought to be
No veering and shifting
On our stand,
No changing of direction
With each breath of wind.

That weather vane has been there
Ever since I was a boy.
That's pretty steady, I should say.
My father used to start his day,
Before he went afishing,
By looking up to see which way
The wind was blowing.

My old man wouldn't cut his hay
If the wind had backed around
Through the northwest.
He said the steeple weather vane
Was best.

It's truest,
Being highest in the town.
We *can* find out the weather
By watching the sea gulls' flight
To see which way they light
So's not to ruffle a feather.

Or by the grape leaves twisting
To show their silver undersides.
Or tell
By the sweet fern's smell
Whether the wind is south or east.
But that's not scientific.

If the minister thinks
We ought to go inside
The church to get our guidance,
That's one thing. But,
As for the steeple,
Let God proclaim the weather
To His people.

If his father had been there, a glass of would have sufficed; but alone, he felt the for alcohol. He cut a crust of bread, buttere and laid on it a thick slice of Cheddar lik Danish sandwich. He filled a tumbler full v ice and poured the whisky on it. He too long, slow sip; smoky and rich and sweet. H good it was.

He sat back in his chair, bit at the o sandwich. The jungle noises ebbed and swe around him. The screech of a monkey through the rattle of the crickets. He sip again. The undiluted liquor warmed his blo reassuring him, giving him courage, lenc him resolution. He was a man, wasn't he man's job lay to hand.

He sat in a half trance, munching at bread and cheese, sipping at the whisky. I it cleared the mind, sweeping away the su sential, Lila and all that went with Lila. I could she count against his duty to his fu king? First things first. That chessboard l the answer; but other places, too, must ho also. It couldn't all be on that board and ir father's head; there must be files, there n be papers. Where would they be kept? Th was no safe in the house. There was no r for a special strongbox where jewels coul shut away. There must be a locked drawe the desk in his father's study. If he could sack that drawer, surely he could find the swer to the colonel's problems.

He tiptoed up the stairs, listened outside door: the same heavy breathing. He mo down the passage. The study annex w opened off his father's bedroom opened onto the passage. He tried the door. It locked, but the locks were old and weak. had learned as a boy how a door coul opened if you adjusted your weight agains pivot. He bent down, put his shoulder be the lock, pushed gently at first, with a stea increasing pressure, just as he had done schoolboy. He felt the door yield; it mov quarter inch. He increased the pressure a gave.

He took off his shoes and stepped into room. The room was dark, but he knew exact position of each piece of furniture waited till his eyes had grown accustome the darkness. His heart was thudding. He toed toward the desk, tried the top drawe was locked. He tried the others. The sec the third, the bottom drawer all opened ea The top one, then. He knelt beside it. He h clasp knife in his pocket. The little blade strong; he inserted it, worked it round, fo the catch and pressed on it, turned it down over. The drawer came open as easily as lower ones had done. He pushed his hand side. A litter of papers and notebooks, began to stuff them in his pocket. He w take them down below, sort them at leisur tain anything that might seem important, ting back what was not.

He scooped up the papers quickly; t were not so many. He leaned forward, pas the palm of his hand over the bottom o drawer, to make sure that he had not m anything. His fingers closed over the las velope. He was about to rise when sudde gleam of light shone into the drawer. He round, startled, standing up. The beam c electric torch dazzled him, just as the h lights of the approaching cars had done. light, which had fallen into the drawer, now up on his chest. He could not see wha behind the light, but beside the head o torch he could see, held in another hand muzzle of an automatic pistol.

The pistol throbbed. He scarcely hear sound. He felt no pain, but he felt he had pushed, hard. He went down upon his k "Angus." His father's voice. The light was full on him. He looked down at his s Round his waist there was a spreading s *Am I going to die?* He had read as a schoo of soldiers, shot through the heart in the dle of a charge, continuing to fight for se minutes. Was that going to happen to now? He still felt no pain.

"I'm all right," he said. "Don't worry. phone for a doctor."

Next morning Charles Keable returne lunch early, looking serious. "Wh Shelagh?"

Out with Julia."
've bad news for her. Young Angus
lartney's hurt."
Badly?"
Yes. He's been shot."
Where, how?"
n his home, by his father, by mistake. No-
knows quite how it happened."
s he very bad?"
t's early to say, but nowadays if a man
n't die in the first two hours he usually
ives."
How do you think Shelagh's going to take
"
er father shrugged. "Your guess is as good
ine. What do you think?"
Five weeks ago I'd have had no doubt, but
e last few days she has seemed more ex-
ll about that young A.D.C.'s visit here."
time-worn Chevrolet drew up outside the
galow.
That's they," he said.
helagh and Julia came in, laughing. They
been at the pool and were carrying beach
kets. Her gaiety hurt him. It might be a
time before she looked as gay again. "I'm
id I've bad news for you," he said.
e watched as he told it. "Poor Angus," she
. "I'll call Lila right away."
ila was in. "I was expecting you to call. I
dered how soon you'd hear. If you hadn't
ed, I was going to ring you after dinner."
How bad is he?"
It's hard to tell. He's in the hospital."
Conscious?"
Yes."
Is he seeing visitors?"
They'd let him see *you*, I expect."
Do you think I should come in?"
It would look better, wouldn't it?"
It's terrible for you."
Oh, well."
I'll come in this afternoon."
he returned to the living room. "He's in
pital," she said. "Lila seems to think he
see visitors. I'll go in after tea if there's a
"
Of course there'll be a car, and I do hope
realize ——" Charles checked. The fact
t she was going meant that it was serious
her. He walked across to Shelagh, put his
round her shoulder.
he looked up at him and smiled. What a
erable hypocrite she was. Never again
uld she get into a mess like this. Never,
er, never.

Shelagh arrived at the Residency shortly
r nine. Gerald came out to welcome her.
ila's gone to a cinema," he said. "She'll be
k in about twenty minutes. The chief's
ing out. They all asked me to apologize.
ey were arrangements that had been made
g before. What about what to eat? Have
had dinner?"
"A sandwich on the way."
"Will that be enough?"
"If I could have a cup of cocoa in my
om."
"Fine; and I expect that you'd like to see
a, wouldn't you, as soon as she gets back."
"Of course—and ——" She hesitated. She
d to play this part through logically. "Any
re news of Angus?"

e shook his head. "Except that they seem
rtain he'll recover."
"Will there be any lasting effects? Will he be
ne or anything?"
"Oh, no, I don't think that. He was shot
oss the body."
She blushed, remembering suddenly that
rald was victim of the same fate: a young
hletic man struck down.
"If there's anything that I can do, you
ow, don't you, that you've only got to
k?" he said. "And may I say you have all my
mpathy. I can guess at what you must be
eling, the anxiety and the shock."
"That's very kind of you."
There was a lot that she resented about this
ception program, but there was nothing she
sliked more than having to play a part in
nt of Gerald Fyreman. She did not want
have him thinking of her as being crazily in
ve with Angus. She wanted to be natural,
be herself with him. Why on earth couldn't
la come out into the open? Was she ashamed of Angus, was it a device to maintain her own independence, or was it a means of keeping him on tenterhooks? Did she enjoy making him unhappy? A mixture of the lot, she supposed.

"We are all very much looking forward to your visit to Kassaya," she said.

"I'm looking forward to it myself," Gerald told her.

No doubt he was. Ten days under the same roof as Barbara. Something should happen in that time.

In the hospital Forrester sat beside young Macartney. Angus had slept through the afternoon. He was rested and ready to be questioned.

"I won't keep you long," said Forrester. "I can guess more or less what happened. You went to your father's desk to see if there were any papers that would explain his odd behavior. He thought you were a burglar and fired. Had you any reason to believe that there were any papers there?"

"He must have papers somewhere. I did not see where else they could be."

"What had you and your father talked about that night at dinner?"

"We didn't dine together," Angus told him. "I got back late. My father had already gone to bed."

"Was he asleep?"

"I listened outside his door. He was breathing heavily."

"So you thought you could break into his desk. But you must have realized that he would discover his desk had been broken into."

"If I had got the kind of paper I was looking for, that wouldn't matter. If I found nothing, he might not suspect me. I hadn't thought it out in detail. The great thing was to see if there were any papers there."

"Had you time to get hold of any?"

"I emptied the drawer."

"Where are those papers now?"

"Most of them are at home. They took off my coat."

"Who's they?"

"The servants. While they were waiting for the doctor, they bandaged me up as best they could."

"What about your trousers? Were there any letters in the pockets?"

"Yes."

"They are probably here, then. Did you lose consciousness?"

"No."

"Would you let me take the letters from your pockets?"

"Of course. I was going to give them to you anyhow."

"I'm very grateful to you. You were very brave. If you'd done that in a war you'd have got a medal."

Next morning Lila and Shelagh drove down to the hospital.

"How do you want this played?" asked Shelagh. "Do we go in together, then I go out and leave you?"

"Of course not. That would look as though he wanted to see me. You know how nurses gossip. I'll leave the two of you together. Then next week I shall have an alibi for going down to see him: I can go on your account, to report back to you."

"I see."

Angus looked tired, but he did not look ill. His black hair and pale dark skin against the pillowcase gave him an air of elegance. His arms lay outside the sheet, the palms of his hands flat against it.

"We've brought some flowers," Lila said.

"That's very kind of you."

They were orchids from the Residency. The nurse brought in a vase and the girls arranged them. *Forty hours ago*, Angus thought, *I was striding up and down that flat, with hell and heaven in my heart.* He felt that it had happened in another world. Forty hours ago. He looked at Lila steadily. Now he was conscious only of his body's pain.

She smiled. "Now I suppose I must be tactful and leave you two young things together. Good luck, Angus. Get well quickly." She raised her voice loudly enough for anyone who had been listening outside to hear. In the doorway she waved her hand. "I'll be waiting downstairs, Shelagh."

Angus and Shelagh looked at each other. How long was it since they had driven back together from that cricket match? Seven weeks, eight weeks? Would eight weeks ever again contain so much drama for him? Now he was conscious of nothing but exhaustion and the slow pain that niggled at his wounds, the pain that would suddenly grow acute so that he would press on the bell beside his bed, querulous for the needle that would bring relief.

Shelagh was in the same chair that Forrester had sat in last night. She looked very pretty, far prettier than Lila. She was a nice kid. She hadn't had any fun out of this, being dragged in to cover up for Lila. Well, that was over now.

"You've been very sweet about all this," he said. "It must have been a fearful bore. You don't need to bother with it any more. I'd rather Lila didn't come here again. When I'm well, I'll take a trip somewhere. By the time I'm back, you'll have returned to England. That will let us both out. No need for alibis, though if you ever did feel like looking in when you are in Kuala Prang, of course I should be grateful."

"You don't want to see Lila again? You can't mean that."

"There's no use now."

They sat in silence. There seemed nothing more to say. Shelagh stood up. "Isn't there anything that I can do for you? There must be something."

"There is something, but it's rather difficult."

"I'll do my best."

"I'd like to see Prince Rhya."

"I could fix that, I think. I could do it through the princess."

"I'd be grateful if you would."

"Is there nothing else?"

"There's nothing else."

"There's not much point in my staying on here, is there? Good luck, then. I hope it won't be all too bad."

Lila looked surprised at seeing her so soon. "You didn't stay long."

"There wasn't anything to stay for."

"Hadn't he any messages for me?"

"Only that . . . well, he didn't see any point in your coming in again."

"Then that lets me out, doesn't it?"

How callous can you get? thought Shelagh. "There's no point either in my staying on then, is there?" she said. "I might as well go back this afternoon."

Lila came up while Shelagh packed, stretching herself out on the other bed, just as she had done on the evening of the dance. And just as she had done that evening, she talked as though she were talking to herself.

"It's strange, but when I saw him lying there, I didn't feel a thing. No pity, nothing. It isn't that I'm heartless. He wasn't the same person. He must have felt it too. I'm glad he did. It would have been such a bore if he hadn't. Now we can both go on to the next thing with a clear conscience. I wonder what the next thing will be, when it will be."

Her voice glowed with anticipation. Shelagh made no comment. She had felt envious of Lila after the dance. She did not feel envious now. She prayed that it would not turn out this way for her, that when she came eventually to love a man it would be for a long, long time. Surely the man she loved that way would not suddenly lose interest in her, in the way that Lila and Angus had lost interest in each other. She felt very lonely. When she had first met Lila, she had believed that she had found a friend at last, but Lila had gone beyond her. She was useful to Lila as an accomplice; that was all. She felt lost. If only this visit of Gerald Fyreman's could work out the way she hoped.

Colonel Forrester drove down that afternoon with a search warrant to the Macartney house. The letters that Angus had stuffed into his trouser pockets had told him practically nothing. They were bills and personal letters for the most part, but, studied in connection with the papers that Angus had put into his jacket pockets, they might have some significance. There were one or two names that had quickened his curiosity. Very likely Macartney would have destroyed those papers, but there was a chance that something might have been overlooked. He kept the search warrant as a last resort. He intended to give his visit the appearance of a friendly call.

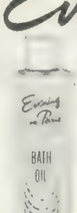
He arrived to discover a mingled atmosphere of commotion and unnatural silence. There was no sound of voices, but there were sounds of movement. No one came out to greet him. He walked into the house. He looked round him. He raised his voice: "Hi there, Macartney."

He heard a whispering, then a patter of bare feet. A servant bowed before him. "Master not here, sir. Master dead."

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"What?"

"Master sleep all day yesterday. Master ask for nothing. This morning master still asleep. No sound master breathing. Me fetch doctor. Doctor say master dead."

"Which doctor?"

"Doctor Blunden."

"Is he here now?"

"No, sir, doctor go arrange funeral. Doctor say master dead yesterday."

"Is master upstairs now?"

"Yes, upstairs now."

Forrester went upstairs. The windows of the rooms were open, but already the odor of corruption was upon the air. He walked over to the bed; the sheet had been pulled down over Macartney's shoulders. His features had resumed the clear texture of middle age. He looked a man of forty, dignified, serene. Whatever he might have done during these last months, the account was closed. He was beyond reach of censure.

Forrester called Doctor Blunden. "Can you spare me five minutes? It's about Macartney."

"Of course."

Blunden was a Karaki, of mixed blood. He had been trained in Edinburgh. He was a short, breezy, punctilious man. "It was the heart," he told Forrester. "I warned his son that he might go at any moment. Those incessant coughing fits."

"What about sleeping pills? When a man dies from an overdose of barbituric, he actually dies of pneumonia, doesn't he?"

"That's so."

"Macartney might have died that way?"

"He might."

"A post-mortem would show if he had, wouldn't it?"

"Do you want to have one?"

Forrester reflected. Would it do any good to know that Macartney had committed suicide? If it came out at the coroner's inquest, suspected persons would be on their guard, and he did not see how he himself would be any the better placed in his search for those suspected persons if he knew the exact truth about Macartney.

"There's not much point if you can conscientiously sign a certificate for heart failure. We don't want to rake up any scandal."

Twenty-four hours later his curiosity was at rest. He had found nothing of interest among the old man's papers. The papers that Angus had put into his jacket pockets had disappeared. He had questioned the houseboy about the jacket. It had been thrown away, along with the shirt. Both had been torn and bloodstained. They could not have been repaired.

"Weren't there any papers in the pocket?"

"Yes, master, I put them on dressing table."

"Where are they now?"

"I don't know, master."

It was all he needed to know.

Next day he presented his report. Studholme listened thoughtfully. There was something here he did not like. He had the suspicion that Forrester was keeping something back. He had had the same feeling with several Britons recently; not only with Francis Reynolds but with Charles Keable. They were not any longer pulling in the same direction. Keable's first duty was to Pearl, an international oil company, rather than to Britain. Francis Reynolds' duty was to heaven knew whom and Forrester, though he had been appointed on the recommendation of Whitehall, was in fact a Karaki civil servant; paid by Karak, owing his first duty to Karak. Studholme could not, in his case, any more than he could in Keable's, make an appeal to patriotism. He had the right to know only what Forrester chose to tell him.

"You work in your way, I work in mine," he said, "but I do rely on you to give me warning about anything that is likely to damage British interests and the safety of British nationals in this country."

"You can rely on me to do that, sir."

"Do you feel that there is any immediate danger?"

"I can only give you the same answer that I have always done. I do not believe that anything will happen during the old king's lifetime. I know that underground plans are being laid for taking over control should an emergency arise, but I do not know who is responsible for those plans or what those plans are. We should not be too worried by the fact that there is an underground. My own opinion is that we should not disturb it. Let sleeping dogs lie."

A typical policeman's answer, Studholme thought. Forrester played with his cards held close against his chest. He enjoyed his little secrets. Studholme felt apprehensive. He wished he had a younger man out here.

As soon as she got back to Kassaya, Shelagh wrote to Annetta:

It is hateful of me to bother you at such a time, but I've made a promise and here is the fulfillment of it. You have heard about Angus Macartney's accident. He is really very ill. I visited him this morning. He will be in hospital for a long time, and it is unlikely that he will ever be completely fit. I asked him if there was anything he needed. He said there was just one thing. Could the crown prince see him? He said it was important. It is a great, great deal to ask at such a time, but he said he had something important to tell His Highness.

Annetta handed the letter to Rhya.

"But I scarcely know him," Rhya said.

"You are an important person to a great many people whom you scarcely know. I don't think Shelagh would ask me unless she thought it was important."

"You'd like me to go?"

"I would."

"O.K. I'll go next week. That should be early enough, shouldn't it?"

"I'd say so."

A week later Angus lay back among his pillows, relaxed, at peace. Every day he was feeling stronger. They had told him that he would need another operation, perhaps a series of operations; that he was now building up his strength so that he could bear the strain of them. But his strength was growing every day.

A nurse came into the room. She looked breathless although she was not out of breath. The crown prince had rung up. He had wanted to know if it would be convenient for him to call in twenty minutes' time.

Angus flushed. He had been sick and in pain when he had given Shelagh that commission. He had needed then the support that a visit from his future sovereign would have given him. He had felt like a wounded warrior on the battlefield; but now that he was partially recovered, he was embarrassed by his own presumption. The throne had its own guardians, Forrester and the rest. He felt proud, at the same time sheepish, when Prince Rhya came into the ward. He used practically the same words that he had used to the colonel all those weeks ago after the notables' meeting.

"You'll think I'm making mountains out of molehills," he began, "but this is how it happened. I don't know what Colonel Forrester has told you, but this is how I've seen it. I think, sir, that you should be told."

He told his story undramatically. Prince Rhya listened in silence. Angus, watching him, had no inkling as to the impression that he was making. Rhya's face was against the light. He would have been surprised could he have seen to the core of Rhya's thought: *This man is lying here in pain because of me. He risked his life because of me.*

He heard Angus out, then set a few practical questions. "Have you told Colonel Forrester all that you told me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was he at all surprised?"

"Is Colonel Forrester ever surprised at anything?"

They laughed at that.

"Did Colonel Forrester in the first place suggest that you should try to get hold of your father's papers?"

"No, sir."

"I still can't see quite why you did. M people say to themselves, 'That's none of concern. Policemen are employed to look that and I contribute to their support by ing taxes. My conscience is clear.' That's most of my father's subjects argue. Why you act so differently?"

Angus flushed. He had been afraid of question. Yet it was the answer to this q tion that had made him, when he was in and weak, ask Shelagh to intercede for He had to give a straightforward answer.

"I was at the palace, sir, on the day father asked you to return. He said that would need friends when you returned. hoped that I would be your friend. I rem bered that trust when I began to suspect my father might be plotting against throne."

"That was the main reason why you ope your father's desk?"

"It was the only reason."

Rhya looked at the tired, maimed body the bed. When he had heard of the attack Annetta's life he had been indignant, but saults such as that were a part of the risk by royalty. This was a different matter young man had run this risk, a gratuit risk, solely on his account.

"I shan't forget this," he said. "This very well prove far more important than e Colonel Forrester can guess. I'll come ro again and see you. In the meantime, get as quickly as you can."

That afternoon he sent for Colonel rester. "I have seen Angus Macartney," said. "He told me why he broke into his ther's desk. I should like you to tell me opinion of all this."

Colonel Forrester repeated in large mea what he had said to Studholme. "There is ways an opposition party in every coun sir. When there is a dictatorship or when th is a one-party government, the oppositio driven underground. There is such a p here. They want to seize power and nationa the oil fields. They have to have an excuse their *coup d'état*. They will make the C munists that excuse. That is the familiar tern. I do not believe that there is anythin fear from the Communist Party. There small party here, but I am even doubtful is in direct communication with Moscow Peking. I believe its orders come at sec hand from Calcutta. I think the atte against your wife, though made by a kin Communist, was instigated by this mili opposition. It was a first step."

"And when do you expect the second?"

Forrester shrugged. "I have no idea, sir," told him. "But I do not believe that anyth will be seriously attempted during y father's lifetime."

"And what steps are being taken to prev it?"

Again Forrester shrugged. "There is n ing that we can do, except wait and watch."

Rhya felt his temper rise. Each country its particular traits that exasperated the tionals of other countries, and Rhya, de though he loved England and the English, invariably infuriated by Whitehall's Mic berish attitude of, "Don't be in a hurry. So thing will turn up; when a crisis arises appropriate action will be taken." In the me time Angus Macartney was lying in a hospi But it was pointless for him to lose his tem

"Are there any men whom you defini suspect?"

"There are one or two, but I seem to h more information about the Communi They are easier to trace. They have for contacts."

"Have you any evidence against them?"

"A certain amount, sir."

"Then why do you not take action aga them?"

"Because I can learn more from them w they are at liberty. They do not know t they are being watched. It is better that t should not know."

"How can you say they do not know? gus' father was apparently in the moveme Angus has been wounded. His father is de Are you certain he didn't commit suicide?

"I am almost certain that he did."

"Was there a post-mortem?"



ere was not."
ıy not? If there had been, you would een quite certain, wouldn't you?"
t if there had, I might have put those conspirators on their guard."
sleeping dogs lie. But suppose they t sleeping and in the meantime young e in hospitals."
re was a pause. *I've been asked enough ns,* the policeman thought. *It's time I a little.*
hen we went on police courses," he be- they used to talk, in terms of under- l organizations, of the 'cut-out': the line n the respectable, aboveboard side of anization and the underground disrepu- ide that plants bombs, organizes black- nakes people disappear. A letter arrives, tance, in a foreign embassy. It is one of letters that are contained in a series of pes. It is destined eventually for some- ery obscure whom the writer of the let- London, Paris or Madrid does not know. ddressed officially to a third military ; he transfers it to a civilian who is in ; the civilian hands it over to the 'cut- he civilian does not know the name of rson to whom the cut-out will hand the The man who receives the letter will not who is the civilian from whom the cut- ceived it. Only the cut-out knows who is other side of the fence. Until a police- nows who the cut-out is, or the equiva- the cut-out—I have taken a very ele- ry setup—he cannot destroy a subver- ciety. He can only lop off a few limbs of ntipede. My present trouble is that I t yet found the centipede." He sat back bland expression on his face.

again Rhya's anger mounted. The teeply this time because he could see the for the colonel's action. That was the ning thing about these Whitehall Mi- rs. They always had a case. Their meth- ere fine for those who had a limitless ce, but he hadn't. He was used to driv- ing motorcars, and taking high-banked

at's fine," he said. "Don't think I don't ur point, but I am not going to sit here nothing while the organization matures, these little preparatory gestures are and one after another of my friends gets You say that you have definite informa- against certain of these Communists. don't let's sit twiddling our thumbs till volutionaries take action against them. do something. Let's arrest those Com- ts, search their premises. Might not that quickest way of finding that 'cut-out' been talking of?"
might be, but it might also be the way of ; off a land mine."
uld you explain that, please?"
I were to make a raid upon the extreme ng group, I should certainly bring into t a number of people against whom I lefinite information. By searching their ses I should almost certainly find some material, but at the same time I should ly the small fry. The big fry would get One of two things would therefore hap- the big fry would be alarmed and go ground and we should lose sight of them; y would lose their heads and take action they were ready."
ould there be any harm in that? About cond case, I mean?"
think there would. They wouldn't be to take action, but at the same time we dn't be ready to take counteraction. might do something desperate. Certain ns might be hurt, persons whom we are a position to protect. There might be unpleasant consequences if we moved on."
ore unpleasant than if we did nothing t these revolutionaries make their pre- ary gambits, with a house set on fire here, d kidnaped there, perhaps some innocent n shot?"
hink so. Yes, sir."
nce Rhya looked at Forrester thought- He could see the issue set out clearly. ld man had put his cards honestly, face rd on the table. But Forrester was old. as a Briton, too, not a Karaki.

"Colonel Forrester," he said, "you are a Briton. Your Sir Kenneth regards you as one of his right-hand men. But you are—your official position here is that of technical adviser to the Karaki C.I.D. You are paid by Karak. Your first duty is to Karak. You take your orders from Karak, not from Whitehall."

"I realize that, sir."

"You could answer that you take orders from my father, not from me. If you choose, you could force me to refer this whole matter to my father. Are you going to force me to do that?"

There was a pause. Forrester was a man trained to work under orders. He could warn, he could advise, but he was not in a position to initiate a campaign. It was, however, his duty to give a warning.

"The attacker always runs a risk," he said. "He falls into traps that have been laid for him. He also provides the occasion for a counterattack that he may not be able to beat off. If we attack now, we shall be goading the opposition to retaliate. At the moment our investigations are making progress. We are not being idle. If we wait a little longer, we should have a complete defense prepared to meet the eventual attack. I am sure we would be wise to wait a little longer. If we act now, there may be reprisals that we shall all regret."

"I see your point of view," Rhya said. "There are always two courses of action. One has to take the course which suits one's individual temperament. I shall go off my head if I sit here inactive while my enemies are laying traps. Let us have action, colonel."

"Very well, sir. Action it shall be."

It would not be his fault if that action proved disastrous. He had been given his orders. It was for him to ensure that the consequences were as mild as possible. His first act on his return was to order Ahmed Abrusak brought to him as soon as was possible.

(To Be Concluded)



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Get that happy feeling with Prunes—the California Wonder-Fruit

CALIFORNIA PRUNE ADVISORY BOARD

COMFORT AND CHARM IN AN AMERICAN MODERN CHALET

BY JOHN BRENNEMAN
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

This large house, designed for a big family with special needs, is a freely composed cluster of planned areas in which a lot of living can go on all at once.

There are a working-and-eating unit, an activity unit, and a living unit. Above them is a simply planned sleeping unit with big rooms. With these and the downstairs study to accommodate guests, this house will hold a lot of people, giving each of them the privacy he really needs along with a roominess seldom seen today.

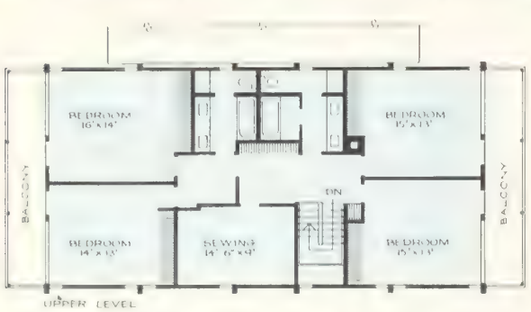
Underneath this spaciousness is a remarkable practicality. The house is a modular structure, surprisingly inexpensive, simple, and easily built. It can be erected in stages, with the living room occupying the study/hobby space until the extra wing is added.

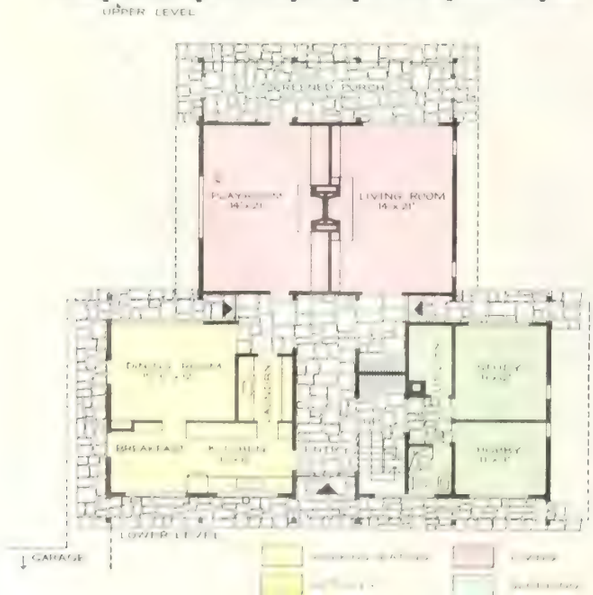
This is a homey-looking house with an air of generous, adequate shelter and a delightful, slightly Swiss feeling of structural honesty to it—a most practical and exciting combination.

Plans available.



This house is at home with snow: bolted structure shows clearly here at dining end of house.





ARCHITECT:	VICTOR F. CHRIST-JANER
PHOTOGRAPHER:	ROBERT STAHMAN
AREA:	3570 SQUARE FEET
COST:	$32,000 TO $39,000

Comfortable style is modern, fits in anywhere. Garage is at left.





There are two kinds of catsup: Snider's...and all the others!

Snider's is different because we simmer-in a whisper of Capsicum, the high-spirited chili pepper. It puts the *zing* in Snider's, gives food a bright new lift. You already know what the others taste like. Now, try Snider's.

Snider's

the chili pepper catsup

THE FLUFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

That was silly reasoning, she told herself. No one could get used to being sued for eight hundred thousand dollars.

Hadn't the success been guaranteed, in fact, even before she got to New York? Hadn't her uncle persuaded Sam van Allen, one of the partners of Broadcast Packages, to give her a job, any job, that first summer after she got out of college?

Which was all that was needed, really. A foot in the door. Once in, she knew she couldn't fail.

And she hadn't. Look at this white apartment, even though it was only half done.

Four years. In only four years she had come from being the most obscure reader to the most important writer in Broadcast Packages. And smoothly; if with hard work. And not much fun. There wasn't time for that—or opportunity, living in the Girls Hotel.

But it was *all right*. She did what she meant to do, and frivolity could wait. Sometimes, in the first year, instead of going back to the Girls Hotel she had sat in the office till midnight, reading, reading.

Broadcast Packages was just what it said it was: a firm that manufactured television shows—found a script, a director, actors—and then sold the package to an agency or a sponsor or a network, whoever would buy. There are plenty of good actors and good directors in New York, but oh, where are the scripts? The offices of Broadcast Packages spent most of their time looking for scripts.

Sara looked. All the junk that came in unsolicited was hers, the piles, the stacks, the mountains of it. She read, every week, more bad writing than most people do in a lifetime. She wrote rejection notices by the hundreds—the thousands—polite ones, but firm. In that first year, however, Sara found four scripts that were not junk. They were turned into properties, they were packaged, they sold. Sara was a genius.

It takes, of course, only a single step for a genius to become a writer. Sara took the step.

"*Darling*," Eleanor said. "We saw your name last night right in our living room. We were *appalled*. You're famous!"

Sam van Allen himself had suggested she attempt to dramatize a novel he controlled. He would take any chance, harassed as he was, to find a captive writer.

One script didn't make a career. Sara stayed on at her job, and at the Girls Hotel, and wrote at night. But if you are going to become famous in television, you do it fast, and by the time she had had her name on six shows—this took a couple of years—she was indeed a Name in the private world in which she lived.

It was then, or about then, that Eleanor said, "Darling, you've got to stop staying in that hotel. You're *rich*. You need an apartment. You can't just write all your life. That would be *silly*."

Sam van Allen agreed that she should stop reading the junk and sending out rejection slips, that the time had come for her to Concentrate on her Career, so she said to Eleanor, "All right. But it will have to be an apartment I can afford."

Now it is a well-known fact that there are no apartments in New York that anybody in his right mind can afford. So it was months before Sara took a deep breath and the plunge.

A duplex suddenly turned up—a two-room duplex, to be sure, but one that was full of light and opened onto a walled garden.

Eleanor was enchanted when she saw it. "*Two floors*," she said. "Divine." She ran upstairs, looked, and gave a little cry. "Sara, there are *six* telephones in this bedroom."

"I know," Sara said.

"But how could anyone *possibly* use six telephones in a bedroom?"

Then she came down and took a knowing look around. "It needs a lot of work," she said.

"It does that," Sara said.

So began the business with Ace.

"Listen," Eleanor said later, "I know the most wonderful carpenter. He's about *half* as expensive as anyone else."

"Who?" Sara said.

"He's not actually a carpenter in real life," Eleanor said. "He's an actor. But that doesn't matter. He dresses like a carpenter . . . or maybe he dresses like an actor. It's hard to tell these days. But he's wonderful."

Sara shook her head. "I don't think so," she said.

"Don't be silly," Eleanor said. "He's terribly handsome. If I weren't married to Jack I'd have the whole house done over. Shelves *everywhere*."

Sara said, "Actors are all right in their place, but their place is not the home."

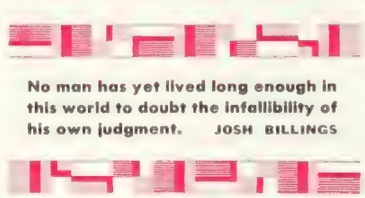
So. She called up a regular carpenter and he came around and gave her an estimate on bookcases of five hundred and eighty dollars.

So she called Ace and he came around, not looking much like a carpenter but certainly handsome, and said he'd put them up for a hundred and a quarter.

"You have a job, my friend," Sara said.

It is not to be supposed that Sara was unacquainted with men. In her life in television, she had come against many who were handsome, or dynamic, or ambitious, or amorous or talented, and indeed some who possessed a combination of these qualities. She had even had a couple of flutters, but they had done nothing more than serve their pleasant purpose, and been forgotten.

But she had never had a casual relationship *around the house* with a man who was so obviously attractive and competent. If there was danger in this she did not foresee, she is not to



be blamed, for Sara had never had a house of her own before. Her parents were dead; indeed, since she was eighteen, she had known nothing but the narrow single rooms of college and the Girls Hotel.

An apartment of her own. This was a profoundly exciting experience for Sara. And everything, of course, had to be perfect.

"Get the upstairs done first," Ace said, "the bedroom and bath. The kitchen's usable. Then you can move in."

He *was* sensible. He could carpenter, he could paint, he could lay vinyl tile upon the floor. He could sprackle, and if pressed, he could renovate wiring. "Just call me the Universal Man," he told her.

"I act too," he said

"So I hear," Sara said. "I can't think why. When you're so charming as a little old simple Universal Man."

"My Id demands it. You know. Billy the Id. Compulsive."

"Dear heaven," Sara said. "A comedian."

"All right," Ace said. "What color's the bedroom going to be?"

"White, I think," Sara said. "Everything. Rug, bed, walls, curtains. All different shades of white."

Ace nodded. "I thought that's how you saw yourself."

Sara narrowed her eyes. "For such remarks," she said, "you will be docked fifty cents."

Ace looked surprised. "Only fifty cents?" he said. "I was sure I was better than that."

She couldn't stay away. She was writing a new hour show, she had a deadline, she should have spent every day in her office at Broadcast Packages, but she could not.

"You're quite a nuisance," Ace said.

"I have found," Sara said, "that people who delegate authority never get anything done."

Ace painted for a moment. "You must inform the Joint Chiefs of Staff," he said.

"Somebody should," Sara said. "Are you *sure* that's white enough?"

"Go away," Ace said. "Write something."

"No," Sara said. "It's too hard. I like to watch other people work."

"Go on. Write a good big fat part for uncle."

Sara stared at him. "You?"

"Why not?"

Sara said, "Well, as a matter of fact —— How tall are you?"

"Six even."

"What color is your hair?"

"Come off it."

Sara walked over to the window and looked out at her bleak garden. "Actually," she said, "there *is* a part—it's a man who is irascible, insulting, bad-tempered, ill-mannered. . . . But I don't know. I'm always afraid of type casting."

About ten days later, Sara had to go out of the apartment for a couple of hours to get her hair fixed, and rather naïvely she left her unfinished manuscript—half typewritten, half in her own illegible hand—sitting on the kitchen stove. When she got back Ace was sprawled on the living-room floor, reading it.

"*You put that down*," she said, and meant it.

Ace looked up at her and smiled. "It's very good," he said.

"Give me that."

"I'm not kidding," he said. "It's a wonderful script."

It took maybe four seconds, but then Sara the human being dissolved, and Sara the writer took over.

"You really think so?" she said.

Some time after *that*, Sara delivered the script to her boss, Sam van Allen, and while he sat fingering it, she said to him, "Listen, Pushface dear, you know I never make any trouble about casting, but ——"

Sam van Allen raised his eyebrows.

"But I've found the absolutely perfect actor to play Ted."

"Where?" Sam van Allen said.

"That doesn't matter."

Sam said, "Send him around. I'll take a look."

"No," Sara said, "that isn't good enough. I *want* him to play Ted."

"Sara dear," Sam said, "do you think it's entirely wise for a nice girl like you to go around meeting actors socially?"

"Shut up," Sara said.

"I must say," Eleanor said, "you seem to be seeing an awful lot of him."

"He's very competent."

"Competent. Of course. But that's hardly the point. It's not as if he were *really* a carpenter. You're so inexperienced in things like this, I feel I've *got* to give you a little advice. I ——"

"Oh, shut up," Sara said.

They sat on the floor of the empty living room, Sara and Ace, an orange crate between them, the remains of a delicatessen dinner spread around them. In his hand Ace held the manuscript.

"It's great," he said. "Solid. Solid. All but that one speech."

"Don't keep saying that. There's nothing the matter with the speech."

Ace shook his head, frowning.

"You should be thankful for it," Sara said. "It's the payoff. You have a whole half page of talk. Nobody says a word except you."

"I know," Ace said. "I know. But the way Ted is feeling at that moment . . . I don't think he'd be so articulate."

"He has to be," Sara said. "There's information in that speech that has to be got out."

Ace shook his head again. "All right," he said. "But I just don't feel comfortable ——"

Sara said, "Ha. Let me warn you. Sam van Allen doesn't hire actors to feel comfortable. He hires them to act."

Ace put a hand on his head. "Don't beat me," he said.

"Just learn your verses and get on with it," Sara said. "The director will take care of everything else."

"O.K.," Ace said. "I'll do my best."

Sara stretched a hand to him, across t orange crate. "Baby," she said, "I went out a limb for this. Do me proud."

Ace took the hand and smiled. "You'r good girl," he said. "I will. I will."

He meant to. There was never any questi of a shadow of a doubt about that.

And it looked as if he would. Ace was co petent and right for the part. The director satisfied—more than that, delighted—w everything Ace did, except for that one spee

That one speech would not come right. T rehearsed and rehearsed, they rewrote and wrote, but as Sara had said, there was mation in it that simply had to be given to audience, so a large part of it had to rem

Finally one day in desperation the dire looked around the set and on a desk that in the scene he spotted a large ivory le opener—an old-fashioned one, with an tricately carved dragon for a handle. "He he said, giving it to Ace, "try this. Hit palm of your hand with it, hit your leg wit make gestures with it. See if that helps."

Ace was skeptical, but he tried. He hac choice, something had to be done and Awkwardly he wiggled the letter opener walked up and down with it, tentatively smacked his hand.

And then, miraculously, it began to hap It was feeble at first, but in a minute the w began to take on meaning. Ace sliced th with the letter opener, he tried this, he that; and gradually the stick seemed to come for him an instrument that allowed to say what he had to say. He tried onc tried twice, he tried ten times. And the had the speech, and he had it perfectly.

The director shrugged. "I am a genius, said.

"You see," Sara said that night over orange crate, "it was nothing."

"Wait a minute," Ace said. "It wasn easy as all that."

Who could have foretold that the pro was not solved? Everyone agreed it was.

But on the night of the actual telecast Monday night . . .

Everything went perfectly for the first f five minutes. Ace was making a reputatio himself. He was easy, strong, interesting. he came, with great confidence, to that sp

Well, live television is a gamble.

He walked to the desk, put out his l and froze. The letter opener was not the

He froze. Every line of the speech le head.

He turned from the camera, grabbe hair with a hand. He had, he *had* to say s thing. "H'm," he said, "how can I be artic at a time like this?"

He went on saying words, hoping tha of them would jolt the pattern of the s back into him, knowing he had to get t formation out.

It was a horrible couple of minutes.

But he did, somehow, say the things h to say. They were in the wrong order, ar very smooth, but they were there. miraculously, the last five lines of the s came to him and he was able to turn b the camera, say them, and make his exi

Nobody at home, watching, knew tha thing was wrong, of course. It was di only to the people connected with the

Ace got to the side of the sound sweat standing on his forehead. The found Sara, who stared glassily at him.

"*Really*," she said.

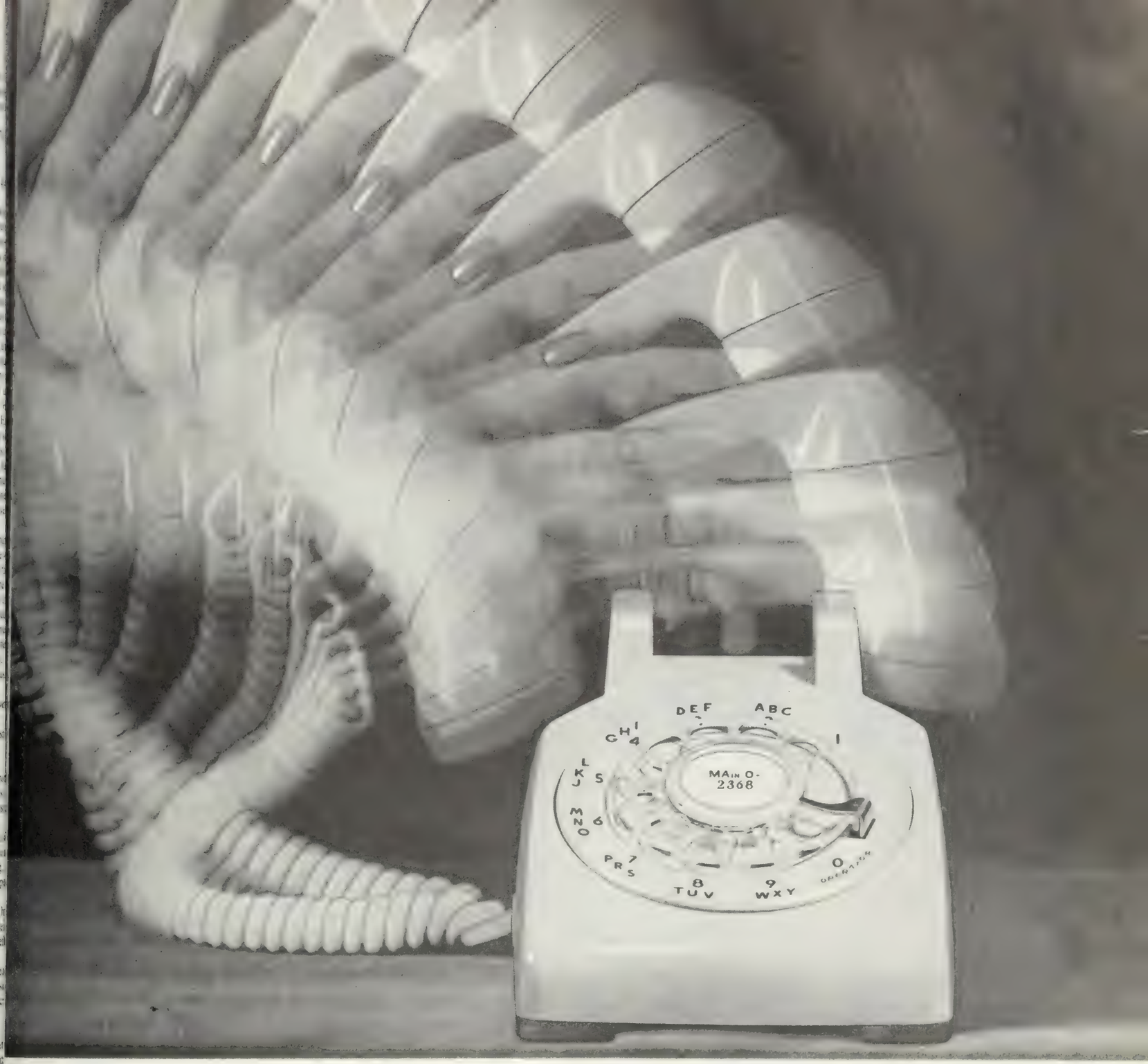
It was not the word Ace needed a moment.

"If the speech had been written righ said, "this never would have happened. you that—a hundred times."

Sara turned and walked away from h

It was the Thursday morning afte Monday night when Eleanor called. didn't, as she said, get there in ten m

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



Does anything else you use so often give you such trouble-free service?

We build a long life into your telephone because it's no good unless it works all the time.

If something does go wrong, we fix it as fast as we can, at no charge to you.

Day in and day out, your telephone is a constant and faithful companion, giving you low-cost service that's useful, and pleasant, and necessary.

Service so good you can take it for granted.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WHEN IT'S COLD OUTSIDE
GIVE 'EM WARM "INSIDES" WITH

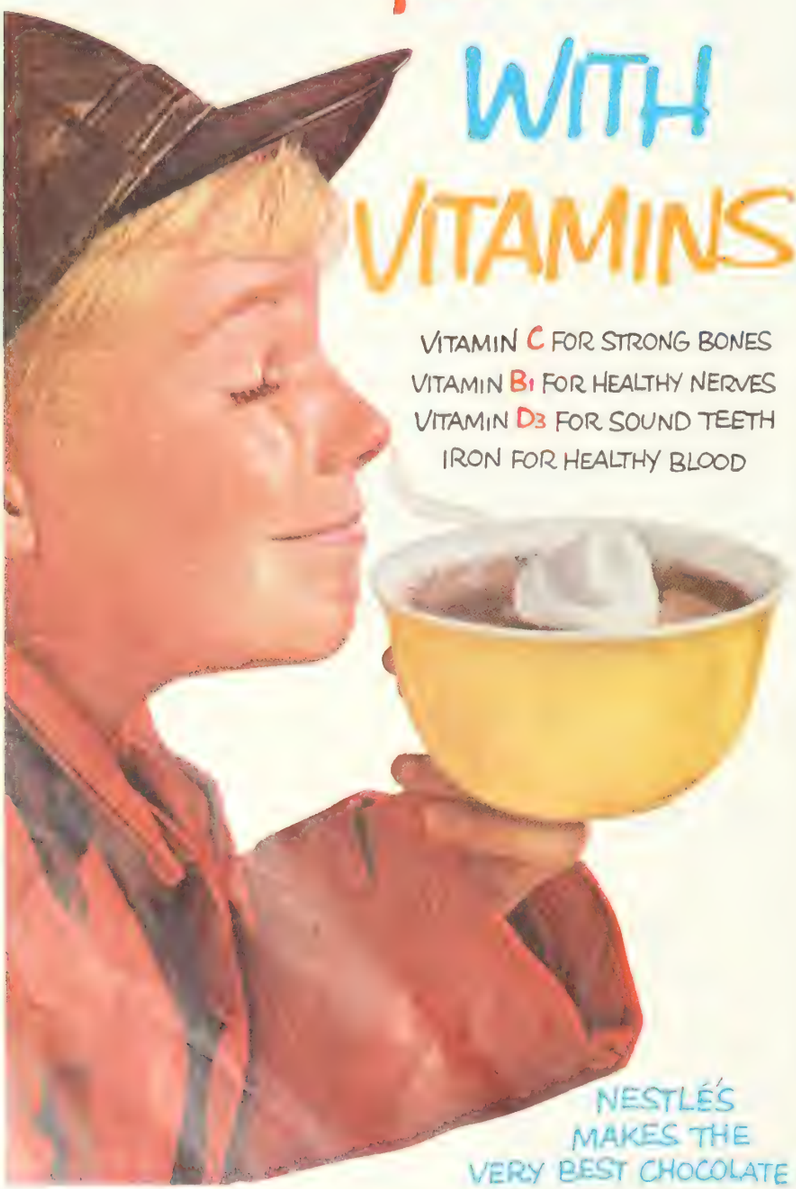


NEW
NESTLÉ'S
EVERREADY COCOA

THE INSTANT HOT CHOCOLATY DRINK
YOUR YOUNGSTERS LOVE!
WITH NUTRIENTS
THEY NEED FOR ALL-DAY
ENERGY

NOW
WITH
VITAMINS

VITAMIN C FOR STRONG BONES
VITAMIN B1 FOR HEALTHY NERVES
VITAMIN D3 FOR SOUND TEETH
IRON FOR HEALTHY BLOOD



NESTLÉ'S
MAKES THE
VERY BEST CHOCOLATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

she made it in twenty. That was good for Eleanor.

There were two chairs in the living room now, and Sara and Eleanor sat upon them. But before there was time to sit down even, Eleanor said, "You must have it wrong, darling. Eight hundred thousand. A million, yes, or five hundred thousand, but *eight* isn't the sort of figure anyone would think of."

"It's eight," Sara said, and they sat down. "Eight's gotten to be a very common amount these days. Almost fashionable."

Eleanor shrugged. "All right. But who, and *why?* Tell me."

"A woman called Clara Stone. She says I stole the Monday-night show from her."

"But you didn't do that."

"Of course not. At least I don't think so."

"She must be mad."

"She's not. And she has a good lawyer."

"But ——"

Sara leaned back in her chair and rubbed her cheek. "Here's the thing. . . . Clara Stone has a manuscript—I've looked through it, and it's frighteningly close to mine—and she has a letter, signed by me, written about a year ago when I was still reading all the stuff that came into the office, saying thanks for letting us see this, but we don't want it. And it is signed by me. It's my signature."

"But how peculiar."

"Yes. Everybody thinks so. She's not suing just me, of course. The network, the sponsor and a whole chorus of John Does. They all think it's *very* peculiar."

"I understand why you were crying," Eleanor said. "This is incredible. . . . You couldn't possibly ——"

"Have stolen a whole show? I wouldn't have done it intentionally. If nothing else, that would be just too dangerous. I've beaten my brains trying to remember. But I've read hundreds, literally hundreds of manuscripts. Oh, dear ——"

"Yes," Eleanor said. "Oh, dear." Then she went on: "You don't think that by some hideous psychological quirk Clara Stone's play could have got lodged in your subconscious?"

"If it did," Sara said, "I've got a superio subconscious." She picked up a gray-covere script from the floor. "This is it. 'A televisio play by Clara Stone.' Her lawyer gave it t our lawyers. And I must say there are whol scenes in it that are too too similar to mine. don't understand ——"

Eleanor took the script and began to lea through it. "Eight hundred thousand dollars, she said. "Really ——"

But then from the doorway someone said "Hi!" and they turned and there was Ace.

"I have an announcement to make," h said. "I have given up acting for good. I an going to become a full-time carpenter."

"How splendid!" Eleanor said, but Sar got up and walked over to the window.

"Didn't you hear me?" Ace said. "I an making an apology."

"Don't bother her," Eleanor said. "She' upset."

"But I mean it. I apologize."

Eleanor said, "I don't see how that will d any good."

Ace said to Sara's back, "Look. You can' still be sore. Nobody noticed. I got wonderfu reviews. Didn't you see them?"

Sara turned. "Forget it," she said, and the to Eleanor: "You tell him."

"Ace," Eleanor said, and she told him. Sh garbled the facts a little, and she managed t imply that Sara was guilty of bald and de liberate theft, but she told him everything h needed to know.

When she had finished, Ace said, "You'r kidding."

"No I'm not," Eleanor said, "here," an she handed him Clara Stone's gray-covere manuscript. He took it, bewildered.

Then Eleanor said to Sara, "Come on You're coming out to lunch with me. I'll be you haven't eaten properly in who know when."

Sara rubbed her eyes. "Not since break fast," she said.

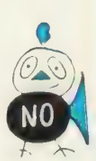
After lunch Sara got rid of Eleanor an went back to the apartment. She was shaking she was afraid to see Ace alone, but sh couldn't help herself.



By MUNRO LEAF



Nobody likes to play with an Own-Way Wanter. It never thinks about anybody else's wants or feelings at all. If it can't have everything its own way, it is so stubborn and unpleasant it ought to be left all alone. That is what is happening to this Own-Way Wanter. Its playmate has just gone home in tears and won't be a friend any more. Too bad!



WERE YOU AN OWN-WAY WANTER THIS MONTH?

When she went in, drawn and white, Ace
e over and put his arms around her. She
xed and let her head fall on his shoulder.
s was what she had come for.
"Stupid," he said, "why didn't you call me?"
"I was afraid."
"But why?"
"Oh, because of what I said."
"That wasn't anything. That was the artist
you talking. The ugly side. Not the real
."
ara leaned closer. "Oh, Ace ——"
"Listen," Ace said. "I'm not a very good
penter, and I'm a bum actor, but as Gala-
l, I'm number-one boy."
"You are," Sara said.
"You don't understand. I'm talking about
script. I have come to your rescue."
"*What?*"
"I've figured out the trick, I think."
"Now *you're* kidding."
"No." He laid his cheek on the top of her
d. "Plenty of time for this later. Right now
've got to call Sam van Allen. They made a
o of the show, didn't they? Or a tape?"
"They always do."
"Get him to set up a showing. Immediately.
an hour."
"I will, but ——"
"Trust papa."

In the screening room sat Sara, Ace, Sam
n Allen, two of the network lawyers and a
retary. Ace was at a table with a light, Clara
ne's script was open before him.
"Skip the first part," Ace said to the man in
booth. "I just want the last twenty minutes."
"Why all this mystery?" Sam van Allen
d.

"I've got to be sure of myself," Ace said.

The lights went out and abruptly the last part of the show was in action on the screen. Everyone sat tense, silent, until suddenly, about fifteen seconds before his payoff scene, Ace said to the secretary, "Take this down."

She began, and for the next three minutes, all through Ace's agonizing ordeal, her pencil flew. After he had made his exit on the screen, Ace turned to the man in the booth and wiggled his hand. The film stopped and the lights came on.

Only Van Allen spoke. "I'm not sure, but I think I understand. Is it true?"

Ace nodded, with a fat-cat smile. "It's true," he said.

One of the lawyers said, "I'm sorry, but I'm going to need a little more explanation."

"O.K.," Ace said. "Here you are. I was given Clara Stone's script to read. Well, I'm an actor. I naturally read my own part first. And I must say Miss Stone's script was awfully close to Sara's. Except in one place."

"My *word!*" Sara said, light dawning.

"Except in my last big scene," Ace said, "then it was close to me, to my fluff. To what I made up and said that instant on the screen. In fact, she actually uses my first desperate line—'How can I be articulate at a time like this?' Now we have a hundred witnesses, all the people who were on that sound stage, who knew that I made up that speech ——"

"Ace, Ace, Ace ——" Sara said.

Van Allen turned to the lawyers. "It's the most beautiful scheme," he said. "This woman, Clara Stone, did have a perfectly legitimate rejection slip from us. But for something else she had written. Then what she did was take down Monday night's show and change it—oh, just change it enough to make things plausible—it's a wonderful scheme, and it would have worked if we hadn't had this bum actor —— Poor woman, how could she know Ace was going to louse everything up?"

Van Allen walked over to Ace and put an arm around his shoulder.

"Bum actor," he said, "as of this moment you are under exclusive contract to me. I'm going to have Sara write a show just for you. Right, Sara?"

"Right," Sara said.

Then Sam van Allen frowned and looked from Ace to Sara. "You two have met, haven't you?" he said.

"We've met," Ace said.

Some time later—oh, quite a long time later, because the apartment was by then fixed and furnished—Eleanor called Sara up and said, "Listen. You remember I told you Jack's mother needed some shelves in her bathroom? Well, she's never gotten them up and I wondered if Ace ——"

"No," Sara said.

"That's rather unfriendly."

"He isn't going to do any carpenter work any more. Except here around the house. Just for us."

"But why?"

"He hasn't time. I'm writing him a show, you know, and he has to spend every minute getting comfortable in the lines."

"I should think that's the last thing you'd want."

"It is. But . . . oh well, you know. You're married."

Eleanor sighed. "I know."

THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

women will, "You were pretty engrossed that blonde."

So rich is masculine nature that the love of ne woman often leads to a heightened appreciation of the sex as a whole; but of course is not such a mug as to say so.

"Not really," he smiles.

"You were talking to her most of the evening."

"One has to be polite."

"Polite! I saw you. What was so special bout her?"

"Well, it was a curious thing"—more flashing smiles—"but she reminded me of you."

"Then why not talk to *me*, and be reminded ill more?"

"Oh, you dear little funny."

She allows herself to be embraced, but she as tucked the matter away in her mind for iture reference.

Nor is her opportunity long in coming. oon after that, eying her in a tender farway manner, he murmurs, "You'd look wonerful in black lace."

"Black lace, eh?" she flares up. "I see."

"Oh, darling, what is it now?"

"That blonde of yours was wearing black ace."

"Really, really, women's minds! How they lo skip about!"

"May we just get this straight," she pleads vith horrible calm; "is she supposed to remind ou of me, or am I supposed to remind you f her? Only a trollop would wear black lace!" he suddenly bawls.

"Oh, haven't I suffered enough?" and he ears out of the house and buys her a flask of Dior. If she has told him once that she uses Guerlain, she has told him fifty times.

This wild to-and-fro of feminine thought is a grievous burden to the male. He offers the concept of pure beauty manifest in black lace and she goes rambling on about a blonde. And she has a trick more irritating still: she will drag that blonde in, somehow, apropos of nothing at all. He will begin tentatively, "Darling, how would it be if we ——" and she at once, fixing him with a beady eye, breaks in with, "Now, Thomas" (or Michael, Derek, Wilbur), "we will do no such thing. I've stood quite enough, thank you." All he was going to suggest was that they run over to the country club for a drink. Now it is perfectly true, and he is the last man ever to deny the truth, that the blonde goes to the country club six evenings a week. But who *said* anything about the country club? What makes her so sure she can read his mind? He might have been going to say, "Darling, how would it be if we stayed in tonight and tied up the roses?" Very soon he believes that he was going to say precisely that. Ah, but she knows better, of course, with all the assurance of a featherweight brain behind her.

"I was going to suggest we stay in tonight and tie up the roses," he tells her frigidly and, rising, stalks into the garden, with the reflection that against stupidity even the gods will struggle in vain.

He is entirely and absolutely right, of course. *But will the wretched little woman see it?*

In attempting to justify, and to illumine by examples, the claim "in action how like an angel!" we must own to a certain unwonted hesitation. This is due to no unworthy skepticism on our part, but rather to our lack of experience of angels and their modes of behavior. Exactly what, we are tempted to ask, was in the Lord Hamlet's mind? What information had he that is not available to the rest of us? He could not, could he, have been talking for the pleasure of hearing his voice? Words, words, words, and all that?

We only ask because the isolated acts of individual angels of which we have heard tell do not remind us especially of men. Those winged creatures with golden hair, for instance, that appear beside beds of pain to soothe and cheer and watch over the hours of darkness have no counterpart in our male acquaintance. The very expression "ministering angel" lacks virility. The men we know are far too sensitive and delicately put together to endure the sight of illness in anyone, while in the beloved herself it fills them with indignation. "I can't bear to see you like this," they grumble; "you should always glow, glow ——" and if she knows which side her bread is buttered she'll struggle up and start glowing, glowing, as if the fiend were after her.

But when we come to "in form and moving how express and admirable," we are back on solid ground. Reader, have you ever watched a kingfisher speed along a riverbank, or seen the play of summer lightning in the hills? Both have much to learn from the Beauty of the World as he distances himself from something disagreeable or inconvenient. Is poor old Aunt Matilda coming for a long weekend? Out with the seven-league boots; he has remembered a promise to go sailing with Joe. He hates missing Aunt Matilda, who keeps up so wonderfully for her age, but a promise is a promise, after all. It is just one of those things. Do give the old lady his love and say he was thinking of her; and, pressing a tin of toffee into the beloved's hand, he murmurs that it's funny, he never feels so close to her as when he is away.

So much, then, for Hamlet's list. The longer we reflect on it, the more astonished we are at the number of things he left out. No mention whatever is made, for example, of the quality in man that springs to mind almost before any other; namely, his exquisite tact. To watch him deal unruffled with a situation that would make a woman's blood run cold is to know real greatness. We venture to illustrate this by an experience of our own when a gentleman in whom we had been romantically interested called to introduce his bride—just the sort of cozy idea a man is likely to have. For some reason the bride was not entirely at her ease, and after twenty minutes' careful analysis of the weather there seemed nothing for it but to inquire if anyone had read any good books lately. Before we could do so, however, the husband blithely exclaimed, "What marvelous coffee! Sylvia, why can't we have it like this at home?" Just a few kind words, no more; but the ice was broken at last and thereafter the female parties smiled at each other across the cups, relaxed and friendly as a pair of cobras.

We might prolong this indefinitely, but we shall spare our reader and ourselves. There is something depressing in the contemplation of excellences to which we can never aspire. As Nietzsche sagely remarked, "The woman senses the power of the man but is unable to understand it," and we have been dealing with matters beyond our little compass. One minor claim we make, and that is to be free of the envy, the rancor that a conscious inferiority so often engenders. Our admiration is complete, unforced, ungrudging: we glory in man, divine attributes and all; and our dearest wish, our fondest hope, is that the creature may continue exactly as he is forever. END

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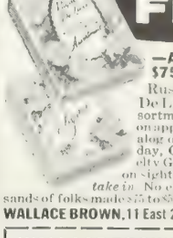
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TEEN-AGE REPORT TO THE NATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

caddies at country clubs, and in some areas doing farm work. At seventeen, boys can drive delivery trucks. Younger kids shovel snow, garden or have paper routes. Girls can always baby-sit, sometimes work at supermarkets and at camps or playgrounds, or clerk in the five-and-ten. Many teen-agers have regular Saturday jobs, and almost all work during vacations. Girls buy their own clothes with the money; boys spend it on cars and dates; some is saved for college.

No matter what a teen-ager's family income, many of us feel that taking money from parents without working for it is selfish and irresponsible. There's something very satisfying about spending money you have worked to earn, instead of spending someone else's. Of course we can't be completely self-supporting, but we can help out a lot.

YOU'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS

We still love to dance, but not the frantic jitterbug of the '40's. Strolls and Sleepwalks have replaced it in some towns, and even rock 'n' roll is being danced to a slower beat.

This may come as a surprise to you, but not every teen-ager loves to jitterbug. We do a kind of slow step that is almost like walking, or fox trots and even waltzes. In San Francisco Latin-American dances—cha-cha-cha, rumba, samba—are hits, and a slow-beat rock 'n' roll.

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Sleepwalks and Strolls are coming in. In Beaumont, Texas, they like to dance faster than a slow bop but slower than a jitterbug. And in Minneapolis, calypso and a combination cha-cha-cha-calypso has taken hold. There are lots of variations, but the general trend is toward a less-frenzied beat—a smoother step. Dancing at home has always been popular if there's room.

A lot of boys build their own stereo sets, which they can put together for thirty-five or forty dollars. And it's quite the thing for a boy to build one for his girl and give it to her as a special present.

Eating is a popular American pastime, and it's something we all know how to do. Your imagination can really let loose!

Driving to an eating place after a date (or even *as* a date) is standard. Pizza places with jukeboxes are still popular, although the rage for pizza is beginning to cool. Hamburgers, with French fries and catchup, generally rank in first place—and malted milks too. In California, it's *taco stands*. A taco is like a *tortilla*, a crisp corn pancake filled with grated lettuce, grated cheese, a lot of ground meat and a little gravy—all highly spiced—then folded over. In Pennsylvania, *hoagies* are a kind of submarine, or hero, sandwich. They are generally filled with meat, cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, and lots of oil on the bread (which is a hard loaf). Usually they cost thirty-five cents, sometimes forty-five, but you can buy a giant size for seventy-five. Sundaes are good, too, but you can get more for your money with a hoagie.

On the West Coast and in Minneapolis, coffeehouses are big, where you can go and talk for hours without the waiter coming over and asking you to leave. In Port Huron, Michigan, pizza parties at home, where the girls whip up pizzas from mixes, are another way of eating and having fun on an inexpensive date. Usually you have several couples over, and end up by driving out later on for a malt to wash it all down.

There are certain things we like which seem to have caught on just about everywhere.

It's like the Paris fashions when they hit New York, and everybody went around wearing sacks or the Empire look. Of course we're not that extreme. Pale lips might look O.K. on Brigitte Bardot, but most of us avoid that like the plague. Some schools have put the taboo sign on white lipstick. The casual look is fine, but it has to be carefully thought out.

Long hair and sideburns are associated with hoods, and for the most part we don't like them much. Oh, some of the younger kids—say, fourteen or so—try to be *a little rock*. A rock wears a flat-top haircut, and can be quite properly dressed. He may even be a big wheel at school—class president, or football captain. But he tries to seem a little tough. Then, when he's sure he has it made and thinks everyone knows he's very masculine, he can go very Ivy League—around sixteen, generally. But most boys wear their hair short, nowadays, in a college or crew cut. The ducktails and unkempt look are passé. Very popular is the "Ivy League Cut," closely clipped at the sides and back, longer than a crew on top, and brushed to the sides or back. And *not* slicked down with a lot of grease!

Trench coats are almost standard, for girls as well as boys. Some of the girls wear theirs with a little fur (usually raccoon) in the colla and some have plaid linings which zip in f cold weather.

The button-down Ivy League shirt in da patterns is a real favorite with most boys, f school wear and dressier dates. *Chinos* a worn to school, in olive green, black or khak Tight jeans are a lost cause. *Continental trou sers* are new this year, at least in Westpor with a narrower and slightly tapered leg, r cuff, and worn without a belt. And corduro trousers are also big—small-ribbed, Contine tal or Ivy League style.

Gone are the days of *white bucks* (except Cleveland) and *saddle shoes* for girls. Loafe

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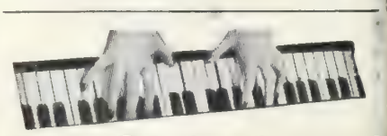
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ar sneakers have replaced them; girls wear
lders with white socks pulled *up*, flats with
st kings, and in San Francisco colored sneak-
er (red, blue, white, khaki), worn without
st kings, are a big hit for school.

here's a new-type jacket called a *popover*
th 's a minor rage, and boys are buying them
fc both themselves and their girls. They're
fc outdoor use, but they look something like
a irt, have tails that go flapping out behind,
in slip over the head. They come in brushed
wool and have a shirt neck that buttons high.
Ponchos are coming in at Westport, and *plaid*
k worn just above the knee are great with
th girls. (Plaid vests are also worn, with matching straight plaid skirts). *Shetland sweaters* with a classic round crew neck (although the boat neck is new) have gone over big with everyone.

In Arkansas, Texas, Virginia and Arizona the knitted cotton sports shirt is very popular. And everybody is crazy over jackets, especially tweeds. *Red* or *navy-blue blazers* with brass buttons are hits with boys.

Nobody would be caught dead in short-shorts any more—it's all *Bermudas*. But they're only for picnics, sports, etc.—*never* what you'd call "public" attire. Shirtwaist dresses are the rage in San Francisco, and the *boy's button-down shirt with a gold circle pin* above the button is worn by almost every teen-age girl in the country, except in Atwood, Kansas, and Beaumont, Texas. It is on the way out in Minneapolis, though, where frilly, feminine blouses are coming in.

Tight, narrow skirts and toreador pants revealing a lot of torso have lost favor in many towns. Pants are usually worn only at home, or to sporty events. *Pleated skirts*, stitched down over the hips, in pretty-colored tweeds, are popular. The tight sweater has also been discarded for a looser one—more ladylike.

Thonged sandals and silver concho belts are the rage in Tucson, Arizona. But *stiff petticoats* have lost appeal, except in Cleveland, where they are still worn. There is a trend to less jewelry, and silver chains worn around the neck with a ring (either a school ring or your boy friend's) are seen almost everywhere. There is a courting system in Fort Smith, Arkansas, when a boy and girl are going steady. They go to a jeweler and buy a silver heart. The jeweler cuts it in half and the boy wears one, the girl the other, on matching chains around their neck.

Pony tails are giving way to more sophisticated hairdos, and the pixy cut has really been modified. And girls don't try to look like boys any more, with those short, mannish cuts.

The whole trend is toward neatness and taste, whether in girls' or boys' fashions, and we teen-agers are becoming very conscious of the way our appearance reflects our attitudes. To play it cool, you have to look that way too.

We're really hot for music, and contrary to what most people think, we do go in for classical.

Not everyone is crazy over rock 'n' roll. On the West Coast, in Texas, Cleveland and Minneapolis, it seems to be on the way out—and Pennsylvania and Michigan feel it might be replaced. Dixieland is coming along—San Francisco teen-agers seem to be going for it in a big way. South American music has caught on in a few places, too, and good jazz is always a seller.

Most teens love to collect records, and have whole albums of their favorites. Dave Brubeck, The Kingston Trio and George Shearing are popular, with their more sophisticated type of jazz. We like movie sound tracks, too, and themes from TV shows. "Peter Gunn" and "77 Sunset Strip" (we get a kick out of Kookie) have really gone over, and singers like Pat Boone, Ricky Nelson, Johnny Mathis, Sal Mineo, Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Tommy Sands and the Everly Brothers. Lots of us watch Dick Clark and the Bandstand show, but it looks as if Elvis Presley is becoming a has-been. Of course there are the vocalists, too, like Sara Vaughn, Ella Fitzgerald, Nat King Cole, Frank Sinatra and Julie London. Mood music, ballads and classical, are becoming really popular. Most of us appreciate good things and we don't completely look down on long-hair stuff. In Michigan "The Nutcracker Suite" and "Rhapsody in Blue" are well liked by the high-school set. Folk songs and Broadway show tunes are way up there near the top too.

Well, that's about it. Maybe you can get some idea from all this about what we teen-agers are like in 1960. We hope so, anyway. I don't know what you were like when you were our age, but today one of the most important things is to feel *useful*, not just to sit around for several years doing nothing except waiting until you grow up. END

EXTINGUISHED

By KATHERINE ROCHEFORT

It's just a matter of time,
they said,
As final as a slammed door.
And in just a matter of days
He would be four.

We bought horns and hats and
a cake
While he planned the fun.
We bought four little candles
And never lit one.

We bought four gay little
candles,
But when the day came
There were five little candles
That had no flame.

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* America's 12 Most Famous Artists



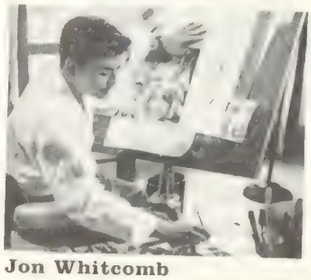
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* We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to test your art talent. We'd like to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a successful money-making artist.

This offer is part of a program we began ten years ago. We found that many men and women who could have become artists—and should have become artists—never did. Most of them were unsure of their talent and had no way of finding out whether it was worth developing. Others who were convinced they had talent simply couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. We decided to make it possible for anyone, anywhere, who likes to draw—and who has talent worth developing—to get the training he needs to become an artist. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we, ourselves, were able to learn only through long and successful experience.

We illustrated this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings; then organized it into a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting . . . lessons that anyone could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. Finally—after years of teaching—we perfected what is probably the most personal and effective method ever developed for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our program of art training is now well known and respected all over America. We have helped thousands of people find success in art. Here are just a few:

When Don Smith of New Orleans wrote to us, he knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he's an illustrator with the South's leading advertising agency.

Father of Three Wins New Career

Stanley Bowen of Ohio—a married man with three children, unhappy in a "no-future job"—began studying with us, evenings. Now he's earning a much higher salary as an illustrator for a growing art studio. And his family sees a happy, secure future ahead.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski of Rexford, N. Y., was able to give up her typing job to become fashion artist for a local department store.

Changes His Whole Life

"Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me," writes Robert Meecham of Ontario, Canada. "I've come from an $18.00 a week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

A Career of Her Own

"I now have extra money for trips and bank account to do with as I please," s housewife Doris Hagen. "Without yo Course, I would not have had a profession.'

When Kathryn Gorsuch of Mt. Vern Ohio, found out she was to have a baby—s left her filing job at an aircraft company a studied art at home with us. By the time baby was seven months old, she went back work for the same company . . . this time a well-paid commercial artist.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while studied nights with us. Today, he is a success advertising artist, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his fami

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, c cided to use her spare time to study paintir Recently, she had her first local "one-ma show—where she sold thirty-two water colo and five oil paintings.

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles Cit Montana—studied art with us. Now he pain portraits, sells them for $250 each, and ge all the business he can handle.

Paintings Pay for House Addition

Virginia Tootill writes: "The sale of m paintings has more than paid for my Cours It's building an addition to the house for ou new baby."

In just four months Doris White of Wauw tosa, Wis., has painted and sold $750 wort of her paintings . . . all in spare time!

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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

VOL. LXXVII NO. 2

February, 1960

JOURNALITIES



Oh, a livelier, more provocative tle tale was never told than that Elizabeth right tells on page 50! *Free Dust* is the work a free spirit, a distinguished short-story iter and the mother of three sons. The do-it-urself husband in this tale, when told by an forgettably obnoxious visitor that he looks e death, builds himself a . . . that is, it turns t to be a . . . well, it's appropriate, you'll see.



Note from Margaret Bonham (*Tiger, ger*, page 54): "My husband is a social an-ropologist; we have two daughters, Cary and ys, and two sons, Charles and Justin. We live a stone house, dated 1610, thatched with rfolk reed, on the edge of a North Oxford-ire village. We h.. going to London. We eatly enjoy reading, talking, playing indiffer-t bridge, watching cricket, listening to music."



We have been intending to celebrate e centennial (one hundred poems sold to the URNAL) of Georgie Starbuck Galbraith, and if e don't do it soon she will have sold us *two* ndred poems. The one on page 44 is ap-opriately titled *No Complaint*. "Selling one ndred to the JOURNAL is only slightly less hlikely than a successful moon shot," she ys. "It took seventeen years for me to do it."

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LETTERS

our readers write us



[illegible]

MORE MONEY FOR MINISTERS?

Dear Editors: "I'm the Child of a King" (November JOURNAL) brought vividly to mind my own childhood in a parsonage. Our parents could not bequeath us any material wealth, but they left us a far richer heritage: an appreciation of good literature and music, esteem for the Ten Commandments, and a knowledge of right and wrong; a respect for order and cleanliness, a desire for the things that are more excellent.

Yours truly,
Baraboo — ELIZABETH TARAS HERRITZ

[illegible]

Sirs: All ministers' families I know of agree that as "children of a King" we are profoundly rewarded in countless ways that the world in general doesn't know about. But I get very tired of people who remind us that Jesus had no place to lay His head. He also had no wife, no children, no doctor or dental bills, and no car expenses. Miss Thompson should try living on a salary equivalent to the one her father made before she urges it on anyone else.

Sincerely,
Mt. Union — MRS. ROY K. HOOVER

[illegible]

DRUGS FOR CHILDREN?

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: I am writing to you because the JOURNAL has so often warned mothers against dosing their children with certain harmful medicines and drugs. Last year the chief child psychiatrist of a large hospital advised us to put our ten-year-old son on tranquilizing pills. Our son was a perfectly normal, bright, healthy boy, but he occasionally had bad temper tantrums. The tranquilizing pills might relieve his hostility and calm him down, the psychiatrist said. He added that the pills might also produce the opposite effect and jive him up, or they might slow him down to the point where he was half asleep all the time and unable to do his schoolwork.

My husband and I decided not to put our ten-year-old on tranquilizers. Instead, we followed the psychiatrist's suggestions for making his life in the family and co[illegible] munity more satisfying to him. Last su[illegible] mer he won many honors for leadersh[illegible] at camp, and recently the children in h[illegible] school elected him Captain of the Sa[illegible] ties, a highly responsible post. He h[illegible] not had a tantrum in months.

I wonder how many other mothe[illegible] have been advised by their family doct[illegible] or psychiatrists to put their children [illegible] tranquilizers whenever their antisoc[illegible] behavior needs toning down. I'm su[illegible] that many children with severe emotion[illegible] illnesses can be made more malleable [illegible] therapy by the use of drugs. But some [illegible] my friends, I've discovered, give th[illegible] children tranquilizers simply becau[illegible] they won't sleep or seem irritable [illegible] high-strung.

I looked up tranquilizers in a big me[illegible] cal library and found that they can cau[illegible] dizziness, severe nausea and vomitin[illegible] swelling of the joints, itching and co[illegible] vulsions. They can also produce the sym[illegible] toms of Parkinson's disease in adults wh[illegible] never had a tremor before. Fortunatel[illegible] these symptoms go away when the pi[illegible] are discontinued.

The cause of Parkinson's disease is u[illegible] known, but it results from a gradu[illegible] degeneration of nerve cells deep with[illegible] the brain. Nobody knows exactly ho[illegible] tranquilizers work, except that they [illegible] fect the base of the brain. In childr[illegible] they may also affect the growth cycle, a[illegible] cording to Dr. Walter Alvarez, form[illegible] Mayo Clinic consultant.

There are about fifteen tranquilizi[illegible] pills on the market. They all require [illegible] doctor's prescription, but the prescri[illegible] tion can be refilled again and agai[illegible] Most of the tranquilizers are very new[illegible] only four or five years old—so that ne[illegible] of the tests made on monkeys or huma[illegible] can reveal the long-term results of tr[illegible] quilizers on the emotions, memory, m[illegible] tivations, responses and other high[illegible] functions of the mind.

A pill that can reduce a healthy adu[illegible] to a trembling, unco-ordinated Parki[illegible] son's case must be pretty powerful. [illegible] this the kind of medicine to give to [illegible] child—*any* child? Sincere[illegible]
Chicago — E.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

PENNSYLVANIA

WHAT HAPPENED TO WITCHES?

Dear Sir and Madam: Your allowing "The Salem That Never Burned Witches" to be printed caused the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to forfeit the right to have women believe in it. The lie that witches were burned in Salem was used as evidence that the Puritans were coldly cruel; but no witches were burned in either England or New England. Hanging was the method of execution.

I am anxious to see how you will squirm out of this. Yours,

Allentown LEVERETT CUTTEN

● *We'll just say we're sorry we burned you up. ED.*

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That surely challenge me.
On which side *is* the JOURNAL?
Juicy pies and cakes immense?
Or insipid-sounding diets?
Or just sitting on the fence?

Glen Rock MARJORIE UHL

● *A man who likes his ladies slim*
Suggests the food be served to him. ED.

WASHINGTON

GREETINGS TO MR. BOONE

Dear Editors: We enthusiastically approve your December article by Pat Boone. It's really wonderful that someone leading such a busy life has taken the time and thoughtfulness to help our youngsters. Sincerely,

Deer Park MR. and MRS. R.W.S.

NEW YORK CITY

DR. SCHAUFFLER IS TOO MODEST

Dear Editor: In the August Journalities, it is stated that your Dr. Goodrich C. Schauffler (Tell Me, Doctor) received in France, during World War I, a French Croix de Guerre "for bringing up an ambulance load of champagne from Rheims under bombardment."

Obviously, any intelligent reader will realize that this must be a joke—but one in rather poor taste. The entire world knows that thousands of Americans sacrificed their lives on the battlefield, side by side with their French comrades, so that we might continue to live in freedom. Some survivors returned home proudly bearing the Croix de Guerre, which is awarded only for heroism at the risk of one's life.

While it is certainly possible to risk one's life in order to save champagne, there is no doubt that French authorities placed too high a value on the lives of their soldiers to risk them for such a purpose. We have furthermore been assured that Dr. Schauffler obtained his Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action, and that perhaps, thanks to his heroic feat, several hundred soldiers' lives were spared. Let us hope there will be no further jokes of this kind.

Very truly yours,

OLEG YADOFF *President*
American Order of the Association Nationale des Croix de Guerre of France, Inc.

● *Mr. Yadoff is right, of course. Dr. Schauffler was simply being modest in describing his own war experiences. ED.*

CONGO BELGE

EGGSTRAORDINARY STORY?

Dear Editors: Perhaps you would be interested in the "mileage" one copy of the JOURNAL gets here. It makes the rounds of our station (four women), two other stations (seven more), and is often lent to Belgian friends. Its final destiny? After favorite recipes are removed, it is sold for four or five eggs! Yours truly,

Mission Mwanga BONNIE TERPSTRA

SOMEWHERE U.S.A.

OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

Dear Editors: I have become increasingly interested in how many wives find themselves in a position similar to my own—healthy, responsive women married to frigid, unresponsive and sexually inhibited husbands. Who writes articles on this problem?

I don't *want* to be an erring wife, but I can't hold out much longer.

NAME WITHHELD

MASSACHUSETTS

TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE

Dear Editor: How many children would not be dead, how many illegitimate babies would not have been born, and how many early elopements would never have happened if *these children did not have a license to drive a car?*

What's the matter, parents? Are we getting so lazy that we'd rather take chances with our children's lives than do a little chauffeuring once in a while?

Yours truly,

Peabody ELAINE L. TALBOT

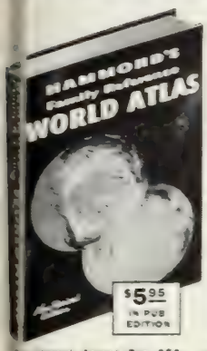
● *A recent study also showed that few A students drive cars, while many who fail in school do. ED.*

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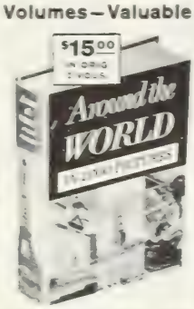
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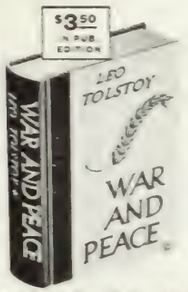
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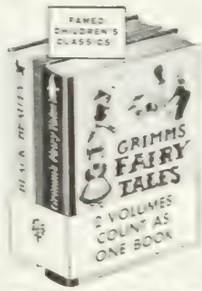
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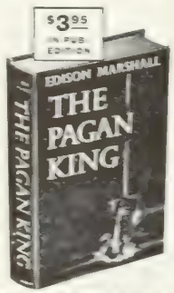
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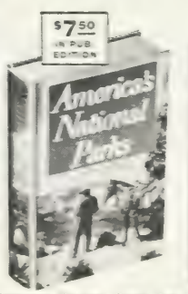
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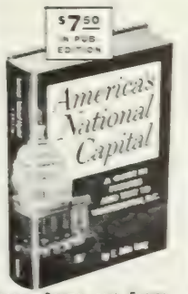
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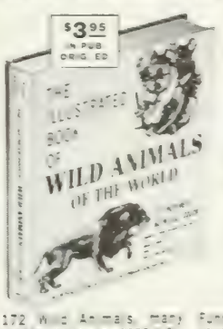
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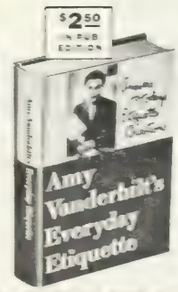
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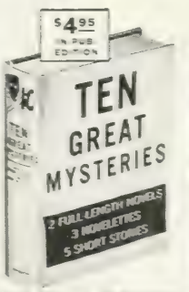
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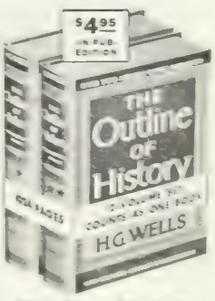
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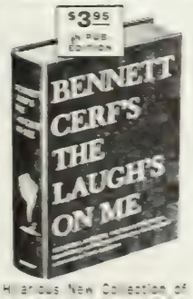
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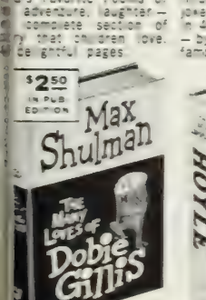
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BASKET OF FLOWERS. Self-taught, French-born artist Leon Hartl has won prizes in this country for his oils and water colors since he came here forty years ago. Using the colors of dawn, he painted this in 1956.

A QUESTION OF VALUE

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A few months ago the British Advisory Committee of the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare complained to the American ambassador regarding an article describing experiments on live animals being carried out in the biology courses of American public schools. Because of the very close relations that exist between this country and Great Britain, and the Americanizing influence on British cultural life, this committee felt moved to scotch something that might spread outside our borders.

The article that occasioned the protest revealed that the National Science Teachers Association in Washington is encouraging certain practices. Its author, a biology teacher in a Buffalo, New York, high school, wrote of blowing pepper, dusts and smoke into the lungs of mice to provoke "violent shutting off of the glottis"; toxicity tests to find out what dose of nicotine will kill animals; substitution of external artificial hearts; and routine and periodic transfers of cancer cells to healthy animals. These tests are carried out by teen-agers, and the simplest of them are practiced even in the lower grades in some schools.

The teacher-author of the article also reported student reactions. "Surgical procedures are especially *thrilling* to pupils. After the first few weeks there is an *amazing* absence of *squeamishness* and *fear*. In fact, it frequently surprises me to see the *avidity* with which pupils *plunge into* the dissection of rats, mice, rabbits and dog sharks."

The pupils, we are told, are never allowed to give names to animals. "I prefer to have the pupils develop an impersonal and objective attitude. It is *too easy to become emotionally attached* and thus *strongly disturbed* at seeing a 'friend' handled directly."

I have italicized certain words in this teacher's account, in which I think he quite unwittingly reveals a good deal. It clearly demonstrates the unintellectual approach of adolescents to experimentation on live animals and records a reversal of normal emotions. Pupils start by being squeamish, but in a few weeks they find the work, not soberly interesting or important but *thrilling;* they *plunge into* dissection of living creatures with *avidity* once their normal ("too easy") emotional attachments to living creatures are suppressed. They are then no longer strongly disturbed, but excited and titillated.

Now, I maintain—and I think most psychiatrists would—that there is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

hing slightly deranged about these ado- t thrills and avidities. It is unnatural for oung to mistreat animals. An infant's oys are usually representations of cuddly ls. The growing child is given pets in to nurture in him loving and protective cts. The physical balance between ag- ve and protective instincts is established e child's being the recipient and giver of ion. Many children (and perhaps most m) feel toward an animal smaller than selves and dependent on their care a er tenderness than they feel toward hu- beings. We have all seen illustrations of Last summer I saw a five-year-old in the of enjoyable play suddenly clap his s to his head and cry, "I forgot to feed bbit!" He insisted on rushing home, de- d to find his "Peter Bunny" scampering hily about his pen; but feeding him oats, hild murmured loving apologies to the creature, patting him tenderly as he fed

few years later, while still in elementary l, this same child may be conducting a kbook experi- " on mice, guinea or rabbits, depriv- alf of them of pro- or carbohydrates feeding the others anced diet, to prove any child can be ht without such tifically worthless ties; that a diet of ng but sugar will animals and pre- ably humans. Or he be, as a Pennsyl- high school re- , conducting re- h into the effects of voltage radiation ice, deliberately in- g damage to the s and organs of the als, without adding or tittle to knowl- already possessed. ward he will cut s victims for exam- n.

he may have the rience that caused sensitive high- l girl to become and rush from the when a half-anes- zed kitten being gically" dissected started to scream—as he pupil.

e read of a sixteen-year-old girl whose trembles while injecting cancerous tissue dermically into a mouse, but who is tually rendered sufficiently cold-blooded. one case the youngsters put up cardboard stones over their consciously starved vic- —in this case "The wrong ones died. I s we needed something else," a pupil re- ked indifferently.

his is not scientific experimentation. It is ly *demonstration* of facts already estab- d.

e eighteen-year-old high-school student greatly praised for making Siamese twins of two rats. She is ambitious to become a eon. But medical colleges, with a great of psychological insight as well as intel- al experience, do not admit immature ents. One must have completed two years ollege before beginning even premedical ing.

he medical student is indoctrinated with rt Schweitzer's "reverence for life." He is centrated, not on experimenting for experi- tation's sake but on finding ways to save prolong life and health. If he is not, he r will be a good doctor. I am not an anti- sectionist, like George Bernard Shaw, who e falsely claimed that nothing had been d to knowledge of the treatment of ase in both humans and animals by section. The National Academy of Sciences down, however, strict principles of lab- ory-animal care which are unlikely to be completely observed in schools—and, alas, not always in adult laboratories. Some children and youth, for instance, are encouraged to take home animals in order to pursue their demonstrations (without supervision) in their own basements and back yards. Well, I see by the papers that five teen-age boys recently killed four rabbits by igniting firecrackers in their ears. For this they were hauled into court. But they also conducted an "experiment" which at least induced in their victims instantaneous death and proved beyond peradventure of a doubt that explosions in the head are fatal!

The case histories of delinquents of brutal or homicidal tendencies often reveal that cruelties and brutalities were first performed on cats, dogs or other animals.

Who are behind these cruel animal experiments conducted by children and teen-agers in schools? Not, it would seem, outstanding scientists, and least of all outstanding psychiatrists. Dr. Chauncey D. Leake, assistant dean of Ohio State University and president of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science, recently wrote:

"It seems to me that it is wise to avoid getting our youngsters so enthused over biological sciences that they are anxious to undertake extensive animal experimentation without the background, the experience, the judgment, or the wisdom that is necessary in handling animals appropriately for complicated biological experimentation . . . there is plenty of biology to be gotten from a study of unicellular organisms that can readily be obtained in any high-school laboratory and handled and followed with skill and convenience."

There is also vastly more that can be learned by the study of plants and animals as the naturalist studies them, on the spot and in their native environments—as the great Louis Agassiz studied them, adding with his notes and his sketches immeasurably to our sensitivity, our knowledge and our sense of the beauty and wonder of life. Biology is the science of organic life, and before the young student begins tearing every petal from the flower and cutting up living animals to see what makes them tick there should be encouraged in him those naturalist studies that awaken him to such awe and wonder. So to learn, the child and youth need not live in the country. John Kieran, in his delightful *The Natural History of New York City*, has explored the teeming native life of America's greatest metropolis. Glen Rounds, with his sensitively minute observations of the life of animals and insects, lifts biology into the realm of humanistic studies—and the two, science and humanism, must be closely conjoined if science is not to prove to be a curse to the human race. It is still true, as William James said in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*: "Strong intellect needs strong sympathies to keep life steady."

If there is any doubt about this, it would be well to reconsider one of the still insufficiently explored phenomena of our age; namely, the frightful atrocities inflicted upon human beings by the German Nazi regime. These did not happen in a primitive country; they bear no psychological resemblance to the horrible cannibalistic and other rites performed by savage African tribes; they occurred in the most scientifically advanced nation of Europe, and *they were actually committed in the name of science*, of eugenical science, "the elimination of the racially unfit," and later as tests of what the human body could endure under certain circumstances. The medical experiments

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED

By EVELYN ADAMS

Once you cared if my hair was clipped short, if I wore
A special white sweater; and at the door
If the porch lights were on, if I touched your hand,
It mattered to you that my nose was tanned.

Now because you like oak with a just-waxed gleam,
Clean sheets each night, raw cabbage, the cream
And sugar already in your cup,
It matters to me that the sun comes up.

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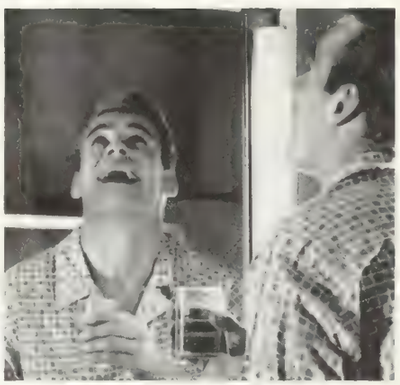
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required the active collaboration of scientists and physicians. There was nothing wrong with German brains under the Nazis; if there had been, they could not have conducted the organization necessary to fight for so long a war against a great majority of mankind. The derangement was psychical and emotional.

Everything of importance, however, to life and policy arises out of *feeling*. The education of the feelings is no less important than the education of the intellect. If we are to have science, we must have art, music, poetry, literature, manners, deportment, *instinctual* "good behavior," or society is a jungle.

The psychologists feel more strongly than the other scientists about introducing immature youth to experimentation upon animals. "Among psychopaths the most readily observable trait is lack of sympathy and affection. Sight of pain and suffering does not move them." This deficiency in warm and benevolent emotional reactions usually dates, if it is not neurological and congenital, from some trauma or traumas developed in childhood, and (as our forefathers knew and our most "modern" child psychologists have relearned) the child cannot get or give enough of loving—by which I do not, of course, mean indulgence. Anything whatever, therefore, that develops callousness to the sufferings of others during childhood and adolescence is psychologically injurious.

And this has nothing to do with the development of the hardy virtues of courage, fortitude and heroism, without which, demonstrated in one form or another, there is no strength in a society. Callousness is not a synonym for bravery; if it were, our "beatniks" and delinquents would make the best soldiers, instead of being immediately classified as unfit for service. Even in war the protective instincts are called into play as a necessity of morale among comrades in arms, and medals are awarded to those who, beyond the call of duty, go into enemy fire, not to kill an enemy but to save a wounded buddy.



In all sciences powers of accurate observation must be cultivated, but these are oftenest awakened by sparking the sense of the wonder and miracle of life. The child's enduring interest in botany, and zoology, is far more likely to be called up by the immediate observation of living things in their natural environment than by classifying and collecting, and handling anesthetized animals or their skeletons.

In the long run, it would seem, nations and civilizations rise or decline according to the values they are able to cultivate, maintain and transmit, and I know of no civilization that has long endured whose values were purely economic, material and "scientific."

No humanistic civilization or culture can be built upon such foundations. It is the humanism of Western Europe and America that has given them their peculiar flavor and strength. This humanism assumes that the material universe is maintained and expanded by the energy that flows from the spiritual universe that encloses it. This, of course, is the view of all great religions—of Christians, Buddhists, Muslims and Jews alike—and if its truth is a matter of faith it is nevertheless pragmatically demonstrated over and over again.

This spiritual universe is responsive to feelings rather than intellect. The unfeeling man, no matter how brilliant, is a thoroughly sick soul. And I submit that in the education of children and adolescent youth, nothing should enter the curriculum that tends to produce unfeeling callousness. END



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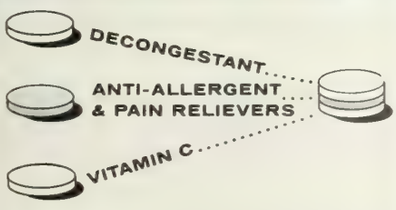
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Two JOURNAL favorites in book form, *take note:* **THE QUEEN'S GRACE,** novel about Katryn Parr by ***Jan Westcott,*** is already out (Crown), and **QUEEN MARY,** by ***James Pope-Hennessy***—that remarkable biography!—is being published this month (Knopf).

Excellent mystery: **A Penknife in My Heart,** by ***Nicholas Blake*** **(Harper).**

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a big comfortable, prosperous Jewish family living in a country place on Long Island, in what today would be considered sumptuous style—with maids, chauffeur, and hats galore. **Mrs. Sherman's Summer,** by ***Marjorie Fischer*** (Lippincott), is definitely *gemütlich.* Several daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren; strong-minded mamma with an eagle eye, and oldest son Joe, hated because he holds the moneybag—maybe this is the American answer to G. B. Stern's *The Matriarch.*

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"That's why we have an election: so that these little differences . . ."

Under Cover

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

One August morning in 1947 a young American congressman drove away from the castle of Lismore in Ireland on a short trip of exploration. Lismore Castle stands high on the Blackstone River, and is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. The young man had been visiting his sister, daughter-in-law of the duke, and was on his way to the village of New Ross, some fifty miles to the east. There he found what he was looking for: a farm cottage with thatched roof, whitewashed walls and dirt floor.

The American was John Kennedy, of Massachusetts, and the farm cottage was the home of Patrick Kennedy, his great-grandfather. It took John Kennedy under two hours to get back to Lismore Castle, but it had taken the Kennedy family a hundred years to get there—by way of the Atlantic Ocean and three generations of American business and politics.

John Kennedy: A Political Profile, by ***James MacGregor Burns*** (Harcourt, Brace), is not a gossipy book about a rich Irish-American family, as I may seem to be suggesting. It is a serious study of an American politician, vintage 1960, whom you may like, or may just as easily not like, as you learn to know him better. Would that all candidates for high office could be written up with such thoroughness and objectivity!

Perhaps the greatest value of this book is its clear, concise account of the workings of Congress, in which your markedly unpolitically minded reader found herself absorbed to the last word.

It is big news that ***Marcia Davenport*** has written a new novel. A versatile woman, the author of *Mozart*, *The Valley of Decision* and *Of Lena Guyer* now writes a passionate modern love story, underlined by a deeply controversial theme. The first title of this novel was *A Winter in Milan*, which is just what it is. The next was *Harriet's Winter*. Harriet, the beautiful American, certainly had a winter. The final title (as we go to press) is **The Constant Image** (Scribner). Although many women will take violent issue against it, I'd say that this is distinctly a woman's book. Yet the three men I know who have read it, to date, were fascinated.

Two JOURNAL favorites in book form, *take note:* **THE QUEEN'S GRACE,** novel about Katryn Parr by ***Jan Westcott***, is already out (Crown), and **QUEEN MARY,** by ***James Pope-Hennessy***—that remarkable biography!—is being published this month (Knopf).

Excellent mystery: **A Penknife in My Heart,** by ***Nicholas Blake*** **(Harper).**

Ethel Barrymore has appeared again. A lovely lady, slender in the aristocratic style of Charles Dana Gibson, her fair hair high in a pompadour, cheeks touched with pink, eyes blue as the sky, she walked onto the stage of a New York theater one Monday night last fall.

The stage was empty until the single figure walked on, graceful and at ease. Her dress of pale pink fell in soft folds to the floor, her blue eyes were smiling. It was Ethel Barrymore's daughter Ethel Colt, singing songs of America's musical theater from 1789 to 1959. This number was 1905, and she sang "Kiss Me Again." It was not an Ethel Barrymore song, because she had no songs, but it was of her time, and as her daughter sang it, tenderly and nostalgically, the glamour of another day spread across the little theater.

That was a year to be remembered: *Mlle. Modiste*, of course, in which Fritzi Scheff sang "Kiss Me Again"; *Peter Pan*, with Maude Adams; Shaw's *Man and Superman*; Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth*; and three shutout games pitched by Christy Mathewson in the World Series.

The year 1911 was a good one too—a comfortable, secure, prosperous time in which to have lived. The novel that won the Lippincott Award this year is about 1911, and a big comfortable, prosperous Jewish family living in a country place on Long Island, in what today would be considered sumptuous style—with maids, chauffeur, and hats galore. **Mrs. Sherman's Summer,** by ***Marjorie Fischer*** (Lippincott), is definitely *gemütlich*. Several daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren; strong-minded mamma with an eagle eye, and oldest son Joe, hated because he holds the moneybag—maybe this is the American answer to G. B. Stern's *The Matriarch*.

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VALENTINE FOR MY CHILDREN

By HOLLY HICKLER

The dawn filtered through the corrugated-glass windows of the delivery room. A young man with his head bound in white and a cotton mask drooping under his chin leaned over me. "A boy and a girl," he said and smiled. I closed my eyes and wept. That was nine years ago. Six years ago Mark was delivered in a hallway between the semiprivate floor and the labor room. The nurse's aide told me never to do that again. Three years ago Lisa obediently waited a reasonable time before making her arrival.

The valentines I want to give them won't fit by their places on the table. They are made up of gratitude that floods the house, laughter, closeness, anger, too, and anxiety and pain.

"What color are your eyes, Peter?" we used to say when you were small. Your eyes are blue—a light dazzling blue—with a gravity in them. But, unexpectedly, you smile—a tolerant grown-up smile—and show a partly colored campaign poster you are making for school elections. Your anger, when it comes, is just as sudden and overwhelming. But whatever your private struggles are, I can't know any more; you are past the age for holding. Designs for rockets are scattered on your desk. Baseball pictures clutter your shelves. I see you, touched by lamplight, leaning over your map drawing, lips pursed. I must learn to keep distance. You are trying to make your way toward the tents of the men, as Indian boys do. I will find a funny valentine for you. You must not know how my heart surrounds you.

Kate, your dark blond hair is shining and swinging as you come toward me, your full mouth as always on the verge of smiling, your slightly tilted gray eyes amused and comprehending. You like jewelry and fancy dresses, and trying out my make-up. You want a bicycle and skates. You make doll arrangements in your room, tiny flowers out of paper, an acorn cup with minute red clay apples for the table centerpiece. You patiently play with Lisa, but fly at her for disturbing your possessions. You have a listening face. I watch your generosities, your warmth, your responsiveness to friends. Your valentine must be pink, of course, flowered and conventional. It will tell you nothing of my joy in you.

What for you, Markie? With your jacket flying open you rush past me, flashing a crooked grin, and bang down your lunch box with a handful of first grade papers, grab an apple and run out again. You asked the other day, "What does mean mean?" I leaned down and hugged you and we laughed together, your wide grin showing uneven teeth. Your arms around me were wiry. Laughter bursts from you in squeals and long silent breaths. You have tacked up five drawings of pirate ships. But you are gentle with pets, your brown eyes sweet with sympathy. I will find you a Teddy-bear card that has a tab to pull to make the bear move. You will show it proudly to Peter.

You are pleased with dressing yourself, Lisa, and frown when I try to help if your shoes are on the wrong feet and your shirt is buttoned crooked. You breathe heavily in concentration, all your roundness bent toward the job. This is your work. "I'm a mommy, too," you announce proudly and take a washrag to dust the desk or wrap your dolls solicitously in damp towels from the bathroom. You watch your brothers and sister with wide eyes, laughing when they laugh, not bothering to understand the joke. You croon to yourself, playing with pebbles beside the driveway, utterly absorbed. When you wake up from your nap and call, I come in and sit down beside you. Your hair, so blond it looks white, is feathery on the pillow. I bury my head in your tummy. You smell sweetly of soap. "Give me a chocolate kiss," I say, playing our favorite game. "On'y stropberry," you announce, pretending to twist a stem from your mouth. Your kiss is cool and fresh. I nibble at your ear and feel the giggle run through your small body. I shall give you a candy valentine. You will invite Kate to share it.

I imagine each of you now going to the table to find your envelopes. Markie runs from his room, bumping into Kate. She walks, ignoring the shove. Lisa is behind her, dancing up and down on tiptoes. Peter stays in his doorway, waiting for Kate. I will stand silent and watching. Promise surrounds you like a haze of sunlight. "Happy Valentine's Day!" I shall laugh, while my heart pounds wordlessly, "I love you, I love you!" END

THE CHILD IN THE FAIR FRUIT

By KATE BARNES

The child in the fair fruit
growing bursts the heart,
Bends the desires, tames the
wild spirit raging,
Gentles the hand, darkens the
eye, and softens
The voice into a whisper of
expectation.
"Now," says the wind to the
branch, "now you are heavy
And all your blossoms are made
manifest."
"Softly, softly," says the grass to
the doe;
"You crop my growing seed to
nourish your burden."
The quail sits murmuring in
her crazy voice
To the fragile eggs, low hidden
in the stalks.
And how should I be singing,
except to croon,
And how be dreaming, except
of a child at my breast?

GOLDEN LIGHT CORN OIL

your golden guarantee of lighter crispier fried foods



...and of all leading brands

ONLY MAZOLA® IS CORN OIL

No other is more digestible. No other brand is better for delicious fried foods. Mazola pure corn oil is your *golden guarantee* of perfect frying.

When it comes to preparing good foods for your family, both the taste and the nutritional value are important. That's why you should use Mazola Corn Oil. Mazola makes fried foods crispy, golden outside — tender and juicy inside. Mazola is sparkling fresh for salads, brings out the zesty seasonings in homemade dressings. Mazola adds golden-light goodness to everything and of all leading brands, only Mazola is corn oil.

FRESH, CRISP SALAD WITH
"EASY-MIX" FRENCH DRESSING
...SO GOOD WITH FRIED CHICKEN!

2 cups MAZOLA OIL	2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup vinegar	2 tablespoons catsup
1 tablespoon salt	1 teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into bottle or jar. Cover and shake well. Chill. Shake before serving.

Nutrition...a delicious business at



Adventurous ideas from the Breakfast Kitchen

You know the rule by heart . . . "Everyone should start the day with a good breakfast." . . . usually this means fruit, cereal, bread, milk, spread.

But you know your family! Someone isn't hungry. Someone else hasn't time. Suggestion—surprise them with something elegant and off-beat that packs in all those unseen proteins, vitamins and minerals that you know they need.

Even your most problem-y breakfaster should go for one of these glamorous ways to begin the day—including the worrisome gulp-and-runner. Each breakfast idea accounts for a good share of the daily food requirements. Each one is complete in its own bowl, plate or glass.

Color can guide you to a better me

If a meal is well-balanced nutritionally, it probably include a pleasing variety of colors.

For instance: your dinner could be a gay c bination of protein-rich *red* meat, *brown* br *white* cheese or milk. A *green* salad and *ye* vegetables will round out a pretty color sch —and think of those vitamins and minerals!

t General Foods Kitchens



WHAT became of the old hat notion that wholesome food has to be dull? It bowed out when folks started to ask themselves: "What's the good of nourishing food, if you can't persuade people to eat it?"

At General Foods Kitchens, getting plenty of good-for-them food inside your family is one of our pet hobbies. That's why we set out to make nourishing Post Cereals the crispiest in the land; Log Cabin Syrup so rich in real maple flavor you'll love every drop.

That's why we gave Tang Breakfast Drink a taste everyone loves, as well as all those important vitamins A and C.

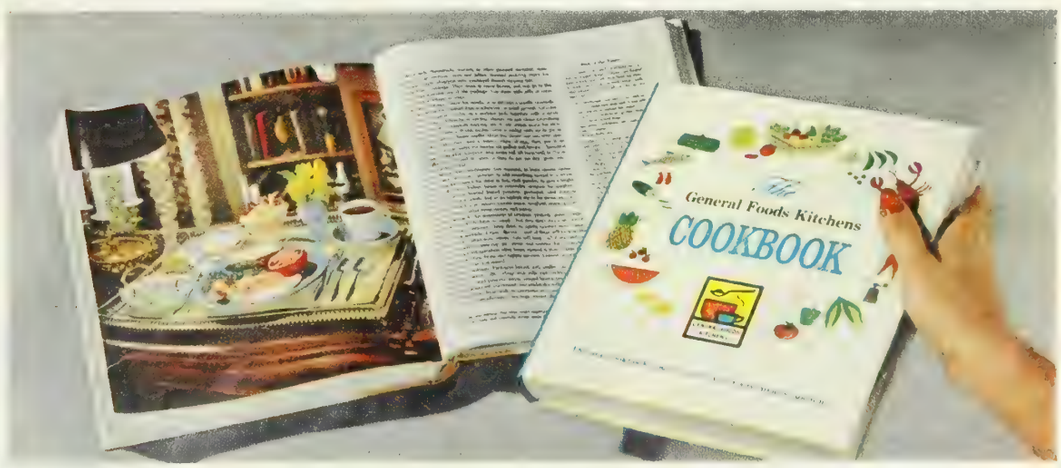


There's more to a cereal than meets the appetite

A cereal must be delicious so youngsters will scramble for it. But even cereals that taste alike can be different as night from day, nutritionally.

To make sure our Post Cereals bring you the good food values Nature intended, there's a clever machine at our Research Center. It's called the Colorimeter. Its job is to help us determine the vitamins, proteins and minerals that are present in nourishing Post Cereals.

So . . . when a Post package promises a certain number of milligrams of vitamin B_1 to a serving, you know that's what you'll get.



Easy way to plan nutritious meals from The General Foods Kitchens Cookbook

On page 4, you'll find a handy rule-of-thumb nutrition guide. It groups the foods your family needs each day to be really well-fed.

To help you with the delicious end of things are hundreds of recipes. Tips on tempting the appetite with color. Meals for folks on diets.

The Cookbook helps you plan, prepare and serve hundreds of family and company meals. Uniquely arranged by situations. Written by the women of General Foods Kitchens.

At your bookstore now. De luxe edition—with holder-easel—$7.50. Regular edition—$4.95.

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When you see this seal on a food package,
you know you'll enjoy what's inside.

Here are some of General Foods fine products:

JELL-O GELATIN DESSERTS • TANG BREAKFAST DRINK • POST CEREALS • LOG CABIN SYRUP
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE • BIRDS EYE FROZEN FOODS • BAKER'S ANGEL FLAKE COCONUT

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



Modern marriage is for adults. Today, successful living as husband and wife requires maturity. This month we meet two young people, Beth and Lance, who married before either was emotionally mature enough to live independently—let alone mature enough to live with another in marriage. The price they paid in unhappiness, before they came for marriage counseling to the American Institute of Family Relations, was a very high one. Everyone who is genuinely interested in the future of the American family is now hoping that an awakened public interest in the problem of too-early marriages will lead to more constructive marriage guidance for young people. The counselor in the case of Beth and Lance was Emanuel Groobin. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: "His indifference to our baby and his fascination with his mother had a lot to do with our final blowup. I think my mother-in-law is stuck up and disagreeable."

HE: "Beth doesn't try to be efficient and on the ball. She used to be quick, vital, a lively girl. Nowadays she is intellectually dead on her feet."

Beth tells her side: "This may sound rather strange to you, but I left Lance in order to save my love for him," said nineteen-year-old Beth, youthful wife of a college senior. She was broad-shouldered, deep-breasted, with vividly alive eyes, a big, well-lipsticked mouth. "The night Lance hit me, five weeks and two days ago, I knew I couldn't bear to be mistreated a second time. I was afraid my husband would make me learn to hate him. So I packed our baby daughter's bottles and diapers, picked her up, and went back to my parents' home in Bakersfield.



"Mother and I don't get on especially well—she is almost as bossy as my mother-in-law—but thanks to the tact and unselfishness of my father, the baby and I are making out all right. Surely Susie and I are better off than we would be staying any longer with Lance. Before our marriage he was warm and sensitive and generous. He has turned into a hermit, an egotist, a tyrant.

"He objects to my friendships with the other campus wives and hardly speaks to his fellow classmates. He does all his studying in the college library and leaves me alone with the baby for hours. Last month my family staged a big reunion to celebrate my youngest cousin's birthday and Lance behaved abominably about our going, although my mother and my aunts issued a special invitation to us. Lance and I had no engagements that weekend, but he wanted to stay away, annoy my parents and hurt everybody's feelings.

"If I say I'm lonely and need diversion, Lance says I'm stupid and unresourceful, that intelligent people are never lonely. That remark is a direct quote from my mother-in-law. Nowadays the only person in the world Lance seems to admire is his mother. He thinks his mother is a brain and that everybody else is a square.

"He ignores our baby daughter. On the morning of Susie's birth he strolled into the hospital room where I was coming out of the anesthetic—I had a Caesarean—and announced in an airy, offhand way that he had seen our baby in the nursery. 'It's a girl; weight eight pounds, four ounces,' he said, and that was all. He didn't tell me Susie was cute, that she had curly hair, that he was proud of her and me. He

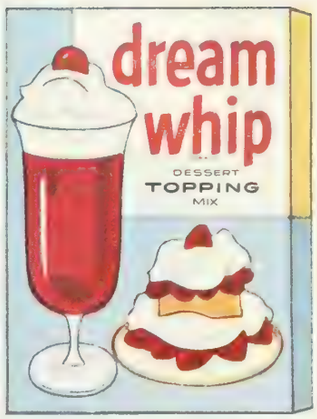
CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

"Beth is badly spoiled, although she complains about her mother's strictness. She wasn't taught to cook, clean, wash and iron. I had to be the teacher."

Enjoy all you want

New Dream Whip is low in cost, low in calories–only 17 per serving. And so easy to mix–just add milk, vanilla, and whip. Comes in a box (big new double size or regular), stays fresh on your shelf, needs no refrigeration. Won't wilt, won't separate, keeps for days.





NEW DREAM WHIP



Light and lovely Dream Whip makes pies and puddings twice as fancy. And you can use it for days—stays fresh in the refrigerator.



Cherry Dream Cake is the easiest dessert ever! Simply layers of sponge cake . . . chopped cherries . . . and luscious new Dream Whip.



Snowy Pears—with Jell-O. Pear halves...soft Jell-O gelatin spooned on . . . and a mountain of Dream Whip. Calories? Hardly any.



Dream Whip on anything costs so little. Like on gingerbread cake. You can heap it high with never a thought for the budget.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

Tested by General Foods Kitchens. Jell-O and Dream Whip, trade-marks of General Foods Corp

Wish-Bone Italian
DRESSING



gives Tomatoes a
"touch of Genie-us"



Garden Bouquet

It's a joy to build a magnificent salad with tomatoes, leafy greens, and crisp raw vegetables. Just before serving, toss with Wish-Bone Italian until the greens glisten with its golden goodness. Perky vinegar and oil, swimming with sparkling seasonings and tender young chopped garlic buds.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

doesn't kiss Susie, he doesn't cuddle her. Whenever the other wives praise her, he scowls and walks away.

"His indifference to our baby and his fascination with his mother had a lot to do with our final blowup. On Sunday five weeks ago we went to visit his mother. It's a long drive and all the way he kept up a drumfire of complaints. Why did I hold Susie in my arms? The poor child was teething. Why was I such a sloppy housekeeper? Our apartment is miserably equipped and located in a dismal Quonset hut with peeling walls and splintery floors that are virtually impossible to clean. Later my mother-in-law added her bit of cheer by informing me that Susie was wet, which wasn't news and was no concern of hers. I asked Lance to do the diaper changing, but he refused on the grounds that our baby was sticky and repulsive. That was his exact crack, and in his mother's hearing. I broke down and cried.

"Neither Lance nor his mother showed any sympathy. All afternoon my mother-in-law and Lance carried on an interminable private conversation without so much as a smile at Susie or a nod in my direction. They discussed philosophy, economics, debit financing and other abstruse subjects with which Lance is currently involved. He is majoring in business administration and his mother keeps in close touch with his curriculum. Whenever he takes up a course of study which she doesn't feel competent to discuss, she enrolls for that course in night school. She has already earned enough credits to qualify as a certified public accountant and there is nothing, but nothing, she can't talk about for hours with Lance.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.

HALIBURTON

"I think my mother-in-law overdoes her scholarship, that she is stuck up and disagreeable, and on the drive home I said so. At once Lance launched a violent attack on both my mother and my father, who have done no harm to him. I tried to shut my ears. At last we reached our apartment. Another student's wife, with whom I'd left our key, was there. She and several of my other buddies had made sandwiches and a big pot of coffee for us. Lance was intolerably rude. He practically ordered my friends to leave.

"Then after he banged the door he suddenly decided we could make up our quarrel by making love. I wasn't in the mood. I couldn't forget the torrents of abuse and criticism. Besides, Susie was crying and needed to be fed. I pushed Lance away. At that point he hauled off and hit me.

"Next morning I took the baby and went back to my parents. Mother wasn't surprised to see me. From the beginning she had predicted my marriage would fail because Lance wasn't a member of her church and wasn't established as a breadwinner. She often reminds him that he isn't self-supporting and that my father, who has no college degree, earns $12,000 a year in the construction business.

"Susie and I moved into my old room, which is beautifully furnished and vastly superior to what Lance provided for us. Next day mother offered to tend the baby for me and suggested I go out and get a job. Father thought I should wait awhile, but as usual mother had her way. A few days later I found work at $60 a week—I'm an expert secretary—and began paying board for Susie and myself.

"I haven't received a penny from Lance since I left him. Mother considers that a scandal, but I don't agree. Lance has no money to spare. He receives $100 a month from his father, who is separated from his mother, and earns $200 working in a filling station, but that isn't much when you figure on books and tuition as well as living expenses. Frankly, I'm glad I'm able to do without his assistance.

"Lance has always made me furious by acting as though I were a financial idiot. I was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

NEW WONDER DRUG LOTION
STOPS STINGING O
DETERGENT
HANDS...instantly

When hands are dried out . . . sore and r from burning "detergent irritation" or ch ping . . . they may itch or sting painfully. Y want quick relief and healing help ordin "cosmetic" lotions can't possibly give you.

A remarkable new *medicated* lotion is t answer to your problem. Called Solarcaine is greaseless, stainless . . . acts in these 4 wa

(1) Wonder "anesthetics" such as ben caine "put pain nerves to sleep" . . . relie the smarting discomfort almost at once. "Refrigerant" ingredients act to cool a soothe instantly. (3) Skin "conditionin agents soften the tissues, restore moistu And (4) Antiseptics penetrate the skin's s face and help to stimulate quick healing.

Solarcaine is wonderful for kitchen burns, too . . . for "skin pain" and minor itching. In plastic squeeze bottle. Save up to $1.42 by getting large size.



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GINDEN NURSERY Dept. 3131, San Bruno, Calif.

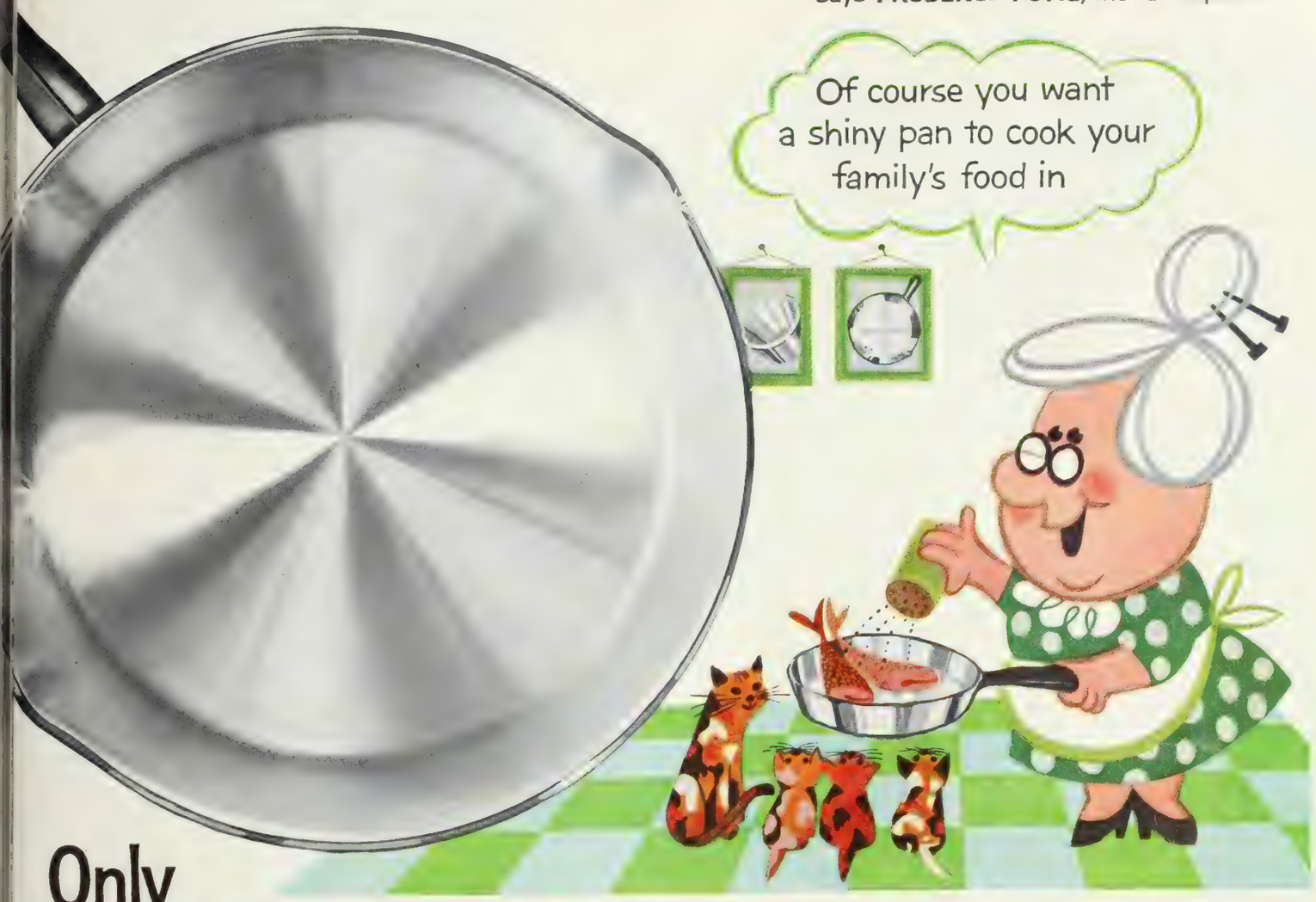
RUST STAINS
Vanish in 15 Seconds with WHINK



At your favorite store, or from your tea and coffee man. If not supplied, send $1.00 per bottle postpaid
WHINK PRODUCTS, ELDORA, IOWA

"The shine is the sign it's really clean!"

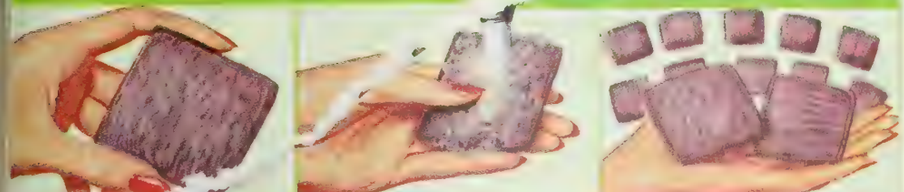
says **PRUDENCE POTTS**, the Pan Inspector



Only Brillo Soap Pads

contain special soap with Jewe

Nothing else cleans so fast... shines so bright... your best buy too!



Firmer, sturdier pads

A Brillo Soap Pad just has to clean more pots. The only pad that's tightly knit with firm "hemmed" edges—to stay in shape longer—give extra cleaning surface for crusty scouring jobs.

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"Lavish" is the word for Brillo lather. Foams up faster because each pad is packed with soap clear through. Brillo with its exclusive polishing soap cleans faster, shines brighter!

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Count the extra pads you get in the 5, 12 and 20 pad boxes. No other product gives you so many pads—such long-lasting pads—plus special soap with Jeweler's Polish. Your best buy!

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Nothing shines aluminum like **BRILLO**

Softasilk Cake Flour and
Westinghouse say: *"It's Leap Year!"*

Be Smart Be Sweet have a Leap Year Treat!

A Leap Year party's the thing... in which to capture or keep the fancy of the man in your life. Bake a sweetheart of a Softasilk cake. And let *him* make the coffee to show how smart he is! (It's easy with a new Westinghouse Spoutless Coffee Maker.)



Leap Year Cake



- 2¼ cups sifted SOFTASILK
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3½ tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ cup soft shortening
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. flavoring
- 4 egg whites (½ to ⅔ cup), unbeaten

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Sift dry ingredients. Add shortening, ⅔ cup milk, flavoring. Beat 2 min. Add ⅓ cup milk, egg whites. Beat 2 more min. Divide cake batter between 2 greased and floured pans—one 8" sq. pan and one 8" round layer pan. Bake 30 to 35 min.; cool. To make heart-shaped cake, follow pictured directions below. Frost with your favorite homemade fluffy frosting or for special ease, use Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix. In either case, add a few drops of red coloring to get just the shade of pink you like. Decorate with candy hearts.



pushed La
off and hit
"Next m
back to my
to see me.
dicted my
wasn't a m
tablished a
him that he

With Betty Crocker Softasilk Cake Flour it's easy to make this heart-shaped cake that says "I love you" any day of the year. You'll bake it lighter, higher and lovelier with Softasilk, because it's made from a special blend of the world's finest wheats. Make all your extra-special homemade cakes with Softasilk . . . and be proud you did!



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estinghouse Spoutless
ffee Maker
th certificate packed
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ils on how to get your $1 (plus 5¢ for postage)
d on flagged Softasilk package.

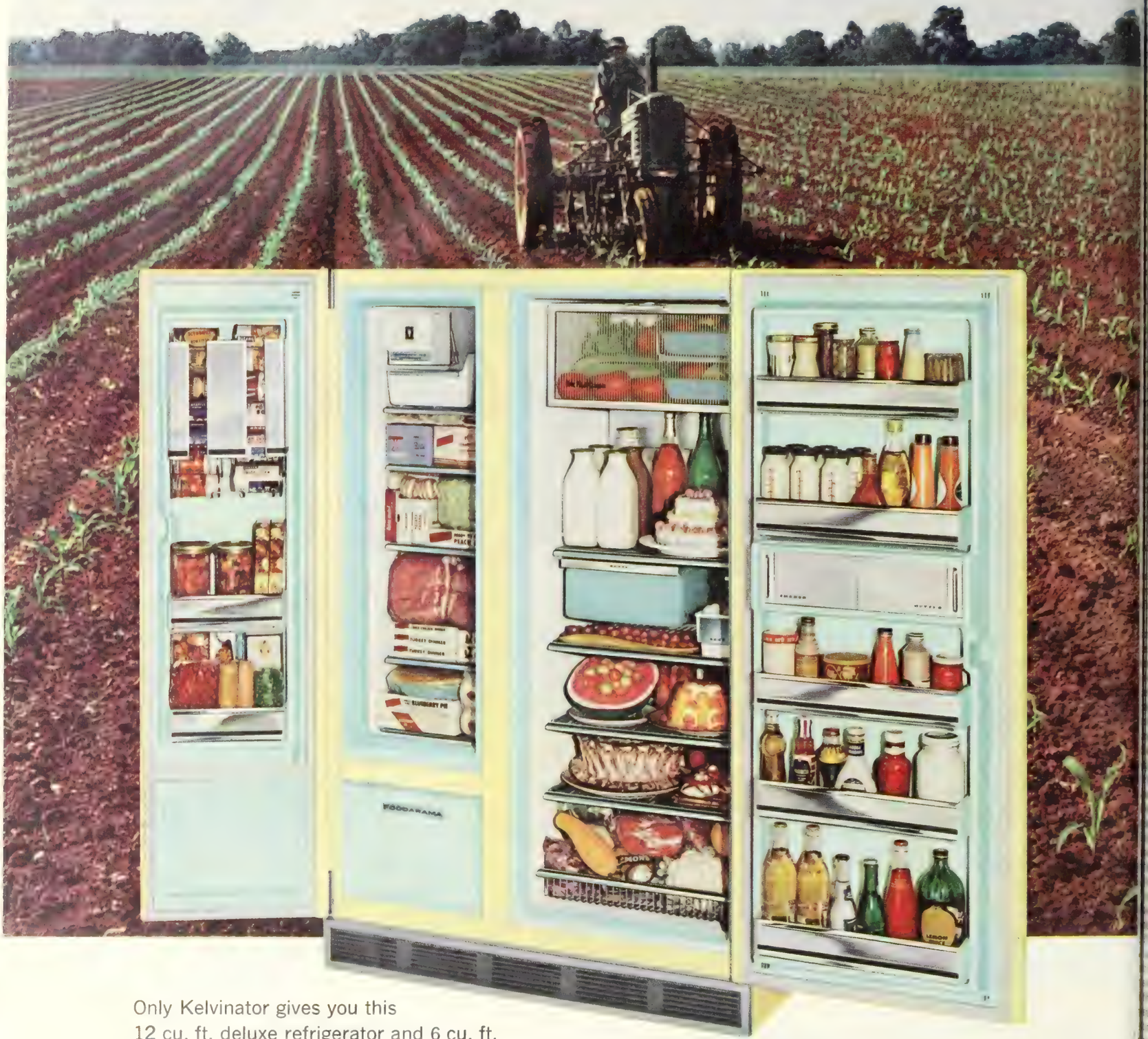


What a special month this is—
Leap Year and Valentine's Day all
together! Celebrate with the best
coffee you can make...in a new
Westinghouse Spoutless Coffee Maker.

Every brew is deliciously fresh—time after time! This new Westinghouse Coffee Maker has no spout to collect bitter-tasting oils. Coffee pours fluidly through an opening in the top. Brewed to taste "mild" or "strong." Just set automatic brew-selector dial. Starts perking in seconds; flashes light when coffee is ready! Brews two to eight cups of fresh, fragrant coffee.

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The rich soil promises abundant foods for Foodarama Living



Only Kelvinator gives you this
12 cu. ft. deluxe refrigerator and 6 cu. ft.
upright freezer, all in one cabinet only 41 inches wide...

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Foodarama Living brings greater enjoyment of the good things from America's fertile farms. It's a happy new way to save time, save money, entertain easier, and serve better meals all year long!

Foodarama's huge capacity puts an abundance of foods at your fingertips. You shop less but have more on hand. There's always room for supermarket bargains. And what a relief not to trot to and tote from a basement freezer.

You never defrost because frost never forms. Foodarama's safer, more economical "No-Frost" system makes frost a total stranger in both the freezer and fresh-food compartments. And with the automatic ice dispenser, you never fuss with ice trays, yet a plentiful supply of ice cubes is always conveniently at hand.

Even with all this, Foodarama actually costs you less to buy and operate than a separate refrigerator and freezer.

Foodarama is a stunning example of the basic quality and usefulness found in all kitchen and laundry appliances made by the Kelvinator Division of American Motors Corp., Detroit 32, Michigan. Make it yours! Fabulous Foodarama!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

in more than he was when we got mar-
I worked until ten days before Susie
rn. Nevertheless, he constantly criti-
ly system of spending. I bought good
in classic styles, and years from now I
o be wearing them. My favorite dress
ears old. Lance thinks it cost too much.
we first became acquainted he was
g away a sizable amount of his father's
check on beer, cigarettes and movies
didn't own a decent suit or pair of
nly jeans and slacks and loafers. I saw
at he got a blue suit, a tweed jacket, a
, two pairs of shoes. He looks mar-
in those clothes. He thinks they cost
ch.

ce regards his mother as a wizard bar-
nter. At his request she bought nearly
staple groceries for us, in quantity, and
d them to our apartment twice a
She then stayed and told me how to
e food. Lance thinks his mother is a
ook and dietitian than I am; one of her
urchases for us was a case of chocolate
g, a whole case, and if I never see choc-
udding again it will be soon enough.
metimes I'll admit I'm extravagant and
nistakes. Who doesn't? I like to show
ie. I've bought her things she doesn't
need. The week we took her home
e hospital I fell for the spiel of a door-
salesman and ordered two dozen ex-
photographs. When she was a month
ther salesman got me to subscribe for
ensive magazine on child care. To pay
or those crimes
closed our joint
g account and
ter forced me
eal to him for
ent I spent.

nce's attitude on
ances burns me
isp. It's an in-
my intelligence.
ther has plenty
s, but way back
childhood she
me the value of
. The summer I
elve and started
itting, she began to charge me three
a week for board. My father objected,
brushed him off. She banked the pay-
I made and that fall she let me apply the
ulated savings to my school wardrobe.
eling of independence was quite a thrill,
I must say mother blunted the thrill a
y refusing to let me choose my own
.

ther was forty-four when I was born
e and I have never held a frank, confi-
conversation in our lives. She and her
are too hidebound and prudish. They
elieve in facing or talking straight facts.
ried to hold the girls in the family in line
ron rules and regulations, but their
ess misfired. I wasn't a virgin when I
d and three of my girl cousins, like
, had their babies too soon.

was incredibly ignorant when I entered
high school. My only sister is fifteen
lder; I had no brothers, and boys and
ife were a mystery to me. The first time I
ruated I thought I was badly hurt and
mother in terror. She equipped me and
ted to reassure me, but her voice was so
d and peculiar that I asked no ques-
she volunteered no information.

ur school you couldn't survive socially
t going steady. Partly because of my
r and partly because of my unbecoming
s, I was cold-shouldered by the boys and
t of everything. At the age of fourteen I
ver had a date. One night I slipped out-
nd lay on the cold ground and hoped I
catch pneumonia and die. I didn't catch
nonia—I didn't even catch a cold—and
morning I decided to put up a fight and
myself popular. A member of mother's
h had a son who was three years older
and an outstanding athlete. I got up my
and went to Hal and asked him if he
d to be my steady.

obably out of sheer surprise Hal said
or several months we went to the school
affairs together and I walked on air and everything was all right. Hal and I seldom kissed each other. Mostly he rambled on about sports and I listened and praised his prowess and smiled at the proper intervals. During the summer vacation, however, he worked on a railroad gang with a bunch of grown men and I guess they talked about sex and such. Anyway, the day he returned we drove to a deserted orange grove and he seduced me. He didn't explain what he wanted, he didn't woo me in any real sense. He skipped all the grace and sweetness of love-making. I scarcely knew what had happened except I knew I had done wrong, very wrong.

"Once I started with Hal I didn't know how to stop. I was afraid of him, I guess. For two years we went together and the other girls envied me. About once a week we would have sexual relations. Sometimes it was only thirty minutes from the time he picked me up at our house until he took me back. I used to hate those times; Hal made me feel like a shoeshine rag or something he used and then threw away. He never treated me like a sweetheart.

"Until I was graduated from high school I behaved as though I were under a spell and had no will power of my own. At sixteen I got an exciting job with a newly founded electronics firm—I refused my father's offer to send me to college—and simultaneously I acquired a little spunk. I told Hal I was through with him and all men.

"My refusal to see him any more had an odd effect on Hal. He began clamoring for dates, real dates, fun dates. My mother and his mother, who were close friends through their church, had no idea of the real situation. They thought Hal and I would make an ideally happy married couple. We went out a few times more, but on a very different basis. I wouldn't even let him kiss me good night. I didn't love Hal, I had never loved him, but I hesitated when he proposed that we announce our engagement on my seventeenth birthday. It was partly because of mother's urging, but I had another reason for my indecision. Because of the wrong I had done with Hal I wondered if I weren't *obligated* to marry him.

Democracy wishes to elevate mankind, to teach it to think, to set it free. It seeks to remove from culture the stamp of privilege and disseminate it among the people—in a word, it aims at education.

THOMAS MANN
The Coming Victory of Democracy

"Two weeks before my birthday I met Lance. It was love at sight with me, or maybe it was trust at sight. I have always felt that Lance and I met like two rocks hurtling separately through the air, colliding and then falling to the earth together. I'd never been able to talk to Hal; I couldn't get enough of talking to Lance. That first evening I told Lance everything—all about my troubles and worries, all the things I'd never dared tell my parents. Lance was only two years older, but he was finishing his second year at college and to me he seemed the ultimate in wisdom. I know he was the ultimate in kindness that evening. When he told me I wasn't obligated to marry Hal, that my idea was ridiculous, I believed him. He gave me the courage to break with Hal.

"There was a terrible ruckus at home. Mother carried on for days. She didn't approve of Lance because he was a student and wasn't working full time. She considered his car a disgrace. But when she tried to break us up I threatened to change jobs, leave town, move closer to Lance. That silenced her.

"Lance and I didn't intend to be married until he was graduated from college. We dated every weekend. He was living with two other college students, but frequently they went out and let us have the apartment to ourselves. Sometimes I cooked his dinner. In those days he thought my cooking was marvelous and didn't get all upset if I left the dishes unwashed. Once my parents took a vacation and we managed to spend two whole nights together. With Lance and me, sex was a true expression of love, though I know the world would consider our actions wrong. At times I was afraid

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

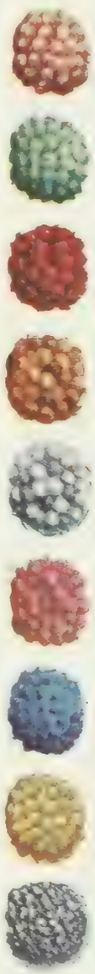
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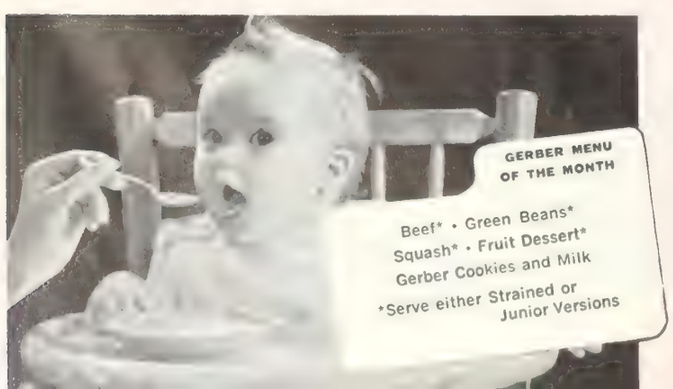
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

her might find me out, but I never felt
with him. Not once.
en I became pregnant in the middle of
ior year at college both of us were
—or so I thought. If there had to be
with my mother, I was prepared to
There was no battle. I now believe
suspected the truth. She had always
of a big wedding, but now the big wed-
isn't mentioned. Lance and I were mar-
th just the two families attending. It
first time I had met his mother.
ring our courtship we didn't quarrel a
ime or even raise our voices to each
Our quarrels commenced with mar-
My mother-in-law took charge of our
shopping. Her wedding present to us
nonth's supply of food and she selected
ingle item. We had to move into the
d students' quarters. I wouldn't have
the poor accommodations, but I did
Lance's insulting the friends I made
the other wives, his carping at the
way I did everything, from unpacking
cases to scrubbing the kitchen floor. I
egnant, I was working long, hard hours
office. I couldn't see why he didn't un-
ne clothes and scrub the floor himself.
ought I should wash and iron his shirts
rofessional, though I had never ironed
life. Mother didn't want me fooling
in her kitchen and laundry.
henever it was time to visit my parents
made a scene. My mother wanted us to
hand on Sunday. With us, Sunday has
been a family day, with my aunts and
s dropping in. Lance abhors traditions—
aditions of my family. He feels very
toward the traditions his mother has
ly dreamed up. During our courtship
ely heard of her existence, but now he
to see her practically every weekend.
aybe I could learn to tolerate Lance's
ms of me, maybe I could learn to
e his blows. I just can't stand to have
ut his mother first, nor can I stand to
im criticize Susie. Unless Lance is will-
change his whole attitude, I think we
continue to live separately. I still love
but, as things are, I don't care to share
d. To me sex without affection and mu-
derstanding is wrong. I can't take the
hat someday I might feel as coldly to-
Lance as I used to feel toward Hal."

ce Tells His Side:

fore Beth and I were married I thought
as something rare and special," said
-one-year-old Lance, a slender, somber-
ng young man with wide, intelligent eyes.
I'm not a cinch to please. The other day
down and made a chronological list of
girl I had met in my life, beginning back
mentary school. When I finished I
d the only one on the list who had ever
sted me in the slightest was Beth. She is
ly girl I ever went with of wanted to go
on a regular basis.
ossibly I should have remained a bache-
y inclination I am a sort of solitary in-
ual. After I entered college I roomed with
r three other fellows, sometimes more,
y object was to save on expenses, not to
companionship. I was bored by most
roommates—in my opinion, they were
ch of time wasters and they considered
dreary grind—but I did have one friend
d Fred. In a way it was because of Fred
met Beth. Around the Christmas holi-
wo years ago Fred and I got fed up with
ing one evening and began boasting and
nging lies about the girls we knew.
er of us had dated the whole semester—
roke, too busy with books. Finally I bet
I could be the first to land a date. We
raced for the telephone. Purely on spec
d a married student whose wife is from
rsfield, Beth's home town. Beth happened
visiting their apartment, so I won my
nd got a date that same night.
the beginning I was bowled over by
by her directness and honesty. Most
le are such hypocrites. But Beth—well,
w think she is *too* outspoken and free
t expressing her ideas and her feelings.
aughs so hard in the movies others stare
r, and she cries by the bucketful.

"Not long ago she cried an hour because I complained that our baby's yelling was ruining my powers of concentration, although it was true. Eventually I had to go over to the college library to get away from the uproar. Last month I was working on an important term paper when Beth's mother ordered us to come to help celebrate a kid cousin's ninth birthday. I refused to drive the hundred and fifty miles for this command appearance. Beth turned on the waterworks and kept the tears flowing until eventually I gave in. My paper barely made the deadline.

"It seems childish and unprincipled to me for Beth to cry to get her own way. I've never seen my mother cry—or, for that matter, heard her laugh out loud. I was taught early to control my own emotions. My two sisters were usually let off easy, but I was the son and mother kept her standards high for me.

"Practically speaking, I had no father. During my boyhood my father spent months on end racketing around South America prospecting for oil. I used to wish he would stay at home like the other kids' fathers. One time mother caught me crying because he wasn't available to attend some school event. She whaled the daylights out of me and said my father was too busy to be interested in my affairs.

"I just can't understand a person like Beth. On the night we met she gave me a blow-by-blow account of her whole life. I was astonished, but flattered. When she asked my advice about the heel she was then dating, I was glad to assist in sending that guy on his way. I thought she thought I was wonderful. She said so. She said she fell in love with me on sight. Most girls could take me or leave me, but seemingly Beth admired everything about me.

"I was glad when Beth became pregnant—although I later realized that wasn't a good foundation for marriage—since in those circumstances her parents could hardly object to our marriage. My mother might have objected, but I didn't notify her until the day of the ceremony. At the time I was that crazy about Beth. Even before Susie was born I became disillusioned.

"Beth complains about her mother's strictness but she is badly spoiled. In a few days I discovered she was completely untrained to be a wife. She wasn't taught at home to cook, to clean, to sew, to wash and iron. I had to be the teacher. As a bachelor student I had learned out of necessity, to wash my own clothes, to iron, cook, clean. I learned in half the time it took me to teach Beth. She is still a wretched ironer.

"Beth worked for a while after we married. She earned a high salary for someone her age—$75 a week—and fancied herself as quite a financier. She didn't know beans about managing money. The week of our marriage she wiped out her savings account—$400—buying clothes for me. I'll admit the impulse was generous, but then she had no money left for her own trousseau. Her father had to step in and pay for the suit she wore at our wedding. His annual income is $12,000, and neither he nor my mother-in-law lets me forget it. I'm sure Beth doesn't think I will ever earn that much. Her mother comes right out and calls me an educated bum. Incidentally, my mother-in-law's wedding present to Beth was a long-sleeved, high-necked flannel nightgown.

"Beth objects to my commenting on her mother, but she has nothing good to say about mine. My mother was disappointed at my marrying so soon, but she has tried to be helpful. She repeatedly offered to show Beth how to plan menus and prepare the dishes I particularly like, but Beth declined the offers. Once my mother heard Beth say her favorite dessert was chocolate pudding. On her next visit she brought us a case containing a gross of packages of it. Beth wasn't grateful for the kindness. After we received the gift she served chocolate pudding only once.

"It isn't necessary for Beth to be a bum cook and housekeeper. She blames her failure on our equipment and compares our cheap stuff to the high-priced range, refrigerator, washing machine and other truck in her mother's home, which is a backhanded way of hinting I'm not a good provider like her father. Poor workmen always blame their tools. Beth doesn't try to be efficient and on the ball. She used to be a quick, vital, lively girl. Nowadays she moves like molasses in January and is intellectually dead on her feet. She complains that my mother and I shut her out of our conversations, but all she wants to talk about is Susie's teething, Susie's diaper rash. Beth is as bored with my ambitions as my father is.

"When Susie was born I lost all status in Beth's eyes. I was practically pushed out of our apartment into the public hallway. The day I brought her home from the hospital I found my mother-in-law had crowded our bedroom with so much baby paraphernalia I couldn't even open my bureau drawers. I shoved Susie's crib over in the corner so I could get at my underwear. At once Beth snatched Susie from the crib and put her in my place in our bed. I moved the baby right back to the crib where she belonged and Beth began to cry. She then telephoned her mother and described my cruelty. Susie has spent more time in our bed than in her own crib. I didn't like it one bit.

"Nor did I like the way Beth brightened up whenever our doorbell rang. Beth is hopelessly undiscriminating in forming friendships. In three years of college I made one friend. She filled our apartment with hordes of stupid dames who drank quarts of coffee, gabbled at the top of their lungs about their small fry, and glared at me as though I were an intruder. In order to study in peace I had to retreat to the library. I should have paid rent there. Beth didn't even notice my absences.

"When I complained of the constant company she said she was lonely. Why should she have been lonely? She had me. She had Susie, who was always yelling unless she was in Beth's arms. I pointed out that all the coffee drinking was wrecking our budget, which was true. Beth then called me stingy. Ever since she had to quit her job we've needed desperately to economize. Economy is a word that isn't in Beth's vocabulary. She spent $50 we didn't have on studio photographs of Susie. We'd hardly recovered from that blow when she bought a ten-year subscription—yes, I said ten years—to a child-care magazine. After a fight I closed our checking account in an attempt to stave off total bankruptcy.

"For a while our long-distance telephone calls to Bakersfield cost more than my books. On the rare occasions Beth and I were alone in the apartment I got little benefit from our privacy. She was either looking after Susie or hanging on the telephone telling her mother Susie's latest cute doing. She complains of her mother's bossiness, but was always in the market for hints on how to raise our child.

"One night when I was trying to iron a shirt Beth had manhandled she talked to my mother-in-law nearly thirty minutes about Susie's first tooth. It made me so mad that next day I had the phone removed. That made Beth mad. She was afraid Susie might get sick in the night and need a doctor. She didn't wonder if I might get sick or if it might inconvenience me to be unable to talk over assignments with classmates.

"Beth never wants me to enjoy the stimulation of seeing my mother, but she would like to subject me to her mother's nasty tongue every weekend. On the visits which I made to

OVERSIGHT

By JANET HENRY

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By Gene Wilburn, Medical News Writer, Houston Chronicle

The nation's most mysterious ailment, the common cold is most easily *spread* by *school children* who take it home and infect their families. Thus, mothers, being in closer contact with children, get more colds than do fathers.

Great strides are now being made toward discovering the cause and prevention of the common cold. Researchers have isolated some 70 viruses which can be found at one time or another in the throats and noses of infected people. Among these is the important group of *adenoviruses.*

More research needed

Unfortunately these known viruses may be responsible for only 50% of man's respiratory diseases. Until the causative agents of the remaining half are isolated and vaccines developed—a real cure for the common cold will remain a thing of the future.

Because the common cold can pave the way to more serious infections like flu, strep throat and pneumonia—it falls to the housewife to help protect her family against spread not only of colds but of the more serious infections which may follow.

Hints on prevention:

1. Avoid sneezers and coughers . . . cover your own coughs and sneezes. 2. Keep up your resistance . . . avoid chilling and fatigue, get proper rest and nutrition. 3. Always wash hands before eating and preparing food. 4. Disinfect regularly while you houseclean to combat disease bacteria in the environment. 5. If someone in the family is ill with a serious infection (like flu), isolate the patient . . . disinfect sickroom floor, nightstand, dishes, anything he touches. Use Lysol in solution.

Lysol Brand Disinfectant kills disease germs *on contact*—including those involved in flu and pneumonia. In laboratory tests, its antigerm action was found to last 7 full days. Lysol disinfects from one cleaning to the next as nothing else can. Now in pine scent as well as regular, a bottle costs as little as 29¢.

DURING THE FLU SEASON:

Whenever there's sickness in your house, use Lysol. Use it to clean your sickroom, bathroom, kitchen. To disinfect dishes and eating utensils. Lysol can help protect your family from infection by contact. Be sure you have it on hand. Check your medicine chest for *other* sickroom needs. Your druggist is featuring them now.

Bakersfield she invariably turned in a long report on my latest misdeeds to her mother and I got the business. Often Beth dissolved in tears. I hate to see Beth crying in her mother's arms as much as I hate to see Susie in our bed.

"I'm sorry I hit Beth. If she comes back I promise it won't happen again. I promise to control my temper. Beth says she moved out because she loves me, which strikes me as nonsense. If she loves me she should come back with our baby and start behaving like a grown woman, a married woman. If she didn't want a husband, why did she get married?"

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"This was almost a textbook case of teenage marriage. Both Beth and Lance were impulsive and undisciplined. They thought they were adult. Through counseling they learned, without undue difficulty, to see themselves as they really were.

"Beth was more fully emancipated from parental influence than Lance, but she wasn't nearly so emancipated and wise as she fancied. As a fledgling high-school graduate, Beth earned high wages because she started off with a burgeoning electronics firm and grew up with it. She worked long, irregular hours, frequently responding to an emergency call by springing from bed in the middle of the night and rushing to her office typewriter in sweater and slacks. She acquired an outward air of efficiency and a charming surface personality.

"Inwardly she was confused and unstable, as evidenced by her pitifully wrong premarital sexual ventures. The initial episode grew out of an intense, foolish desire to be popular, combined with an equally strong desire to escape from maternal domination. Her youthful triumph in the business world gave Beth confidence and deceived her into thinking that her revolt against her mother had been completely successful. Beth was convinced that Lance was bound to *his* mother, but she was quite unconscious that she herself was far from independent.

Culture is receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling. Scraps of information have nothing to do with it. A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth.

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD
The Aims of Education and Other Essays
The Macmillan Company

"Lance was a tall, handsome young man—with an air of remoteness about him. His unsociability, like his obvious insecurity, was the product of an unhappy home life in boyhood. The separation of his parents made him standoffish with people and suspicious of offers of friendship. As a matter of fact, his world-traveling father was a kind and generous man, but Lance's antipathy to him still persists. Lance sided with his mother.

"In our first interview Beth spoke sharply about Lance's dependence upon his mother. But it quickly became evident that she herself was leaning heavily on *her* mother's judgment and opinions. Early in our discussions I asked a single question which abruptly brought Beth illumination and awakened insight. The question was: 'Do you want to be your mother's baby or the mother of *your* baby?' At once Beth replied that she wanted to be little Susie's mother and realized that she wasn't behaving like a mother. She acknowledged that flight to her girlhood home was a flight back into her own childhood, that she herself was allowing somebody else to make decisions she should make for herself.

"At that point, in re-evaluating her relationship with Lance, she was able to perceive her mistakes. She saw how her actions and attitudes had increased his feelings of insecurity, alienated him, encouraged him to sulk and behave like a juvenile bully. She saw she had deprived Lance of the pride of fatherhood and had turned Susie into his rival.

"Beth acknowledged that a change in her attitude would be helpful both to Lance and to her own growth toward maturity. She didn't wait for him to make changes. She resigned her job, despite her mother's vehement protests, and she and the baby moved back to the cramped, substandard apartment. In a matter of hours her mother, indomitable, telephoned that she and Beth's father were coming to spend the weekend.

"The old Beth would have capitula meekly and borrowed cots. The new B stood firm. She said that the get-toget would be inconvenient. She was polite, she made it clear that in the future she Lance would issue all invitations to their hc and would decide what invitations they co accept.

"Then, following counseling advice, B told her mother that she loved her, lo her father, would always love them both— that she must be allowed to build a life w her husband and child. She added that, in immediate future, Lance would be too b with his studies to drive to Bakersfield v often. Her mother was offended at first, acceded to the inevitable.

"Lance hadn't believed Beth was cap of such firmness and he was much impres He said so. Beth was appreciative of the compliment. She quickly earned other com ments.

"Beth was a clever girl who had been re ing to use her good head. When she be really to try, she conquered her tendency dawdle and went at her household tasks e in the day. If the doorbell rang she ignore until she finished the sweeping, ironing other chores which were on the morr agenda. She didn't become a top-fli housekeeper or first-class chef, but she s fied Lance.

"It was absurd of Beth, who had quic mastered the complexities of secretarial w in an electronics firm, to be overawed by much less complex mysteries of Lance's lege studies. dipped into his t books, puzzled out meaning of the s quotations on new per business pages, thereafter saw t that she wasn't left of the conversati held by her husb and her mother-in-

"Lance did change as drastic as Beth. but he change. Beth's hun for companions had filled the apartment with other can wives. It was hardly strange that Lanc dedicated student, fled to the library whe had to concentrate. 'Home,' he told me one occasion, 'is really Grand Central tion.' But Beth had already got the point. had begun to keep the apartment empt examination time, to invite guests only w Lance could ease up on study.

"Susie was undoubtedly an engaging b as are all healthy babies. When Beth remo her from the center of the stage for cooin males and made Lance's home-coming event of the day, he began to show an inte in his child. In a quiet household her crib came a regular port of call—mornings evenings.

"In short, the unfriendly Lance war thawed. He made friends of other yo fathers on the campus. He became more t ant of female chatter. He told his mothe buy no more bargain groceries for his ho hold, made his home visits fewer, but retained his mother's affection. He struc successful blow for manhood.

"Most of Beth's and Lance's problems the problems of youth and inexperience. L was graduated with honors last June. Se interesting jobs were immediately forthc ing. He talked over the various offers Beth. Secretly he was fearful that she m urge him to accept the job that paid the and was the most likely to lead him to solid annual income her father earns. Ins she urged him to accept the job he consid the most provocative and worth while.

"When Lance joyfully passed on this of news to me, I congratulated him and very pleased myself. In the old days L would have asked his mother's advice. N adays Lance talks about his prospects plans with Beth, his wife."

Editors' Note This case history was compiled condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



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a heart-to-heart about parents

Gertrude Stein once wrote a line that tantalized everyone so thoroughly it became famous. It was kind of goofy, but it made a lot of sense too. You've probably heard it. In perfect seriousness she wrote: "*A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose.*" Ever since I first read it in high school and decided it sounded good and might mean something I've been trying to do one like it, and finally I have. Here it is: *A parent is a parent is a parent is a parent*—and I'm serious about it too. It sounds good, and to me it means that a parent is a thing most all of us have and it takes all kinds to make up a teen-age world.

Since this discussion is meant to be strictly between us, I've tried to insure our privacy by suggesting in the title that parents not tune in. That way we won't have to be self-conscious or afraid of hurting anyone's feelings. So we can start right off by admitting that they (parents) are not all alike. There are many kinds and degrees, but generally speaking they fall into four classes: the Good, the Bad, the Indifferent (which translate into teen terms as the normal, the too strict, the too lenient) and also the Problem Parent (there are probably as many of those as there are Problem Children, although, just between us, that's no excuse for *being* a Problem Child, as we'll see later).



Just yesterday Pat and Shirley were themselves teen-agers, wished parents would recognize that teen-agers are *people*.

The point is that, since Adam and Eve, no matter what else we have or do not have, like freckles, or money, or a big house, or big feet (don't look at me!), most of us started out life with one set of two parents. Sometimes we lose one or both and have to make an adjustment, and that is difficult. In recent years a most confusin' complication has set in where some teen-agers acquire three or more parents—two separate sets, so to speak—and this overabundance requires further adjustments and can be even more difficult.

I want us to think very seriously about this parent situation, and I hope you'll be perfectly honest with yourself as we go along, because here, in this relationship, can be the *most vital help or hindrance* in these important years between twelve and twenty—and some of your most urgent problems and questions arise in this area. Only *you* can honestly evaluate what type of parents you truly have and then face the necessary adjustments you'll have to make.

To be perfectly honest with you, to ward off any cries of "Traitor!" let me hurriedly remind you that I'm now in the parent camp myself (by four pink noses—count 'em). This is bound to color my views a little. For instance, I'm thinking of promoting a Be Kind to Parents Week, or an S.P.C.P.—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Parents (I can't see why children and animals get *all* the protection); or if that doesn't work, I may publish a wistful pamphlet entitled: How to Spoil a Parent and Why Don't You?

Sometimes at the end of a long weekend when Shirley, the beautiful partner in the Boone Baby Girl Factory, has been very busy shopping, or something, and I've been chief baby sitter, I feel like that lady who received a playpen as a gift after *her* fourth child arrived. "Thank you for the playpen," she wrote. "It's a godsend. I sit in it every afternoon and read, and the children can't get near me." It's during those moments I want to form the S.P.C.P.

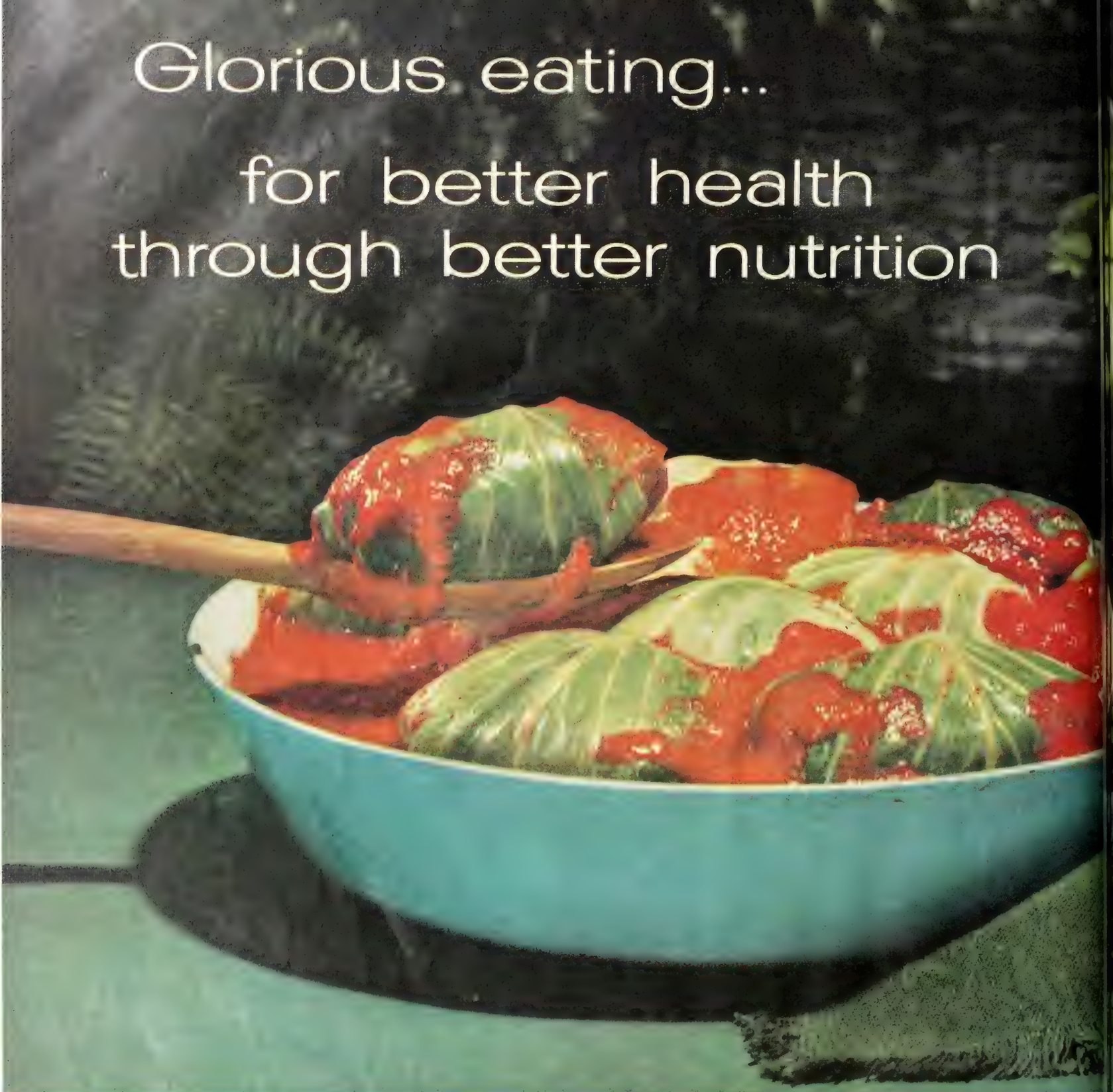
The Parental Me

When asked what *kind* of parent I personally am, I refer the questioners to Shirley, who says firmly that I'm not such a hot one—this week. That's because, as I am a father who's not home all the time (on account of breadwinning and the Pat Boone Show), the little colored pillows on the couch in the den (which the children *are* allowed to play with) looked to me exactly like the little colored pillows on the sofa in the living room (which, it turns out, the children are *not* allowed to play with). When their mommy returned from a shopping trip last Saturday to find me in charge and colored pillows all over

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

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Mix 1 pound lean ground beef, 1 cup cooked rice, a small chopped onion, 1 teaspoon each caraway seed (optional) and salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg. Trim off thickest part of stem from 12 cabbage leaves. Divide meat into 12 portions, wrap each in a leaf, fasten with wooden picks. Brown cabbage rolls in Wesson. Add contents of two 8-oz. cans tomato sauce, such as Hunt's, and ¼ cup water. Cover, cook slowly about 40 minutes. 6 servings at 315 calories per serving.

SINGLE CRUST STIR-N-ROLL PASTRY

You make it with Wesson. Mix 1⅓ cups sifted all-purpose flour with 1 teaspoon salt. Add ⅓ cup Wesson and 3 tablespoons milk all at once, then stir to mix. Press into ball, flatten slightly. Roll dough between waxed papers. Dampen table top to prevent slipping. Peel off top paper. Place paper-side-up in 9″ pan. Remove paper. Fit to pan, prick with fork. Bake 8 to 10 minutes at 475° (very hot oven), cool.

FROSTY LIME PIE FILLING

Heat 1¼ cups applesauce to boiling. Add 1 package lime-flavored gelatin, stir until dissolved. Mix in ½ to 1 cup sugar. Cool till almost stiff. Whip 1 cup very cold evaporated milk with 1 tablespoon lime or lemon juice until stiff. Pour onto gelatin mixture, beat in slowly. Place in baked pastry shell. Chill at least an hour. 8 servings at 337 calories per serving.

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Hospital test report: Recently a New York hospital tested a new kind of steam medication called Vicks VapoSteam. An official medical journal reported that nothing else used "including cough syrup, antibiotics, or vaporizers, medicated or not, approached the effectiveness of (VapoSteam)" in relieving the cough.

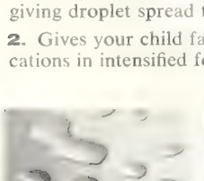
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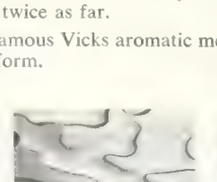
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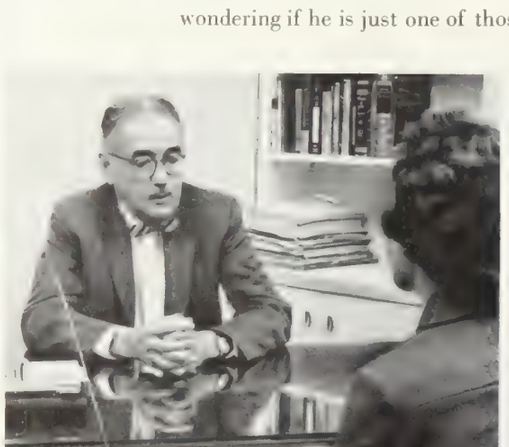
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By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M

Tell me, doctor. . .

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names used are fictitious.

I have had two perfectly n childbirths. My doctor wants to do a Caesarean whe third baby is due to be born. I can't understand it wondering if he is just one of those doctors who like to


ABBOT MILLS

This time the do secretary ushered women into the co ing room, one of v was obviously in a stage of pregnancy. other, slightly yo woman said, smilin am Mrs. Jansen, Dc and this is my sister, Smith. I can't expec to remember me. Bu Frank called you in sultation when I ha baby four months a

"Indeed I do remember you, Mrs. Jansen. I agreed Dr. Frank that he should operate. Isn't that right?"

"That's right, Doctor. Perhaps you also remember, t that the two of you had to talk very fast and hard to ge to consent? I don't know whether Dr. Frank told you th not, but I had had training for natural childbirth. I cou bear the thought of being anesthetized and operated am afraid I gave you doctors a lot of trouble."

"Not at all, Mrs. Jansen. We both respected you very m for your desire to have your baby naturally. That was Dr. Frank had let you go into trial labor, though he already informed me that he might want a consultation regard to doing a Caesarean. He had let the labor pro as long as he dared to before he called me in."

Mrs. Jansen had been nodding her head in confirma of the doctor's statements. "Well, my sister has been that *she* must have a Caesarean, and she hates the idea jus much as I did. She has been worrying about it. I thoug might help if you would

CONTINUED ON PAG

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AND FOR YOUR HAIR CARE
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

tell her exactly why you advised the operation for me."

"I'll be glad to, Mrs. Jansen. I remember quite well how your X rays looked. You have what we call a 'restricted outlet,' which occurs in certain types of pelves. Their bony structure is such that there is plenty of room for the baby's head at the top of the birth canal, but very little at the bottom. This may create a dangerous situation, because the trouble, if there is trouble, comes at the very last. Generally when the patient is quite tired, or perhaps after an unwise attempt or two has been made to deliver the baby by forceps from below. It was very smart of Dr. Frank to foresee the possibilities, and stop the labor when he realized you had done all you could."

"I felt capable of doing a whole lot more at the time!"

"You were worse off, Mrs. Jansen, than you would admit, you were so determined to have your baby normally," the doctor said gently. "Your pulse and blood pressure showed how courageously you had worked; and also that you shouldn't be allowed to do any more. Your baby, too, was beginning to show signs of increased and prolonged pressure. The heart tones weren't too good. To cap it all, your cervix wasn't dilating as it should. It looked as if there was still a long, tough haul for both you and the baby. *Too* long and *too* tough, in my opinion. It would have been very hard on you and could very well have ended disastrously for the baby.

"You see, Mrs. Smith"—turning to the sister—"we obstetricians are very much concerned about the baby in these cases of 'bony disproportion'; that is to say, disproportion

Get thy tools ready; God will find the work. ROBERT BROWNING

between the size of the baby's head and that of the bony canal of the pelvis through which it must pass.

"About nine out of ten first Caesareans are primarily in the interest of the baby, as a matter of fact. At least in cases of difficult labor due to the condition your sister has. The baby might possibly be dragged out finally with forceps, but at a serious risk."

Mrs. Smith, who had been listening intently, said, "Yes, I can see why you advised operating in Marie's case. But I have already had two babies. They were small, but their births were normal in every way. So I was really troubled when my obstetrician—we have moved from our old home, I had to go to a new doctor—started talking Caesarean. I just can't help wondering if he is one of those doctors who like to cut!"

"What reason has he given you for mentioning Caesarean section, Mrs. Smith?"

"He said the baby is getting pretty big and he isn't satisfied with its position. I did have a long, slow labor with my second baby. It was bigger than the first, but only six pounds at that. But it finally came through all right. My doctor says this one is considerably bigger."

"I couldn't give you an opinion that would be of any value unless I were to examine you and see your X rays. Would you like me to do that?"

Mrs. Smith looked at her sister, who said vigorously, "I certainly think you should, Joanna. You see, Joanna has been afraid to ask her doctor for a consultation. She thinks he would be offended."

"I'm sure you are mistaken about that, Mrs. Smith. As a matter of fact, your doctor would be required to have a consultation with a specialist before doing a Caesarean section. If you go into a first-class hospital, that is. That is the rule in most good obstetrical hospitals, even though your doctor is an obstetrical specialist himself. Ordinarily the consultant makes no charge in these cases. There may be very difficult decisions in obstetrics, and I think that often it is a great relief to any of us to have another sound opinion. I'll examine you now,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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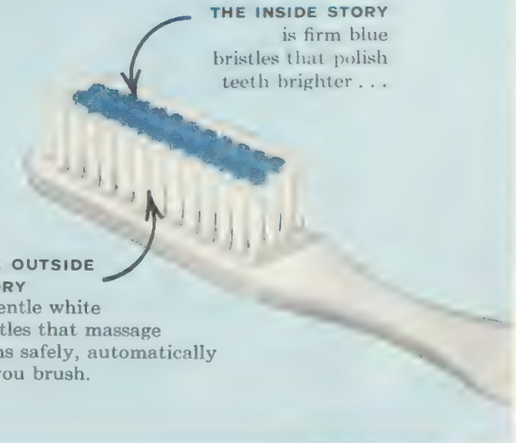
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YOUR HANDS TALK

What do they say about you?

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By Ruth Miller

Every time you lift a fork, wave good-bye, shake a hand...your own hands are in the spotlight. They're *you*...as expressive as your face, as telltale as your voice. Why not start today...to make them as lovely as you'd like them to be?

Cracking, splitting nails? A few seconds a night...less time than it takes to brush your teeth...can do wonders! Begin massaging Cutex Nail-Flex into the base of your nail between the cuticle and the first finger joint. This gentle cream contains lanolin, cholesterol and white iodine to strengthen and harden your nails.

Ragged cuticle? Never cut it, except to remove a bad hang-nail. Cutting your cuticle toughens it, can lead to infection. Instead follow this safe and simple method. One...wrap the tip of a Cutex genuine Orangewood Stick in cotton. Two...moisten the cotton generously with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover. Three...push back the cuticle gently all around the base of the nail with the moist cotton. The Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover will float away dead tissue and leave your cuticle soft and perfectly shaped. As an added touch, finish off your home manicure with Cutex Cuticle Oil.

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Your hands are one of your greatest beauty assets. Surely they deserve the same attention you give your face... and your wardrobe!

For our helpful little booklet "Beauty Treatment for your Hands," send 10¢ with your name and address to Northam Warren, Dept. A, New York, New York.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Mrs. Smith, if you like; and with your permission, will get in touch with your own doctor at once about your X rays."

Next day the sisters returned to hear the doctor's decision. "I have just inspected your X rays, Mrs. Smith, and I agree with your doctor absolutely. Your due date is still several weeks away and your baby is pretty big even now, probably around eight pounds. The X rays show that it will be a breech presentation. I don't think I need to explain to you that this means the lower part of the baby's body will present first, instead of the smooth, round head, and the difficulties that can create!"

"Is that all!" Mrs. Smith exclaimed. "Why, Doctor, a friend of mine had a breech presentation with *her* third baby, before her doctor even got there. She delivered that baby herself, with no one to help but a student nurse!"

"That's very possible, Mrs. Smith. If, that is, the birth canal is normally constructed; and if the baby's little rear end comes out first, and is smaller than the head. But your pelvis is somewhat like your sister's. It didn't make you much trouble before because the babies were small, and the heads presented first. But this is a bad condition for a breech presentation, especially with a large baby. Because the breech does not dilate the cervix as effectively as the head does. The head, coming after, may be caught by the cervix or its small outlet, with the body already delivered. This may create an impossible situation—and too late for Caesarean."

"Couldn't I at least have a trial labor, as Marie did?"

"I wouldn't allow it if you were my patient. Not with a breech presentation, a big baby and a small outlet. When one doesn't face these extra hazards, a breech may often be given a fair trial. But I wouldn't risk it in your case."

Mrs. Jansen, seeing her sister's distress, said encouragingly, "I was really glad I consented to the operation, Joanna. It wasn't anything like what I expected a Caesarean to be. I had a spinal anesthetic, and was allowed to see and hear my baby at once—while she was still on the cord. It was thrilling! Dr. Frank actually had me push the baby out myself. It seemed almost like having a baby normally, except that it didn't hurt any more."

"The modern, low type of Caesarean that we do now *is* very close to a normal delivery," the doctor said. "We make a crosswise incision in the uterus. It is so near to the normal opening of the cervix that the uterus can continue most of its normal mechanisms. You might almost say that the uterus doesn't know the difference!"

"I certainly don't see how things could have gone more smoothly in my case," Mrs. Jansen said. "I hardly felt as though I had been through an operation. I had no trouble nursing my baby. And you know yourself, Joanna, what a grand baby she is!"

"I must say that the Caesarean of today is a remarkable improvement over the so-called Classical section that used to be done," the doctor told them. "The incision then was made up and down, and considerably higher up in the uterus, where it's less safe for a number of reasons. Also, many were done too late. Caesarean section is an entirely different business now."

Mrs. Smith said, "But suppose I have more babies? Dr. Frank has told Marie that she will have to have a Caesarean section every time from now on. Would the same thing be true of me?"

"Your case is somewhat different, Mrs. Smith, in that you have already had two normal deliveries. And the breech presentation is more or less of an accident. It wouldn't be apt to happen again. There is an outside chance that you might have your next baby from below fairly safely, if it isn't large. But you would have to be under expert care, and in a good hospital, with everything ready for an emergency. The danger is that the Caesarean scar might rupture, with all sorts of bad consequences.

"The danger of rupture is greater, though, if a patient has not already had a baby through the normal channel. The channel is not prepared, and the strain on the scar is likely to be too much. Most obstetricians stick pretty closely to the old saying, 'Once a Caesarean, always a Caesarean.'"

"Do you agree with the people who claim that a woman can have an unlimited number of Caesareans?"

"Personally I don't like to do more than three Caesareans on one patient; at the most four, provided everything has gone all right. I know of women who have had up to seven babies by Caesarean section. But I believe Caesarean patients would be wiser to stop at three or four."

Mrs. Smith said thoughtfully, "Lately I have been struck by the number of women I know who have Caesareans. If they are going to have to have Caesareans from now on, it seems to me that a condition ought to be really serious for a doctor to suggest the first one. Am I right or wrong about that?"

"You are absolutely right, Mrs. Smith. A Caesarean is indefensible when a baby can be delivered safely by normal channels. I certainly would not start a woman on a 'series of Caesareans' unless there was very good reason for it.

"But you and I might differ in our interpretation of 'serious.' For instance, a woman might be able to deliver the normal way; but the baby might run a risk of being seriously damaged. You are hearing of more Caesareans today, I believe, Mrs. Smith, because we doctors have learned more about conditions which might result in a baby who survives a hard delivery, but is brain-damaged, for instance. Caesareans are much safer, too, than they used to be, for both mother and baby. We have come a long way in combating infection. We can do lots more about the extra bleeding of Caesarean section."

NO COMPLAINT

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Some glamorous dames
Wed belted earls
Who deck their frames
With mink and pearls.

Unlike the above,
I'm the sort of siren
Who hooked her love
And a new steam ir-on.

Mrs. Jansen said, "Dr. Frank told me that the condition I had—bony disproportion, I believe you called it?—is one of the commonest indications for Caesarean section."

"I would agree with him there," the doctor said. "Another is when the baby has too *hard* a head. Every once in a while we get what I call a 'bowling-ball head.' It simply won't mold to enable the baby to pass through the canal, even though the canal is normally constructed. Occasionally, too, there are gross abnormalities in the bones of the pelvis in women who have had diseases of the pelvic bones earlier. Or there may be irregularities in the position of the baby; such as transverse or face presentation. These are all fairly common situations and the more pronounced ones can be absolutely sound indications for Caesarean section."

"Are those the only ones, Doctor?" Mrs. Jansen asked.

"There are a number of others. Occasionally it is the mother's supporting tissues, rather than the bony structure, which hold back the baby. Older women with first babies may have abnormally fibrous muscles and ligaments. There may also be spasm of these tissues. This is not uncommon in badly frightened young mothers. Grantly Dick-Read has described this situation very well. We can mostly overcome it by instruction in relaxation, proper breathing, and by giving analgesic drugs. But occasionally it requires Caesarean.

"Then there is so-called inertia of the uterus. For unknown reasons, the muscle of the uterus goes limp and won't contract normally. Labor may be dangerously prolonged. Consultation is indicated in both these situations. The Caesarean, if decided on, in most cases will be done largely for the sake of the baby."

Mrs. Smith said, "A friend of mine had an emergency Caesarean three weeks before her baby was expected. She had had a dreadful hemorrhage, and the doctor said he must liberate in order to save the baby. But the baby was born dead just the same!"

"This could have been one of two very serious obstetrical situations," the doctor answered. "The most frequent is what we call '*placenta previa*.' It means simply that the placenta, or afterbirth, has been implanted very low in the uterus. Its roots and blood vessels have invaded the part of the mouth of the womb where muscle must shift about and thin out, in order to open the passage for the baby.

"When this thinning and dilating begins in the case of a low placenta—often long before labor is due—vessels are torn across and there is bleeding. Fortunately the bleeding usually is not serious at first, so that there is some warning. But when serious hemorrhage occurs late in the pregnancy, immediate action must be taken to save the lives of both mother and baby: the mother, because of blood loss; the baby, because the placenta is his source of oxygen and its too early disruption deprives him of life-giving oxygen from the mother. Evidently it was already too late to save the baby in this particular case. But the mother's life may very well have been saved by operating.

"A similar emergency occurs when a normally implanted placenta breaks loose too soon. This is called 'premature separation' and is due to a number of different factors. It, too, involves hemorrhaging, and is as dangerous as *placenta previa*. Sometimes more so. Caesarean section is almost always the treatment of choice in both these situations."

"That reminds me," Mrs. Jansen interrupted. "I had a friend whose doctor did an emergency Caesarean because the cord came down ahead of the baby. Does that always mean a Caesarean?"

"Yes, that is another true indication for Caesarean. The condition is called 'prolapse of the cord.' We see it most often when stimulation of labor has been used unwisely. The fluid comes out too fast. If the head is not snug in the round opening of the pelvis, the cord is washed down beyond or beside the head. It is seldom possible to put it back and keep it back. When contractions occur after that, the cord is compressed against the pelvic bones and its circulation is shut off. This, too, deprives the baby of oxygen and other things vital for survival."

"May I ask about one thing more?" said Mrs. Smith. "Might not some doctors be tempted to do Caesareans, in certain instances, because they get more money for them? At least, that's what I've heard."

"There may have been a little of that in the early days. There may be some of it even now. But most of the ethical groups of obstetricians and surgeons have agreed that a Caesarean section should cost little more than a ordinary delivery; perhaps no more at all. We obstetricians understand that the hospital expenses of Caesarean section are greater for the patient. Also, a Caesarean section often times is an easier procedure for the obstetrician than a tedious and harrowing delivery from below.

"You ought to ask your doctor, Mrs. Smith, what his fee would be for a Caesarean. It is your right to know this in advance. But you need not worry that your doctor is 'talking Caesarean' *because* of the fee. Yours is a bona-fide case for operation."

"You've been very kind, Doctor, and I'm convinced. I'll just hope my Caesarean will go as well as Marie's did."

"I am sure it will. For your doctor, like Dr. Frank, has foreseen unfortunate possibilities and is taking proper steps to avoid them."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses sex differentiation in the unborn.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK



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THE OTHER WOMAN IS HIS EX-WIFE

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

IS HE REALLY OUT OF LOVE WITH JUDITH?

Everything about Judith was subdued. Though her attitude was co-operative, it was hard for her to volunteer information or talk spontaneously. It took several hours to coax her story from her

She had started dating Ted soon after he got out of the service, and ten months later they were married. That was two years ago. Shortly before they became engaged, he told her he'd been married while he was in the Army, to Becky, a secretary he'd known in college. But they separated after four months because Becky had fallen in love with somebody else, and were divorced when he was discharged.

"Until two months ago, I thought we were as happy as any couple could be. We both have good jobs, we're saving for a home, we have no problems. Then I discovered that he's seeing Becky again."

Judith became uneasy after Ted arrived home too late for dinner several nights in a row. She accepted his explanation that he'd had to work, but when the absences continued she decided to leave her own job early a few times in order to watch him. The second night she saw him meet Becky, but she lost them in the crowd, and once they disappeared into an apartment house—it was after midnight when Ted got home.

"I was so hurt I wanted to run away. My first idea was to pack my things and go home, quit my job and try to forget Ted. But I love him, and I was afraid if I just ran off we'd never get together again. So I stayed."

After abandoning this scheme, she considered alternatives. She thought of moving to another apartment. But her hurt gave way to anger, and she decided Ted was the one to move. She would draw the money from their joint account, giving her financial control, and pack his things to send to him. But when she started to pack, she found she didn't want to do that either.

She also considered appealing to Becky, but decided against it, concluding (correctly) that she would probably not accomplish anything, and would only humiliate and anger her husband.

Finally, in confusion, she sought counsel. In all these days of pondering and worrying, she had never mentioned the subject to Ted. When I asked her why not, she hesitated. Finally she said, "I'm afraid to. I think brave thoughts, but I'm not very outspoken and it's hard for me to talk about what I think and feel."

Here was the crux of the matter. Because of her timidity, and her reluctance to reveal her inner self to her husband, she had failed to take him into her confidence, not only in this crisis but throughout their marriage. It was not her lack of feeling but her lack of ability to express her feeling that created the problem. Her reticence and inhibitions had created a barrier between her and Ted from the beginning. Judith was shy, sensitive, ill at ease with strangers, whereas Ted was outgoing, sociable, friendly. Lacking communication with his wife, Ted turned to exuberant, partygoing Becky for relief.

Judith realized that she could not solve the problem by ignoring it, and she agreed to talk it over with Ted. Though he was angry that she had spied on him, he felt himself in the wrong, and he agreed to come with her for her next interview. He shamefacedly admitted that he had been flattered when Becky looked him up and declared her continuing love for him, at a time when his ego needed a boost. But he recognized that Becky was shallow and untrustworthy, that his real love and loyalty belonged to Judith, and he sincerely believed that together they could achieve greater happiness and understanding than before if she would forgive him.

She did, fully and freely, at the same time admitting her share of the responsibility for their difficulty. She has made a deliberate effort to communicate, to overcome her shyness, to think less of her own feelings and more of others'. By lifelong habit a passive personality, she has responded to Ted's encouragement and is gradually developing into a self-confident, responsive young woman. For the first time she feels secure in his love. Now, after five months, they have bought a home, and she told me two weeks ago that they are starting a family.

The experience of Judith and Ted once again illustrates the familiar fact that every marriage problem involves two people. Ted was the obvious guilty party here. But his misbehavior arose from Judith's shortcomings, as well as from his own weakness. Had she not shouldered her share of the responsibility, as honestly and generously as did Ted, their story could not have had such a satisfactory ending—or should we say beginning?

IF HE WERE MORE OF A MAN

Despite the growing influence of women in business, government and other spheres outside the home; regardless of the trend toward so-called equality of the sexes, there are still many wives who want to be dominated by their husbands in the traditional way. The wish may be unconscious, but often it is recognized. Consider two examples from our mail.

One wife writes: "Though our marriage of eight years is successful, there remains in me a sort of primitive rejection of my husband as *unmanly*. Mentally he is alert, competent and vigorous; but physically he is rather ineffectual and indifferent. He is patient, perceptive and considerate, but I confess I'm attracted to men who are powerful and aggressive. Sexually, I need a mate who makes me feel more like a real woman."

From another letter: "What about the husband who won't wear the pants? My husband is wonderful in many ways—kind, dependable, easygoing and affectionate. But these good points have their bad side too. He's marvelous with the children, but lets them get away with murder—I have to do all the disciplining. I hate managing the money; that's a man's job. He's so casual about household repairs that I've taken over. I see myself turning into a nag and a shrew, the perfect example of the bossy wife with a henpecked husband. I love my husband dearly, but it's harder and harder to look up to him as the head of the family. How can I encourage him to be more masterful?"

The traits these wives mention—kindness, dependability, patience and consideration—are virtues, not faults, and every good husband possesses them or tries to cultivate them. They are of greatest importance in a marriage which both husband and wife regard as a relationship between equal partners. But some wives, consciously or unconsciously, reject the idea of partnership in marriage; they want their husbands to assume leadership, authority and primary responsibility.

Some wives who feel this way were reared in homes where the father was dominant and authoritarian; consequently, they find it difficult to accept an easy-going man as an adequate husband and father. In contrast, there are other women brought up in homes where the mother was dominant figure, who resented her bossiness and identified with the father. They likewise want masterful husbands. Still other women, whose upbringing was tomboyish, or whose appearance is sturdy and ungainly, want a very masculine, man's-man husband who, by comparison, will make them seem more feminine. Among these women are many who will find it difficult or impossible to achieve sexual satisfaction unless their husbands are forceful, demanding, masterful. Note that the first letter we quoted mentions this aspect.

The situations described by the two wives who wrote us do not reflect acute problems. Though they deplore their husbands' submissiveness, undoubtedly their dissatisfaction is to some extent offset by their own position of enhanced authority. But there is some reason for uneasiness, not only because of their own feelings but because their husbands may grow restive.

A wife who feels her husband is henpecked and who genuinely wants to build up his role at the expense of her own may find help in these suggestions:

Accent your femininity. Choose your clothing and hair style to make you look like the woman you are. If a short haircut and slacks make you look mannish, let your hair grow and wear skirts. Avoid masculine speech (excessive slang or profanity) and mannerisms. If you smoke, at least avoid lighting a match the way a man does; wait for him to open the door or ring for the elevator. And don't scorn cosmetics or feminine accessories in dress.

Build up your husband's importance. Ask his advice and treat it with respect. If you and he disagree on a minor matter, defer to him instead of making an issue of it. Quote his opinion to others; he may pretend embarrassment, but he will feel complimented.

Take over responsibilities which you feel aren't within a wife's province.

Let him take over some household responsibilities, even if you can handle them alone. Let him replace the fuse, balance your checkbook, deal with the surly plumber (even if you know how to get the plumber to do what you want). And *don't* show him how to do it; encourage him to think his way is better than yours.

Teach the children to respect him. The best way to do this is by your own example. If you seek his opinions, defer to his wishes, accept his authority, they, too, will regard him as the wise and powerful head of the family.

Cherish his love. Even the most mild-mannered of men wants his wife to think of him as a vital, forceful lover. The more tender, yielding and compliant she is, the more masterful he will become. But if she allows herself to seem matter-of-fact or indifferent, his self-confidence will be so undermined that he cannot be the masterful male she thinks she wants.

Some wives, often unconsciously, seek to inhibit or minimize their femininity. To do so is to deny their birthright, and very likely to frustrate their husbands. A wife can be feminine without being fragile. So can a man be masculine without being obviously aggressive. If you think your husband isn't "wearing the pants," ask yourself why. Maybe you haven't given him a chance.

DO YOU AGREE?

"Don't all marriage difficulties result from emotional illness and other unconscious factors?"

No; many problems derive from environmental strains and specific factual situations unrelated to unconscious influences.

ASK YOURSELF:

Is my husband meek, or masterful?

Most wives want their husbands to be firm and decisive without being tyrannical. They want to love and respect, but not fear, the men they marry. In marking "Yes" or "No" the questions below, answer in terms of what you think is typical of your husband's attitudes and actions.

Does Your Husband:

1. **Help with household chores?**
2. **Listen to you without interrupting?**
3. **Telephone when he will be delayed?**
4. **Gladly stay home when you ask him?**
5. **Explain fully when he is late?**
6. **Let people take advantage of him?**
7. **Appear subdued or ineffectual?**

Does He:

8. **Usually put his job before your convenience?**
9. **Expect and get your respect?**
10. **See that you accept responsibility?**
11. **At times, speak sharply to you?**
12. **Make some decisions without asking you?**
13. **Keep close check on money matters?**
14. **Take the initiative in love-making?**

Make separate counts of your "Yes" answers to Part I (Questions 1–7) and Part II (Questions 8–14). With about the same number of "Yes" answers (four or five) in each part, you probably have a considerate but firm husband. But with five or more "Yes" responses to Part I and three or fewer to Part II, your husband may be on the docile side. If there are three or fewer "Yeses" to Part I and five or more to Part II, he seems to be quite dominant. If he is at either extreme, and if you are unhappy about it, rereading the discussions on this page may give you some ideas on how to have a better marriage.

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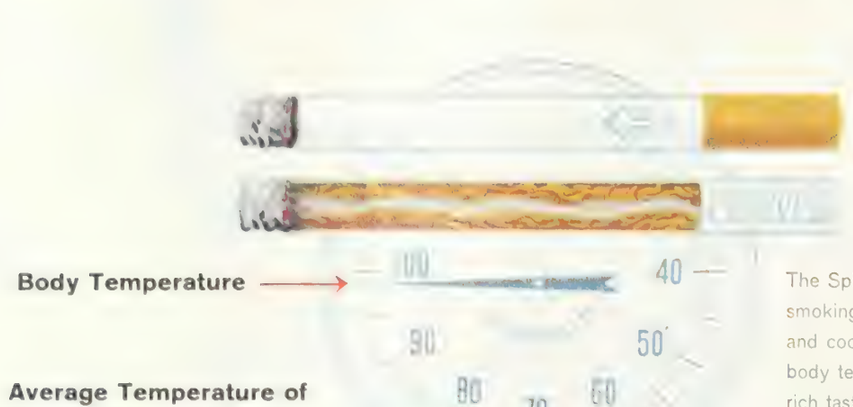
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JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

WHAT WE DO WHERE WE GO WHOM WE MEET



Pat takes time out from WABC to meet teens.

50 years ago in the Journal

In February, 1910, Thomas A. Edison celebrated his sixty-third birthday. A Waverley four-seater electric auto cost $2250, and there were half a million club-women in America. "Mother Machree" was born on Tin Pan Alley, and America's Winston Churchill wrote a best-selling novel called A Modern Chronicle.

"The feathers shown on hats on LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *fashion pages are from birds killed for food," explains Editor Bok, "such as barnyard fowl or pheasant, quail, reedbird or mud hen. You will find no plumes from egrets or birds of paradise which are slaughtered solely for fashion."*

Fashion note: "The new spring colors are conservative and subdued and go by the names of walnut, castor, mustard, artichoke and prune."

"Menus for a Family of Two: A week's meals for two come to ten dollars, including the cost of fuel for cooking. Half a pound of chopped meat with five cents' worth of peanuts will make a dinner loaf, with enough left over to slice cold for the next day. One can of tomatoes will make a soup, a sauce and a scallop."

"A whisk broom introduced between the sheets will quickly remove those infinitesimal crumbs so irritating to an invalid," suggests a reader.

"Is it proper for a young man to stay until midnight when making a call on a young girl?" Answer: "Very bad taste. Eleven o'clock is the latest he should stay," rules Mrs. King-land.

"What Other Women Have Found Out: Make round washcloths instead of the usual square ones, and avoid the wet corners."

Writes Annie Russell in a new column called The Stage and Its People: "According to a recent study in longevity, gardeners live longest in America, clergymen next, and actors third. Actors cannot afford to be sick and therefore give careful attention to diet, rest and exercise."

Who's more honest? Girls say boys are. So do boys. When teen editors from coast to coast met here for a conference with *Pat Boone* and a gala weekend, talk turned from big truths to small ones. In school, teens want: "Truth always—between teacher and student." In entertainment: "Not essential if you know it's entertainment, not fact." In politics: "Desirable—but we have to trust our horse sense." Paradox summed up by one: "Everybody's for truth on public issues, but all use clichés socially." A girl turning down a date has acceptable outs—"My parents won't let me" or "I'm washing my hair." One beleaguered boy told us he fell back on "My doctor says I have a week to live" and hated himself. Group conclusion: "Truth is a strong and essential influence—especially if you have a weak memory."

We went as guest to a convention of 700 Y-Teens and this time learned local colloquialisms. A "boss date" is an evening with a great guy. "It's tough" means it's perfect in some cities. She's "hi-fi" if she's popular, "lo-fo" or "playing left out" if she's not. An absent-minded teen is "OTL" or "out to lunch." But it was a sober group, too, convinced that under the small talk its fate is decided by "politicians and scientists—and we don't know the scientists," and worried in an age when "History is made fast, and so are missiles."

When decorating editor ***Cynthia Wheatland*** finds a gem of a room, it's shared by camera. For those who want to record their own, Cynthia found an answer in ***Muriel King***, who used to be a dress designer, is now a room portraitist. She wandered into it. "First I sketched an exterior, next a sitting room as gift for a hostess. Soon I was working in Greece, Long Island, Manhattan." Now she paints steadily for a waiting list of clients who want to reproduce rooms on Christmas cards, hand down still lifes with family albums, or recall favorite scenes in cherished homes. A surprised Miss King thinks the whole new field is expanding—"or you might say roomy."



Cynthia sees Muriel King (left) do a drawing-room portrait.

After the twenty-fifth-anniversary dinner of the Academy of American Poets, we asked ***Elizabeth McFarland*** whom she met. **"*Marianne Moore*,"** said our poetry editor, "told me one of her JOURNAL poems is in her new book,



Frost speaks poetically to Elizabeth.

'O To Be a Dragon.' Iowa poet ***Paul Engle*** was there; ***Richard Eberhart***, whose work we've published; and JOURNAL poet ***W. H. Auden*** with a haunting line—said his dinner jacket had been lost at sea. ***Robert Frost*** reminded me we'd published one of his earliest poems—'Inscription for a Garden Wall.' Said that once poets had to sit below patrons. Obviously he prefers sharing a rhyme scheme over the ice cream."

Not only well-fed bridegrooms but Mardi Gras parties are hobbies of charming ***Margaret Williams***, whose recipes are on page 134. She lives in New Orleans, but told ***Liane Waite*** how to celebrate Shrove Tuesday anywhere. Be as formal as champagne or informal as po'-boy sandwiches. Gentlemen must give favors to ladies they dance with. (One unusual guest she knows has given diamond bracelets and wrist watches! Rare!) Costumes should be colorful, but keep an eye on tomorrow. "The man I can't forget came as a monk and had realistically shaved his head. I wish I could have seen his face next morning."

A reader writes: "Do you know you can change the world by changing a word in a sentence? Instead of saying, 'Is that possible?' just say, 'That is possible.'"

When Pattern's ***Bet Hart*** *asked us to see George Washington get a new suit, of course we went. The original wore out after 167 years, has just been replaced for the Chicago Historical Society down to the 72nd button, is on a national tour. Bet's ancestor John Hart signed the Declaration of Independence, but left no suit to study. She was curious. But we saw her shake her head. Washington's took three patterns, special fabrics, a year to make. But it couldn't make her How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing page. "His suit had unfinished edges. Ours never do!"*

The stories of ***Risë Stevens***, ***Patrice Munsel***, ***Rosemary Clooney***, ***Phyllis McGinley***, ***Frances Gray Patton*** all go to show in our pages that good cooks are artists in more ways than one. Now ***Jean Anderson*** has discovered the case of writer ***B. J.*** (for Beatrice Joy) ***Chute***, whose best seller, "Greenwillow," will be a musical starring ***Tony Perkins***. "I cook a lot," she told Jean. "So does the heroine. We may have a kitchen on stage. I made up food names—ragged cakes, rowdy buns, bilberry preserves—because it's an imaginary country. ***Frank Loesser*** is writing the music. He likes these dabble cookies—try some? I dabble at putting in new ingredients, so even though I love writing I can't write my own recipes."

Success story: Anne Einseden **makes many talent discoveries among the 22,000 manuscripts she reads a year, and here's just one. *Virginia Layefsky* told her, "After my story 'Moonlight-Starlight' ran last October, agents phoned daily. British magazines bid, and I had book offers. My tip for other first-timers? I write after breakfast—when the coffee and I are fresh."**

A Few Light Notes on a Rather Dark Subject



If you said Elmo was meek,
Mary implied that he was a tiger;
if you said that he was a tiger
(few would),
she described his gentleness.

FREE



DUST

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DE MERS

By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

"He always has; it's his way," Mary Raynor said to her house guest, Zaida Burton. "I suppose he always will."

"Who will always what?" asked her son, Timmy, coming into the room with a plate in his hand. Something about himself, probably, he thought.

"None of them have manners nowadays," said Mary, explaining Timmy to Zaida. "Manners are not supposed to be taught any more; they're supposed to develop gradually and naturally like their Adam's apples. Your father," she said, turning to Timmy. "I was telling her how your father always goes out and builds something when he's upset or angry. Builds and swears. Listen ——"

They were silent. From the workshop in the basement came a sound of hammering accompanied by a man's voice. No words were distinguishable.

"That way he's gotten a lot of repairs done," Timmy said.

He went upstairs to his room carrying the plate. He had just made himself five meat-loaf sandwiches because he was going to put Handel's Oratorio on his record player.

"And not only swearing," Mary said, when he was out of earshot. "The words he uses! You know those *words*. The kind you see in cement."

"Elmo? Oh, I can't believe it. Elmo!" cried Zaida, thinking of him.

Mary bristled slightly. "Just because he looks mild," she said. "I know that. He does look mild. But if you knew him as I do, you'd be very much surprised. Elmo has character traits that no one suspects."

When she spoke of him Mary's conversation became a sort of Procrustean bed for Elmo. If you said he was meek, she implied that he was a tiger; if you said that he was a tiger (few would), she described his gentleness; if you praised his constancy, she hinted at lewdness. And it is possible that there was an element of truth in all these aspects hinted and revealed, since Elmo was, of course, a human being.

"What's he teed off about now?" said Timmy, coming into the room again. He had forgotten the soda pop.

"Dad? Oh, it's the fifteenth, for one thing. He got hold of Hartnett's bill before I could hide it till the right time. He forgot to check the oil in the car and burned out the bearings; and he's trying to stop smoking again. Nothing catastrophic, Timmy; just an accumulation of wrong things."

Timmy went on to the kitchen, whistling against his teeth. *These middle-aged people*, he thought. *Can't see the woods for the dumb little trees. Bills and trying to save money and fixing the roof and stuff like that. I won't live that way.* As he slammed the refrigerator door he felt a stab of happiness: here was the cold bottle in his hand, and upstairs the meat-loaf sandwiches and the glorious music were waiting. He was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



If I had it to d

I'd do most of it again: be a mad Girl Scout, get involved in the Miss Burbank contest, take the movie contract, fall in love and marry Eddie, have the children; how could I not?

It was such a small thing that changed my life—a white silk sport blouse and green scarf, to be exact. Norma Harris and I were walking down Magnolia Boulevard in Burbank one May day (1948) and we saw the little handbill that said every girl who entered the Miss Burbank contest—just entered it—would receive the blouse and scarf. Well, I never did have many clothes and Norma thought it would be fun, so we went right over to the recreation hall and signed up. There was only one stipulation: you had to be at least sixteen. I made it by a month. We not only received our blouses but were promptly invited to luncheons and banquets and had our pictures taken.

I never dreamed of going through with the contest. I was a junior at Burbank High, knocking myself out playing basketball, volleyball, baseball and speedball, tooting the French horn in the band and participating in the Girl Scouts, Job's Daughters, the girls' athletic association, the *a cappella* choir and the club that made laws for the student body. At Girl Scout rallies and school assemblies I clowned around imitating Beatrice Kay, the Broadway hillbilly, while her

When Debbie Reynolds was first asked by newspaper reporters if her husband, singer Eddie Fisher, was romancing with motion-picture star Elizabeth Taylor, she denied it because she believed that their marriage was happier than ever. "It is very hard," she says in her own story here, "to find that the person you love doesn't love you."

By Debbie Reynolds as told to Jane Ardmore



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Debbie hopes eventually to work "only for fun," perhaps just the few months when Carrie, now 3, and Todd, nearly 2, are in school. "I don't actually believe in working mothers."

Over again

record played "I'm Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," or pantomiming Betty Hutton to her "Square in the Social Circle," or doing Red Skelton's bit about the lady driver in the too-tight girdle. You get the idea—a school character. I loved having fun.

But the glamour department was something else. I didn't wear lipstick, I did wear a Girl Scout uniform, I was very unsure with boys. They were fine on a baseball field, but on a date my mouth went dry, I didn't know what to say or do. Six of us had a club we called the NN—Non-Neckers—Club; then one girl went off the deep end and kissed a boy so we changed the name to the NNN—Nearly Non-Neckers. There were a couple of boys who liked me anyhow; they were as involved with athletics as I was, and they'd take me to the proms even if I was wearing a black taffeta dress made over from one that had originally belonged to the next-door neighbor my mother's age, *and* gold-and-black flat sandals.

Jerry Odens was a boy who understood me and let me be myself; It was he I called when mother insisted I appear on the night of the Miss Burbank contest. I'd given my word, mother said, I'd accepted the blouse and scarf, so I must show up. Jerry not only thought she was right, he thought I'd win.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

On a misty day in September, 1906, just after Rosana's seventh birthday, the circus reached a market town in the West Midlands called Leintford, near the Welsh border. To Rosana one place was very like another, for she saw little of them except a muddy field somewhere on the outskirts; they had been on the road since March, moving across England and back in a long slow procession of horses and vans and cages and four elephants, incongruous in the damp or dusty lanes between green hedges, stared at from cottages and followed by children. At Leintford all the town children turned out to watch the setting up and Rosana enjoyed showing off to them, trotting around with empty buckets—though with long-practiced care not to get in anyone's way—and calling the tiger by name as she passed its cage, to make it clear to them that she belonged to the circus and so was to be envied.

When the work was finished and there was an hour to go till the first of the two evening shows, she went to the van she shared with her mother and Carmencita, the bareback rider. To both of them Rosana was a bit of a bore, though even at seven she could make herself useful; and since she would grow more useful as she became eight and then nine, and could soon start training seriously and earn her keep, it seemed hardly worth while putting her in an institution; Rosetta and Carmencita suffered her, not without reluctance. Rosana loved and admired her mother, who took little notice of her but spent most of her spare time sitting on a bunk smoking, or brushing her long black hair, or leaning against the caravan steps talking to men. She was the greatest trapeze artist in the world, Rosana thought.

This evening, when the mist was coming down on the flat water meadows by the river and the flares were being lighted outside, Rosana squatted in the warm caravan with her wooden doll and a piece of bread and jam, while Rosetta and Carmencita yawned and idled over their teacups. All the circus performers had exotic names of that kind, but whereas most of them had started life as Millie or Florence or Maud, Rosana had been given her name (though not christened by it) when she was born. Her mother, whose real name was Agnes Lock, had made it up, and Rosana was very proud of it.

"I better mend my tights; that new boy left a nail sticking out of the saddle yesterday," said Carmencita, padding it out with several adjectives unsuitable for a child of seven, which went in at one of Rosana's CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

© Margaret Bonham 1960

Rosana, swathed in rose velvet, gave a strange proud smile. "Is it really for me?"

Tiger

By MARGARET BONHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. H





In Rosana's dreams, Sultana was fierce and bold,
the circus horses gleamed and pranced,
the trapeze artists soared like swallows.
Could they risk letting her learn the truth?

THE WALK

He was seventeen—old enough to be the town's star-spangled hero, young enough not to know what to expect.

By RUTH MOORE

The day the basketball team came home from winning the state championship, old Martin Hoodless was out in his cow pasture cutting down a tree. The tree was a big one, a horse chestnut. For three years it had been dying. The stock sheltered under it in hot weather; his grandsons, Ralph and Carlisle, had a tree house in it. Any time now those big limbs might let go without warning, kill either a cow or a kid.

The tree house was a platform built out over four supporting branches, boarded in on three sides and with a tar-paper roof. It had a secret private look; no matter how far you walked back and craned up, you couldn't see into it. It was a wonder them kids hadn't broke their necks seven times over. When, in deviltry's tarnation time, had they built this contraption? He'd always made it one of their chores to drive the stock to pasture, figuring there wasn't anything up here that they could raise Cain with; but, by tar, you had to keep an eye on everything.

That tree was coming down, and high time too. Carlisle, when he got back from hassling around all over creation with the high-school ball team, would find out there was plenty to do at home. *Give him something to use them muscles for,* Martin thought, eying with some relish the thick bole of the tree. *Saw a little wood. Do a little work for a change.*

Down in the town center, a mile away, the fire whistle let go with a long blast. Martin jumped and nearly dropped his ax.

He glanced automatically at his own buildings below the slope of the pasture. He could see only the roofs and the upper half of them, but there they were. All neat. All quiet. No smoke. No smoke anywhere on the four points of the sky, so far as he could see.

At that moment the whistle on the tannery blew and the Baptist church bell began to ring. Almost at once the Congregationalist church bell started, dong-dong-dong. Then somebody apparently put a record on the mechanical carillon in the Methodist steeple and turned it up to "loud," for the chimes began to thunder out.

"What is it?" Martin said, aloud. "The Second Coming?"

He put down his ax and walked across the pasture to the fence. There he leaned out through the alders, so that he could look down the highway.

Then he saw the parade. It was coming toward him, spearheaded by the fire trucks, pumper and hook-and-ladder, covered from bumper to bumper with waving, yelling people. A lot of high-school kids, he saw; but plenty of others.

Winfield Parker was driving the pumper. Leaning forward, Martin drew a sharp breath. Seated beside Win, working the pumper's siren, was Martin's own daughter, Susie.

Susie McIntosh, respectable mother of an eleven-year-old girl and two grown sons—if you could call them young squirts grown. At least they were in body, if not in mind, big boys for fifteen and seventeen. Susie, that he'd left, not two hours ago, washing dishes in his kitchen, here now, riding the fire truck!

There was Jed Wallace, with his wife on the front seat and two-three of the bank people in the back. There was Harry Troy and his

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© 1960 by Ruth Moore
THE WALK DOWN MAIN STREET
is soon to be published in book form by
William Morrow & Co., Inc.

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL





Debby stared—it was so easy nowadays to say or do the wrong thing. "Come and eat," she said. "I'm starved." Carlisle said, "Go ahead if you're hungry."

DOWN MAIN STREET



A psychiatrist answers 10 Questions parents ask about

HOW MOVIE AND TV VIOLENCE

In the course of many private and public meetings with parents in the last few years I have become increasingly aware of their concern over the amount of violence to which children are exposed nowadays through motion pictures shown on television and in movie theaters.

I have brought together the ten questions parents most frequently ask of me about screen violence, and shall answer them here in more detail than has been possible from the lecture platform or in private consultations.

Let me first define two terms:

By "children" I mean, in this particular case, young people from about the age of three, when many begin to be TV fans, up to about twelve, when it can be assumed that the average child has become less susceptible because better able to differentiate between the real and the unreal, the likely and the unlikely; more critical; his sensibilities and his standards of values better established.

By "violence" I mean people killing each other, hurting each other; I mean arson, torture, beating, knifing, lynching or any other physical action that would shock and frighten a normal child—or adult, for that matter—if he saw it happen in real life.

There is a lack of adventure in the lives of most children today. The world is full of dangers, but not of the kind that children can comprehend or come up against physically. So, adventure stories on television and in the movies can help to fill a need of children for their all-round development. Some violence or the threat of it, handled with respect for children's sensibilities, has always been an ingredient in good children's adventure stories. What has become so prevalent, and what parents are concerned about today, is the movie or TV show in which violence predominates—made more realistic and shocking because it is shown, in live action, rather than merely described.

Now for the questions:

Q *"Does anyone keep track of just how much violence there is on TV and in the movies?"*

Not in the same way that certain agencies keep track of radioactive fallout, no—and it would be a very good thing if some agency did do this—but interesting studies have been made by an organization called NAFBRAT (National Association for Better Radio and Television), founded by Mrs. Clara S. Logan and having on its board of directors such persons as Dr. Lee de Forest, Dr. Paul Popenoe, Gilbert Seldes, Dr. Dallas Smythe and James V. Bennett.

In the course of its study NAFBRAT compiled the following list of violent acts taking place on various TV shows which were represented as being for children. Nearly all these were half-hour programs:

PROGRAM A: One murder, one robbery, one jailbreak.

PROGRAM B: One murder, three attempted murders, one robbery, one holdup.

PROGRAM C: Two attempted murders, one robbery.

PROGRAM D: Three attempted murders, one jailbreak, one arson.

PROGRAM E: Two attempted murders, one "justifiable" killing, one holdup, two attempted lynchings, two hangings prevented at the last moment, one mob violence, brutal fights.

PROGRAM F: Two murders, one attempted murder, one robbery, threats to kill, man tied up.

PROGRAM G: One attempted murder, one robbery, conspiracy to murder three people, one bomb explosion.

PROGRAM H: Two murders, one "justifiable" killing, one false murder charge, man dumped into well to die.

PROGRAM I: One "justifiable" killing, one attempted murder, one police car stolen.

PROGRAM J: One murder, three attempted murders, one "justifiable" killing, lots of shooting.



WERNER WOLFF

Through moving pictures a child may see more violence in 30 minutes than the average adult experiences in a lifetime. Is this "entertainment" or, as one jurist has put it, "the perversion of young minds"?

FFECTS CHILDREN

By FREDRIC WERTHAM, M. D.,
author of "Seduction of the Innocent," a study of comic books.

PROGRAM K: Three mass shootings, one holdup, one bank robbery, two attempted murders.

PROGRAM L: Four attempted murders of a twelve-year-old boy, one attempted murder, one fight with guns and fists.

These typical examples (1958) are from such allegedly wholesome programs for children as Wild Bill Hickok, Sergeant Preston, Robin Hood, The Lone Ranger, Steve Donovan, Superman, Sky King, Annie Oakley, Rin Tin Tin, Hawkeye.

NAFBRAT listed the toll of violence for one week in programs shown in Los Angeles before 9 P.M.: 161 murders, 60 so-called "justifiable" killings, 2 suicides, 192 attempted murders, 83 robberies, 15 kidnapings, 24 murder conspiracies, 21 jailbreaks, 7 attempted lynchings, 6 dynamitings, 11 extortions, 2 cases of arson, 2 cases of torture. What could not be counted were innumerable prolonged and brutal fights, threats of killing, sluggings, manhandling of women and children.

In some cities where there are several TV stations, no single station may appear to be dominated by violence during the children's hours, but a child can obtain an almost uninterrupted flow of violence by switching from one channel to another.

I know of no statistical measurement of violence in films shown in motion-picture houses, but the parents I have talked with believe that violence is becoming more common (and more violent) in movies as well as on the TV screen. Some are less alarmed about movies than TV, however, simply because movies have been with us longer, and they assume that anything we have survived this long we must be immune to!

Unfortunately, this does not take into account the improvements in color and sound and screen size that have made movies far "realer" than they used to be, and their violence that much more convincing. Nor does it allow for changes in our moral and cultural atmosphere that have allowed and encouraged film makers to go in for more violence than used to be allowable.

The rather one-sided competition between TV and movies for children's attention has probably had a similar effect on movie makers.

Though the number of children under twelve who go to movies is infinitesimal compared with the number who watch TV, it should be remembered that many movies ultimately are shown on TV; also that the competition works both ways—violent movies stimulate the making of more violent TV programs. The problem of keeping some check on the amount of violence in movie houses has been made more difficult by the fact that adults no longer go to movies as frequently as they used to. They are simply not there to see what is being shown to children. The parents are at home watching TV!

The (British) Association of Cinematograph and Allied Technicians, *referring to American movies*, had this to say in a resolution: "Beating up, gouging, knifing, flogging of women, and other forms of sadistic excess are too regular a feature of so-called motion-picture entertainment today." It added that in nine cases out of ten there was no artistic justification for the brutality. It made a clear distinction between films that respect human dignity and those that depict violent death as the natural order of things.

Though most of the parents I have talked with are convinced, as I am myself, that there is an excessive amount of violence on TV and movie screens, none of us knows exactly how much. A really comprehensive study seems called for. This would contribute greatly to general understanding of the problem.

Q *"Children have survived plenty of violence in storybooks—is it so different on TV and movie screens?"*

I am convinced that the moving visual image on movie or TV screen, complete with sound, has a much greater

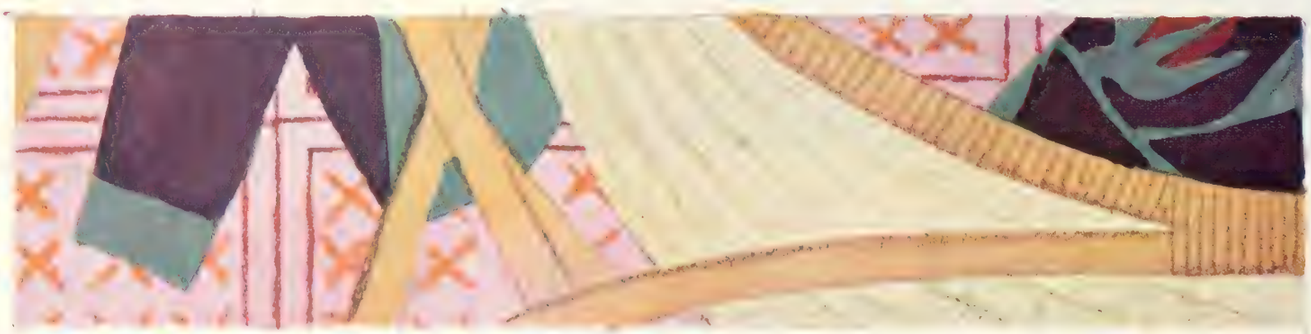
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FUEL FOR THE FLAME

By ALEC WAUGH

CONCLUSION



On Friday afternoon Basil returned from lunch to find Ahmed Abrusak standing outside his office door. His features expressed worry, fright, astonishment.

"Terrible thing happen, boss. They arrest my cousin."

"Who arrests your cousin?"

"Police do, boss. They come this morning while we both at work. They search house, break open desk, take papers. When we come back lunch, they take him away."

"They did not do anything to you?" Basil asked.

"No, boss, they do nothing to me."

They were still standing in the passage. "You'd better come in here," said Basil. He had a sense of imminent catastrophe. As he sat behind his desk, he remembered the first time he had seen this man, standing here, an applicant for a post.

"Did the police ask you any questions?"

"No, they no ask me questions," Ahmed told him.

"They must have said something to you."

"No, boss; they say, 'Don't be a nuisance, you'—that all."

"Have you any idea why they should arrest your cousin?"

"Politics, I suppose."

"What were his politics?"

"Very left wing. Freedom of the people. Karak for the Karakis. All that kind of thing."

"Was he a Communist?"

"Maybe, boss. I not know."

"You were living in the same house as your cousin?"

"Yes, boss."

"Your wife and children too?"

"No, they still in town," Ahmed said.

"You told me that you wanted to work here so that your wife and children could live in the country."

"That true, boss. I no find a house."

Basil thought. The pieces of a jigsaw puzzle were fitting into place. "Was it your cousin's idea that you should come out here?"

"Yes, his idea."

"Did he advise you to tell me that you wanted to have this post so that you could bring your family out here?"

"Yes, boss, he say that."

"I see."

He saw too well. Ahmed had been planted here by a Communist or a near-Communist, through the same device with which that misguided Indian had been recruited to make an attempt against the crown princess. There were many questions that he would have liked to ask. But

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© 1960 BY ALEC WAUGH. THE COMPLETE NOVEL IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY FARRAR, STRAUSS AND CUDAHY



She looked over his shoulder.
"Perhaps that's why you
asked me to marry you,"
she told him.



So ends the day—an easy chair, good reading, friend near enough for a rub-behind-the-ears. Who could it be but the Man in the House, Harlan Miller?

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

. . . When I manage to write a weekly
letter to all three of our children,
. . . Or remember to send an artificial
fried egg to each of our five grandchildren,
. . . And send a book now and then to
those of our family who can read,
. . . Or turn off my midnight background
music at my Dream Girl's behest,
. . . Or convince my wife that I genuinely like her new dress,
. . . And treat all my in-laws like kissing cousins,
Then I suddenly feel so popular that I want to hide.

We may organize an anti "comedy husband" society to fight the radio, movie and comic-strip "humorists" who picture us as the laughingstock of every family and the butt of all jokes.

New laurels for our neighborhood's most extravagant wife: she's given away all her husband's suits more than ten years old. Alas, she didn't know he had only two newer than that.

"Shucks, Emily Post and Amy Vanderbilt disagree about women crossing their legs in public," pouts Betty Comfort, hiding the lemon squeezer. "I didn't realize it's still a public issue."

At the bridge table our adventurous doctor's wife reveals they've discussed a trailer caravan trip the length of Africa. "He gets mad," she explains, "when I remind him he's never house-trailered even to Florida."

At $1 a ticket our dauntless women's club arranged a tour of the village's seven most fascinating kitchens. A real bargain, though it doesn't permit a peek at the bathroom or inside the icebox.

A newlywed in Linden Heights confesses a new problem: "If the buttonless coat is downstairs and the button is upstairs," she asks, "shall I take the coat up or the button down?" Problems, problems!

As a music lover I'm irked because the new records come sealed and I can't play 'em before I buy 'em. The record booth used to be one place to hide from life's urgencies.

Our son-in-law is contemplating a Trampoline for his back yard for his three tots under five. "They'd make me bounce," he muses, dreamy-eyed, "enough to guarantee my daily exercise."

Our town's stingiest millionaire can't understand why a whoop went up when, asked to bring meat to a potluck party, he turned up with three pounds of wieners.

Indescribable is the ill-concealed fury of our club's gourmet when he can't get a well-done end cut of roast beef. He has convinced himself that the other members are all goofs who want their meat underdone.

The newest house in our neighborhood has both a garbage grinder and an incinerator right in the kitchen. "Why?" the girls ask. "They always eat out!"

I argue with my Lady Love about what are the best icebox leftovers. She likes fruit compote; I vote for old shaggy meat loaf, though I spoon a pickled kumquat occasionally.

In one week I talked with both Japan and Italy over our bathroom phone; my sharpest glimpse of what a small world it is.

For $4 at our new University Athletic Club you can pile up a smorgasbord-type buffet dinner that makes a meal at the Forum of the 12 Caesars look like an exercise in aristocratic self-denial. Even the assistant professors look well fed.

I'm forced to recognize our three-year-old Suzi as an egghead tease. "What's that yellow thing?" she asks innocently. "It helps me put my shoes on," I explain. "You mean it's a shoehorn?" she asks.

Ha, a clash on which sits in a wedding picture of long ago, bride or bridegroom. If she sat, upper-middle class or over; if he, lower-middle or below—or her costume wouldn't permit a sit-down.

Our son is studying German in school, and we've given him some German-language records for his birthday. He'd gladly have settled for a summer trip to Vienna.

My philosophy on tipping has ripened: It's delightful to share the wealth with a good waiter or hotel maid. But I enjoy giving small insulting tips to surly servants, or none where 18 per cent is added "for service."

"I don't mind giving up our family car to our young for an evening when I need it myself," broods Peter Comfort, shoveling snow off his shuffleboard alley, "if they weren't so stingy about lending me their bikes."

Our two-phone families are in the same boat with our two-car families: their young easily monopolize both; and a brave new world with three cars and three phones is only a futile gesture.

One of our local biggies got stuck with a $585 check entertaining business friends at a New York tourist trap. (And they wouldn't even cash his check.) But the revenue people allowed it as business expense, which it wasn't anything else but.

They invited me to lunch at the nearby university and to see their new electronic computer and their uranium nuclear reactor, campus do-it-yourself toys for the egghead coeds and collegians; twenty-nine dials and twenty-nine colors of electric wiring, and I'm a football fan again.

A busload of our town's nicest Roosevelt haters drove down to see Ralph Bellamy play F.D.R. in "Sunrise at Campobello," and now they can't decide whether they fell for Bellamy or F.D.R.

One of our more sardonic luncheon clubbers has invented a new slogan: "Don't just sit there; worry!" Right after lunch a sign went up in a Main Street store: "Don't just stand there; buy something!"

I'm Lucky! Lucky!

I'M SO GLAD TO BE A WOMAN



It's such a lucky thing to be a woman—
a stroke of fine fortune, like being born with
double-fringed eyelashes or moving next door
to a family of seven boys. Not that boys are all
that matters about being a girl. What I'm trying
to say is: a woman is a *limitless* person.

Remember, when we were children, how we all
planned to "be" something? *Nurse* was probably one
of your dreams, and if you wear out as many copies of
his baby-care book now as I (six in seven years),
you deserve a diploma from Dr. Spock himself!
But I had romantic dreams, too, as all girls do.
Dreams like *lighthouse-keeper's sweetheart*
and *inspired-power-for-good-in-the-community* and
indelibly-beautiful-actress-not-long-for-this-world.

Well, along with many "careers" I never
planned (*cook* and *laundress* and *psychologist*, for
example; *gardener*, *interior decorator* and
seamstress), all those dreams of mine came true.

Returning from P.T.A. the other night, I suddenly
realized that, in a way, our house *is* a lighthouse—
and I am still the keeper's sweetheart.
Of course he found out long ago that my beauty
is not the indelible kind—it cold-creams
off at bedtime—but he agrees that I'm an actress.
All women are. We play so many roles, our lives
are blessed with such freshening variety!
The need for our artistry is endless and the rewards
are often immediate: "*I love you*," for instance.

Today I took pleasure in many small luxuries.
The wedding-ring glow of polished brass,
the wild-fern fragrance of fresh sheets,
the look of serenity I have at last achieved
with the new draperies in the living room.
Little things, but eloquent of woman's
ever-renewing joy. And I could sing.

I'm like our little boy, who woke up
on his fourth birthday to a room filled with the
splendor of the promised desk "like daddy's,"
the toy typewriter of his dreams, and a drawerful
of office supplies. At first he made no sound;
then we heard the desk drawer opened; and then,
at last, happiness found its voice. "Paper clips!"
he crowed. "Oh, I'm lucky! Lucky!"

FRANCIS PELLEGRINI





PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

Because Women

By BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD

When the population explosion hit her community, Mrs. Bastian, mother of four, started wheels moving for better schools in a way other citizens might copy.

The women on these pages are women aware of the world beyond their doorsteps. They see large issues in deeply felt human terms; they have a generous capacity for caring.

They are women of skill and devotion, intelligence and energy. They must balance—and they do it well—their obligations to vital outside tasks and to the private world of home and family. Of diverse backgrounds, different abilities and interests, each finds her way to be of use.

Mildred Bastian, for instance, has a "wonderful, patient competence with facts and figures," according to Mrs. Aaron Fischer, chairman of the Committee on Higher Educational Needs of Metropolitan St. Louis. "Others can sense her integrity, her liking for people. She has avoided dabbling, which leads to frustration in volunteer work, and has accumulated knowledge and insight on school problems."

She knows, too, the need for study, thoughtfulness, tact. District School Superintendent Virgil C. McCluer's appraisal of Mrs. Bastian and her group is one every citizens' organization might envy: "They've been sincere and reasonable and have stuck to important things; they've never been little or dictatorial."

The influence of women begins in the home, of course, in the guidance of their children. It extends first to the details of community housekeeping directly affecting the home, then broadens as women gain experience. This is the training ground for national and international leadership.

"We can no longer count on the automatic or accidental emergence of dedicated, courageous, imaginative and wise leaders," C. Scott Fletcher has remarked in *The Great Awakening*, published by the Ford Foundation Fund for Adult Education. "We must educate them purposefully and by design."

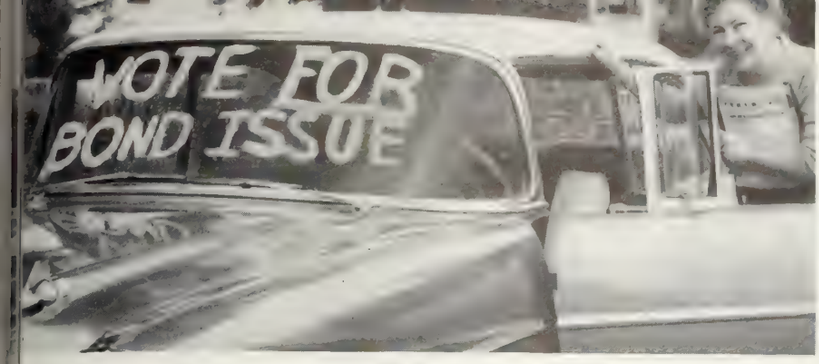
Women who, across the nation, are working at the local level for better libraries, schools, parks, social services, political organizations are preparing themselves for great responsibilities. Through hundreds of organizations they learn and act. In almost every town are the parent-teacher association, League of Women Voters, American Legion Auxiliary, Junior League, Women's Club, and others.

We occasionally forget that women can be a primary source of first-rate thinking on difficult public issues. In their discussion groups they create and expand a powerful body of opinion. It is, of course, often quietly influential and privately expressed. Around family dinner tables many of the nation's fundamental choices are made—choices that will elect the next President, shape the policies of legislators and even direct the course of summit meetings.

Vitality in a democracy depends upon individual, personal interest combined with training and conscientious teamwork. We need the talents and capacities of all the people, of women working with men for the public good at every level. We need the woman who, cherishing her own home and family, is impelled to work for a world in which the homes and families of others, too, can be secure—free from illiteracy, disease, delinquency and neglect. We need Women Who Care. END

Mrs. Joseph C. Bastian, of Ferguson, Missouri, is a housewife with a handsome, mobile face, humorous gray-green eyes, and four school-age children. She and her husband live in a comfortable white frame house with three quarters of an acre of back yard under big shade trees—the kind of yard made for bicycles, neighborhood children and (since her three oldest are boys) a clubhouse with "No Girls Allowed" over the door. She spends much of her time keeping house or chauffeuring for Little League. But what time she has left she is apt to spend at a small, crammed desk in one corner of her dining room, where she keeps a store of facts and figures on almost every aspect of Missouri's public schools. She does so because to her "education" is a hard, aspiring, beautiful word.

Ten years ago, Mildred Bastian's oldest son, Joey, an extra-shy, extra-bright child, entered kindergarten. His class was overcrowded, the building was antiquated, and Joey had a miserable year. It was a year when Ferguson's school board was facing the fact that the town's population had doubled since before the war—yet only a few hundred citizens turned out to vote for a new elementary school. Today Mrs. Bastian's school





Mildren Bastian was aghast to learn that Missouri high-school students could win a diploma with up to nine out of seventeen courses in nonacademic subjects such as shop, band, home economics. Mother of three boys and one girl (Katherine Emily shown with her at left), she wanted high academic standards as well as enough buildings for St. Louis County schools. Seeking public support, she met often with fellow volunteers (opposite page), with them backed crucial bond issues (above). She says, "My hair has grown gray in the cause—but I can't think of a better one."

Care

istrict (R-2 in St. Louis County) has a parents' group that has given its chool board vigorous support for five years. District Superintendent irgil C. McCluer says, "In 1954 none of our high-school youngsters anted to be classified as an 'egghead.' Now this has about disappeared. Ve're getting higher—much higher—registration in academic courses. lew offerings such as languages are being enthusiastically received. And think it's the town people who can take the credit."

This changed climate is all the more remarkable because it took place gainst odds—a rate of growth that has sent R-2's school population soarng over 400 per cent in the last ten years. As Mrs. Bastian puts it, "We ad *all* the national problems—and some of them four times worse!"

She was once heard to say, with a touch of indignation, "Parents are wfully good about standing up and saying, 'We want better schools.' What's needed are more who will say, 'and here's how you get them.'" Yet she would be quick to add that this "how" is no magic formula. It s a slow process of persuasion, beginning only when enough parents now clearly what kind of education they want their children to have. By 1952 her own feeling about her local schools was still one of distress bout buildings. Ferguson had just been merged with nearby Florissant, maller but suffering even greater

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America is rich in Women Who Care, women who work for their communities as well as their families; who have translated their personal concern into many hours, many years, of service. Five such women are saluted in the JOURNAL *this month for the tasks they have accomplished, for the vision they have shown.*



MRS. GEORGE W. VAUGHAN Washington, D.C.
President, Association of the Junior Leagues of America

Jean Webb Vaughan is one of those rare women who even when their children are little consistently find the time and energy to add to their list of volunteer assignments. A native of Los Angeles, Jean served her local community as a member of the Child Guidance and Salvation Army advisory boards; on Red Cross, Cub Scouts and other committees. She went through the mill of local Junior League offices, including the presidency, then advanced to director of her region. As national president she represents some 73,000 young women engaged in voluntary community service in 194 cities in the U.S., Canada and Mexico. The Vaughans, with their children, Merry and Bill, now live in Washington, D.C.



MRS. S. PALMER GAILLARD, JR. Mobile, Ala.
Chairman, Council on Hospital Auxiliaries, American Hospital Association.

Laura Gaillard's role this year climaxes the work she began in 1950, when she organized the auxiliary for the Mobile Infirmary, the 340-bed general hospital in her own community. Her knowledge and experience have deepened with each new demand—for state, regional, international action—until now all her skill is used in guiding 2,000,000 volunteer hospital workers, and in bringing more auxiliaries and more volunteers to more hospitals. Her husband is an attorney; her two daughters are married; her son is a Marine lieutenant in Okinawa.



MRS. MAURICE T. MOORE New York City
Chairman, Foreign Division, National Board, Y.W.C.A.

Born in China, of missionary parents, Elisabeth Luce Moore's intense interest is in women as responsible citizens. Her work with the Y.W. program in 70 countries has taken her to Africa and Europe, and most recently on an extended tour of South America. She is chairman of the board of the Institute of International Education (administering exchange programs), the first woman to hold that post. Mrs. Moore is the wife of a New York lawyer; her two sons are just embarking on their careers.

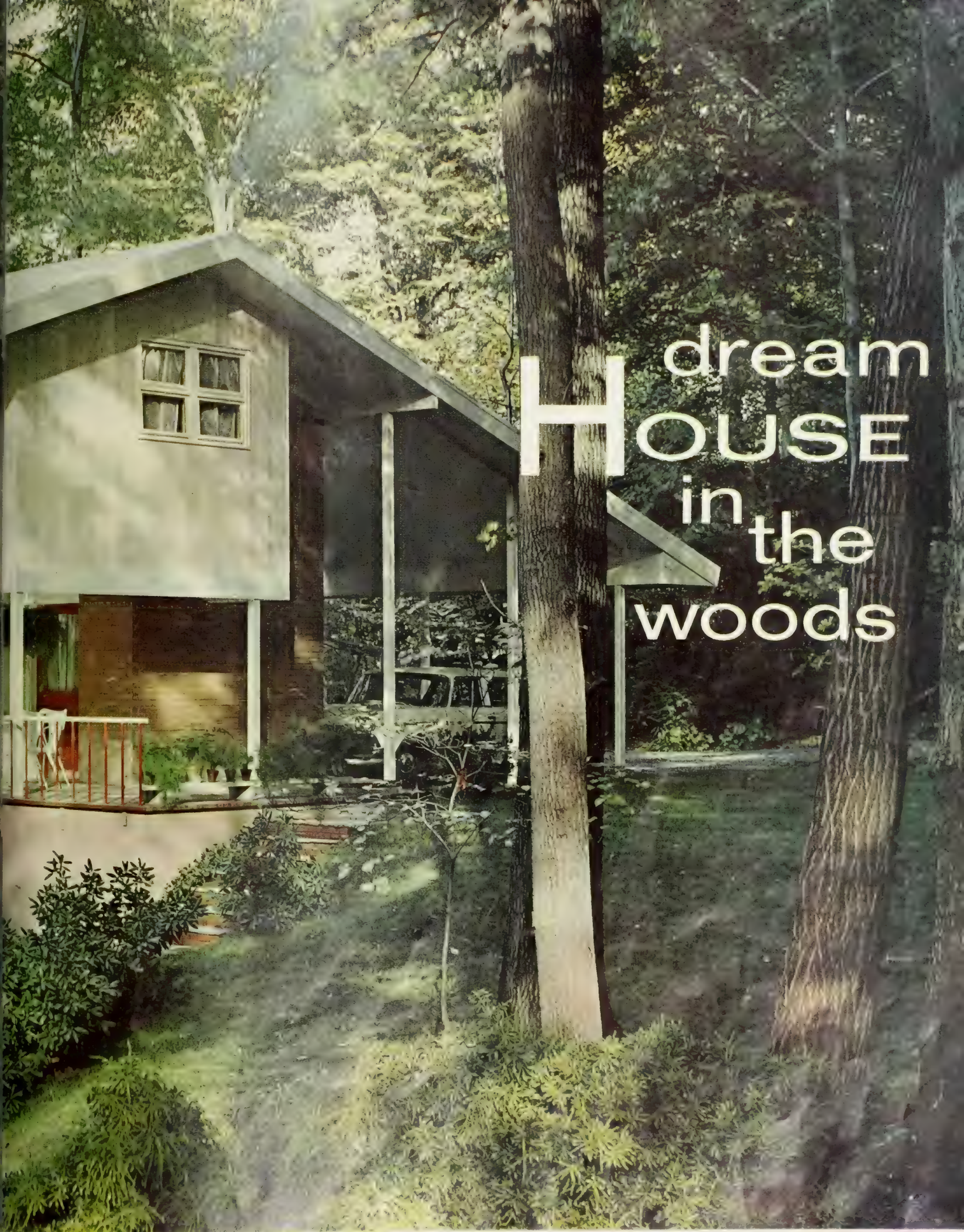


MRS. JAMES O. PARKER Grand Rapids, Mich.
President, National Congress of Parents and Teachers

Karla Van Ostrand Parker has never lost sight of the P.T.A.'s purpose: "To help mothers to be better mothers." She has had a vital part in broadening the concept, however, from the day when her own daughters started school at the Dickinson Elementary School in Grand Rapids. Step by step she went from president of a high-school unit to her present role in the 12,000,000-member organization. Her greatest satisfaction is in the rich relationships with her own family. the pride of her husband and married daughters in her work for children and youth. She thoroughly enjoys her own five grandchildren.



A woman's house is her kingdom, where she



reates her own atmosphere of gaiety, peace and respect for growing.

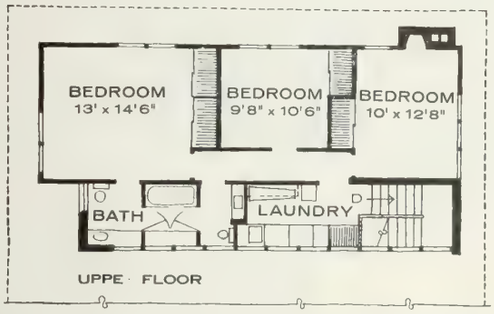


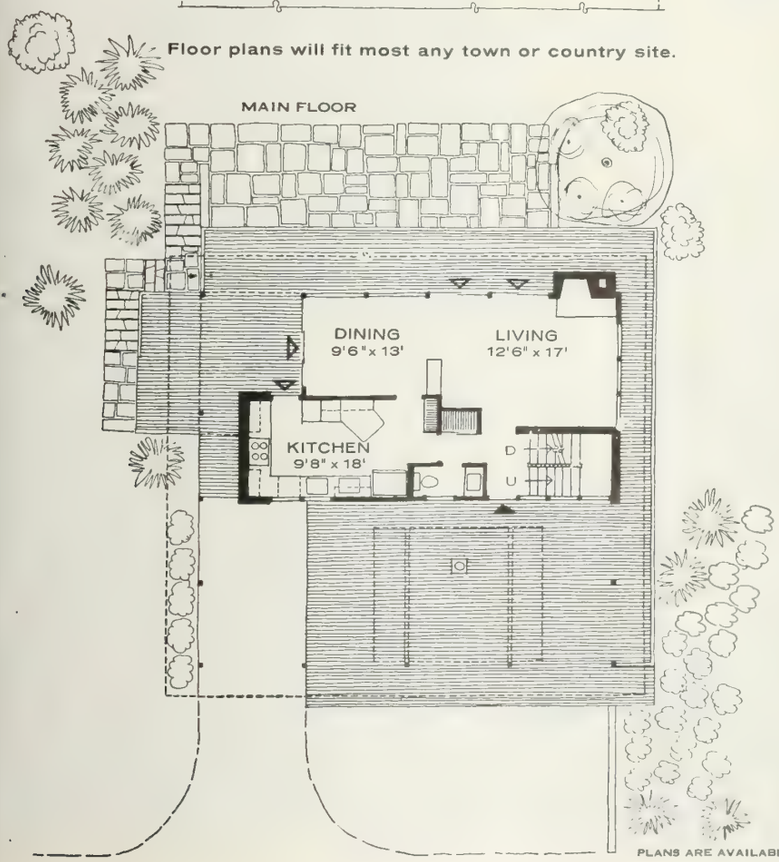
PORTFOLIO HOUSE No. 11



Featuring wide sheltering roof, outdoor dining, hole for tree.

The difficult thing about a dream house, in the woods or in the open, is to make it come true. You do this with a special mixture of imagination and practicality. Journal Portfolio Houses have been coming true, from dream to reality, twice every year—all of them Journal-designed and Journal-built. . . .The one shown on these pages is No. II of the series.





Floor plans will fit most any town or country site.

A SMALL HOUSE, in terms of low cost and easy care, can *look* large and *live* large, as you will see here. The entrance points this up superbly on the opposite page. From where you are about to step inside the door, the covered porch seems to be as big as all outdoors. Which it almost is, because a square hole in the roof lets you look right up to the sky like a picture in a frame, and lets a big beech tree of the woods tower up through it twice as high as the house.

GLAMOUR AND DRAMA, in the stairway window-wall, the blue paneling beside it, the tree growing up through the porch, are not customary features of a house as price-practical as this one. It is simply a matter of imagination. Even in the selection of the site, imagination took advantage of the weather-conditioned woods that make the house sunny warm in winter and shady cool in summer. And in such an unexpected place as the second floor, practicality and imagination give you spacesaving wonders—the luxury of a double bath and an upstairs laundry. And why, too, shouldn't there be a fireplace in the bedroom of a basic house when the chimney flue runs right up the wall?

LET THE PLANS further prepare you for the next seven pages of interiors. Follow the point of your pencil on the plan, and see how the house makes a virtue of compactness. And around the whole house make a note of all the porches, galleries and terraces that do so much to enlarge the living from the inside out.

ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR, JOHN BRENNEMAN
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INTERIORS DESIGNED WITH H. T. WILLIAMS
ARCHITECTURAL ASSISTANT, ANNE FULLER

PLANS ARE AVAILABLE AT $10 A SET FROM STANLEY C. REESE, 70 W. 11TH ST., NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK.

Imagination loads the living room with glamour





GUERRERO

PAINTING BY CARL MALOUF COURTESY VIRGINIA FRANKEL GALLERY



The living room is entered from the foyer and looks into trees and grounds.

COLOR GREETS YOU like an outstretched hand when you step into the living room. Against light pink walls each accent rings clear. The deep blue-green Spanish rug is fringed wool and reversible. A white-and-royal-purple chair of French ancestry stands near a carnation-colored sofa that couldn't be more practical with its foam-rubber cushions and cotton-quilt upholstery. At the fireplace wall we chose a tub chair in white cotton patterned in clear tones of orange, grape, blue, leaf green. Even the fireplace has clear color accent, with bottle-green lamps and vivid ceramic plaque over the deep shelf that hides logs and holds magazines.

THE OTHER FURNISHINGS STAY SUBTLE, with fabrics making a play on color. A seventeenth-century English chest has been painted. A coffee table of the same period has a bleached chestnut top. Accessories are simple, from amethyst glass lamps to rattan portable table. The room offers solid comfort but is graceful, too, from window blinds at one side threaded in yarn to window draperies that are sheer white and washable. Plants and personal touches complete the room. We like here the idea of white ceramic tile as a base for the greenery, and flecked white vinyl tile in the rest of the room. It's all practical and gleaming from wall to wall.

The dining room is like an indoor garden

TERRACES AROUND YOU, trees in sight, glass walls that can be curtained, tubbed greenery at the windows all make for a dining room where meals are pleasant and private at all hours. The room is raised above the grounds surrounding it and faces away from the road. The kitchen adjoins it. A bookcase divider sets it apart from the living room. For gala parties and year-round dining, the sliding glass door provides enclosure or invites guests to settle in weatherproof furniture on the wide porch.

WE KEPT OUR OWN PLAN SIMPLE with ash-topped dining table, white-painted modern Italian chairs and two antique French ones. On the wall adjoining the kitchen we used wallpaper in Portuguese tile pattern. A console of pecan and butternut acts as server and holds party supplies. An unexpected accessory always adds personality to a room—the Spanish garnet hanging lamp provides the imaginative off-beat note. The floor here is a continuation of the white tile of the living room. Dividend: behind the bookcase that acts as a divider or half wall, you find room for desk and chair.

Dining room has two outside views; fourth "wall" is a ceiling-high bookcase.







There's joy in a big kitchen



The kitchen plan reproduced here shows sink and its windows overlooking driveway to see family coming or going. One door leads to hall. Door next to table leads to dining room. Third door leads to outdoor terrace.



EZRA STOLLER



TO BE A CREATIVE COOK sometimes requires nothing more than to walk into a room like this one. Its flame-colored counters, convenience-angled table, stainless fixtures, gold-flecked floor and fun wall designs (listing calorie counts) all proclaim a zest for living.

There's no traffic problem here. No one wanders in unasked, since a foyer separates it from intruders. The table is at a slant to save space and can double as a buffet for a kitchen party. One kitchen door opens onto the wooded rear of the house, so meals can meander out there. Pale pink cabinets, steel and durable, abound below the counter. The oven is a big one that can take a colossal ham or reunion-sized turkey, and its foil lining is replaceable when spattered. Even the freezer-refrigerator is brightly designed with two upright sections side by side and no daily bending called for. Some of the storage shelves, open to save work, are covered by shades of washable vinyl awning cloth in carnival stripes, and during cooking time they can roll up—nothing to mar view or bump heads.

MORE HIDDEN BENEFITS? You find them as you work. The table looks wood-topped but is a new textured plastic that rinses clean. The floor is basically gray-and-black vinyl with extra gleam added by metallic specks. The dishwasher has a new washing cycle to do thorough and sensitive jobs. It's the kind of kitchen where you can say blithely "No trick at all" to compliments, because all the tricks went into your far-ahead planning.

Second-floor laundry lines up with bathrooms



THE ROOM IS SMALL—only 6½′ wide, 10½′ long, and look at all it holds—washer, dryer, big storage space, open shelves, work counters, a plastic basin big enough to wash a poodle, and there's even room for an ironing board that can always be left up, a blessing we wish every home had. To touch up a small ballet dress or press a party shirt calls for no major job of tugging out and re-storing your work tools. Daylight is provided very generously from front windows and the windowed hall beyond. Concealed lighting fixtures on both sides of the room keep it just as bright after sundown.

From up here a homemaker can work out of sight, yet still see into the main hall to keep tabs on who's in or out. The butterfly wallpaper is scrubbable so stays bright and crisp. Washer and dryer have a whole set of cycles to take anything from blue jeans to sheets to silks. And the great advantage is location. Up here you are close to bedrooms, bath, and hampers to collect laundry in one round trip.

The bathroom has three-way luxury

EZRA STOLLE



LINING UP ALL PLUMBING for bath and laundry along one wall on the second floor kept down expenses. The bathroom fixtures are so divided that two lavatories are placed on either side of a private room for bathing, so that several members of the family can have the use of bathroom facilities at the same time—the convenience but not the price of two full bathrooms. (See plan to note how well this works out.) Glimpsed here is one section seen from the master bedroom.

New equipment features add to the value. There's generous wash-up space with a big oval basin that forms its own countertop to one side. The tub, in its own enclosure, has low sides easy for even children to get into and out of, and rippled bottom for safety. We planned the lighting to be flattering but clear. The flecked black floor is practical. So are the walls of plastic tile. The accessories give a sense of luxurious comfort too. Deep purple, clear white and lemon yellow key the bathroom, on the theory that color is as bracing for waking up as it is for pleasant dreams.



BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"To the degree that parents can hit the right balance between keeping reasonable control over their child, allowing sensible independence, they can have fun with him."



A home rich in laughter and family joy is many women's greatest fulfillment.

You can have Fun with your Children

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

A grandmother wrote to me, long ago: "Why couldn't I enjoy my children the way I enjoy my grandchildren? I love to be a sitter for them, or to have them stay with me while their parents are on a holiday. They are full of wonder about everything in the world, their eyes sparkle. The comments they make on life are vivid and fresh; most adult conversation seems stale by comparison. They are so pleased to be read a story. A small excursion kindles a fiery enthusiasm. They are impulsively warm in showing their affection. They are a delight to be with."

If you're reading this at the end of a day when you've been endlessly harassed, you may be snorting with disbelief. But dozens of other grandparents have made glowing remarks of the same kind to me. (I'll admit there are other grandparents who are driven frantic by being with children for fifteen minutes.)

I said I doubted I could give advice that would enable parents to enjoy their children a lot more—that would be like trying to tell them how to lift themselves by their bootstraps. But I thought I could at least point out some reasons why it is so difficult.

The grandparents can give us some hints. They say they are closely enough related to their grandchildren to feel that they are very much their own flesh and blood. On the other hand, they have no sense of permanent responsibility for them. Of course, while they are acting as sitters they must keep them from serious accidents and get them to bed on time. But that is very different from the parents' constant concern with guiding the child's character development: keeping track of his behavior all day, every day, directing him, correcting him, stopping him, distracting him, approving, disapproving, reassuring. This is the backbreaking part of parenthood. It's not merely the energy expended; it's the never-ceasing sense of responsibility. Mixed in with this are varying amounts of frustration and anxiety and guilt, when the parent has doubts about his success at the job.

Raising the young has probably always been more of a strain for humans than for other creatures. The duration of childhood is much longer than in any other species. Human children have to be taught much more complicated traits and skills. But you can see that even birds and dogs and cats and lions, as parents, worry and fuss about the behavior of their young. You have to go way down the biological ladder, to such species as guppies, to see parents who don't give a thought to their small fry once they are born. But then guppies don't have any of the pride in progeny that parents and grandparents can enjoy. They have so little recognition of their own kind that they see them only as edible morsels.

The balance between the enjoyment and the strain of parenthood varies a lot at different phases of childhood. The early weeks of the first baby are a time of considerable anxiety because the parents have had so little experience to go on. Most of the rest of the first year is more fun than any other period of parenthood. Usually the baby is plump, pink-cheeked, responsive, amenable. Everybody says he's wonderful, and the mother and father glow and swell with pride. It's too bad this stage doesn't last for several years.

But when a child becomes about a year old, he can move around. He gets some powerful injection from Nature which makes him restless, inexhaustible, assertive, opinionated, obstinate. He's apt to rebel against his old diet, his toilet training (if any), his mother's management in general. The experienced mother may start with the idea of guiding him toward a mature personality.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



The softly feminine at-home look

is for the woman who allows her heart to rule her head, especially when she's dressing for her man. There is understated glamour in the waved sheath of hair, the soft silk shirtwaist. In make-up: use deep pink for lips, golden powder, eye shadow in pale green. A delectable look for entertaining . . . particularly when the "party" is just dinner for two.

HOSTESS GOWN BY SHERRI MALOUF



The everyday, everywhere look

is casual, carefree, as appropriately at home in the supermarket as at a supper dance. Near-shoulder-length hair (spring's favorite) is quickly convertible. Tonight or tomorrow, try bangs swept back and tucked under a tortoise or ribbon headband. Brilliants for a brunette: coral red for lips and finger tips; turquoise star pins, turquoise-and-pearl bracelet. All simple—all simply wonderful.

DRESS BY FRANK ADAMS

ROGER PRIGENT



Short hair can look long

and beguilingly feminine. Ends of hair are combed to center back, pinned flat and hidden with a glamorous "chignon" of flowers (or ribbons, veiling or yarn). Other lovely-to-look-at touches: the fresh, fresh make-up applied with more care than quantity; the becoming-to-*me* colors (in this case pink, violet and white); the ABC grooming, clean, uncluttered, unbeatable.

DRESS BY TREVOR SIMMONS

4 Fresh New Looks

try one, try all

To be beautiful for those you love is an expression of love itself. An especially imaginative woman we know refurbishes her appearance as often as Nature changes the seasons—and results are as refreshingly welcome. Here are four lovely hairdos (another one on page 63), all sharing the easy elegance which is high fashion today. At least one can be *yours*. Use your feminine ingenuity to re-create the way you look, and in turn the way you look at life.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor



DRESS BY MOLLIE STONE

The glamorous party look

The new fashions make you feel

NEW EACH SPRING



The blue of a spring sky in a silk-shantung suit with fashion in its collar and double-breasted jacket, by Hannah Troy. Shantung straw brimmed hat, Hattie Carnegie.

Left: Most glamorous of the cape costumes: hem-length checked tweed cape-coat over a mulberry wool-jersey dress with softly tied waistline, by Monte-Sano and Pruzan. Below: Flower pin in emeralds and diamonds by Verdura.

The short-sleeved silk-tweed jacket costume in palest beige, scheduled to run straight through summer. The dress consists of skirt and sleeveless top. By Philippe Tournaye. Wear with beige or white gloves and handbag.



DRAWING BY RICHARD HANLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Around your shoulders there's a new fashion feeling: pretty flaring sleeves often elbow-short, a feminine width of shoulder accomplished with capelets and deep armholes. The word "costume" has new latitude: it may be a cape or a capelike coat and a dress, a dress and jacket or an ensemble consisting of jacket, blouse and skirt. The slightly gathered, the bias-cut and the easy skirt are new. Jacket lengths are above the waistline or down to the finger tips. Mauves and pinks make the most enchanting color schemes, and there's the palest beige you ever saw, often in checks, worn with white. Checked tweeds in both pale and brilliant shades will be among the first—and most important—costumes to appear. By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor



The pompon-button suit in daffodil-yellow wool, light as air, by Harry Frechtel. Wonderful capacious bone-white leather bag with brass corners by Lou Nathan.



Spring costume with another look—three-quarter coat in coral tweed over a matching silk-shantung dress by David Kidd of Arthur Jablow.



The new fashions make you feel

NEW EACH

SPRING

Spring cotton that looks like silk in
a blue-and-white printed dress and jacket
by Philippe Tournaye. The white rough straw hat
by Hattie Carnegie. Handbag by Lederer.





This suit in star-sapphire-blue wool
by Vera Maxwell has special appeal because
of the flower-printed silk blouse and scarf.
Gold bracelet and ring by Verdura.

Tattersall-checked tweed in a new
suit silhouette—its jacket indented slightly
at the ribline. By Philippe Tournaye.



Here is the palest beige—chalky beige—
in a checked tweed with the greatly loved short young
jacket and a waist-length overblouse of white mat rayon
jersey by Larry Aldrich. Pumps in soft greige calfskin.

The new fashions make you feel NEW EACH SPRING



The pleated elbow-length cape over a dress in a French silk print—lovely new silhouette and a new costume idea by John Moore of Talmack. The gold bracelet by Verdura, the white handbag by Lederer.

Who can resist the flower-red tweeds of spring? This one with the simple jacket by Monte-Sano and Pruzan. Wear it with white.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST



he suit with the capelike jacket
ith draped shoulders. important
color silhouette and fabric.
mauve-and-white-checked tweed
y Monte-Sano and Pruzan.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Youngest fashion in the fashion world: the pleated skirt, short jacket, navy with red and white, given the current look by Maurice Rentner. Still life: The feminine bow pump in grained calfskin with a smooth calf binding; a gay silk coin-dot glove, and a calfskin bag with the white accent.



STILL LIFE BY RICHARD HANLEY



The Journal's

GEM OF A WARDROBE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



A red coat is always a bright spot in any wardrobe. This "Easy to Make" design will slip easily over your suit and uses top stitching as a detail. Vogue ETM Design No. 9939.

BAG BY LUCILLE
SHOES BY JULIANELLI

Pale beige tweed is a marvelous basic. The slim skirt, cardigan jacket and fringed stole combine happily or go their separate ways. Add a matching hat, gloves and bag . . . but don't forget the bright flower. Jacket, Vogue VETM Design No. 9800. Skirt, stole, VETM No. 9866.

HAT BY EMME
GOLD JEWELRY BY EDGAR ROEDELHEIMER

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 114.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered. © Vogue

EASY to MAKE



A real "Gem" of a dress which you will want to make in two or three fabrics. An easy-to-get-into wrap blouse plus a four-gore skirt. Vogue ETM Design No. 9941.

The clothes you turn to as favorites season after season, that make you feel pretty and well dressed, are the clothes we define as "Gems." We sift out passing fads and novelties in choosing these fashions in favor of good lines, so that you can look forward to wearing them with pleasure indefinitely. We went one step further on this wardrobe of "Gems." Every fashion you see here is made from an "Easy to Make" pattern.

The designs still have the look we believe in. Our basic oatmeal tweed suit can be dressed up or down. We like its "all beige" look under the red coat.

The two-piece acetate-and-cotton print dress is casual and comfortable. It is a perfect dress doing errands because it slips so easily into and out of a car. A printed short-sleeve dinner dress with its own cover-up jacket can be worn right through the summer.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor



A fresh, clean print is like a breath of spring. Our strawberry print on a white silk-shantung ground is topped with a bright pink jersey jacket. It's Vogue ETM Design No. 9940.

"A woman who loves to cook

is at peace

with herself"

MENU I

Barbecued Ham Steaks*
Candied Ginger Yams*
Zucchini with Garlic Butter
Mustard Pickles
Spinach-and-Celery Salad*
Sour-Cream Dressing
Sherbet Cookies
Tea or Coffee

Planned for 3



STUART-FOWLER

DELICIOUS IN THE SPRING

Four broiler combinations

Nourishing and delighting her family with wonderful food, hot, fresh and flavorsome, brings joy to a woman who loves her home. Here are four spring meals to be done under the broiler. Each has zest and variety—an unusual herb, or an unexpected seasoning.

Spicy sweet-sour marinade bastes a thick ham slice to be crowned with walnuts.

Tender chicken, garnished with little link sausages and glazed golden brown with chutney sauce, nests in curried rice;

baby lobsters are broiled and stuffed with buttery almond dressing;

sweetbreads blanketed with strips of bacon are broiled and served with the JOURNAL's Sauce Ménagère!

Lighthearted tempting

broiler meals make the

most of spring bounty.



STUART-FOWLER



MENU II

Broiled Chicken Temple Bells*
Curried Rice*
Green Beans
Tomato Aspic
Fresh Pineapple Wedges
Tea or Coffee

Planned for 8

MENU III

Broiled Lobster with Almond Stuffing*
Potato Balls
Water Cress
Cucumber and Tomato Salad*
Strawberry Tarts
Tea or Coffee

Planned for 8

DELICIOUS IN THE SPRING



Barbecued Ham Steak

1 cup red wine herb vinegar
⅓ cup salad oil
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
1 tablespoon tomato sauce
1 tablespoon minced onion
¾ teaspoon liquid pepper seasoning
¼ teaspoon meat paste
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon each thyme and marjoram
¾ teaspoon dry mustard
3-pound center-cut ready-to-eat ham steak—about 2″ thick
16 walnut halves sautéed in a little butter

Mix wine vinegar and oil, add next 9 ingredients and heat to simmering. If needed, trim ham steak and slash fat. Place ham in a pan and pour half the marinade over, forking in well so marinade penetrates deeply into meat. Let stand at room temperature ½ hour. Turn and repeat. Place ham in preheated broiler about 7″ from heat. Broil 25–30 minutes (12–15 minutes on each side), basting often. Place meat on platter, garnish with walnuts. Skim extra fat from surface of sauce before pouring over ham. To serve, slice thin, crosswise. Makes 8 servings.

Candied Ginger Yams

3–3½ pounds yams (at least 4 yams)
½ cup butter
Salt and pepper
⅔ cup brown sugar
¼ cup ginger syrup
¼ cup slivered preserved ginger root
½ cup water

Boil yams in salted water until barely tender. Drain, peel and cut each yam into serving-size pieces, about 4 per yam. Melt butter in very large skillet and stir in brown sugar, ginger syrup and ginger root. Heat until well blended. Add yams. Heat 5 minutes on each side. Add water, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Mix well, but do not break the yams. Cover. Simmer gently about 30 minutes, basting from time to time. When ready, the sauce should be slightly thickened. Do not turn again, as they will be too soft. Makes 8 servings.

Spinach-and-Celery Salad

6 cups spinach leaves, washed and dried
½ large red onion, peeled and sliced
1 cup celery, diced
4 hard-cooked eggs, peeled and sliced
1 teaspoon salt *¼ teaspoon pepper*

Tear up spinach leaves. Toss with other ingredients. Dress with 1 package garlic-cheese salad-dressing mix, blended with 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup commercial sour cream.



MENU IV

Broiled Sweetbreads*
Sauce Ménagère*
Hot Artichoke Bottoms Filled with Peas and Croutons*
Asparagus Salad
Quick Lemon Chiffon
Tea or Coffee

Planned for 8

Broiled Chicken Temple Bells

4 small broilers, split
Softened butter
1 cup salad oil
6 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
2 small cloves garlic, peeled
1 cup chutney

Wash and singe the broilers, sprinkle with salt and pepper and rub generously with softened butter. Put the other ingredients through a sieve or buzz in an electric blender. Heat the broiler. Lay chickens skin side down in the broiler pan about 7″ from the heat. Broil for 7–10 minutes, brushing liberally with soft butter, until lightly golden, then with the chutney sauce. Turn chicken. Baste with butter and broil 3 minutes. Baste with sauce. Continue broiling and basting with sauce until chicken is golden brown. Lower heat to 300° F. and cook until chicken is tender, basting often (about 20–30 minutes). Serve with curried rice. Makes 8 servings.

Curried Rice

2¼ cups long-grain rice
9 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons curry powder
3 teaspoons salt
4½ cups chicken broth

In heavy pan cook rice in butter until golden color, stirring with a wooden spoon as it cooks. Add curry powder, salt and chicken broth, bring to a boil and cook over low heat until rice is tender and all liquid has been absorbed—about 14 minutes. Makes 8 generous servings.

Broiled Lobster with Almond Stuffing

8 live 1½-pound lobsters
2 quarts soft bread crumbs
2⅔ cups chopped blanched almonds
2 cups butter
2 large cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
¼ teaspoon liquid pepper seasoning
1½ teaspoon dried tarragon
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup tomalley and all the coral, mashed and mixed, if desired

Prepare stuffing by sautéeing crumbs and almonds in butter until golden brown, stirring and turning often. Add the rest of the ingredients. Have lobsters split and claws cracked. Remove tomalleys and coral and set aside. Wash lobsters well and remove intestines. Place lobsters in broiling pan, shell side down, and brush with melted butter. Broil about 6″ from the heat for 10 minutes, basting frequently with melted butter. Fill cavities with stuffing and place under broiler again just long enough to brown. Garnish with potato balls, lemon wedges and water cress and serve with small bowls of melted butter. Makes 8 servings.

Water Cress, Cucumber and Tomato Salad

7 cups water cress
1 cup diced tomatoes
1 cucumber, peeled and sliced
1 cup sliced celery

Wash and pick over water cress, wrap in a towel and chill. When ready to serve, turn water cress into a large bowl. Add tomatoes, cucumber, celery, dress with a favorite herb dressing. Makes 8 servings.

Broiled Sweetbreads

4 pairs medium-sized veal sweetbreads
Juice of 3 lemons
Salt and pepper
16 slices bacon

Soak sweetbreads in salted water for 1 hour. Drain. Cook about 25 minutes in enough salted water to cover, with the lemon juice. Lift out sweetbreads and plunge into ice water until very firm. Remove tubes, membranes and any fat. (All this may be done the day before.) Sprinkle with salt and pepper, wrap each with 2 slices bacon and secure with toothpicks. Broil a few minutes on each side until bacon is crisp. Serve with Sauce Ménagère. Makes 8 servings.

Sauce Ménagère

2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots or onion
2 tablespoons butter
¾ cup sweet cider (or red wine)
¾ cup red wine vinegar
4½ tablespoons Diable sauce
4½ tablespoons steak sauce
4½ tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
3 tablespoons heavy cream
¾ cup butter

Sauté shallots or onion in butter a few minutes, until tender. Add cider (or red wine if you prefer) and wine vinegar. Simmer until liquid is reduced to half. Add the sauces and cook 10 minutes. Stir in cream and butter and continue cooking gently until butter is melted. Makes 2 cups sauce.

Hot Filled Artichoke Bottoms

8–10 large canned artichoke bottoms
Cooked peas
Toasted croutons
Butter

Place artichoke bottoms in a large skillet, season with salt and pepper and dot with a little butter. Cover and heat gently 10–15 minutes. Garnish the sweetbread platter with artichokes. Fill with hot seasoned peas which have been tossed with toasted croutons. Makes 8 servings.

Campbell proudly invites you to try

2 GREAT NEW SOUPS

. A great old-time soup

Old-fashioned OMATO RICE

is soup's so bright
d cheerful, it
rms you just to
it! Old-fashioned
mato Rice is a
opy blend of the
ious Campbell To-
to, long-grain rice,
l other vegetables
hearty broth. It's
reat home-style
p for everybody!



2. A country-garden soup

CREAM OF VEGETABLE

Seven garden vegetables, picked at their sun-ripened best, are simmered till tender, then creamed with milk. A dash of seasoning perks up the fresh garden flavor. You'll serve this soup with pride — to friends, and *all* the family!



Wonderful for cooking, too!

New sauces! Heat Old-fashioned Tomato Rice with ⅓ to ½ cup water (use milk with Cream of Vegetable). Season as desired. Heat and serve over fish, eggs or meat.

New supper dishes! Heat leftover meat, fish, or poultry in either Old-fashioned Tomato Rice or Cream of Vegetable . . . thin with milk or water, and season as desired.

New soup mate! Make your own new soup from Campbell's 2 new soups. Combine Old-fashioned Tomato Rice and Cream of Vegetable with 2 soup cans water.

Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's* 2 new soups!

THE WALK DOWN MAIN STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

clerks; must've closed up the supermarket. And Doc Wickham, by tar. And James Goss, the high-school principal, with the teachers.

Head and whiskers thrust out through the alders, Martin stared testily at the next section of the parade, which was the grammar-school children, led by a dozen majorettes in costume, joyously twirling batons.

He leaned a little farther out. The movement in the bushes caught the eye of one of the little girls; she gave a shrill squeal of fright and pointed. For a moment there was a swirl and disarrangement among the ranks, then they picked up the rhythm again; most of them began to laugh.

Well, he did have just his head stuck out of the bushes. S'posed he'd scared 'em. Let 'em cackle, for all he ——

He was suddenly aware that a vehicle had stopped in the road below, and that someone was yelling up at him. It was his next-door neighbor, Hezzie Mooney, in his pickup.

"What you doing up there, Mart?" he was yelling. "Why ain't you up front of the parade with the families of the team? How come you never went? If you didn't want to drive your car, Mattie and me'd been glad to shove the kids together, made room for you. Ralph and Dot could've doubled up — "

"Ralph?" Martin interrupted. "Dot?"

For all he had known, his two younger grandchildren had gone to bed at the usual time. If them kids had sneaked out afterward, they'd get told. He continued to stare down at Hezzie, his face like a block of wood.

"Why, sure, the whole high school went," Hezzie went on, "and most of the grammar school. What's the matter with you, Mart? Your own grandson! Why, he and my boy Jerome was on the TV last night, and they're in headlines this morning all over the state. You won't have a TV in the house, so Susie was over home last night to watch it on ours. 'Course she wanted to see that game—her own boy, she's proud of him. Boy, oh, boy! That Shirttail!"

"Whose shirttail?" Martin snapped.

Hezzie stared. "You are the only man in the whole entire state," he said impressively, "don't know who Shirttail McIntosh is, and him your own blood grandson! Look, Mart, we ain't had a state championship since 1947, when Art Grindle was on the team. We ain't never had *nothing* to come up to Carlisle. He's a sight better than Art Grindle ever was, and so's my boy, Jerome."

"Art Grindle," Martin said. "Ain't he the one started out robbing filling stations when he got too old to play ball?"

Hezzie straightened up, breathing hard. "Why, you dirty-minded old son of a coot! If you think that Jerome or any of them nice, clean-living young athaletes ——"

"I don't know nothing about Jerome," Martin said. "But I've got a say in Carlisle, by tar! From now on, he's going to settle down at home and do some work. I've had enough of this cussed foolishness!" He pulled his head in out of the alders and was gone as if somebody had yanked him backward.

Everyone had seen last night's game, either on the TV or at the capital, driving a hundred miles there and back. The town was on the map at last—its name in headlines all over the state. What could be better for a tourist town? Jed Wallace was thinking. Of course he was proud of his boy; he was some old proud of Jack, and the main thing was the game, the fun, the excitement. Why, as Jed said to Win Parker, it brought people out into the streets who hadn't seen the light of day for years.

As a matter of fact, the Chamber of Commerce had done a darned good job on the tournament, making sure that local businessmen got their proper amount of credit for helping to sponsor the telecast, arranging the banquet, one thing and another.

He moved through the crowd toward his seat at the speakers' table. "Chet, my boy!" he said. "Let me shake your hand. I shook it last night, let me shake it again today."

Chet Alison, the basketball coach, grinned nervously and stuck out his hand, wincing as Jed shut to on it. Doc Wickham and Win Parker, already at the table, burst out laughing.

"They say the President of the United States keeps a special sawbones to shoot in a charge of Novocain after every five thousand handshakes," the doctor said.

"Well, where's your needle?" Win said. "Nothing that the President's got that this boy ain't entitled to, is there?"

Chet flapped the hand in the air, regarded it ruefully, playing up, as he knew they expected him to. Last night, when everybody had jammed down onto the auditorium floor around Chet and his team, Jed and the doc, Win and Harry had been Johnny-on-the-spot all over the place—the smart citizens who had hired the best coach of the best ball team in the whole state; they'd had their pictures taken with all the bigwigs, the president of WORS-TV, and the governor; they were in all the newspapers this morning.

Well, where was his squawk? What he was having right now ought to be what any sports coach needed to get where he was going—to a big university somewhere, on the way to coaching pro ball. The big time, the big money.

Chet was aware that Win Parker had nudged him. "Look at old Goss," Win was saying. "You'd think he was at a wake."

James Goss, the high-school principal, sat at the head of the table where the rest of the teachers had been seated. This table was somewhat quieter than the others. Goss, a stocky man of around forty, in a well-worn dark suit, sat carrying on a sober conversation with Alfred Berg, the science teacher. James was bald, with a neat, clipped sandy mustache. As he talked, his fingers twiddled with various objects—a spoon, a salt cellar, a water glass.

"That music teacher Berg's sweet on, she's quite a dish. What's her name—Callahan?" Win was saying.

"Callander," Chet said.

"What nationality's that, ya know?"

"No idea."

"I see on her record when we hired her, she was brought up out west somewhere—Illinois, Indiana, some such place. It never said nothing about her being part kike. She sure don't look it, but going out with Berg, I guess she must be. They don't intermarry, do they?"

"I wouldn't know," Chet said.

He had not missed the sidelong glance, the glint in Win's eye. Town gossip passed through Win's garage like sand through a screen; and the whole town knew that both Chet Alison and Alfred Berg had been going out with Ellen Callander. Win, actually, was making book on which one would win out with her, or so Chet had heard through the grapevine of his ballplayers.

Chet was well informed. He knew, for example, that of all the smart citizens, Win Parker was the one to keep on the right side of. Win was not noticeably active in town affairs; he was not even chairman of the school committee, though he had been for many years a member of it. He always said he didn't want to be chairman; he had too many other fish to fry, let Harry do it. Since Harry Troy was Win's brother-in-law, most people in town figured it was all the same thing.

Win never ran for any office. Yet if any man wanted to carry weight in town politics or swing a project, he had better not waste time or money on it until he found out what Win Parker thought.

"I hear around that you and Berg have had a few chews," Win said. He paused. "Over the ballplayers' keeping their marks up, I heard."

Chet said, "Oh, not much. I hold my own." *And wouldn't you like it a lot,* he thought, *if I dropped something about the pretty-music-teacher situation that you could peddle to the boys? Well, bud, you can go fry.*

So far as Ellen Callander was concerned, she was pretty. She was nice. A woman. One woman out of ten you might remember; the rest, you forgot tomorrow. Unless you fell in love, of course; which was another matter, and one with which Chet, at present, was not overly concerned.

He had been married once and was now divorced; he supposed he had been in love. In the beginning, at least. He would willingly have gone back to that time when certain spiritual satisfactions combined with physical ones to make the whole experience memorable; but the time that followed, after the first six months or so, was nothing any man would care to have repeated. So they'd called it a day. Now he didn't even know where she was.



"Why did you let me do it?"

"Well, pass along word, if Berg bother you," Win said. "I guess he'd give a nice piec of change to be sitting up on top like you an on your pay."

"Could be," Chet said.

Alison was, he knew, a high-priced coac for a town of this size. He was paid more tha any of the teachers, including the principal the town, being interested in ball, saw to that and no one grudged Chet a penny.

Win had just caught something that Di Wickham had said, across the table. "Wha was that, doc? What were you saying abou Shirttail's knee?"

Dr. Wickham pursed his lips. "Nothin much. Kid's got a slight sprain. Be all righ after he rests it a day or so."

"You know, it was a wonder them Boon fellas hadn't killed him. I counted four on to of him, and I see that tall fella, that Jones give him the elbow. Referees must've bee asleep on their feet."

"Harry said he saw that too," Doc Wick ham said.

"Where *is* Harry?" Jed Wallace asked.

"Harry's over by the door. Or was, when come in." Win craned up and looked. "Wha gives over there? Seems to be quite a towse."

Harry Troy broke out of the crowd an came hustling up to the speakers' table "That fool of a Hez," he said. "He's got ol Mart Hoodless all stirred up. Won't let Shirt tail go to Boston. If we don't stop it, there'll b twenty-five fools out there arguing with him."

Jed Wallace smiled. "Harry, cool off. anybody has reason to argue with old Mar Hoodless, I will."

Harry mopped his face with his handker chief. He and the others glanced at one an other with understanding grins. Sure. Sur enough. If Mart Hoodless would listen t anybody, it would be to a banker.

Jed got to his feet, picked up a table knif and banged resoundingly on the table. Hi voice boomed out over the hall: "*Hey, there All you jokers sit down!*"

In the close-packed crowd by the door, peo ple glanced around, hesitated, then started t move to their seats.

"Time we got down to the eats," Jed said.

There was still some bustle in the room. s he rapped with the knife on a water glass.

He leaned forward to deliver his punch line: "Them rumors you ben hearin', the ain't nothin' but gossip. Nothin' to worr about, folks, nothin' in the world. So eat drink and be merry."

His last words were lost in a clamor o cheering and clapping.

By dinnertime Martin Hoodless had th rubbish cleaned up under his tree, the dea limbs chunked into firewood, the waste pile for burning. After dinner he could start saw ing down the tree, but now he was hungry.

And there'd better be somebody home an dinner ready, he told himself as he walke toward the house.

He was almost disappointed, coming int the shed, to smell dinner cooking. He hadn figured Susie would be back; and she wasn't But a fine fire was crackling in the range, ket tles were bubbling, and Dorothy, his eleven year-old granddaughter, was slicing bread.

"Hi, grampa," Dot said. "Dinner'll be o the table just as soon's you get washed up."

In silence, Martin washed at the sink combed his hair at the mirror, plumped him self down at the table.

"Where's your mother?" he demanded.

"Oh, she's just stepped out," Dot said. " guess she'll be back pretty soon."

Stepped out, hanh? Well, that was a lie. I was going some, when a mother got a littl kid to lie to cover up for her.

He stared at Dot as she began bringin dishes to the table. "Stew again, eh?"

Dot set the platter in front of him. "Why you always say a stew or a chowder's better o the second day, grampa. This one ought to b just right."

The fragrance of the stew hit him full in th face. It was exactly as he liked it. He cast

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

3 New easy-chicken recipe ideas

ade with SWANSON Chicken and PILLSBURY Hot Roll Mix







CKEN TURNOVERS (with Mushroom Sauce)

kg. Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix
ans Swanson Boned Chicken, diced
up finely chopped celery
2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
2 tbsp. chopped onion
2 tbsp. chopped pimiento
2 tbsp. mayonnaise
½ tsp. poultry seasoning

hroom Sauce

ans Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
1 cup milk (or 1 cup sour cream, ½ cup water)

pare basic dough as directed in roll mix package; ise. In bowl, combine chicken with remaining edients; set aside. Divide dough in half; roll into 16 x 12 in. rectangle; cut into twelve 4 squares. Place 12 squares on greased baking ets; moisten edges with water. Place 2 tbsp. ken filling on each; top with remaining squares. seal, press edges together with fork; prick tops. ce in hot oven (400°F) 15 to 20 min. or until wn. In saucepan, stir cream of mushroom soup il smooth; add milk (or sour cream and water). at; serve over turnovers. 12 servings.

NOTE: Store any remaining turnovers in refrigerator and reheat by wrapping in aluminum foil.

Chicken 'N Dressing Casserole

Delicious one-dish meal features Swanson Chicken Fricassee and spicy-good puffs baked with Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. (See recipe in Pillsbury package.)

Chicken 'N Cheese Ring

Heat Swanson Chicken a la King. Serve over warm slices of cheese snack ring (follow directions in package of Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix).

Save!

on any Swanson Chicken product, including Boned Chicken, Chicken a la King, or Chicken Fricassee. Save 6¢ with coupon in specially-marked packages of Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix.



Perfect partner for convenient Swanson Chicken products: versatile Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. Tender Swanson Chicken deserves the best setting, because this pampered poultry is rich in flavor, slow-cooked the special Swanson way. Try these exciting new recipes now, and see what hearty, delightful dishes you can make.

SWANSON IS A TRADEMARK OF Campbell SOUP COMPANY



linens gray

colors dull

towels scratchy

PHOOEY!

don't despair

...CALGON* rinses gray clothes white and soft again, or—double your money back!

*Reg. T.M.

Try this prove-it-yourself test

1. Wash and rinse a load your usual way—leave in washer.
2. Refill with hot water . . . add a cup of Calgon water conditioner . . . then agitate 5 minutes.
3. Surprise! A layer of old, left-in suds and dirt appears! Calgon itself does not make suds. They were embedded in the clothes during previous washings. Calgon *rinsed* out the suds and dirt.

Regular use of Calgon will remove the gray . . . restore brightness . . . keep fabrics *naturally* soft and new looking.

Not soap, not detergent, not bluing, not bleach. No other washday product does what Calgon does for white and colored clothes, diapers, wash 'n wear. And safe, gentle Calgon water conditioner can't harm the most delicate fabric. Here's our guarantee:

Try a box of Calgon. If you're not satisfied that Calgon is all that we say it is, send the box top to Calgon, Pittsburgh 30, Pa., and get double your money back!

RINSE AWAY THE GRAY WITH CALGON

calgon WATER CONDITIONER



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

critical glance over the table. There wasn't a thing out of line that he could see. Fresh, clean tablecloth, everything necessary in its place. One thing about Susie, she was sure teaching that little kid how to housekeep.

Seated across from him, watching his eyes go over the table, Dot knew quite well what he was doing. She kept her face polite and pleasant. Inside she was boiling.

Times, she liked grampa all right, but when he was put out he could make you mad just by looking. It didn't mean anything to him that she'd stayed home today to get his dinner, when home was the last place she wanted to be. The whole town was down at the parade and banquet.

But this morning Ralph had come into her bedroom before she was even awake. "Look, wake up, will you?" he said. "Somebody'll have to stay, get gramp's dinner, or he'll tear the house down."

"So what? Ma'll be here."

"Ma will have to go, or it wouldn't look right. She's Carlisle's *mother*," Ralph said.

"Let him get his own dinner. It wouldn't kill him. For once."

"Look, Dot, you know we've got to keep him smoothed down till Carl gets gone to Boston. You *know* we have."

"Well, you don't help do it," Dot said. "What if he caught you, sliding down the piazza post, nights? I guess you know who'd ever get to go anywhere then."

"Yare," Ralph said. His jaw hung down a little. "I know all that. I'd stay home myself, if I knew how to get the darn dinner."

Boys! They always slid out from under. Ralph good and well knew nobody'd expect *him* to stay home today. "Oh, all right," she said disgustedly.

Susie, at first, had said no, of course she wouldn't go, leave Dot home to get dinner, with grampa probably as cross as a bear.

But it was the way it *looked*, Ralph said. If some of Carl's family weren't at the banquet, everybody would think it was funny.

"Look, ma," Ralph said, "there's only the Boston games left, but they're the big ones. If grampa really shut to —— If Carlisle—if *Shirttail McIntosh* couldn't play ——"

"Of course he'll play," Susie said briskly. "The last ball game! That is certainly the one I've been looking for. Maybe this house can simmer down again and we can all get a little work done."

"Okeydoke," Ralph said. "But will you go to the banquet, ma?"

"Yes, I'll go, if Dot thinks she can manage. Or maybe I'll just go to the parade. Then I'll scoot back here and you can run down to the banquet, Dot."

Well, the promise of that had helped some. She sat now opposite Martin, praying that Susie would hurry.

That kid, Martin was thinking, *looks just like a cat with its whiskers covered with cream.* He felt the back of his neck start to bristle. There weren't no womenfolks, no eleven-year-old kid going to get ahead of him. Dammit, there must be something. His glance, coursing the table, fell on the plate of freshly sliced bread. That wasn't homemade bread, by tar! That was store bread.

He reached for a slice, buttered it, took a big bite and began to chew. Then he stopped in mid-chew and stared at the slice in his hand as if it had bitten him back. He got up, str to the stove, yanked off a front cover and sp the mouthful into the fire.

"I buy flour," Martin began. "I sup fresh milk and butter. If your mother h time to run to the store for bread, she had ti to make some."

Dot blinked. "That's the very best bre there is," she said. "It tastes good."

"I don't care what kind it is or how it tast It's store bread. Where's the biscuits?"

"There aren't any."

"Any pilot bread?"

"I guess so, if you want some." She se plate of pilot crackers at his elbow. "Th came from the store too," she said.

Martin glared up at her. He smashed fist down on the plate of crackers, sendi crumbs flying in all directions. Dot burst tears, and at that m ment Susie walked through the door.

"For heaven's sak pa!" she said. "What earth do you think you doing? I just got t kitchen floor washed a swept."

"When? You ai been home since yest day!"

"All right," Susie sa Her eyes took in the s uation. "Get into yo coat, Dot, and sco There's lots of tim they're not near throu yet. Simmer down, and eat your dinner. I brought a fresh pumpk pie for dessert."

"Which you boug at the store, too, I'll b a diamond!" Mart said. "You ain't h time to make one."

"No, I haven't. Tha one of Bessie Maitland pies," Susie said serene "Hazel gave it to me bring home to you."

He had resumed e ing, and since stew, his way of thinking, w no good without brea he had buttered anoth slice of the store bre and was putting th down too.

"Don't let on to t that where you beer down to see Hazel," grumbled. "For I kno better."

"I know you do. I know what's the matt don't bother to go into it."

"Learning your kids to lie, by tar!"

"Oh, shoot, pa! I had to go down to t parade. I promised the kids. Hazel said wh she gave me that pie she hoped it would pac you."

"Well, it's a poor bird that'll befoul its ow nest! When a man's own daughters get t gether and run him down ——"

"Oh, pa, don't be so foolish!"

"—— let alone telling him a passel of li When all your life I've supported you a them sprouts of yours ——"

"All right," Susie said. "I thought we'd g around to that sooner or later."

"Something ought to remind you, once in while. When all I ask in return is my hou kept decent and maybe a batch of bread on in a while."

"You can have homemade bread any ti you bring home a yeast cake. You didn't b any, remember? I lay in some every time I down street. If you'd let me shop for t groceries instead of insisting on spendi every penny yourself, I could save us a goo many times the cost of a few yeast cakes, me tell you!"

"That'll do. Any money that's spent arou here, I'll spend."

"All right. But don't you dare to kick to about my housekeeping. You know you do

ON THE COLD SIDE OF THE HILL

By ETHEL FAIRFIELD WHITE

The gnarled wild crab-apple tree
in the pasture
Seems graceless, huddled in
snow and gloom,
But when tardy spring sets gay
buds free,
All the beauty denied the tree
Is lavished on the bloom.

The thicket's transformed—a
rose-pink cloud
Moored on the hill! Our lagging
feet
Quicken their pace as we catch
the fragrance,
Fresh, and spicily sweet.

We have no need of the small,
hard apples,
Enough that the faithful trees
fulfill
Our hopes for this hour which
tides us over
Bleak days of wind, when storm
clouds hover
On the cold side of the hill.



Homemade fresh! Makes 3 to 4 dozen!

NEW! Pillsbury refrigerated Chocolate Chip Cookies

Try America's new way to bake Chocolate Chip Cookies! Rich, fresh dough with real chocolate nuggets (lots of 'em!). All mixed, shaped in a roll, and refrigerated. One package makes 3 to 4 dozen.

Just slice into chunks, and bake. So easy, and such cookies! Like magic, the chunks bake into perfect, round cookies. Tender, wonderfully delicious, chewy or crisp, as you prefer.

Never before such wonderful chocolate chip cookies made so easily! New Pillsbury refrigerated Chocolate Chip Cookies—now at your grocer's. Treat your family to some—fresh-baked—tonight! More kissin' cousins of America's most popular biscuits...

...at your grocer's dairy case.





Don't forget Pillsbury's 4 other "homemade fresh" Slice 'n Bake Cookies . . .

- *Butterscotch Nut*
- *Toasted Coconut*
- *Crunchy Peanut*
- *Sugar Cookies*

Fresh cookie dough all mixed and shaped. All you do is slice . . . and bake! In just minutes you'll have 3 to 4 dozen wonderfully delicious cookies.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

mean a word of it, anyway." She cut a big wedge out of the pie and set it in front of him. "Eat it," she said. "And for heaven's sake, enjoy it. It's lovely pie."

"I'll enjoy it, don't worry. It's the first thing brought into this house in years that hasn't cost me money."

Susie said nothing to that. She was eating her own pie with relish, and presently Martin tried again.

"It ain't right on an old man," he said. "The work there is to do around this place and them great lazy sods of kids, and you with all that insurance money put by."

Susie sighed. "Yes," she said patiently. "In the bank. Till the kids get ready for college. And you'd be the first one to set up a squawk if I took it out and used it for anything else."

Martin snorted. "College! It's no use to put by money to send kids to college that don't know how to read and write, ain't trying to learn. They don't help me. I'll have to use that money for their board. I can't support 'em free and clear. I'm a poor man."

"I do a lot of work around here, remember. The kids do too. Most of the time, if we worked some other place as hard as we do here, it would pay our way."

"Hanh! Well, let me tell you, right here and now, either them kids start working or —— Where do you think you're going?"

Susie had gone to the entry and was putting on her hat and coat. "I give up," she said. "I'm going down to the banquet. I wish I'd never come away from it. If you've cooled off enough by suppertime to let me in the house, I'll be home to get supper."

Martin started back for the pasture, feeling quite soothed and calm. He'd had a good, rousing row, a hot dinner under his belt, and now there was a nice, hard job to do. It was no more in his mind than in Susie's that she wouldn't be back by suppertime.

Out in the pasture, he went to work. Back and forth, back and forth. It was a pleasure to work with that old crosscut. That was good steel in that blade. You couldn't find steel like that in any blade nowadays.

By midafternoon Martin was three quarters of the way through the tree. He stood up to uncramp his muscles and saw that two people had come into the pasture—his grandson, Carlisle, and Hezzie's boy, Jerry Mooney, still in their Sunday suits from the banquet. Apparently they hadn't seen him.

They came, one behind the other, across the pasture. Carlisle, he saw, was limping. He saw them come to a stop, facing each other. Martin made sure they were not in the way of the tree, in case it came down, and still said nothing.

"All right," Jerry said. "Take your coat off."

Carlisle said, "Gladly."

Before Martin's astonished eyes, they proceeded to take off not only their coats but their Sunday pants as well. Then they squatted off and silently laced into each other.

Well, if kids nowadays didn't beat the devil. Mad enough to fight, but took time to strip down to undershirts and shorts. On a February day too.

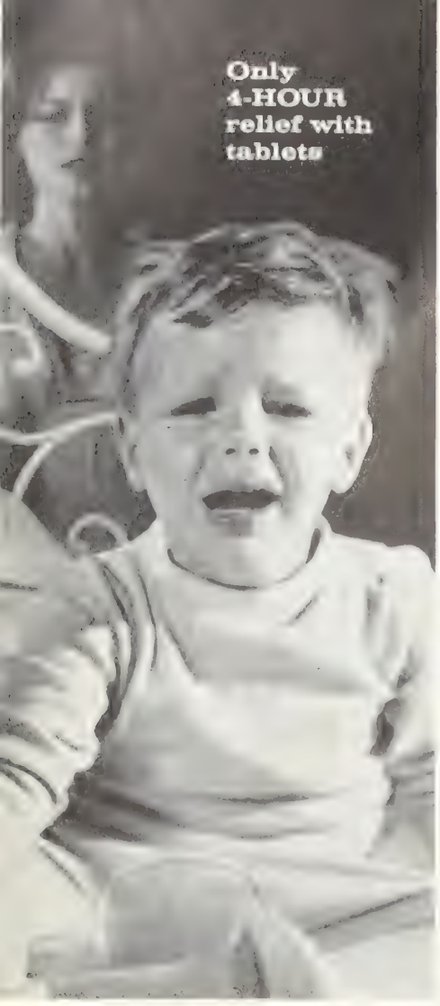
It didn't seem to be much of a fight. A flurry of waving arms and clinching. Both their noses were bleeding, but neither one seemed to have the steam to put behind a good punch. Carlisle, Martin saw, had a banged-up knee. It had been bandaged with some kind of elastic strap which had come loose.

Right now they were clinched, rocking around, no one making a mite of headway. Then he looked, they collapsed to the ground, rolled a little way from each other and lay there.

What in —— Out, and they hadn't been fighting five minutes. Then he realized that they were both crying.

Martin stared. He snuffled disgustedly, pulled his handkerchief out of his hip pocket and blew into it, a prolonged toot. Nobody heard it, apparently. So he leaned down to his saw and began to work again. Back and forth. Back and forth.

It took only a few more strokes. For a moment the tree stood upright, then the split track in its bole began slowly to widen. The chestnut shuddered; its summit leaned again the sky. Two hundred years came down with a scattering smash that shook the pasture.





NEVER GO TO BED WITH A COLD

...without Vicks VapoRub

Only the VapoRub way gives 10-hour "sleep-thru" relief in nose, throat, chest... works more than twice as long as aspirin or cold tablets

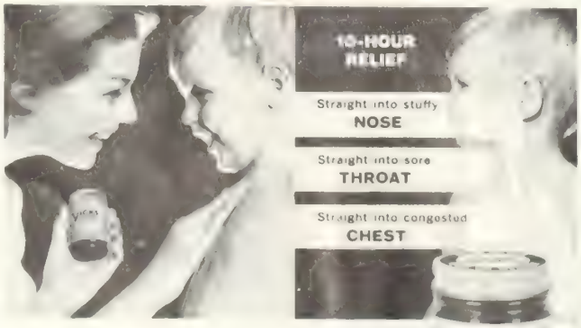
Don't wait for that sick cry in the night when your child has a cold.

Give him *all-night* relief...not just the four-hour action of tablets.

Rub your child's chest, throat, neck and back with warming Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Starts easing muscular soreness and chest tightness instantly. And for 10 full hours, penetrating vapor medications go straight inside stuffy head passages, inside sore throat, deep inside congested bronchial areas.

All night long, VapoRub works to clear away mucus, break up bronchial congestion, calm coughing... makes breathing easier. Helps your child sleep the night through and wake up feeling so much better.

So for every cold . . . for all the family . . . never go to bed with a cold without Vicks VapoRub.



Medicates cold congested nose, throat, chest all at once . . . all night long. VapoRub's penetrating vapor medications start relieving in 7 seconds, keep relieving for 10 full hours. And no internal dosing . . . no stomach or emotional upsets.

VICKS VAPORUB®

VAPORIZING OINTMENT

World's most widely used colds medication . use as a rub, in steam, in the nose



By MUNRO LEAF



Nobody likes a Sneaky of any kind, but a Sickbed Sneaky shouldn't even like itself. It cheats itself and makes life unhappy for those people who want to help it get well. This Sickbed Sneaky was told by the doctor and its parents to stay in bed and keep quiet and warm. You can see why people call it a Sickbed Sneaky—very, very foolish.



WERE YOU A SICK BED SNEAKY THIS MONTH?

Martin walked in silence past the fallen warrs, who, sitting up now, were staring at the e in amazement.

Well, it hadn't fallen very far from where ey were. It had, as a matter of fact, fallen, k-on-the-nose, on the spot Martin had ant it to. They hadn't been in any danger; hey had, he'd have hollered to them to get t of the way. But it scared 'em, by tar. He lked away, not looking back.

Jerry stared, horrified, after Martin's back. 's that old coot crazy? Looks like he tried to ll us!" He started to get up, thought better it and flopped back onto the ground.

It's the old chestnut tree, Carlisle thought. *ampa's cut it down.* It didn't seem to mean ich, one way or the other. Later on it ght. His whole Indian collection was in the e house, among other things. Now he was o tired. He and Jerry both had been too oped even to fight.

He sat on the ground, beginning to sense ds and ends of discomfort. His nose stung. e whole middle of his face felt stiff. Worst all, his knee was beginning to feel as if meone had stuck a hot stick up through it o his thigh. If he'd sprained that some more coach would really tear his head off.

He said tentatively, "Jerry?"

Jerry didn't move. He lay there on his back, arms over his eyes. After a moment he uttered, "Oh, shut up!"

Carlisle got up. It was like unfolding a unk of cardboard. He could bend his knee, found; he limped over to the neat pile of clothes and began to dress.

Jerry suddenly rolled over onto his hands d knees and got to his feet. He stalked over his clothes. His teeth were chattering and the ite around his mouth had turned bluish.

"You better wash your face in the brook be- e you put your shirt on," Carlisle said. 've can't let it get around that we've been hting."

"Your grampop knows." Jerry slid down e sloping bank, dipped his fingers gingerly the icy water and began, with great tenderss, to wash the blood off his face.

"I don't think he saw us fighting. If he had, 'd have yelled to us to get out of the way be- e he let that tree go."

"Yare? Well, the way he acted, he was sorry didn't clobber us. Probably been glad if it d, the way he seems to feel about the ball m."

"Oh, shut up!" Carlisle said. His knee hurt, d he was sick of Jerry.

Carlisle reached for his jacket, took an wary step and just managed to keep himself m going down. Jerry stared, his exhausted e lengthened with horror.

"Oh, your knee! Is it worse? Gee, if we've bbered that knee —— Look, I'll go get oc Wickham ——"

"Take it easy," Carlisle said. "I just slipped a patch of ice. Doc Wickham, that old abbermouth! He'd run right to Alison."

"Yare, he would. That's right, he would." rry came up out of the brook, mopping refully with his bloody handkerchief. 'ou've got a black eye."

I have?" What with other discomforts, arlisle had forgotten about the stiff feeling in s face. He fingered it cautiously, feeling the mp on his cheekbone. "Gee, so've you."

They stared at each other lopsidedly.

"We can say we had an accident with a r," Carlisle said.

"We haven't had anyone's car. It's got to be tter than that. We can say old Mart Hodss dropped a tree on us."

"Nobody'd believe that either. Lay off amp, will you?"

"Ah-h, everybody knows he's a woolball."

"Oh, go on home," Carlisle said "We had a ght, so we had a fight. Go on! You know hat happens if you get chilled after you been veating."

Jerry apparently was thinking along the me lines, for he turned and set off across the ld toward home.

Carlisle set his weight on his sore leg, found was bad but not so bad as it might be, and mped off across the pasture.

His grandfather met him at the door. "Come me, did you? That was some fight. Who eat, finally?"

"Nobody. We were too pooped to fight."

"Well, you better get your overhauls on and come out to the barn. Or are you too pooped to milk a cow?"

I'm too pooped right now to tell him to keep his trap shut. Carlisle thought. He pushed past Martin and limped wearily up the stairs.

He heard water running in the bathroom and saw that Susie was in there filling the tub. She grinned at him and pointed to the tub. "Ralph'll help grampa," she said. "Your clean pajamas are there on the hook. When you get washed, hop into bed. Are you hungry?"

Carlisle shook his head. Later he would be. Now all he could think about was sleep.

Susie clucked at the sight of his knee. She didn't say anything, though—didn't even ask if it hurt when she cleansed it, dressed it in soft gauze that felt a lot better than Doc Wickham's tight bandage. She hung his good suit in the closet, picked up the soiled bandage from the floor.

She went out and shut the bedroom door. He heard the key click in the lock and be softly withdrawn, and thought, with a grin, *Good old ma, he won't kick the door down;* then he rolled his aching face into the clean, sweet-smelling pillow and went to sleep.

Carlisle slept the clock around twice. He might even have slept longer if, in the late afternoon, Dr. Wickham hadn't dropped in to look at his knee.

Susie had been cleaning house. "He's still sleeping," she said. "Did pa call you, Dr. Wickham?"

She didn't think it likely that Martin had; though he might have, as a sarcasm, to point out to her that if anyone stayed in bed all day, he must be sick.

"Oh, just thought I'd drop around. This town can't take any chances with that ball team." The doctor wagged his head, grinning. "Where is this hero?"

"He's been asleep since yesterday. He did seem awful tired, doctor." She unlocked Carlisle's door.

At some time or other, Carlisle had been awake enough to yank off the top of his pajamas, which was tossed over the foot of the bed. His face was rolled into the pillow. He had thrown back the covers, so that the upper half of his body was bare. Susie could see the bruises. There was one, a spectacular greenish purple, that covered his shoulder.

"Sweet Almira!" Doc Wickham said. "He sure had one peach of a workout!" He nudged Carlisle's shoulder. "Hi, fella."

Carlisle rolled over. His nose, also, was black and blue and slightly swollen; he had a magnificent black eye.

"Holy cow!" The doctor bent down for a closer look. "What hit you?"

"Whassa matter?" Carlisle mumbled. He stared upward glassily. "Oh. Am I sick?"

"Sick? A root'n'-toot'n' ring-tailed heller like you, sick? Poopsie!" said the doctor. "Yank that leg out of the pajamas and let me have a look at your knee. Hey, what's the idea, taking off the dressing?"

"It was filthy," Susie said. "I had to redress it, wash out that thing you put on. It didn't seem to me *that* was doing much good."

"Oh, sure. Take off the elastic bandage, sure. But I told him not to touch that dressing." The doctor was poking at Carlisle's knee, which was swollen, but didn't look so bad to her as it had last night.

"What's the matter with his knee?"

Dr. Wickham grunted. "Why, nothing. A little skinning here and there, a slight sprain."

He began painting the knee with disinfectant which apparently stung, for Carlisle winced.

"Now, he's got to stay off this all he can for a couple days. Walk to the bathroom and around the house, if he wants to. But no traipsing, understand? In a couple of days Alison's going to start to work the mischief out of you. You've still got some more games to play. So you stay put."

"O.K.," Carlisle said. He stared down at his knee. "That's all that's the matter with it, is it? That's for sure?"

"That's for sure. Couple days, you'll be as good as new." He snapped his bag shut, got to his feet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99



ARE YOU BREAKING YOUR OWN HEART?

The normal heart is a remarkably strong and durable organ. But to protect and conserve its strength for years to come, you should guard against certain "enemies" of the heart.

Above all, control your weight. Overweight is probably the worst and most insidious enemy of your heart. Excess weight serves no useful purpose. It is simply a burden—and the more overweight you are, the more likely you are to impair your heart's efficiency.

Eat sensibly. If you do put on unnecessary weight, let your physician prescribe a diet that will take it off slowly and safely. And after you've brought your weight down to normal, make every effort to keep it there—permanently.

Work off tension. Many people who develop high blood pressure—which puts a strain on the heart—are tense, hard-working individuals. They should learn to work off tension.

When you feel tensed-up, try physical activity—work in the garden, take a long walk or do something that you really enjoy. Any diversion helps relieve tenseness. In fact, anyone who works under constant strain should probably have a definite schedule for daily relaxation.

So, get enough rest and try to take it easy. Every bit of relaxation you get gives your heart a chance to relax, too.

Avoid over-exertion and fatigue. After middle-age, it's wise to avoid sudden or strenuous activities to which you are unaccustomed. But reasonable activities—things that you enjoy and that don't leave you huffing and puffing are usually good and safe for your heart.

Even when the heart has been damaged, it usually mends itself through rest and skilled medical care. In fact, about four out of every five people recover from their first heart attack—and many of them recover fully enough to enjoy many useful, active years.

If you give your heart the care that it deserves—including regular health examinations—it may serve you well for many long years.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

Susie followed him to the front door. "It eems funny to me, your coming way up here or a skinned knee, when we didn't send for ou, unless that knee is worse than it looks."

"I told you. Just checking. If it's the money hat's worrying you, this is for free. We're tak- ng doggone good care of those boys until fter the Boston play-offs."

He got into his car and drove off down the ill.

Susie sighed. She went back into the kitchen o get Carlisle's breakfast. She was rewarded y seeing his eyes glisten at the sight of grape- ruit, toast and bacon, scrambled eggs and ilk.

"Gee," he said. "I'm starved."

"Could you eat a steak, if I fixed it?"

"I sure could."

Susie nodded. "I'll bring it up," she said.

By the time Susie got back upstairs with the teak, the first breakfast was as if it had never een. Coming through the door, she was truck anew by the awesome face, beaming at er from the pillow.

"How on earth do you do it?" she asked.

"Huh? Do what, ma?"

"Why, same old routine, day after day, oing nothing but play ball. And you come ut of it all pounded to pulp. It isn't as if you idn't have a brain. You do."

"So they tell me, down at the school. I'm mart. I could do anything, be anything, with he brains I've got. Quote. Old Bugsy."

"Who?"

"Bugsy. Mr. Berg."

"Well, for heaven's sake, if that's his name, all him by it."

"Yare. So it does me good to hear a lot of ld has-beens and never-wases gobbling round fixing up *my* life. Be a lawyer, be a hemist, be a doctor. Heck, I know what I'm oing to be. I'm going to be a pro ballplayer."

"What?" Susie said. "I thought we—I hought you were going to college."

"I am. Even a good high-school player don't et much of a break with the pros till he's had our years on a college team."

"But how are you going to get into college, f you don't keep your grades up?"

"Oh, they pass you," Carlisle said. "Look, na, you ever know a good ballplayer not to ass, down at the school? And I'm Shirttail McIntosh. In like Flynn."

"That isn't right. And you know it."

"Ma, you worry too much."

"Maybe I've got cause to. There's been a ig change in you in the last year."

She brought up short, aware of her anger, nd of Carlisle's too. The discussion had got ut of hand, slanted off in the last direction he'd ever expected it to take. She picked up he tray and carried it down to the kitchen.

After his mother had gone, Carlisle lay star- ng moodily out the window. Ma was sure on he warpath.

He yanked a pile of textbooks over onto the overlet beside him, opened Hamlet. Picture f William Shakespeare, baldheaded guy with hiskers. Funny-looking.

Almost all great men, if you believed the ictures in the books, *looked* funny. How far ould they get today? Stack them up along- ide of Elvis or Jimmie Rodgers. Even old ack Benny looked better than this guy hakespeare.

This stuff. This Hamlet.

SCENE I. Elsinore. *A platform before the castle.* FRANCISCO at his post. *Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold your- elf.

From somewhere an automobile horn ounded, three short, three long, three short, nd Carlisle rose up in bed, galvanized. That as Debby. She was parked out in the high- ay beyond the back pasture, blowing their rivate signal.

He got out of bed, testing his knee. Not ad. Stiff. A little exercise would limber it up. Carlisle dressed, taking care not to make any oise that Susie could hear. He opened the oor to the back stairs and tiptoed down.

His knee bothered him on the rough ground p through the pasture, but it was feeling bet- er with every stride. He crossed the brook, cut nto the alders and slid down the embank- ment, coming out into the highway a few yards from Debby Parker's car.

Debby saw him and began to laugh. "Oh- oh," she said. "You ran into a tree."

"Nope."

"Jerry?"

"Uh-huh."

"That goofball. He's telling his side around town. Your grandfather cut a tree down on you."

"Thereby fixing the ball team, because he doesn't want me to go to Boston. Tell Jerry to be my guest. I'll go along."

Debby glanced at him. "People are all ready to fight. My father was ranting around the house this noon."

"Tell 'em all to go fry. Where'll we go?"

"Fairport? Want to eat?"

"Nope. Just ate. Anyway, no money."

"I've got some."

"Nope."

Debby always had plenty of money, a lot more than he did. Her father was Win Parker, the garageman; he was loaded. She was a pretty girl, smart in school. Win saw to it that she had nice clothes, money to spend; he had even given her a car—a small, English-made car, which she loved and talked to as if it had been a person named Katy.

"O.K., let's just ride," she said, letting in the gears. "Look at that little old doll! Look at old Katy! She'll pick up like that right in the middle of a hill."

"Little but mean," Carlisle said. He grinned lopsidedly, settled back, relaxing, on the seat.

They went a long way. Beyond Fairport, the highway angled off northwest toward the new turnpike. Katy's speedometer crept up past sixty; to sixty-five.

Sixty miles or so up the river highway, Carlisle came out of his silence. He stretched and yawned loudly. Debby felt his elbow brush her cap. "Phew, I feel better," he said, blowing out his breath. "I was all ready to flip."

"I thought you might be."

Debby was watching the road ahead, and presently saw what she was looking for, a side road off the main highway. She turned the car into it.

"Hey," Carlisle said, "we'll get stuck down here, maybe?"

They knew the road well, having come here often, but not in February. It was a discontinued river road that led down to an old lumberyard on the bank. As with any gravel road, the bottom was likely to go out after a winter thaw.

"Ho!" Debby said. "Katy can go places the big old bathtubs can't. Watch this little old doll!"

He watched while she put the car down the road. The steep ruts ran with water, mud sloshed under the tires; now and then the transmission housing scraped along the high crown of the road, and Debby eased off, careful, avoiding rocks, searching for traction with the wheels. They stopped on the riverbank at the road's end, and Carlisle grinned.

"Pretty cool dolls," he said. "Both of you."

He kissed her, letting his lips linger, feeling the tiredness and the tension drain away. This was always the way it was with him and Debby. After he'd been with her awhile, whatever had been stewing around, clobbering him up, was gone. After a while there was just Debby.

Reminded suddenly of something, he lifted his face from Debby's cap. "Did you get the chem paper done, honey?"

Against him, Debby stirred. "Yes. It's in the glove compartment."

"Good. don't let me forget it, will you? I'll have to copy it tonight, so the fellas can hand it around tomorrow. Hey, what's the matter?"

He reached for her, but she caught both his hands in hers. "No, wait. Let's talk. You know I don't mind doing your science papers, because you've got more to do than you possibly can, but ——"

Carlisle drew back. "Why yak about it now? The ball season's almost over."

"Mr. Berg knows about the phony papers. He's known all along."

"So what if he does? Pack it up, honey. I'll pass. They slide you through, and you get a scholarship if you play good ball."

"I know all that. But Mr. Berg says a scholarship, if it's on phony grades, you can't keep it. If you don't know your math or science, you'd be lucky if you lasted a semester."

"What is this?" Carlisle said angrily. "That greaseball doesn't know anything about athletics. The colleges do what the high schools do. They don't flunk out a ballplayer."

Debby gave him a long look. "I like Mr. Berg."

"O.K., I'm sorry I called him a greaseball. Except he is, you know."

"Oh, Carl, stop it! We always said we'd go to college together."

"I still want to. So what gives? You've got to remember I've got some games to play."

"Oh, the game," Debby said. "The game, the game!" She beat her hands softly, impatiently, against Katy's steering wheel, and Carlisle stared at her astonished.

"What's the matter with you? You can tell old Bugsy from me that it isn't his kind of stuff will get me to college. Playing ball will."

"What if you lose, down in Boston? What if your knee bothers you, or ——"

"My knee's O.K. If it bothers, a shot of Novocain'll fix it."

Debby said nothing for a moment. Then she leaned down and started Katy's engine.

"What *am* I?" Carlisle said. "How much do people think I can do, for Pete's sake?"

Modern women can be fiercely sensitive about pride and about sacrifice, for they feel that giving is giving only if one is free to withhold. When it is assumed that sacrifice is our natural role, that we even like it, and that as it is part of our nature a little further sacrifice here and there is no trouble to us at all, we are angered.

FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL
Women and Sometimes Men
Alfred A. Knopf

"I know you can't do any work now," Debby said. Her voice came, clear, over the slow throb of Katy's engine. "The way things are. I want to help. I only tried to tell you ——"

"So what's to be scared about? I'll make college. If I don't, I can always go out for pro ball."

"And just be a big, beautiful hunk of ballplayer for always and always," Debby said.

"So you don't like a big, beautiful hunk of ballplayer?"

"That's the trouble," Debby said. "I do."

Out behind Martin Hoodless' third broiler house was a grove of young spruces. In the middle of this grove, hidden in an underbrush-surrounded clearing, Ralph McIntosh had made a place to practice basketball.

He had nailed up a wooden backboard to a tree and fastened to it an iron barrel hoop. The basketball he was using belonged to the high-school gym.

On a day early in the season, when the air in the gym was full of basketballs, Ralph had tried a long shot from the side, a wild one, which had struck the floor and bounced straight out the open window. He'd thought someone besides himself must have noticed it, but nobody had, and he was about to leave the floor to go after it when the coach stopped shooting practice, and laid out a game. Ralph, being the center of the second-string team, couldn't leave.

Ralph had been made center only because he was tall. At fifteen he was six feet four, taller than Carlisle by an inch or two.

Ralph was at once the hope and the despair of Alison: the hope, because of his towering height; and the despair, because he could not learn to handle his hands and feet.

Nothing Alison said seemed to make an impression on him. He never got mad. He took a lot of kidding about this. Around school, occasionally, he was known as the Witless Wonder. He seemed not to mind kidding.

After that particular practice, Ralph had had to hurry home to help with chores; he'd piled into a friend's car, forgetting the ball. Just as he was going to bed, he remembered.

A basketball, to Ralph, was a treasure beyond price. Grampa refused to have one on the place, wouldn't let either of the boys spend money to buy one.

Ralph put his clothes back on, listened at his bedroom door to make sure nobody was around to stop him, and slid down a post of the porch outside his window. It was a moonlit night in December, crisp and cold; snow on the ground was frozen stiff.

Ralph went loping down the hill, tall and gangly in his wool coat and cap with the ear flaps pulled down, his knitted mittens flopping on his hands as his elbows jerked with every stride.

Main Street was deserted. The drugstore went dark as old Mr. Warren shut up shop for the night. Two men came out: one of them the chemist; the other, Ralph could tell by the cane, Charles Kendall.

Charles lifted a hand. "Hi, Ralph. Going somewhere in a hurry?"

"Not specially," Ralph said, grinning. "Got to go over to the gym a minute. Just running to keep warm."

Charles said, "You too cold to eat some ice cream?"

"I sure am not," Ralph said.

"George sent me over after some," Charles said. "And Hazel's got a marble cake she said wouldn't keep till morning. Grover, would it be too much trouble to open up again, let me have another quart of ice cream?"

Grover Warren, who had been locking the door, snapped his key in the opposite direction. "No trouble," he said. "But a whole quart? You want to kill the kid?"

"Got to allow for contingencies," Charles said "What kind, Ralph?"

"Strawberry," he said blissfully. "Maple walnut. A pint of each, if he's got 'em." Heck, he could pick up the basketball on the way back.

He followed around into the side street where Charles had parked his car. Charles never had any trouble with driving; he had special gears built into his car. Ralph always marveled at the way Charles handled himself on his one leg—at least, his one good leg and what he sometimes referred to as his "prosthesis."

"My prosthesis is giving me trouble," Charles would say.

He had had plenty of chance to learn medical terms with regard to his disability, in the military hospital. Charles had been in the Marines; he had left two fingers of his left hand, as well as his leg below the knee joint, at Anzio.

"Why, they scooped me up like a jigsaw puzzle in a shovel," he would say. "I wouldn't be surprised if I was two or three people. Whatever they needed, they grabbed it up and sewed it on."

Hazel Whitney—wife of George, and Susie's sister—would put her fingers into her ears. "Stop it, Charles, you're giving me the horrors."

"It gives *me* the horrors," Charles would say. Grinning, he would wink at Ralph. "All I had left was my head and two ribs. The rest of it's shopped around for from all over."

Hazel, with Bessie Maitland's help, ran the kitchen and housekeeping at Charles' motel. George did the heavy outdoors work, while Charles himself handled the business end. Unless he happened to be tired, his disability was not apparent. He held his wide shoulders straight and walked without a limp. He carried a cane only when the ground was icy.

The motel, of course, was closed in wintertime. Seasonally Charles hired a good deal of help, but Bessie Maitland, head waitress, caretaker, and a good deal more, was permanent. Bessie was tall, rawboned and tough. In wintertime she lived in one of the motel units which Charles had had winterized for her use.

When he drove abreast of her motel unit, with Ralph in the seat beside him, they saw Bessie through the window, watching TV.

"Whew-we!" Charles whistled, stopping the car. "Bessie! Want some ice cream?"

Bessie did not move nor take her eyes off the TV, but she waved a hand.

"Want to come over with us, or shall I bring it in?"

Bessie waved the hand again; she got up and emerged, tying a shawl over her curlers. She got into the back seat, cheerfully banging the door. "Well, if it ain't old Ralph."

Charles started the car, let it roll down the road toward his house on the headland overlooking the water

The big old Kendall house was all that was left of the original stand of buildings put up by Charles' grandfather, which had been famous all over the county as "The Emporium." When Charles had come home from the war, his neighbors had expected he would run The Emporium, as his father and grandfather had done before him. That the old store was losing money made no difference.

Charles tore down The Emporium. He kept his grandfather's big house to live in; but along the shore he strung twenty units of modern, well-equipped motel. Since he was still shaky from illness, he needed help; George and Hazel Whitney helped him, and, after an interval, Charles offered them a partnership.

Charles had grown up, gone to school with George and Hazel There had been a time when two couples, George and Hazel, Charles and Susie, had gone everywhere together. But Susie, out of a clear sky, had married Brant McIntosh; and Charles found necessary a rearrangement of his plans George and Hazel made him comfortable; the three lived as one family in the old Kendall house.

Bessie got out as the car came to a stop by Charles' back door. She went through the kitchen toward the living room, Ralph and Charles following

Hazel, coming out to the kitchen and seeing Ralph, pounced on him with a little yip of welcome. "Oh, Ralphie! Isn't this nice! How's Susie? How'd you get let outdoors, this time of night?"

"Slid down the piazza post," Ralph said.

"Good for you! Go right in and sit down while I dish. Charles, do you want some coffee?"

A bright fire was burning in the fireplace, and Ralph made a beeline for it, settling in a big wing chair, feeling, as he always felt in this house, relaxed, happy.

George Whitney, slumped in an easy chair in front of the TV screen, lifted a hand to Ralph, but otherwise did not move or speak. Nothing ever interrupted George listening to one of his programs.

Bessie said, "My, Hazel, that's a swell-looking cake Is it a mix?"

Hazel, guiding a laden tea wagon in through the living-room door, smiled and shook her head. "That's ma's recipe."

Bessie leaned over and began to cut the cake while Hazel poured coffee.

Ralph sat digging into his big mound of ice cream. He could hear the clock ticking in the hall, the quiet falling of the fire, the occasional clink of a spoon on a dish, against the muted background, the yo-hoing, of George's TV Indians.

"How's basketball this year, Ralph?" Charles asked.

"Pretty good."

"That Mooney boy's quite a star," Bessie said. "They say, around town, that our team's got a chance for the state championship. My, that'd be something I'd certainly like to see. Why, this town never had but one. When was that, George? That Grindle boy, the one they put in jail, he was on the team."

Over by the TV, George stirred slightly. "Must've been nine-ten years ago" he said. "That boy's getting out, next spring"

"You know, that was one living shame." Bessie said. "I don't know what on earth could of come over that boy."

Reluctantly, Ralph got up. It was getting late; everybody would be going home from the gym, and somehow he had to sneak that basketball back in before the janitor locked up for the night.

"I guess I better be on my way," he said. "That was swell cake and ice cream, Aunt Hazel."

Charles said, "Want some of us to ride you up the hill?"

"No, thanks," Ralph said. "If I get over to the gym in time, I can hitch a ride."

"Well, take it easy. And come again," Charles said.

Hazel went with him to the door. "Tell your mother I'll be up sometime soon," she said.

Ralph pelted along the moonlit street. With dismay, he saw as he turned the corner that he'd stayed too long. The gym was dark, the door locked; the windows of the long, low high-school building glittered blank and deserted under the moon.

He found the basketball under a bush. It was icy cold as he snuggled it into the crook of his arm

Now what to do? He'd have to take it home; and not back through town either. Somebody might see him; word might get around that he'd stolen a basketball.

He went through the bushes back of the high school, cut across to the highway, and set out up the macadam at a long lope.

Ralph climbed the embankment into Martin's back pasture. He waded the snow to the foot of the horse-chestnut tree, shoved the ball into the front of his coat and managed to get the zipper closed part way, enough to hold it. Then he went up like a squirrel.

There wasn't any place up here out of sight to stash the basketball. But nobody ever came here but Carl; and Carl didn't come any more. Last spring, when they'd built the tree house, he'd spent a lot of time here. Now he was too busy.

Since that night in December, there hadn't seemed a safe time, to Ralph, when he could get that ball back to the gym. After a while, he brought it down from the tree house. He kept it, now, in the havloft dug deep down into the hay. Secretly he had set up the backboard out in the spruces; and whenever he could sneak away, he was out practicing set shots.

So far, Alison hadn't said that he was getting any better. So far, Alison hadn't taken him, even as a sub, to any of the out-of-town games. Now, of course, with the season nearly over, there was only one more chance; but so far the list of subs, the ones who'd be going to Boston with the team, hadn't been posted.

When ten boys of senior chemistry did not show up for class, Alfred Berg started for the principal's office *This is it*, he told himself between set teeth. As he went by the entrance to the gym, two of his class, Carlisle McIntosh and Dick Wickham, flashed past the door, passing a ball down the floor.

Alfred stepped through the door as the team raced back from the far end of the gym. Jerry Mooney had to pivot fast to avoid running into him. The ball rolled into the side lines, and Alison let out a strangled blat. "Watch it, Berg, will you?"

"Sorry," Alfred said. "But my chemistry class began fifteen minutes ago. I came in to remind these fellows of the time"

"Well, go and see Goss," Alison said. "Goss has got it taped—he'll tell you."

"He hasn't so far," Alfred said. "Until he notifies me about class cuts for ball, this period's still chemistry."

He was a little astonished, a little shaken. He and Chet Alison had never been particularly friendly. True, relations between them had slipped a little since they had both begun to go out with Ellen Callander.

Now Alfred walked thoughtfully along the corridor toward the principal's office.

James Goss was behind his desk, dictating a letter to his secretary, Sally Ames, who wasn't a professional stenographer; she was a senior in the Commercial Department whose shorthand and typing were only fair. She and another senior, Josephine Conway, worked spare time for Mr. Goss.

Al said, "Jim, there's a mix-up. Most of my chem class is in practicing ball."

James turned in his swivel chair. "Sally, didn't that note go up to Mr. Berg's room?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Goss! I typed it. Jo took it up right after." Her round blue eyes with their heavy fringe of dark lashes swept a wide, innocent glance over Mr. Berg. "Could it have slipped under some papers on your desk, maybe?"



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." Al said. "Well, just so you know,

nes cleared his throat. "I know it's— unorthodox, but Alison feels the team extra practice time, before Boston. ially now that we're having some diffi- with Carlisle McIntosh's grandfather."

d Mr. Hoodless?" Al asked.

e says Carl can't practice nights after l." Sally burst out. "He's crazy!"

razy?" Al said. "I hear that McIntosh is g ball with his knee shot full of Novo- Am I right, Jim?"

nes nodded. "Dr. Wickham doesn't think hurt him."

n sure he must know," Al said. "Even w would you feel, if it were your boy?"

nes har-rumphed. "I understand it's a question of keeping the boy home to n the farm."

aybe he's still got something. He's an an and that's a big farm. Needing help n't make him crazy, Sally."

e cut down a big tree on top of Carl and " Sally said fiercely. "He tried to *fix* so they *couldn't* play ball."

hat's an odd story," Al said "I don't be- old Mr. Hoodless would ——"

ly stood straight up. "If you're calling a liar, Mr. Berg, all you've got to do is in old Mart's pasture and look at the

stalked out of the room. She was Jerry's he had been going steady with him ever grade school.

he ball season," Al said, looking after is rugged, Jim."

nes nodded. "I'll speak to her. She'll gize."

on't bother. The poor little devils are so l up they don't know what they're doing. I can't possibly grind enough chemistry hose kids before June so that they can decent examination."

ar," James said. "Do what you can, d. After twelve years here I have had to ude that the town wants a school. They gone to considerable expense to build a fine one, and any citizen, if I asked him that question, would consider me crazy. Of course his children must be educated. If you should suggest to him that this is not a school, but a ball club, he would think something was wrong with *you*."

"Well, isn't it?" Al said angrily.

"Isn't it a ball club?" James hesitated. "No. It remains a school because of the five out of twenty whom you and I are able to teach. We have turned out a few doctors, lawyers, teachers to balance"—he paused with a wry smile—"to balance Arthur Grindle. Look, Chet Alison is paid more than you are. He is paid more than I am. Because the town wants to insure the prestige it gets from having a good ball team. The real reason for a school is its gym."

The rare individual who has learned to govern himself is too fed up with the labor of it to want to govern anybody else. HENRY S. HASKINS

Alfred said, "I think you're putting it too strongly, Jim. I don't think you can ——"

"Harold Saville," James said. "You've heard of him?"

"Sure. Who hasn't?"

"Harold Saville. The head of a great clinic," James said. "He has carried on some of the most exciting research in modern medicine. He was born in this town, graduated from this high school. He visited here last summer, but, outside of a few who said, 'Oh, yare, big doctor somewhere, ain't he?' nobody flipped so much as a button. No. What they get out the fire engines for is the basketball team. You think you can buck that, Alfred? You can't. Slide Alison's boys by."

"Is that an order?"

"No," James said. "I can't order you. But you're starting your career and a black mark is—har—a black mark. Don't make it possible for our triumvirate, Mr. Parker, Mr. Troy and Dr. Wickham, to discredit you."

"No," Alfred said. "Thanks, James."

"Are you seeing Miss Callander tonight, by the way?"

"Why, yes. I'm having dinner with her."

"Ask her to call my wife about the heart drive, will you?"

"Why, sure, Jim."

Al went down the corridor toward his lab. He was passing his empty classroom and turned in at the door. Better sit down at the desk, cool off. James Goss had gone the long way around to tell him that he wasn't going to back Al Berg against Chet Alison. *Rationalized it pretty well too. Under the circumstances, I suppose you can't blame him. He needs his job; he's got a family.* Still, it was a mouthful to swallow.

James' note had turned up, he saw. It was there, a white oblong, conspicuous in the middle of his blotting pad. He tore open the note, reading James' precise, apologetic phrases about Chemistry IV being excused this afternoon from class, and was about to toss it into his wastebasket when he saw that someone had been playing a paper-and-pencil game on the envelope—the ancient game, known to any school child, in which the names of a boy and a girl are written down, one under the other, and identical letters canceled, then the rest counted according to traditional formula.

Only Al's name hadn't been paired off with a girl's.

~~ALFRED BERG~~
~~DAMN KIKE~~

it read.

The things they think of! he thought.

Well, of course, something like this might have been expected to happen sooner or later. Kids picked up stuff from their parents, and he'd known there was some feeling against Jews in the town.

Side by side, on a quiet residential street, were the two houses which Miss Eloise Marcy had inherited. One, in which she lived, was a mansion three stories high built by her great-grandfather, Capt. Jethro Marcy. The other was an aged salt-box.

Miss Eloise lived on the tag end of Captain Jethro's fortune and eked it out by renting the salt-box in summer to tourists and in winter to schoolteachers. She usually refused to rent to one young single lady because, if the single lady was pretty, there was always the problem of gentleman friends.

Gently and delicately, Miss Marcy had told Ellen Callander this on the day Ellen asked to rent the house.

Ellen had said, "I do see your point, Miss Marcy, but, you see, I'll be giving music lessons or tutoring sometimes evenings at home. I'll have band and glee-club rehearsals, and I really need the house."

"Well, I don't know as I'd think much of having a passel of young ones traipsing around through that house," Miss Marcy said. "That's a real, old-fashioned, genuine antique, that house is."

Ellen smiled. "Anyone can see it is. I should, of course, take care of it, knowing how highly you value it."

Well, there, Miss Marcy thought. *I do believe she would. She's nice. Not like them rackety young twippets that go thistledowning around, all they think about is men, men, men.*

She said, "Well, I guess you can have it, then," not knowing that she was not the first to yield to the charm of that smile.

Alfred Berg sat on the divan in front of Ellen's fire. Dinner had been wonderful—steak and a green salad, exactly what he liked. Now he sat watching Ellen while she crumpled up the envelope from James Goss' note, tossed it into the fireplace.

"Well," she said, "you would be a teacher, you dope. Are you bitter because someone's called you a kike?"

"Uh ——" Alfred began. He glanced over at her, surprised, and Ellen laughed.

"I should tactfully not speak the word?" she said. "You're a kike, so you're a kike. So what? I'm a mick. A black-Irish mick. Try that over on your harmonium, old Bugsy."



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Alfred grinned. "At least I've got a nickname."

"I know, Bugsy. That's lovely. Good nicknames are one of the pleasanter customs of St. Trinian's, and Mr.-Parker-the-school-committee's stock in trade. By the way, you should have seen us all down at his garage the other day—Miss Eloise, Mr. Parker and me."

"Oh? What happened there?"

"Well, Mr. Parker, it seems, admires me."

"He does, does he?" Alfred glanced over at her and Ellen, who was in the act of fixing the fire, looked at him and grinned.

"Mm-hm. All this business of tending to my car servicing personally, himself. You know? And looking for the proper spot in the conversation to declare intentions? I mentioned it to Miss Eloise, and she said he does that with all the girls. Member of the board or no. So the last time I needed garage work done, I took Miss Eloise with me. You should have seen the three of us, Mr. Parker poking around in the car's innards and sneaking an ogle at me, and Miss Eloise standing there, putting the double whammy on him ——"

Alfred roared. "Good for Miss Eloise!" he said. "How is she?"

"As you see," Ellen said. She gestured toward the living-room window; thirty feet away, Miss Eloise sat facing her own window, busily writing at a table. "My life is an open book," Ellen murmured.

"Why don't we pull down the shades?"

Ellen gave him a sidelong glance. "You know perfectly well why. If she can't see everybody, every minute, she comes over. The other night when Chet was here ——"

"Oh, he was here again, was he?"

"Certainly. I'm sociable. I have lots of company. Well, Chet was down cellar, fooling with the plumbing. It's terrible plumbing. Chet thought he might be able to fix it. I was down there with him holding the flashlight, and Miss Eloise couldn't see a soul in the living room or the kitchen. So over she came. Said she was sorry to barge in, but Mr. Alison ought to know that his car was parked too near the fire hydrant. So Chet had to go out and move it. He was huffy. And what's more"—Ellen's eyes began to dance—"Miss Eloise stayed to dinner."

"She did! Why, God bless her little pointed head! Did you invite her?"

"Oh, she wangled it. And then she settled in for a nice visit. Told me about this house, how it was headquarters for colonial troops and they brought in the wounded and laid them out over the floor. Over this floor," Ellen went on, with a wave of her hand at the aged, white pine boards. "That was why, Miss Eloise said, she was still thinking twice about letting me use the fireplace ——"

"Eh? The fireplace?"

"Oh, we have had a real go-round about the fireplace, Miss Eloise and I. And then, of course, there was Elinor Glyn."

"Elinor Glyn? 'Three Weeks' Glyn? That one?"

"Mm-hm. I couldn't think why these books kept turning up on the living-room table. 'Three Weeks.' 'One Day.' 'High Noon.' Finally, Miss Eloise dropped something that let me know why. It seems a fireplace abets immoral ladies. At least, it's an accessory. You lie on a leopardskin, she says, in your shape. In front of a fire, to entertain gentlemen."

Alfred shouted. "Well, remind me ——" He choked, and pulled out his handkerchief to wipe the tears of laughter from his cheeks. "Remind me to bring you a leopardskin."

"Thanks," Ellen said. "I'd love one."

"Well, she likes me," Alfred said. "At least I've got that edge on the competition."

"She certainly does. You know, I haven't seen her writing before; she usually sits and watches. She wants you to come over, boy. Hey, do *I* have competition!"

Alfred glanced over at her thoughtfully. "You know, I might just do that, after a while." He was pleased to see that Ellen looked a little dashed.

"Go and leave me with all those dishes?" she asked.

"Let's do 'em." Alfred got up, caught her hands and pulled her to her feet. "And then maybe both go over for a while."

"Mm," Ellen said.

In the kitchen she began washing the dishes. Standing a little behind her, industriously wiping, Alfred noticed as he had before how her hair grew at the nape of her neck, neat, clipped and silky against the creamy skin. Ellen had black hair, naturally curly, the short, crisp ringlets covering her head like a cap; she had the Irish complexion, with blue eyes that could turn gray green in moments of temper.

"Limey," he said, under his breath. "Black-Irish mick."

"Mm-hm," Ellen said. She flashed him a grin. "Kike. Old Bugsy, for heaven's sake! Oh, Al, darn those kids! You know you're really doing a terrific job up there."

Her eyes, he saw, were not gray green at all, only blue, direct and friendly.

"You've been stewing over this," Alfred said. "I shouldn't have told you. Look. The fact that nobody's thrown any rocks means that civilization's come at least a little way from the savages."

"Humph!" Ellen said. "Sometimes I think if all the money spent on educating ignorance out of people were laid end to end, it would make a four-lane highway from here to Plymouth Rock. So what happens? We have to buck sports, as big business. Every school child a champion at the age of twelve."

"Yes, but Ellen, there are some changes being made. For instance, did you read about the high school near the ski resort, the one that got written up in a news weekly?"

There's little doubt that lots of girls would make better wives if they weren't trying to make better husbands.

From The Bedside Bachelor
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Ellen shook her head, smiling a little, watching his absorbed face.

"This ski-resort town, all the kids wanted to do was ski. The school board decreed that all athletes, to be eligible for games, had to get at least a C average; and the school's math instructor took this seriously. He handed out a whole batch of D's, E's and F's to the ski team."

"What happened?"

"Oh, my," Alfred said. "The glue schussed into the slalom. The chairman of the school board's daughter was just about to enter the nationals; and she got an F in math. So on the day of the races, her father took her out of school and sent her up to ski, with his blessing. She won. She got time on TV and headlines in the papers. The next week, fifteen kids got their parents' consent to go up the mountain and ski on school time.

"The school didn't take it lying down. I don't know what happened to the math instructor, but the superintendent of schools resigned. So the townspeople took that in a holiday mood; they hired another one. And guess who? The new superintendent of schools is the coach of the ski team."

"Oh, great," Ellen said.

"Well, there was a gimmick," Alfred went on. "Thanks to, of all people, the Russians. A few years ago nothing would have happened. But this year, Sputnik. So our story gets noised abroad. It made, for instance, a national news magazine. And papa has been made pretty ridiculous in the eyes of some people whom he probably respects."

"Wonderful!" Ellen said. "And so you think you'll keep on being one of the dopes."

"I expect so. I like the kids. I've got a few up there I've done something for. Debby Parker, for instance, and young Ralph McIntosh. I wish I could make some time with his brother. The ballplayer they call Shirttail has probably got the best brain of anybody in the school. But I can't get to first base with him."

"I think he's awful," Ellen said. "All that conceit ——"

"Yes, poor little devil, he's been pumped up out of all reason. It's too bad. With some, it wouldn't make a difference—Mooney, for example. Mooney doesn't know A from I the only reason he's in school is to play ba Incidentally, I learned today that I'm goi to have to weasel along with James Goss, gi everybody a passing grade."

Ellen nodded. "It seems to be the custo You're going to do it?"

"Well, I hadn't made up my mind, reall But, yes, I guess I am. I expect I sound like prize heel, and I know I sound dull."

Ellen looked at him. She leaned over, su denly, buried her face in the front of his shi and bit him, hard.

"Ow!" Alfred said. He stared, astonishe

"All right," Ellen said. "Just don't ta bunk to me, that's all. I'm on your side, r member? I like to see brawn fought wi brains. Or do you ——" She faltered a fit noting the expression in his eyes.

"Good," he said briskly. He reached acro and took her by the shoulders, holding h firmly as she twisted, trying to get away. I put his lips down over hers.

The silence in the room was not long. Su deep, his head spinning, Alfred did not he a sound; he became aware merely of a tens ness in Ellen, and lifted his face from he Then he heard the knock, the delicate ta tapping at the door.

"Miss Callander? Miss Callander? Are y all right?"

"Yes," Ellen said. Eyes suddenly brimmi over with mirth, she touched her finger to h lips. "Sh-h, it's Miss Eloise."

Alfred grinned. "With a leopardskin," said. "Tell her to bring it right in."

On a night toward the end of February magnificent display of northern lights dazzl the town. It appeared first in the east, strange red glow against the sky. As the nig deepened, its place was taken by an arc cold light, widening until the northern sky w filled with flickering red, blue, green, viol shifting and changing like colored curtains some celestial window behind which blew mighty wind.

Ellen Callander had settled down at h desk when Alfred's knock sounded at t door. He seemed excited as he came in, r stopping to say hello. He strode to the de turning off the light.

"Look," he said. "Look out the window

Bewildered at first, then seeing, as her ey became adjusted to darkness, Ellen gasp "Oh," she said, "isn't that lovely!" She sto beside him at the window.

"I've just been on the phone to the observ tory at Boulder," he said. "Doc Wellm says they've been keeping an eye on the su spots. There's been a terrific solar flare. Ell what I came in for, can I use your phone want to get in touch with some kids in r physics classes, make sure they get a go look at this. Then get into something war so we can go out and catch this from the t of a hill somewhere."

Down at the gym, Chet Alison was putt the finishing touches on his championsh team; he had neither the time nor the inclin tion to look out the window.

In the past week and a half, Chet had tak his team apart and put it together aga *They're better than they were*, Chet thoug his eyes carefully on the racing, swiftly cha ing scene out across the floor. *And the sec team is darned good by itself now. If I live l enough, I might even make something out Ralph McIntosh.*

He watched, with a creator's eye, the wo ing out of a diagrammed play. Mooney t just received the passed ball. He faked, pivo and threw, all in one sustained, effortless m tion. The ball rose in a beautiful, clean cur dropped through the basket without touch the rim.

That's a work of art, Chet told himself *work of —— Oh!*

Bearing down full tilt, unable to stop, Ra had plowed down on Jerry. Jerry, seeing h coming, side-stepped, neatly, efficiently, l one of his long legs stuck out just enough trip Ralph, who turned a couple of som saults, slid along the floor on his stom and brought up against the wall, where he s blinking his eyes. It was as neat a job

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



Peach Raisin Tarts . . . perky, pretty and perfect

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- 6 baked 4½-inch tart shells
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- 1 cup syrup from peaches
- ¾ cup hot water
- 2 cups DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- ¾ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ¼ cup orange juice
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten

To syrup add water, raisins. Heat to boiling; cover; simmer 15 min. Mix next 5 ingredients, stir into hot mixture; cook, stirring till thick and clear. Add butter, juice, rind; stir till butter melts. Stir hot mixture into eggs, return to pan and cook, stirring, 2 min. Cool. Fill tart shells ¾ full, top with peach halves. Serve warm or cold (with cream, if desired). Serves 6.

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SAN LEANDRO	Macy's
SAN RAFAEL	Macy's
SANTA ANA	Mandel's
SANTA ANA	Sabastian's Shoes
SANTA BARBARA	Penninger's
SANTA MONICA	Matchetts Shoe Store
SANTA ROSA	Smith's Shoe Store
STOCKTON	Stanley M. Girsh & Co.
STOCKTON	Hannay's Shoes
SUNNYVALE	Grande's Shoes
SUSANVILLE	Gene's Shoes
TAFT	Ricards Bootery
TRACY	The Mart
TUJUNGA	Foothill Bootery
UKIAH	Davis Shoe Store
UPLAND	Diers Shoes
VACAVILLE	Grande's Shoes
VALLEY FAIR	Macy's
VENTURA	Bushell's Shoe Store
VICTORVILLE	McQueens Shoes
WALNUT CREEK	Goldman's
WALNUT CREEK	Grande's Shoe Store
W. COVINA	Lee's Shoes
WHITTIER	Greenwood's Shoe Store
WHITTIER	Nash Dept.
WILLOWS	Johnson's Shoe Store
WOODLAND	Burton's Shoe Store

COLORADO

BOULDER	Smith Shoe Co.
BRUSH	Salzman's Bootery
COLORADO SPRINGS	Ramsey's Shoes
COLORADO SPRINGS	Vorhes Shoe Co.
DENVER	Fontius Shoe Co.
ENGLEWOOD	Fontius Shoe Co.
FT. COLLINS	Andersen Shoe Store
GLENWOOD SPRINGS	Bullock's Dept. Store
GREELEY	Randalls Shoe Store
HOLYOKE	Scheunemann's Dept. Store
JULESBURG	Sullivan's Dept. Store
LOVELAND	Mock's Shoe Store
PUEBLO	Breetwor's
PUEBLO	White-Davis Co.

IDAHO

BOISE	The Cash Bazar
IDAHO FALLS	Carrolls
LEWISTON	Miller's Dept. Store
MOSCOW	Myklebust Shoe Store
REXBURG	Ashliman Shoe Store
TWIN FALLS	Idaho Dept. Store

MONTANA

ANACONDA	D & D Shoes
BILLINGS	Todd's Shoe Store
BOZEMAN	Egbert's Shoe Store
BUTTE	Taylor's Shoe Store
DILLON	Eliel's
KALISPELL	Leslie's Shoe Store
LIBBY	D & D Shoes
LIVINGSTON	The Shoe Fair
MALTA	Trafton-Dorr Co.
MISSOULA	Savon's
POLSON	D & D Shoes

NEVADA

RENO Folk & Campbell Brownbilt Shoe Store

NEW MEXICO

FARMINGTON	Rouse's Shoe Store

In your area these stores feature Air Step shoes

OREGON

A ANY	Long's Shoe Store
A ORIA	Buster Brown Shoe Store
B VERTON	Arnold's Shoe Store
B ID	Moore's Shoe Store
C S BAY	Buster Brown Shoe Store
C RVALLIS	Leearts Shoes
C TTAGE GROVE	Hoover's Shoe Store
E GENE	Hoover's Shoe Store
F REST GROVE	Gimre's Shoe Store
G NTS PASS	Buster Brown Shoe Store
G SHAM	Adams Shoe Store
H PPNER	Gonty's
H LSBORO	Eric Marggi's Shoe Store
K MATH FALLS	La Pointes Shoes
L EVIEW	Maxwell's Shoe Store
M INNVILLE	Buster Brown Shoe Store
M FORD	Buster Brown Shoe Store
M FORD	Mann's Dept. Store
M WAUKIE	Nickles Shoe Store
O EGON CITY	Nickles Shoe Store
P RTLAND	Bedell's
P RTLAND	David's Shoe Store
P RTLAND	Lipman Wolfe & Co.
P RTLAND	Miller's "Hollywood"
R SEBURG	Pavi's Shoe Store
S HELENS	Don's Shoe Store
S LEM	Lipman Wolfe & Co.
S LEM	Marilyn Shoe Store
T E DALLES	Van Buren's Shoe Store

UTAH

B GHAM CITY	Forsgren's Shoe Store
P VO	Randall's
R HFIELD	Grant's Bootery

WASHINGTON

A BURN	Kettman's Shoe Store
B LLINGHAM	Spenger & Pancoast Shoes
B MERTON	Spellman's Shoes
C NTRALIA	Glen Freeman's Shoes
E NSBURG	Mange's Buster Brown Shoe Store
E RETT	Gish's Shoe Store
K NNEWICK	David's Shoes
K NT	Van's Shoe Store
L KE CITY	Dahl's Shoe Store
L NGVIEW	Zimmerman's Shoes
M VERNON	Gish's Shoe Store
O MPIA	Miller's Department Store
P RT ANGELES	Riedel's Shoe Department
P SSER	Rodman's Shoe Store
P YALLUP	Spellman's Shoes
R HLAND	David's Shoes
S KANE	Galloway's
S KANE	Rusan's
T COMA	Pessemier's Bootery
T COMA	Spellman's Shoes (2 stores)
V NCOUVER	Spellman's Shoes
W LLA WALLA	Wilton's Shoes
W NATCHEE	Trosper's Shoe Store
Y KIMA	Wilton's Shoes

WYOMING

C SPER	Casper Commissary
C EYENNE	Cheyenne Shoe Store
C EYENNE	Dick's Bootery
C LETTE	Lipman's
G EYBULL	Greybull Shoe Store
L NDER	Gibson Shoe Store
R CK SPRINGS	Miner's Mercantile Co.
S HERIDAN	N-Z Shoes

CANADA

ALBERTA

C LGARY	Bata Shoe Store
	Nowak's Shoes Ltd. (5—49th Ave. S.W. and 1432—17th Ave. W.)
E MROSE	Delorne Shoes Limited
E MONTON	Cochlan's Town Talk Footwear
L THBRIDGE	Camm's Shoes
M D DEER	Elgin Shoes Ltd.
W ETTLER	Mel's Shoe Store

BRITISH COLUMBIA

C MLOOPS	Kennell's Shoes Ltd.
E TIMATE TOWNSITE	Hudson's Bay Company
K LSON	Hudson's Bay Company
K NTICTON	Hudson's Bay Company
P INCE GEORGE	Hudson's Bay Company
R CHMOND	Arnell's Footwear
T AIL	Hudson's Bay Company
V NCOUVER 14	Arnell's Footwear
V NCOUVER 9	Dexall's Shoe Store
V NCOUVER 13	Kerrisdale Bootery
V NCOUVER 2	Stacy's Limited
V RNON	Hudson's Bay Company
V CTORIA	Munday's Shoe Store

MANITOBA

B IN FLON	Hudson's Bay Company
P RTAGE LA PRAIRIE	Callan's Shoes Limited
W NNIPEG	Bata Shoe Store
W NNIPEG	MacLeod's Shoe Shop

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

C HARLOTTETOWN	R. T. Holman Limited
S UMMERSIDE	R. T. Holman Limited

SASKATCHEWAN

R EGINA	Loggies Limited
S ASKATOON	Stephenson's Limited

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

intentional dumping as Alison had ever seen, made of course to look completely accidental.

He hustled down the floor to where the other players were gathering around Ralph. "You hurt?" he barked.

Ralph shook his head. He was beginning to pick himself up.

"What the heck were you doing?" Alison demanded. "Every player on the floor practically standing still, and here comes old Delayed-Reaction McIntosh, flapping like a windmill! Well, get on your feet! The rest of us can't hold up action every ten minutes while you come unshackled and fall down."

Ralph stared at Alison for a moment. He said, "But I didn't fall down. He tripped me."

"Tripped you!" Alison said. "You caught your big flat feet over his heel."

Not a player on the floor, including Ralph, but knew what actually had happened. Everybody got tripped every once in a while. You learned how to handle it, was all.

The teams trotted back to their positions. All except Ralph. He stood staring around for a moment, then he spun on his heel and walked off the floor.

He went to the locker room, got out of his gym suit and dressed. He was lacing his leathertops when Carlisle came tearing down after him.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" Carlisle said. "Get on back up there!"

Ralph said, "I was doing it for fun. It isn't fun ——"

"Well, it's about time you got that through your thick head," Carlisle said. "Hurry up. Get your suit back on."

For answer, Ralph hauled back his foot and kicked the sweaty gym suit as hard as he could, out of sight under the lockers. He walked past Carlisle, went upstairs and out of the building.

Susie was putting bread to rise, working at the kitchen counter, when Ralph came in. She glanced up at him, surprised. "Hi," she greeted him. "You're home early. Practice over?"

Ralph said nothing. He headed for a chair beside the stove, began taking off his leathertops.

Susie turned around, startled. "I suppose it isn't any use to offer you cake and milk," she said, "seeing you're in training. But there's half a layer cake in the pantry."

"Yes, it is," Ralph said. "Darn right it is." He headed for the pantry, reappeared, carrying the cake plate and a full pan of milk. "I've quit the gol-darn ball team," he said. "They can all go fry."

Susie was putting a clean white towel over the bread, setting the pan on the warm shelf back of the stove. "Have you?" she said, and was about to go on when Dorothy appeared at the kitchen door.

"Ralph McIntosh!" Dot said. "You *have not!*"

Ralph, whose mouth was full, said nothing for the obvious reason.

"Dot!" Susie said. "Now, that's all ——"

But Dot was too shocked and horrified to stop. "Why, you *awful*, nasty sorehead!" she said. "All you are is sore because you can't go to Boston. You're a quitter! With a capital *KW*, is all you are. With a capital *K* ——"

"Dot!" Susie said. "You kids cut this out!"

At that moment the telephone rang, and Susie jerked her head at it. "Answer that, Ralph. Dot, go back to your arithmetic."

Ralph got up. She heard him speaking at the phone.

"Yare, Mr. Berg. . . . There is? . . . Yare, sure. . . . Thanks, Mr. Berg. G'by."

She heard the phone click back into place. Then she was aware of Ralph's presence behind her.

"Well, what did he want?" she asked.

"Says to go out on the back step and look at the northern lights. Says he wants to talk about them in class tomorrow."

Past his immobile shoulder, she saw the square of the kitchen window, with a section of sky, and on the fields the icy, green mysterious light, not moonlight.

"Oh, my goodness!" she said. "Oh, look, Ralphie, isn't that pretty!"

Together they stood on the doorstep, watching the shimmering, shifting reds and yellows, green colder than the depths of ice, creating pale light over the trees and the diminished black roofs of the town.

Ralph said, "Bugsy says, been a terrible explosion on the sun. Geez-Louise! I guess all hell's broke loose in the old ionosphere tonight."

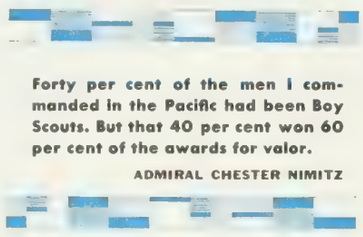
Ralph had quit the team on Thursday. On Friday, at school, he found himself unpopular; most of his friends thought he was a sorehead, and said so. The only person, it seemed, who thought kindly of him at all was Mr. Berg, who, after his lecture on northern lights and magnetic storms, went to some trouble to explain further to Ralph, who had asked a question.

"Now, that's intelligent," Alfred said. "See, what we know, which isn't a whole lot, goes like this." He went into detail about Ralph's question, and remarked, as he finished, "You've got a logical brain, McIntosh."

Ralph was embarrassed, particularly since, out in the corridor after class, a couple of classmates addressed him jocularly as "Old Brainsy."

Debby Parker, however, coming out behind him, stopped him, holding out a paper. "Is this what he meant, Ralph?"

Ralph looked at the diagram. "Well, yes, all but this, right here." He pointed. "I thought it went this way ——" He sketched a light line on the paper.



"Oh, yes, of course," Debby said. "Thanks a lot, Ralphie." She went on her way with a friendly wave of the hand.

Ralph went loping along the corridor and at the door to the locker room bumped into Carlisle and Jerry Mooney, dressed for gym.

Carl grabbed Ralph by the front of the shirt and twisted. "Practice this period," he said. "You be there, or I'll bust you in two."

"Hey," Ralph said. He was big enough to yank Carl's hand out of his shirt front, but the shirt tore and two buttons popped off.

Then Jerry, behind him, pulled his shirttail out. "You heard the man," Jerry said.

"Cut it out!" Ralph said, spinning around; but they were strolling away down the corridor.

Ralph surveyed the damage. That was his good shirt, the one he liked.

He banged into the lavatory. What to do now? Couldn't go to class, have everyone hoot at his shirt, gapped open down the front. Show his underwear. He could put on his jacket, zip it up, and die, sweating, in the warm classroom.

He could, he thought, go to ball practice, wear a gym suit for the rest of the afternoon.

And listen to all the yak. "*Well, here's old sorehead back.*" *No*, he said to himself, *I don't think I will.*

He pried up the lavatory window, squeezed through and dropped; then slipped silently and expertly out of sight behind the barberry hedge. Crossing the highway, he got safely into the woods behind the Union church. There was a path he knew which came out in Martin's upper pasture. Up there, he could find something to take up his time till he could go home.

Gee, the woods were nice. No yakking, no trouble. Only trees and bushes that couldn't yak back.

The first thing he saw when he came into the pasture was the wreck of the chestnut. He'd heard the silly talk about why grampa had cut it down. Nuts; those two dopes, Carl and Jerry, they'd had a fight—everybody knew that. Ralph guessed he knew why grampa had cut down that nice old tree. *The tree house*, he thought, staring moodily at the ruin. *Got a day when he felt too mean to live, so he whacked 'er down.*

Carl was going to let all that Indian stuff go. When Ralph had mentioned it, he'd said to heck with it, what was the good of it?

The collection had always fascinated Ralph. He had started out collecting Indian things, too, but he'd had to give that up. Carl had made it clear that he wasn't going to have anybody glomming around the shell heaps with a clam hoe; he had emphasized this with a good licking one afternoon, when he had caught Ralph down on Tanner's Island. Of course Tanner's Island *was* his prize dig.

Ralph stood now, looking speculatively down. That Indian stuff was too good to lose. He went cautiously down the hill, brought back some old bushel baskets.

By dark, he had salvaged the collection; flints packed in one basket, bone tools laid carefully in the other. He hid the baskets in a place he knew behind the grain bins.

Saturday afternoon, after lunch, Ralph wandered about aimlessly downtown. Everywhere he got the same reception. At the poolroom the gang was gathered. Melly Hitchcock looked up, saw Ralph.

"Fine old bull-sorehead you are, quitting Alison at a time like this!"

And someone else: "A day and a half left to practice, and you quit! Boy, that's loyalty!"

At the drugstore it was the same. Ralph had planned to buy himself a banana split, but he got out fast without ordering one.

Heck, Joe Galt and Billy Kinney, the countermen down at Joe's Lunch, were his friends. He'd go down there and have a sandwich and a milk shake.

But as he sidled up to the counter, Joe wouldn't even look at him. Joe said to Billy, "Hey, look who's here. Old John Leprosy."

Ralph's half-apologetic grin of greeting froze on his face. "Hey! What's the matter?"

"You know what's the matter," Joe said sourly. "I don't want to look at you. I don't know as I even want your trade. Well, give your order. I ain't got all day."

Silently he banged Ralph's sandwich down on the counter in front of him.

"Well, hey," Ralph said. Red to the ears, embarrassed, he sat looking at the sandwich.

"Fell down in the gym, by Judas Priest!" Joe said. "I heard the fellas talking in here last night. So you quit! What are you, yeller? Can't you take it?"

"Yare," Ralph said. "I hear you talking. Yare."

Joe turned to Billy. They moved to the other end of the counter.

Ralph slid down from the high counter stool and went out the door.

He came out of the alley into the back yard of the supermarket, which was stacked high with old empty cartons and slippery with mud. He skidded against a pile of boxes, knocking it over, but he did not see it fall, only heard the empty rustle of the corrugated cardboard crushing as it went down.

To hell with it, he thought bitterly. *To the lowest, deep-down bottom of the lowest hell there is with it.*

Allen's Lane, a back street, led down to the river. He came out on the riverbank at the rear of the tannery, and kept on down the path toward the harbor.

The crisp wind flowed backward against his cheeks. Cold but not cold, half warm from the sun, and smelling of salt from the harbor. It went deep into his lungs, stinging and clean.

The river path was hard and beaten down. Some way below the tannery the river divided, its main channel going on to the west of a small island, Tanner's Island. To the east was Tanner's Brook, which was not a brook at all but a long arm of the sea. Long ago there had been a footbridge across the brook. The woodwork of the bridge was long gone now except for an occasional water-hardened timber. The causeway could still be crossed when the tide was down, though the gap in the middle was a good stiff jump. Ralph crossed it, heading down a field toward the woods.

If he had stopped to look, he would have seen that this was not the best time to go over to Tanner's Island, or, at least, to stay there long, because down at the far end of the brook the flood tide was beginning to come in over

the ice. But he made a flying leap toward a fringe of thick bushes and ducked out of sight.

He went along, following an old wood road partially overgrown with alders. Ralph knew Tanner's Island pretty well. When he was a kid, he had spent a lot of time here, and of course it was on Tanner's Island that Carlisle had dug up most of his Indian stuff. The shell heap here was six feet deep and ran two hundred yards back from the shore. The tribes had lived here for thousands of years and had left a lot of their things lying around.

Wandering along, Ralph came out on the bank at the top of the shell mound. He jumped down the bank.

Here was Carlisle's dig, marked off with neat, whittled stakes. At the bottom of the bank the bluish glacial clay was covered with ice, wet with runnels. The ground was frozen, too hard to dig. Of course Ralph didn't mean to dig; it was Carlisle's place. But he could look, couldn't he?

There were layers of ashes, pearl gray, mixed with charcoal; layers of shells; layers of beach gravel. Ralph could count the edges of three fire pits, one built on top of another. That told how old the place was.

Concentrating, Ralph leaned forward a little too far. His feet skidded on the slippery slope, throwing him off balance. Arms flailing wildly, he toppled face first into the bank; then a whole section of the bank, undermined by the thaw and frost, came clattering down on top of him.

For a moment all he could do was sneeze. His nose was full of lime dust and ashes. His shoulder ached a little and his nose was bleeding; otherwise he wasn't damaged.

Cautiously he dug himself out. Quite a chunk had fallen, he saw. Carlisle's careful dig was as if it had never been.

Horrified, Ralph stood looking, mopping at the scratch on his nose. His eyes narrowed suddenly and sharpened. He leaned forward, looking at the cave-in.

One of the fire-pit stones that had fall left a hole, the imprint of itself in blac and pressed down into the place where lain was a triangular piece of flint.

Something, he thought; *some kind of* He reached into the cavity, poking and until the thing loosened and came away hand.

It was a knife blade, chipped fron green stone flecked with white. It was fully made. Ralph turned the blade his hand. On the back was a diamond carefully chipped in relief.

Hey, the guy marked it! Maybe so would know it was his.

Ralph stepped back a little, staring mound. There might be something else hole. No reason why he couldn't dig n couldn't do Carl's place any more d than he had.

Three hours later, in a hole big enough hold a good-sized bear, Ralph sudden ized that he was cold, that he had hard enough to see. He hauled himself bac into the world, astonished to find th afternoon was gone.

He had a haul. Stuff that, by golly, make Carlisle look up and take notice. H a harpoon made out of the leg bone o big animal; a needle, like a darning only made of bone, and somebody had job, cutting that little tiny eye in it; he h flint arrowheads; and a tin can full of of a broken Indian pot.

Brr-r! It was cold. *Thermometer dropped twenty degrees since this afterno*

He stowed the small flints in his p The needle, which was fragile, he laid a little block of driftwood, wrapped fully in his handkerchief and buttoned side the breast pocket of his jacket.

Is ma going to flip when she sees thought. His hands and the sleeves jacket were coal black from dirt and ash pants were black, too, and one kne shredded through from kneeling on the Even his boots were full of that black st

Holding the tin can in one hand and bone harpoon in the other, he went bank like a squirrel.

The air was peculiar with a heavy st almost like before a thunderstorm, thou only cloud in the sky was one smal woolly job over in the west, fading fast. head, the sky was a deep blue, ice cold. ing moved. Not a sound.

Ralph trotted across the narrow field

When Ralph didn't come home to Susie didn't worry. She thought he'd g and had gone back to the gym to pr Then, at seven, the phone rang and Alison.

"I wonder if I could get you to help m suade Ralph to come down for these las tice sessions, Mrs. McIntosh. I really d him."

"Why," Susie said, "isn't he there? I th he was. He isn't here, Mr. Alison."

"Oh," Alison said. "I see. Well, than Mrs. McIntosh." He hung up with a and Susie thought, obviously, he had lieved her.

She shrugged a little. *Plenty of times hasn't got home before this.* He could b where around town. Watching TV, n like Dot, who was over to Mooney's t Mattie Mooney's niece from upstate wa ing over there.

Well, she'd call Mattie. Maybe Dot know where Ralph would be. She dial Mooneys' number.

"Dot?" Mattie said. "Why, she ain't Hez drove her and my niece Paula do the gym to watch the ball practice. He to lodge meeting, said he'd pick them the way home."

"What time will that be?" Susie "Dot has to be home by nine o'clock."

"Oh, does she?" Mattie said. "I don't as I'd count on it. Them little scamps, t just got stars in their eyes over that ball bless their hearts. Just stars in their eye

"I guess they're not the only ones," said.

"No, I guess not. Most of us *do* valu boys pretty high, though there's so



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ttie's voice began to drip ice—"there's ne, I guess, who ain't particularly careful ut their life and limb."

"What?" Susie asked.

"I'll tell you right now, Susie McIntosh, it's ut time you had that crazy old man looked o. Hez is some old mad, I can tell you, and erry'd been worse hurt Hez *would* of sued, d he may yet."

"For heaven's sake," Susie said. "I haven't notion on earth what you're talking about."

"Well, if you don't know, you're the only e in town don't," Mattie said. "And you n tell Mart that it ain't a mite of use his ing to sell aigs to Harry Troy's market, be- use Harry called up today and took every ; we had on the place. And what's more, he t a standing order."

"That makes it nice for you and Hez," sie said. "But I——"

Mattie had not stopped at all. "So the next ne that old snapper-jaw drops trees with uses in 'em on a couple of defenseless ung ones, maybe he'll think before he does

"Trees?" Susie said. "Mattie, will you ease make sense?"

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But Mattie, having said her say, hung up ith a resounding crash.

Susie also hung up. She hadn't got anyhere at all in the hunt for Ralph.

Susie spent the next half hour telephoning. he called Hazel, but Ralph wasn't there. She alled all of Ralph's friends she could think f—they weren't home, they were down at ne gym.

Susie finally got Joe Galt, down at Joe's unch. "Naw, he ain't here," Joe said. "He as, earlier, but Billy and I tried to talk him nto going back to playing ball, and he went ut of here like a shot out of a gun. You tried he drugstore? Maybe he's up there, cuddled own with a raspb'ry soda."

Susie exploded. "What's the matter with ou? If Ralph doesn't want to play ball, he oesn't have to." She hung up with a snap.

George and Hazel would help. Charles would know what to do.

She put on her winter coat, dressing warmly gainst the cold night. It took a little while to et the engine of Martin's old car to fire, and hen she had to wait while it warmed up. When t last she found she could back up without talling, she swung the car around the turnround and headed down the hill.

Charles and George, at first, were inclined not to take Susie's worry too seriously. It was arly yet, they said comfortingly. Ralph might e home any time.

"He's probably there now," Charles said, getting up from his chair. "Come on, George. We'll drive up behind you, Susie, and see."

But he was not there. The kitchen was empty, the light burning, just as Susie had eft it.

"All right, George," Charles said. "Let's ake a look around."

"I'm going with you," Susie said. "Pa'll stay here by the phone."

For Martin, always a light sleeper, had got dressed and come down. He was in the chair by the stove now, pulling on his felts-and-rubbers.

"Now, don't be a fool," he grunted. "You stay in the house here, where you belong."

For answer Susie turned, marched out the door and climbed into the front seat of Charles' car.

Charles said cheerfully, "Now, Susie, think. You've pretty well checked the town. Where are Ralph's places? Where, outside the town, would he be likely to go?"

Susie tried to think. "Anywhere," she said. "And everywhere. He likes to wander around, poke into old houses."

"Beachcombing," Charles said. "Let's try Avery's Beach."

The beach was easy to explore; the shore road led along, just back from the beach rocks, so that Charles was able to drive its full length.

"Nothing here," Charles said, turning the car around. "You still with us, Susie?"

"Yes, I—I guess I am, Charles."

Unexpectedly, he reached across and patted her on the shoulder. "Take it easy. We'll find him. He's somewhere, that's for sure."

"Yes," she said. "I know. Of course."

Under the thick material of her coat, she could feel a warm spot where Charles' hand had tightened briefly. The spot lingered, seemed to loosen a little the cold lump in her throat.

Charles—Charles would find him. *We always go to Charles*, she thought. *And he always knows what to do.*

All that night the entire town hunted for Ralph McIntosh. Over the phone Charles organized search parties, sent them out over the countryside by automobile and on foot.

It was three o'clock before anyone thought of Tanner's Island. It was such an out-of-the-

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way place; no one in his right mind would ever think of going there in the winter.

"Well, Carlisle used to go there a lot," Susie said. "To dig in the Indian shell heap. Sometimes he'd let Ralph go too."

Charles started the car with a jerk. At the tannery, where the hardtop ended, he turned the car sharply, sent it scrabbling and skidding along the shore path, two wheels on the hard surface of the path, the other two finding what traction they might in the tough grass.

"Holy mussel banks!" George said. "You ain't thinking of *driving* down here, Charles! You'll bust every spring you've got."

"Somebody has," Charles said.

Certainly, from the dim track in the crushed underbrush, it looked as if a car had been along here.

"Maybe someone had the sense to come down here and check this place first," George said. "Ought to have thought of the shell heap first off."

"Oh, I know," Susie burst out. "I should have! Only they never have come here in the winter and it didn't enter my head."

Her voice had started up and she stopped it, realizing that if she didn't the voice, which didn't sound like her own, would start to scream.

Charles said sharply, "Cut it out, Susie. No one could have —— Hey, look!"

Over on the shore of Tanner's Island, a fire was burning; at least, it had been burning—it was now only a big pile of embers and a thin trail of white smoke.

Charles swore suddenly and jammed on his brakes just in time to avoid hitting the back end of another car, parked on the riverbank.

A familiar back end, Susie saw, as she opened the door and jumped out. It was Martin Hoodless' old car.

"Pa," she said. "What's he doing here?"

Charles put back his head and let out a bawl. "Hey, over on the island! Martin! Ralph!"

There was no answer.

"Martin must be over there," Charles said. "If that's Ralph's fire —— But no, if Ralph had built it, they'd be around there. They must be back in the woods somewhere. George, can we make it across that causeway?"

It was going on for three-thirty in the morning; the tide was rising now, not yet over the causeway, but already beginning to flow in slick-looking coils across the rocks and old timbers running through the gap in a millrace.

George stood looking down glumly; and in the silence Susie heard the louder-growing chuckle of the water.

"I dunno," George said. "I guess so."

"Come on, then," Charles said.

He had fished his cane out of the front seat of the car and started for the causeway.

"And what do you think you'll do," George burst out, "out there on them slippery rocks on that cussed brass leg?"

"I've seen worse," Charles said cheerfully.

"You cussed fool!" George said. He went past, grabbing the cane as he went, leaving Charles teetering precariously at the edge of the bank. "And I'll have you all know," George said, his voice rising as he contemplated the slippery, uncomfortable passage ahead of him, "that I can't swim one stroke."

Gingerly he lowered one foot into the icy water, yanked it out with a yell. Then he proceeded, muttering and stumbling. From the bank, Susie and Charles watched his dim figure advancing slowly across the causeway. Suddenly there came a loud splash as George fell down.

"Oh, Charles," Susie said, "will he be all right? What if he falls off of there?"

"Well, the ducking wouldn't do him any good," Charles said. "But I could pull him out, Susie. He doesn't think so, but I can swim with one leg better than he can with two. As soon as he gets across, we'll go for more help. But I expect we'd better stay here till he makes it." He glanced down at her. "You're shaking all over. Go and sit in the car. I'll put the heater on."

"I'm—I c-can't," Susie said. "I've got to see ——"

"Well come here, then." Charles' arms tightened around her. "Susie," he said, under his breath, and stopped. "Looks as if George had stalled out there." He called, "Hey, George?"

On the causeway George's blurred figure was motionless, and his complaints were silent.

"Hey, George, what's with you?"

"Hey, yourself, and see how you like it!" George's irascible bawl boomed out across the water. "Go git a boat! Don't stand there, git help!"

"What's the matter? You stuck?"

"Yes, I am!"

"O.K." Charles freed himself from his overcoat, draped it around Susie's shoulders. "Get in the car," he said, "before you freeze."

He took a few careful steps along the top of the bank. He had not gone far when, suddenly, he turned and came back.

Charles said, "Susie, your old man's coming. He's got a boat."

"Ralph ——" Susie said through dry lips.

"All I can see is someone moving and the white sides of the boat," Charles said. "But if Ralph was over there, he's probably found him."

Straining her eyes, Susie could make out the vague shimmer in the darkness which was the white punt moving on the water. George, apparently, had seen it, too, for he let go with a hoarse bawl.

"Hey, you with the boat! Get me off o here!"

They saw the boat veer downstream. Ther it turned and circled. They heard the thump and squelch of George's shoes as he jumped down into it, George's voice and Martin's grunted reply.

Susie pulled away from Charles and hall ran, half slid down the bank. She called, "Pa! Is Ralph with you?"

Martin did not answer. He kept on rowing, and then George spoke out of the darkness.

"No, Susie. He ain't found him."

Martin drove the boat onto the narrow beach; it stopped with a jerking crunch. George stepped out to haul up the boat, but Martin was having none of that. He stamped overboard into the shallow water, splashed ashore and started up the bank.

"Where've all you blasted fools been all night?" he demanded.

His familiar bawl was reedy, a little breathless, but he got to the top of the bank before Susie did, and far ahead of George, who came up ponderously, his wet clothes crackling with ice.

"Get into the car, George," Charles said. "Get the heater going. Martin, didn't you find anything over there?"

"Well, I found where the crazy little fool *was* all day," Martin said. "He's rooted out a hole in them old Indian clamshells big enough to hold a walrus. There was a cave-in over there, but he ain't under it. I moved it."

"You're sure?" Charles said. "We'd better get a crowd over there, hunting ——"

"What do you mean, am I sure?" Martin breathed deep, went on: "What d'you think I've been doing since twelve o'clock when I seen that fire over here? I built it up again. You can round up your sheepherders and hunt over there if you want to. But Ralph ain't there. I found every track he made."

Martin started for his car, staggered, and would have fallen if Charles hadn't caught his arm.

Martin shook him off. He straightened up. "I'm going home. Tomorrow we'll get a crowd to drag that brook. That's all we can do now."

"Get in the car, Susie," Charles said. He helped her, unresisting, into the front seat, got in himself on the driver's side, and backed up so that Martin could get by.

"I've got to get to a phone, get a crowd down here," Charles said steadily. "Your father can't be sure. We've got to get some help."

Numbly Susie saw the lights of Martin's car go jigging erratically up Allen's Lane, ahead of them, turn the corner into Main Street. Yes, Charles was right.

Then George, sitting chattering in the back seat, gave mournful tongue. "Well," he said hollowly, "all in or no all in, you good and well know Mart wouldn't of give up till he was sure. You know, I betcha what he thinks, he thinks that kid fell off the causeway. Tried to get acrost there when the water was too high, same as I did. Charles, that water hole, that's no joke! Another five minutes, I'd been into it myself, and I'd *never* got out!"

Martin had the kitchen fire roaring when they got there. He had the coffeepot on, and he was sitting with both feet thrust into the oven. He did not look up or speak when they came in.

Charles made a beeline for the telephone.

Susie went about the house collecting dry clothes for George. On the way she looked in on Dot in the small bedroom off the kitchen.

It seemed to her that she was two people, one standing here quietly, making sure that Dot was safely asleep, the other curled into a great numb knot, shaking deep down inside and screaming.

Oh, hurry, George needs these clothes, she told herself; but it took a minute or so before she could make herself move.

She handed the clothes to George, shut him in the living room to change behind the big, hot airtight stove.

As she closed the door to the living room, she heard the tannery whistle start to blow, calling in the search parties. Charles had got



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o the night watchman. In the kitchen
as ill at the telephone. Martin was up,
in coffee.
o am, Susie thought, glancing mechani-
y the table. She had a full pitcher in the
ox ut away for breakfast.
he aded for the pantry, snapping on the
t e went in. There, on the white enamel
ne box door, was a great, sprawly, soot-
k ndprint.
he pened the door, reached for the
m tcher. It was empty.
he were smudges on the inside of the
r o, and somebody had torn great
nk out of a cold chicken. More than half
w gone—both drumsticks, both second
ts.
ut natically, Susie picked up the empty
m tcher. She closed the icebox door. She
li way across the kitchen before what
hi seen hit her squarely, like a blow at
he t.
he ve a gasp that was half scream and
py the pitcher. It smashed on the floor;
sh tore out of the kitchen and through
liv g room, not seeing Charles and Mar-
sp ing around staring after her.
Wh she did see, upstairs, as she thrust
th door of Ralph's bedroom and turned
hi ght, was the tremendous bone on the
flo —some kind of great, sooty-black ani-
ma e, notched into a spear—the pile of
kn ed clothes on the floor . . . and on the
pi illow the innocent, sweetly sleeping
fa h the scratched nose in the middle of
fa as a coal.

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a had arrived home at around nine-
ju ust before Susie had driven down to
H house. He had seen her, sitting at the
en the kitchen, and had thought, first
re ief and then with resentment, *Nobody's
ev ome.*
Co uld have horrified George to know
ho ich water had been running down over
ga seway when Ralph had crossed it;
ju to Ralph it hadn't seemed like much
of he ordinary—a longer jump than usual,
of course he'd landed in water and got
wa to the skin. He had run nearly all the
wa me; so that outside the window, peer-
in t Susie, he wasn't even cold.
*Se sees me, how I've racked out these
pa she'll cream me for keeps,* Ralph
th t. *I'll go up the piazza post and clean off
of this crud in my room and then I'll go
do airs and root out some supper.*
Ra alph took his Indian harpoon in his
an nd shinnied up the piazza post. He si-
le iptoed along the roof to his bedroom
wi w; and he had just laid the harpoon
on n the clean white scarf on his bureau
he he heard the front door slam. He saw
go go along the walk to the garage. He
th he car's starter whine and start to slap
Th hen it was out of the yard and rolling
th he hill toward town.
Go d; now he wouldn't have to wait to
ea up, and it was a lucky thing, because in
an r minute he'd be dead, starved to death.
He had a fine meal of chicken, cream and
po otatoes, and he found a great wedge of
ca ake cake. He drank a pitcher of cream.
Wh hen it didn't seem as if he'd had quite
en n; so he went back and tore off another
leg m the chicken.
A kitchen clock said nine-forty.
Jo h washed in the laundry. He left the
bl lack, the set tub black, and a black
in n towel. He found he could not wash
ea e; it was too sore. So he washed around
Th en he stole back upstairs, undressed,
fe ll into bed. He fell so dead asleep that
he ard nothing—not even the commotion
do tairs; not even the tannery whistle
ni ng.

Shirttail McIntosh went to Boston. The team left by bus Monday afternoon.

At breakfast that day, Martin had delivered a speech. It was school vacation, he said. There was work to do. Among other things, he had that big horse chestnut to cut up. The boys could start on that after they'd helped him load the truck with the weekly orders of eggs and broilers, for downtown.

"You fellers can use my big crosscut saw," he said. "You better get going. That job's going to take a couple of days."

"No, I don't think so," Carlisle said. "I figure about two hours. I know where I can borrow a power saw."

Martin let out a strangled blat. "You know I won't let one of them things onto the place. No, sir, by tar, you get on up there and cut up that tree with a crosscut. A little hefty work ain't going to hurt you one mite."

"O.K.," Carlisle said. He shrugged. "If you don't want it done in a quarter of the time, it's all right with me."

"Trying to get through so's you can go traipsing off again with that ball team, are you?" Martin said. "Well, let me tell you, you ain't."

Carlisle said nothing more. A little later Susie saw him, with Ralph, helping Martin to load the truck.

Of course he's got to go, she thought. *I'll have to do something.*

The next time she looked out the truck was loaded and Martin was over by the toolshed. She watched him dole out axes and the big crosscut saw to the boys, and then turn toward the house while they trudged up the hill toward the pasture.

She started to say something as Martin came in, but he gave her no chance. He went past her upstairs into his bedroom. On bank morning he always put on his dark-blue Sunday suit and his overcoat.

He came downstairs, went past Susie as if she weren't there, banged the kitchen door,



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banged the truck door and sent the truck roaring out of the yard.

Oh, Susie thought, *peace at last.* She sat down for a moment and covered her face with her hands. She didn't even hear Charles Kendall's car drive up. The first thing she realized, Charles was standing there in the door.

"Hey, Susie! Oh, come on now. Nothing can be that bad." The next thing she was crying, with her face buried in his coat.

Up in the pasture Carlisle whirled the ax a few times around his head, and sent it flying high in the air in a mighty heave.

He said, "Tell grampa love and kisses," and trotted away across the pasture, ducking out of sight into the alders above the highway that led to town.

Martin enjoyed the bank. He liked looking around at the busy desks behind the grille; he liked the typewriters, the adding machines. The bank said to Martin "order," "responsibility"; serious people taking care of money.

He was turning to leave when Jed Wallace, inside his glass cubicle, came to the door. "How are you, Mart?" Jed said. "Come in for a minute. I notice you get down here once a month, regular's a clock."

"I'm making out," Martin said.

"That's good. That's what we like. Well, you're busy making it, Mart. I'm busy keeping it for you. Are you folks planning on Carlisle's going to college?"

Martin glanced at him. "Susie's talking of it," he said.

"Well, the reason I ask, there'll be some athletic scholarships coming through for outstanding youngsters. No reason why Carlisle shouldn't have one. Costs, to keep a boy in college nowadays. Around fifteen, sixteen hundred a year."

"Mgh," Martin grunted. "Who's giving away that much, free?"

"Well, I'm glad you asked that, Mart. You know, when you and I was kids, we had to flivver along, best we could. Most of us didn't get nowheres near where we wanted to go. Right?"

Martin nodded. He said nothing.

"Had to work so doggoned hard, never did get a chance at schooling. Times have changed. It's got back to me that you're kind of set against the sports program up at the school. It's got me to wondering if you realize just what being an outstanding athlete can do for a boy."

"I know what it's done for Carlisle," Martin said. "It's made a fool out of him."

"Oh, now, Mart, wait." Jed held up his hand. "Hear me out. I know you think ball's nothing but a game, and by cracky, you're right. It *is* nothing but a game. But there's a little more to it, if you stop to think. A good ball team, now, that's a healthy thing for a town. Mart, the season's almost over. Carlisle's done a good job. Why not relax, let him finish it out? Couldn't do no harm, could it?"

"Let him go to Boston? Look here, Jed, is that what this is all about?"

"Now, Mart, don't get me wrong. I'm not after one single, solitary thing. But just for your own good, there's a lot around town don't feel the same way I do. Quite a head of steam backs up behind these ball games. Take, well, take Harry Troy. He's nuts about the team. His boy's on it. He takes eggs of you, doesn't he? For the supermarket?"

"Always has.'

"Well, try and sell him some this morning. You can't buck a whole town without coming out black and blue. If you bust up that ball team, people won't buy any more eggs."

"Have they gone crazy? Grown men!"

"That's right. And grown women—the women's worse'n the men. They've got this story going about you. No man in his right mind would ever believe that you cut down a tree, let it fall on a couple of kids, on purpose."

Martin stared at him. "What's that you say?"

"Ah-h, nobody really believes it. But, honest, Mart, if I was you I'd let that kid go to Boston. If you don't, and the team loses, you'll lose every atom of town trade you've got."

"Why, I cut down a tree," Martin said. "Wasn't no kids around, only Carlisle and the Mooney boy. They was over in the field having a fight. That tree never fell near enough to them to make a towse over. Never come nowheres near 'em."

"Well, you know gossip."

"By tar, somebody made that yarn up!" Martin rose to his feet. "I'll take a hoe handle to Carlisle, and to that Jerry too."

"Don't do it, Mart. Kids'll fib. It's in their nature. Carlisle just wants to go to Boston."

"Well, let him go to Boston, all I care. I don't care what he does, if that's the kind of ——" Martin stopped. His shrewd eyes focused on Jed. "How much have you got bet on that ball game?"

"Shoot, Mart. Just friendly advice, that's all. Don't get all haired up over a kid's towse."

"And, by tar, that's just what it is, too, the whole cussed works of it. Carlisle's seventeen, but kids don't grow up so fast, I guess, as they used to. And some of them, by tar," Martin said, glaring at Jed, "some of them never do!"

He started for the door. Jed, leaning forward to look out the bank's plate-glass window, watched him go down the steps, get into his truck.

Up at the farm Martin changed into overalls, went out to the henhouses to get through his work for the day. He left his truck standing in the barnyard; didn't even bother to unload. Nobody wanted his eggs, let them sit there and rot.

Martin grabbed a sack of grain, heaved it furiously off the floor of the henhouse. He carried the sack and upended it over a feeder. Dust from the grain rose in a cloud. He felt it settle dryly on his hands and face, tasted it as it ran down onto his lips with his sweat.

The hens came edging closer to him. They formed a circle, cackling over this big event of their day. One of them, a brash young red pullet, came mincing out to the feeder to grab a mouthful and Martin flapped his elbows to scare her out from underfoot. He was starting to fold the sack when he noticed her again. Standing there, head cocked to one side, she was looking at him in a you-go-to-blazes kind of way.

By tar! One thing more was too much.

Martin should have known better, but he wadded up the empty sack and let it fly. It unfolded and came down over the pullet like a tent. She let out a shriek.

The rest of the hens, seeing this animated, unfamiliar object, the sack bobbling upright as if by itself along the floor, exploded into panic. For a moment Martin stood in a gale of feathers, legs and squawking, wide-open beaks.

Whatever had got into him? The cussed things would kill each other—he could count on half a dozen dead hens for sure, ten or twelve dollars' worth, by the time they got settled. All these years he'd raised hens, didn't know any better than to pull a fool stunt like that in a jam-packed broiler house. And now, for the next three weeks, every time he went through the door they'd go up in the air; like as not kill two-three more, every time they did it.

He'd have to let Ralph tend this particular house for a while. Ralph had a good way with hens.

Martin went out past the barn and hollered, "Hey, Ralph!" but his voice seemed hoarse and rusty. Hen dust had got into his lungs. He'd have to walk all the way up there.

But there was nobody up in the pasture when he got there. The two axes leaned against the trunk of the chestnut; one end of the big crosscut blade was buried a little more than its width in the tree, it had been left dangling there.

Martin did not make a sound. He had stopped dead still. Then moving, it almost seemed, casually, he went over and laid his hand on the saw. Jammed tight, it was. The cut had been started crooked.

He picked up an ax, and with a few careful strokes hewed out chunks of wood on either side of the blade, freeing the saw. Then with the axes in one hand, the saw over his shoulder, he went back down the hill.

Darned if he didn't feel kind of sick. Well, he had better snap out of it. There was too much to do around here. He hung the tools in the shed, got the handcart and wheeled it slowly toward the barn. Have to finish feeding the hens.

It was warm in the barn. Sunlight poured through the windows, fell across the brown planks of the floor. The two heavy work horses and the three cows stood peaceably in their stalls; Betsy, the barn cat, slept curled in a corner on a few wisps of hay.

Martin came to a full stop, realizing suddenly that the place where Betsy was sleeping was where the day's supply of hay for the stock should be, and there wasn't any. Ralph was supposed to do that, fork down that hay out of the loft. Well, the old man would have to.

Stiffly, he climbed the ladder into the hayloft. He drove his fork into the fragrant stuff, pitched a huge mound over the edge of the loft.

Martin pitched down a lot of hay. The idea was to show Ralph how much was enough, just in case he thought he could get away with a few wisps. His fork struck something hard and slippery, buried in the hay. He jabbed again and felt the thing slide away under the tines. A big, round leather ball shot suddenly into the air, struck a rafter and fell to the barn floor.

By tar! Even in your own barn, you couldn't get away from it. Martin sat down, suddenly, in the hay.

He came to, with a start, to hear Susie somewhere, hollering dinner. What was the matter with her? It wasn't near dinnertime yet.

Here he was, lying down in the hay . . . been so cussed tired he'd just slid down here and had a nap . . . maybe it was dinnertime . . . he wasn't hungry.

His mind took up suddenly where it had left off.

Well, let 'em . . . he was sick of it. . . . Let 'em do what they wanted to, the whole kit and kaboodle ——



"Don't pull that 'insecure' stuff on me. You're an ornery little brat, and you'll get on the ball or else, understand?"

Susie, coming into the barn, saw hi
ing slowly down the hayloft ladder. S
"For heaven's sake, pa, is that where
been? I've hunted the place over."

But Martin just walked by her a
hadn't been there.

"Pa!" she called after him, hust
catch up as he crossed the barnyard
come straight in and have some dinn
after that you're going to rest! This is
ishness, after that awful time you had
day night ——"

Martin kept on across the yard to hi
At the truck, he turned and stared at h
moment. "That'll be the day," he said,
I slow down in the daylight."

With some effort, he got into the
started the engine, and drove off do
road toward town.

Well, I guess he must be all right, she t
doubtfully. There had been plenty o
times when rage had made him white
face; and today he had reason. *He mu
that the boys aren't up in the pasture.
he found out downtown that Carlisle's
Boston.*

Ralph had come in, wall-eyed with
He had tried to use grampa's big saw
and got it stuck in the tree. Susie, seein
put her arms around him and let him cry
her. He was worn out, apparently gettin
kind of delayed reaction from Saturday
Susie sent him upstairs to bed.

At two Ralph got up, feeling fine. He
warmed-over dinner, and then went ou
barn. A little later Susie saw him w
handcart loaded high with grain sacks,
for the far chicken house to fill feeder

Around four she heard Martin's truck
back. She saw from the window that
somebody with him. A big man, carr
suitcase.

In a moment Martin came throu
door. The stranger, she saw, was going t
the barn.

"That's Melvin Hitchcock," Martin
"I've hired Melly to help me here on the
and I want you to move Carlisle's things
the kitchen chamber."

"What?" Susie said. The thing was
expected that it took the wind right out
sails. "Move Carlisle's things? Wh
for?"

"So's Melly'll have a warm place to s

"Oh, pa!" Susie said. "What do you
to be this way for? If you've hired some
it's a good thing. You ought to have d
months ago." She stopped. Martin was
right on, out the door, not listening. "
do you suggest I move Carlisle's things to
asked.

"I don't care. Throw 'em out the wi
Put him in the spare room. That's the
for a boarder."

Inside, Susie felt fury starting to boil
kitchen chamber had been Carlisle's
since he'd been a little boy. The accumu
of his things would take hours to move
the spare room had been unheated, u
all winter.

"And you can keep your kids away
my barn and henhouses," Martin said.
all their traps and trash and their baske
I won't have 'em around. I don't need
They don't need me."

He went out, shutting the door with a
which was just short of a slam.

All right, Susie said to herself. *That d
I've had it.*

Down at the motel Susie had been
comed with open arms. To have her an
kids with them was what Hazel and G
had always wanted. They loved Susie and
had no children of their own.

Hazel listened to Susie's distraught
with a grim face. "He's our own father
said. "And I hate to admit it, but not o
us but was glad to get out of there. Don
honey, we all did the best we could."

"I feel so mean," Susie sobbed. "He's
Hazel."

"I know he's old," Hazel said. "But
don't you forget that, Susie. He's able
he's got money enough to buy and sell u
Let him hire what he's always talking ab

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



This sheet was washed in blue Cheer*

*If you want your sheets . . . your wash . . . this white, Cheer is for you.

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a good strong woman who'll never go outside the kitchen, nor want to."

"He's done so much for the boys and me—he's got an awful lot on his side ——"

Hazel got up, put her arms around Susie. "George and I are going up there and make sure pa's all right," she said. "If he wants a housekeeper, we'll hire him one. You and the kids are staying here with us from now on."

"I don't know what to do—I can't just plunk in here on you with my whole family. And Charles ——"

"You good and well know you'll be a godsend. We're always desperate for help here at the motel. And as for Charles"—Hazel gave her a straight look—"Charles'll be delighted, and you know it."

Charles was. At suppertime he beamed around at them all. "Well," he said. "George, take a look at my family. Set fire, I've done pretty well for a single man."

The bus bringing the team home from Boston pulled into town at four-thirty in the morning. It stopped at the embankment by Martin Hoodless' pasture to let off Carlisle and Jerry Mooney, and then went grinding on down the hill.

Carlisle glanced after it, thinking, *I'm some glad to see the last of that.*

He heard a scrunch on the embankment as Jerry went up, the click of bare alder branches as he pushed through and out of sight, not saying anything, not even "So long."

All right. Alison hadn't so much as lifted a hand to him, either, when he'd got off the bus. Carlisle looked wearily at the steep embankment. Heck, it looked a mile high. His knee ached; the Novocain which had got him through that last game had worn off. The ache had kept him awake, tuning up like a toothache as the night wore on.

Carrying his suitcase, he scrabbled up the bank, sideways like a crab, favoring his knee.

Gray light was beginning to filter over the pasture, over a dusting of new snow through which old grass showed in patches. Over at the house he could see smoke from the chimney. Grampa's breakfast fire. And there was a light in the kitchen.

He eased carefully down the hill, climbed through the fence by the barnyard. The henhouses were waking up too. He could hear an occasional *cut-cut;* in the cockerel house a young rooster let go with the hoarse, adolescent *craw-aw-kk.*

Carlisle opened the back-entry door, set his suitcase down. He stepped into the lighted kitchen.

Grampa and some man were sitting at the table over plates loaded with ham and eggs, baked beans, fried potatoes. The sink was piled with dirty dishes.

For a moment, Carlisle could only stare around at the wreck of his mother's neat kitchen.

Martin turned around with a jerk. "What *you* want?"

"What?" Carlisle said. "Why, I guess I want mostly to go to bed, grampa."

"Not here, you don't go to bed," Martin said. "You ain't got any bed in my house."

He turned back to his breakfast, shoveled in a big forkful and began chewing.

Carlisle stared at Martin's back—the shoulders, angular, set with the stubborn slope of age, the broad, flat planes of the shoulder blades showing through the blue work shirt.

"Well?" Martin demanded. "What are you hanging around for? Take off, I said."

"But where? Where to?"

"What do I care, where to? Melly, why don't you shove that coffeepot back a little? The coffee's done."

The other man got up, and Carlisle realized that he was Melly Hitchcock, whom he knew as a kind of hanger-on at the poolroom downtown.

"All right," Carlisle said. "I'll go up and tell ma I'm back Then I'll shove."

He took a step. Martin pushed back his chair with a scrape. "You want to talk to your mother, go where she is. She ain't here."

Carlisle's head cleared. He could almost hear the click. The old devil. So he couldn't have his own way, he took it out on ma. Well, if she was gone, she'd be down with Aunt Hazel, she and Ralph and Dot. He went out, grabbing up his suitcase, slammed the door and started across the yard.

Tonight Ellen had a music lesson to give. She should be finished by now, Alfred thought, but he saw that a car was parked in front of the salt box.

It was no music pupil's car, he realized, taking a closer look. It was Chet Alison's. He had not seen much of Alison since his return from Boston. The ballplayers were all back in their classes, trying to make up lost work. Chet was not much in evidence around the school.

All seasons come to an end, Alfred thought, punching Ellen's doorbell. Nobody came, but the front door was seldom locked. He pushed it open and went in. He called, "Hi, Ellen, are you here?" before he saw the tableau in the living room: Ellen backed against the wall; Chet, one hand braced on either side of her, holding her there.

"Oh, Al!" Ellen said. "Come in!"

At the sound of her voice, relieved, near-hysterical, Alfred felt his neck bristle. "What the ——" he began and Chet spun around.

"What's the idea busting in here?" he demanded.

Alfred moved forward. "I bust in here quite often," he said, and stopped, staring in consternation and unbelief. Ellen's hair was rumpled, her dress torn. She was looking back at him with a kind of desperate humiliation

Let us dream. We begin with dreams, we end with dreams; and when dreams are no more we shall be animals again. WILL DURANT

Chet had stepped back. He was regarding them both with amusement. "You've got no kick coming," he said to Ellen. "You've been stringing me along all winter."

"I have not!" Ellen said. "You've no right—you had no reason to think ——"

"Uh-huh. So when I think a gal would like to stop playing footsie and have a little bit of the real, I try a little bit of the real," Chet said. "So you don't like it. Is that my fault?"

"Beat it," Alfred said. "Get out of here!" And he hauled back his fist and let go, and knocked Chet flat.

Chet landed on his back; he seemed to bounce. He advanced on Alfred, fists cocked, poised on the balls of his feet.

Alfred saw Chet's punch coming. It smacked against his jaw with a solid, meaty thwack, and Alfred went over backward, an almost complete somersault.

"Come on," Chet said. "Get up!"

Alfred scrambled to his feet. Chet's second blow steamed past his guard, landed in the same place on his jaw, only this time Alfred's reflexes functioned. His head jerked aside a little; the blow glanced, so that this time he was knocked down but not out.

He shook his head to clear it, working his jaw painfully to right and left.

This is, obviously, a shellacking, Alfred told himself. *What I need is a club.* He got up; but this time he could not even lift his fists.

He had been lying on the floor, he thought, for a long time, probably two weeks; because it would surely take two weeks for his head to swell to such an enormous size.

Someone slipped a hand under his head.

"Don't do that." Alfred said "Don't touch it. it's ——" There was no word to say what his head was. He opened his eyes. "I didn't see red " he said. "I saw blue. Eggheads see blue."

"Yes," Ellen said. "Oh, darling, are you all right?"

"It's just a matter." Alfred said, "of being an all-round guy. I don't know his specialty any more than he knows mine " He lifted his hand and felt gingerly along the edge of his jaw. "Ooh! What a wallop! From most things, I could probably protect you. From brute force, it doesn't look as if —— No. But will you marry me?"

Susie McIntosh had found it wonderful to live for the first time in a relaxed, happy household. She couldn't get used to being paid for doing work she enjoyed, and which seemed like child's play, for Charles' house had modern appliances; the equipment in the motel was up to date. Susie was feeling wonderfully at home, settled in, when the real trouble began with Carlisle's knee.

It had, seemingly, got better; at least he had stopped limping when one night she woke up to hear someone prowling around in the bathroom. She got up to see what the matter was.

"Ma, haven't we got any aspirin?" Carlisle asked. "My knee's giving me the devil."

Susie found the aspirin for him. But next morning the knee was puffy and red, and Susie made him stay in bed.

"I think he ought to have the doctor," she said, with concern, at the breakfast table. "I expect I'd better call Wickham."

Wickham turned out to be away. A medical conference, his wife said. He wouldn't be back for a week.

While Susie was putting on compresses, Charles strolled in. He kidded Carlisle along, sat by the bed cheerfully, but later when Susie came down to the kitchen he said, "Look, I don't think we ought to fool around with that knee. You pack a couple of grips for us, and Carlisle and I'll take a run down to the city to the clinic."

Susie stared at him. "You think ——"

"I don't think or know. But we mustn't sit around waiting for Wickham. Carlisle can travel now; if he gets worse, he won't be able to."

Susie hesitated no longer. She flew to pack suitcases: and after the two had driven off, she suddenly remembered that she hadn't even thanked Charles for his kindness.

Charles wrote to say they had arrived safely. A day later he telephoned. Carlisle was in the clinic hospital. The knee was infected. The doctors expected that antibiotics would arrest the infection, but they also said there'd been an injury to the knee, inside the joint. As soon as the infection was cleared up, they would have to operate. He would stay, Charles said. If Susie felt she wanted to come, then she must come.

Susie took the first train to Boston. Charles met her at the station. There was no question of his leaving her here alone, he said; he would stay.

A week later while she waited at the hospital for Carlisle's operation to be over, she was glad he had. She didn't know what she would have done without him.

He hadn't let her be by herself, to worry—outside of visiting hours at the hospital, he'd had plans for every day and evening. The first day Charles had asked if she'd come with him to help pick out a new suit.

"I need one," he said. "I've always been kind of a fool about such things. Left alone, I'm likely to pick me out a purple tweed."

Mildly surprised, because she had never seen much wrong with his quiet, conservative suits, Susie went; and, sure enough, his choice was unerring. He went to a tailor shop where it was obvious he had been before and concluded the whole business in twenty minutes.

"There," he said, emerging from a dressing room. "That's over. Now I'll do the same for you. You can't come to the city and not buy new clothes, can you?" He grinned.

"Oh, Charles, I mustn't. I can't afford it," she told him.

"You can't afford not to, at a time like this," he said. "A time like this is when. Come on. I know a good place."

In a new dark-blue suit, white ruffled blouse, new shoes and a foolish hat, Susie did the town with Charles. She had hesitated over the hat. It was expensive—far too much, she thought, for such a silly thing; but Charles made up her mind for her. He took one look and let out a delighted bawl.

"That's great, Susie! Buy it."

"But it's so high ——"

"High, nothing! You look like that in a hat, you've got to have it! Here, how much?" he said to the salesgirl. And he pulled out h wallet, paid for the hat, and hauled Susie ou of the shop.

She protested until Charles came to a sto in the middle of the hurrying crowd. "I use to bring you fancy chocolates," he said. "An valentines. Once I brought you a live frog."

Susie laughed. "You were ten years old You handed over that frog as if it were treasure."

"It was a treasure," Charles said. "To me, was. Right now, I'm fresh out of frogs." H sobered suddenly. "I've got a gall," he sai shortly, glancing away. "But keep it, Susie Let's go places."

Oh, dear, Susie thought as she walked alon beside him. He must know that she couldn accept an expensive present from him; ye obviously something about her refusal ha hurt him deeply. His eyes, for a moment, ha looked bleak; his voice had carried an under tone that sounded forlorn. *Well, I'm not go ing to have that,* she thought.

She said aloud, "Thank you for the hat Charles. I'll make it up to you this summer a the motel."

"Be sure you do," he said.

He was quieter than usual for a while. Then he seemed to forget all about it as they went here and there, seeing the sights in the old brown town.

Susie thought that the sight of her new clothes might cheer Carlisle up; she tried t interest him with stories of what she an Charles had been doing and seeing. When h seemed not to care, she remembered wha Charles had said about shots—maybe th medicine they were giving him was makin him feel fuzzy. The infection was clearing up the doctors were pleased about that. It ha been a strenuous treatment, they said.

"Would you rather I didn't talk?" she asked one evening. "Shall I just go away and let you sleep?"

"Oh, sure," Carlisle said. "Go on away, i you want to, ma. Have fun."

"Oh, hey," Susie said. "What does tha mean, honey?" She leaned down and kissed him. "I'm just killing time, you know that. I'm not really having fun."

"Uh-huh," Carlisle said.

Now, waiting for the operation to be over she kept wondering about him; what wa going on in his mind.

"Take it easy, Susie," Charles said. He smiled at her.

"Oh, Charles!" Susie burst out. "Wha will I ever do if he's lame? I don't think could stand it if ——"

"You could stand it," Charles said. "And so could he."

Something in his voice—an abruptness no usual with him—made Susie glance at him startled. Suddenly she realized what she had said, and to whom. For years she hadn't thought about Charles' injury. He kept it concealed too well, most of the time.

"Oh, Charles," she said. She felt her voice thicken a little, and paused until she could be sure it was steady. "I'm so buried up in my own troubles."

Charles grinned. "It's all right, Susie. I've had this gimp a good long time. A gimp is something you learn to live with as soon as it gets home to you that you've got to."

"People are so—I'm so ——"

"No you aren't. Half the time I forget about it myself, unless I run afoul of one of those blasted chairs or something." He stopped, then went on, his voice deepening. "I get by," he said. "I miss out on some things, like I've always felt it would be an imposition to ask a woman to marry me. Couldn't help wondering how she'd feel, seeing me take this contraption off every night before I could get into bed."

"Why, Charles!" Susie stared at him. "Any woman—any woman would be lucky."

"Would you?" Charles said. He did not turn around. "Would you feel lucky, Susie?"

"Yes, I would," Susie said. "Why, Charles, I'd—I'd marry you tomorrow, if only you would ever ask me."

She stopped, flushing red, appalled at herself; but thinking as he came toward her that

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"PUPPY PRINT" PLAY PAJAMA SET. Azure blue yellow. S M L $3.00

P...is for Pleep

which means being able to play *and* sleep in my Carter's play pajama! Mother says my play pajama is made of soft cotton knit terry, and it goes in and out of the washer and dryer and never needs to be ironed! It's full-cut to give me plenty of room—has elasticized openings for easy dressing, too. That's why Mother thinks P is for Perfectly-wonderful-Carter's-knits-that-are-so-good-to-give-and-get-as-gifts!



INFANTS' SACQUE SET
Plasticized pant, snap-fastened front. Azure, pink or yellow rosebuds. Layette size. $2.50



INFANTS' CREEPER
Nevabind sleeves, plasticized pant with snap fastened crotch. Blue, red or yellow. Sizes 6 mos. 2 yrs. $3.00



LACE-TRIMMED PANTI-DRESS SET
Nevabind sleeves, plastic lined matching pant. Azure, pink or yellow. Sizes 6 mos. 2 yrs. $3.00.

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everything was all right; there was no doubt of that.

"Susie," he said huskily. "After all this time." And a little later, lifting his lips from hers, "Not tomorrow, honey. As soon as we know, as soon as we find out how the youngster is. This afternoon."

The operating surgeon, coming in after Carlisle's operation, explained that he had removed some tabs of dislodged cartilage and repaired as much of the damage as he could. Carlisle would be in the hospital for a while for healing and manipulative treatment. As to whether the knee joint would be permanently stiff, they would have to wait and see.

The first of June was lilac time. Around the houses, in farmyards, the perennial bushes bloomed, sending forth perfume on the crisp spring wind. At the school boys and girls brought in great armloads of bloom to decorate the gym for graduation exercises. Final exams were finished. Everyone, it seemed, was going to graduate—if not with flying colors, at least graduate.

For days everybody had known about the athletic scholarships which were to be handed out officially on graduation night. To Jerry Mooney, of course—it went without saying; Joel Troy had one; and Dr. Wickham's boy, Dick. But not Carlisle McIntosh, who was back now from the Boston clinic, and seen occasionally around town on crutches.

Carlisle had been at the gym all day, not so much helping as waiting around for Debby. He had started out with the others, but the work of putting up the decorations was mostly on stepladders; fellows with two sound legs kept going ahead. past him, and doing it. By lunchtime he was sulky and sick of the whole thing.

Every time you went out or into the gym, you passed by the glass-enclosed cases where the basketball trophies were kept. There were quite a lot of small ones—area and regional awards—but only two big silver basketballs, the awards for the state championships, 1947 and this year. Carlisle paused by the case.

Quite a few photographs had been set among the trophies—group pictures of teams, shots of individual players. They were clear, dramatic pictures. There was one that was a honey, of the monumental pile-up of Boone players and himself, on the night when he'd first hurt his knee.

"Look at that!" people had said, peering in at this photo. "Isn't that awful, the way they tried to cripple him!"

Nobody thought about it now; or if people did, all they remembered when they saw you gimping around was that you'd lost their game for them, lost their money. Half the time they just looked away when they saw you coming. So all right, so nobody gave a hoot.

Ma, in Boston. When you'd think that the least she could do was worry some, what did she do? Tooted off all over town, bought new clothes. Made a fine use of the occasion to get herself married to Charles Kendall.

Oh, it was all right with him if she got married. Charles was a nice guy. But it just went to show. A guy's whole life was shot.

Since he'd got back, he couldn't even get right with Debby. She seemed to think he could do different.

Do *something*, she said.

Didn't say much, but you could tell she was blaming you all the time. Work, she said. Dig into the books, honey. We'll go to college together next fall if only you'll try to catch up. College! Who wanted that egghead stuff now?

He stood leaning against the glass showcase, staring in.

No mo- ball. No more ball, forever. Because if his knee ever did heal so it wouldn't be stiff, what kind of condition could he keep himself in, how could he ever get back what he'd had? To hell with it. A bum.

He heard a noise behind him, spun around. The fellow who had come into the building from the front door was nobody he'd ever seen before. He was a tall, sloppy young man, in old khaki pants and a black leather jacket, bareheaded, so that you could see how the hair had receded a little from his temples. A middle-aged guy. Thirty, anyway. He had a potbelly, and he wore a pair of old, beat-up basketball shoes.

Carlisle turned and had started to move away when the newcomer spoke.

"Well, well," he said softly. "Whaddya know!"

"What?" Carlisle said. "Did you say something?"

"Yare. I had a bet on, with myself. I lost."

"A bet?"

The fellow said no more for a moment. He stood looking into the case. Then he went on, "I bet they'd yank my pictures out of here. They didn't, they left 'em in. Whaddya know?"

Carlisle came back. He looked at the fellow curiously. "Pictures?" he asked.

"Sure. Them photos, there. That one." He laid a finger on the glass, pointing. "And drill my name off of that silver ball. You can tell it around town, so the women can lock their doors and keep the kids off the streets. Art Grindle. I just got home."

Carlisle turned red, aware that he had been caught staring. He swallowed with embarrassment. What did you say to a m just out of jail?

"Oh," he managed feebly. "Well. Hi."

Grindle looked at him. "Don't bust a gu set, kid," he said. "Hey, you're McIntos Old Shirttail."

"Yare," Carlisle said. "Yare, I am."

"What's with the crutches? How'd you g hurt?"

"Bad knee."

"In a game?"

"Uh-huh."

"Was that what ailed you that last game Boston?"

Carlisle stared. "How did you get to — He stopped.

Grindle shrugged. "They got all kinds lu uries down in the pokey," he said. "T newspapers. That Boone game, I got pretty e cited. You went on a whingding, made sor of the handsomest shots I ever saw. And the down in Boston ——"

"Don't tell me, let me guess. You'd nev know I was the same guy."

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Other views of Vogue Patterns on pages 86 and 87:

EASY TO MAKE

GEM OF A WARDROBE



Vogue Design No. 9939. "Easy to Make" coat; 10–20 (31–40). $1.00. Version shown requires 3 yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9941. "Easy to Make" two-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 4 yards of 45" fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9800. "Very Easy to Make" jacket; 10–16 (31–36). 60c. Version shown requires 1¾ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9866. "Very Easy to Make" skirt and stole; 24–30 waist measure. 75c. Version shown requires 2⅜ yards of 54" fabric with or without nap, size 26 waist.



Vogue Design No. 9940. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 39" fabric without nap for dress and jacket bands and 1⅜ yards of 54" fabric without nap for jacket, size 14.



How new BAN guards against "nervous perspiration"

What causes perspiration?

Why is the odor caused by nervous tension more offensive than the odor caused by physical exercise?

Do deodorants have to irritate the skin?



BAN's lotion formula is gentle enough for the softest feminine skin.

Read the facts about a remarkable new deodorant—called BAN® —that stops odor all day—and is gentle to your skin, besides.

What causes perspiration?

Medical science recognizes two different types of perspiration.

1. Thermal perspiration: This is caused by heat or exercise—and comes from relatively small, widely distributed glands.

2. Nervous perspiration: This is caused by emotional or nervous tension. And it comes primarily from larger, more powerful glands concentrated in the underarm area.

Why is the odor caused by nervous tension so offensive?

These larger, more powerful glands that cause nervous perspiration are *constantly* building up secretions that "spill over" at the slightest provocation of everyday anxiety.

Getting the kids off to school—hearing the baby cry suddenly—being caught in a traffic jam. Any of these common situations can trigger nervous perspiration.

And nervous perspiration produces *even more offensive odor* than the hardest physical exercise!

How does new *BAN* guard against nervous perspiration?

Amazing Ban contains *22% more protective ingredients* than the average deodorant. Ban protects against perspiration caused by heat, and by exercise, *and* by nervous tension.

Ban helps keep underarms dry. Stops odor *all day*—even the offensive odor caused by nervous tension.

Do deodorants have to *irritate* the skin?

Many women feel that deodorants have to be harsh and irritating in order to be effective. This is simply not true. They don't. In fact, one of the ingredients in Ban is akin to the body's own soothing oils and emollients. Ban is *gentle* to all types of normal skin.

Today there are no less than forty-seven deodorants that *look* something like Ban—that have tried to copy its unique roll-on design. But Ban is still far and away the deodorant most Americans trust. No other deodorant has duplicated the *formula* of Ban.

You can purchase Ban at drug stores, most food, variety and department stores.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

Grindle nodded. "An off night," he said. "I knew it! The same as us, the year we went down. This town! I'd like to see it burned down." He swallowed as if he had a lump in his throat. "Don't think I'm here to stay. I wouldn't die here, for fear somebody might find me dead in this place."

He swung around, flinging out a hand, thrusting his face forward. Carlisle got a whiff of his breath, foul with old whisky smell; the bared strong teeth were yellow and two of the front ones were missing.

Grindle jerked a thumb at his crutches. "So you're lame," he said. "Give your all. Like me." He turned back to the showcase again. "When that picture was taken, my whole foot was numb. I still got a couple toes ain't right. But did I care? I still never wanted to do a thing but play ball."

"People always said you were good enough for the pros," Carlisle said.

"Do they now?" Grindle said. "Why, if you want to know, I wasn't, not in a million years. I beat myself out, the whole summer after I graduated. The pros, they're college grads mostly, and all about seven feet tall. I couldn't pass exams for college on what I learned in this joint, and they weren't so free with their scholarships then. Pop said he'd send me a year to prep school. I never even knew enough for prep school. I got bounced out after half a term.

"So I come home," Grindle went on. "I hung around and played on the town team, but pop wouldn't stand for me doing nothing, said I better enlist. I was planning to leave the next day, and that night I had pop's car and a date in Fairport, the last chance I had to say good-by to my girl. Only no gas. And no dough, because pop was sore over my using the car so much. Feller in the gas station wouldn't trust me. He knew pop was good for it. He give me the ripe old bull about what bums all us young kids was. So I blew. I out of the car and let him have it, knocked him down. I never slugged the guy with a club, the way they said I did. Only my fist. He must've hit his head when he fell, because I just socked him on the nose. Just once. You know, they tried to shove me as far as they could see me go, but they couldn't make first degree stick, so I got manslaughter. I was a good boy in jail, settled down and learned to be a first-class mechanic."

"Oh," Carlisle said. "That's how it happened."

His mouth felt dry. He ran his tongue over his lips, trying to moisten them.

"Well, that's my side of it," Grindle said. "If you believe it, you're the first one ever did."

He turned and went down the corridor, his feet making a slight shuffling sound on the hard tile floor. The revolving door swung behind him; the sloping shoulders in the battered jacket passed out of sight down the steps.

Left alone, Carlisle stood by the trophy case. *That Grindle*, he thought. *So he's what happened to the basketball star.*

In the case the black-haired boy met his eye. Carlisle lifted a hand to him. "You and me both, bud," he said, under his breath.

Never trust a man's opinions on any subject until he has been in love. Love is the only thing which can make life as clear as noonday.
JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

Debby had planned a picnic. She and Carlisle had always had a lot of fun eating out—riding a long way in Katy, stopping when they were hungry by a lake or a river or halfway up a hill. If, when Carlisle climbed into or out of Katy, she could make believe that she'd noticed for the first time that his knee was better, maybe she could mention it; be surprised and delighted. Maybe that would work. Nothing else had, and she'd tried everything she could think of. His knee was better, but he hadn't said so. The only way she knew was by watching him move.

Debby had waited, feeling a little desperate. It was so easy nowadays to say or do the wrong thing. Of course you couldn't blame him for feeling awful.

Debby made all the kinds of sandwiches he liked—tuna, chicken, and a funny combination of peanut butter and catchup, which they'd discovered, fooling around, on a picnic long ago. She put in potato salad and a big frosted cake. And then they drove north along the River Road.

The riverbank was wonderful, the water high, all kinds of things—old leaves, sticks, pieces of grass—spinning down with the current in the sun. Little new alder leaves were out, bunchberries in bloom. All at once, to Debby, things seemed nice and normal again. Carlisle seemed quite cheerful and like himself; he even laughed a little, and he stretched out on a tarp spread under a tree, with the portable phonograph at his elbow, while she buzzed around getting out the lunch.

And then, he wouldn't eat.

Something made him feel bad, maybe because the place was so beautiful; though it seemed almost as if he'd planned, ahead of time, to feel bad, because he'd brought along one record for the portable, which he kept playing over and over:

"*But he lived on the shady side of the mountain,*
And she lived on the sunny side of the hill."

Debby listened to it three times before she said anything. "Hey, why don't we play something else? There's a whole box of records the back of Katy."

Carlisle glanced over at her without a kind of expression. He wound up the portal again

"Don't be marbly-eyed," Debby said. "I only that your friend there gets kind of fru in large batches."

She let go with an imitation of the fru baritone, which was quite a good one, wh she got the box of records out of Katy, push them across the tarp to him.

"Play that top one—that's Mary Mart singing 'I'm in Love with a Wonderful Gu That's more my speed today."

She went on unpacking sandwiches, layi out the picnic.

I won't unwrap all the sandwiches, s thought, *because we'll want to eat supper* o *too.*

She put two big packages of sandwich back into the basket, thinking, *I'll wait till starts to get up, and then I'll notice, with sou effects, that he can bend his knee, let him kn that that's the greatest* —— Aware of a pre nant silence, she looked up.

"Come on and eat," she said. "I'm starve Aren't you?"

"You eat," Carlisle said. "Go ahead, you're hungry."

The implication was plain enough—und the circumstances, nobo ought to be hungry.

Debby stared at hir "Don't you feel well, Carl

"Yare. I'm O.K."

She was hungry, so s went ahead. Things were little tasteless. When s had finished, he still didn seem to want to be di turbed. He lay stretche out on the tarp, with th same old record going. S Debby slipped away by he self and went for a wall

It seemed lonely along the riverbank. Th spring wind had turned cold; mud squelche underfoot. It seemed suddenly important t get back to company, back to Carlisle, feelin lonely, miserable too, under his tree.

As she came to the edge of the clearing, s saw that Carlisle had changed his mind. H was eating.

She was about to step forward, sayin "Oh, good, you feel better," when she notice that he wasn't eating the lunch she'd le spread out; he'd got one of the packages sandwiches she'd kept as a reserve for suppe

Why am I being such a fool? she asked her self. And then, *Because I'm scared. I've got t know.*

From behind the tree, she watched him ea heartily, healthily. Then, when he was finishe he packed everything, including what she ha left out, neatly into the baskets, put th vacuum bottle on top and closed the lids.

"Oh, you've packed up," she said, comin into the clearing. "Did you find anything a all you felt like eating?"

For a moment she thought he was going t make everything all right. But he said a littl remotely, "I guess I'm just off my feed today.

The moment passed and was irrevocabl gone. A little cold knot, like a lump of ice formed down inside Debby's breastbone.

"We'd better go home, I guess," she said.

"How about going down on the turnpike giving Katy a workout? Maybe riding'll help.

"O.K.," Debby said. "Maybe it will."

The turnpike was sixty miles away, but Kat had never found it an effort to travel far fo the sake of a four-lane freeway, with a sev enty-mile limit. She rolled into it, purring.

The swing on the turn dislodged one o Carlisle's crutches, which he had propped ove the back of the seat between him and the door Impatiently he slammed it back into plac with his elbow, and its head cracked agains Katy's shining paint, making a small dent.

"Look, watch it, will you?" Debby said.

Surprised, he glanced over at her. "You ought to hit your old man for a trailer to carry my crutches," he said. "Doesn't seem to b room for all four of us in Katy."

"There won't be, if one of us doesn't quit acting like a sorehead."



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are. I know. You'd rather I made a dent
u. Maybe we could lash them to the top.
verybody'd know what you're hauling
id with you, these days."
verybody knows. There's never been
ody with me in Katy but you."
ou try, don't you?"
es. Wouldn't you?"
Vould.n't I what?"
I were sick, or something I couldn't
I wouldn't make it so you'd have to try,"
old him.
Vell, well. The brave little heroine from
ospital bed looked up and said, 'Don't
hey cut off my head at the neck, but see,
n't need my head.'" He shifted impa-
y. "Where are we going—a funeral?
with the foot, why don't you?"
r answer, Katy slowed down. She turned
e freeway into a rest stop, parked at its
id. Debby turned off the motor.
What now?" Carlisle's patience was obvi-

can't drive," Debby said. "In a minute
ave been up a tree."
Vell, that would be a change."
e sat, resting her forearms on Katy's
l, looking out through the windshield.
ould be more of a change if you'd come
from the hospital."
Why, I'm back. The big, beautiful hunk of
layer, plus crutches. You want more?"
arl, don't."
on't what?"
ook, this is me. Debby." The look she
d on him was not accusing; but it was

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t. "Your knee's better. You can bend it
Two weeks ago, you couldn't."
e was still sitting indifferently, with most
s weight on the back of his neck; and he
without realizing it, drawn up his knees.
ooked down as if he marveled at the sight.
Vell, get a load of old Shirttail," he said.
bends at the knee."
hat means it's getting better. You must
known; why didn't you say? Oh, Carl. It
as if—it isn't everything. It's only your
——"
rlisle stared at her. "It so happens that I
e my knee. If nobody else does. Oh, you're
a lame knee, sweetheart, but I lo-ove you
he same ——"
You shut up!" Debby flashed. "I've cared
I've been about broken in pieces over it,
you know it! And it's better, and you
n't said. You mump around, trying to
e people feel sorry for you!"
Keep beating on it. The big, beautiful
of ballplayer, he can't win games any
e; he's got a gimp. So what is he? A big,
tiful hunk of bum."
slight breeze moved among the branches
e wood. It pulled a handful of petals from
adbush, twirled them, sent them flowing
ss the parking space like a little river.
by watched the river stop flowing before
spoke.
t doesn't do any good to blame other peo-
' she said.
Who's blaming anybody?"
You are. You even blame me. At least,
take it out on me. I feel horrible, too—or
l, until you made me so mad ——"
Look, you don't have to go around Robin
d's barn. I know what's eating you. Why
't you go ahead and say we're through,
you can't stand a guy with a gimp ——"
Because that wouldn't be the reason."
by's fingers had tightened on Katy's
el. The knuckles were white. "I think you
ought to know—I'm going to register at Chicago. This fall, I'm going there."

"Well, that's a nice long ways away."

"Yes. If you worked this summer, you could catch up. I could help you."

"I don't really go for that egghead stuff any more. It doesn't sound like fun. And you know what you're doing, too, putting it up to me. If you really cared anything about me, it wouldn't enter your head to go. But here you come, and spring it. You're all set."

"Yes. Yes, I'm going," she told him. "You don't see why."

"Well, why? What for? All you'll do is get married."

"Even for that," Debby said, "I need to know more than I know. So do you, now there are no more cheers."

"No. There aren't, are there? I'm just a bum, and you make sure I know by throwing it in my face. Come out with it, why don't you, and say that what you want is out?"

Debby sat, not moving, looking out through Katy's windshield. "I didn't mean to throw anything in your face. I tried to say how I feel. I don't think you listened."

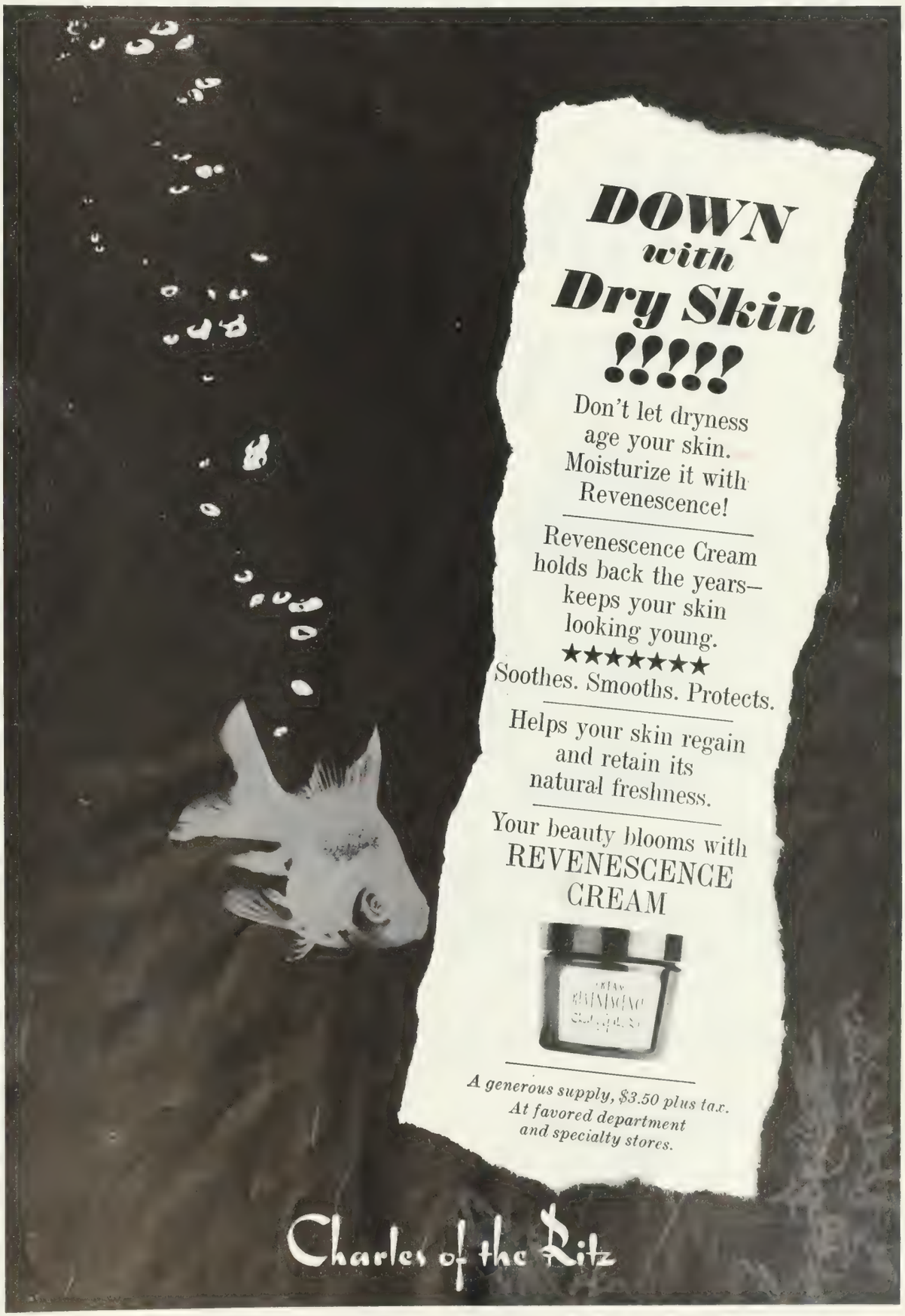
"Oh, I heard. I read you loud and clear. You don't like guys with gimps."

"Gimps in the knee I don't mind," Debby said. "I guess in the head they make a difference, Carl." She reached for the key, started the motor. "Come on, doll," she said. "We need that workout."

At the high-school gym, graduation ball was in full swing. Lights streamed out on the June night; the rock 'n' roll carried the length of Main Street. Light summer suits, bouffant dresses spun past the windows, kaleidoscopic. The floor shook with stomp and scuff of feet.

Alfred Berg, dancing with Ellen, stopped by a window, mopping his brow. "Wow!" he said. "Let's take a walk and get cool."

Arm in arm they strolled down the steps of the building and along the walk to the street.



What a lovely night," she said. "Why is it that it's always so beautiful the night of graduation ball? I remember mine—horse chestnuts in bloom, and a full moon, like now. And I had a lovely time—about twenty beaux, all wanting to dance with me. These kids dance with the same boy all evening."

"Monogamy," Alfred said. "It has its advantages. These kids just got it younger, that's all. Every new generation changes the rules of the tribe. By the time our kids are sixteen, the customs'll all be renovated again."

"Twice over, unless we start pretty soon."

"You keep your shirt on," Alfred said. "You know what my plans are for the summer. A cabin in Michigan. My beautiful wife. I can try and I can hope, but ——"

"Your beautiful wife will also hope and try."

"—— but I warn you, for three months I am not going to think about the young of the species. I am going to be Al Berg. Not Old Bugsy."

"I like Old Bugsy."

"Right now, I don't. Right now, he is a tired old codger of twenty-six. A square. Look at these cars," he said, jerking his head at the line of darkened, parked automobiles. "Everybody pulling in heads, like turtles, as I come by. 'Watch it, here comes Old Bugsy!' Know what I'd like to do? I'd like to run along here banging on all the car doors, yelling, 'Boo, youse! I've got a girl friend too!'"

Ellen giggled. "Do it. I dare you."

"They'd be more shocked than I would," Alfred said.

From one of the cars up ahead a girl in a pastel bouffant dress got out of the front seat, slamming the car door. She went by them swiftly, up the walk to the high-school building and vanished through the door.

"Debby," Alfred said under his breath. "That must be McIntosh in the car."

"I haven't seen him around tonight," Ellen said. "Or Debby either." She paused. "Oh, Al! Of course he can't dance, but surely he'd come to the dance with her."

"I don't know," Alfred said thoughtfully.

They walked on, past the car. Alfred could see out of the corner of his eye the shadowy boy slouched in the driver's seat, but he was careful not to turn his head.

"It's her graduation ball," Ellen said. "She ought to be having a terrific time. And she can't be because, according to their vicious little custom, she can't dance with anybody but Carlisle. Oh, Al! Could you do anything?"

"I don't know. I'd only be sticking my neck out. As a matter of fact, I have already and it is like talking in two languages, one of which never heard of the other. He can't stand the general unkind disregard dished out to a fallen idol. He just feels he isn't anything at all now. It's a shame. He's a smart youngster, all the brains in the world, only he won't use them. I've tried. I've busted all my strings, and he still couldn't pass any college-board exam in the country."

"Is that unusual? Mooney couldn't either."

"Ah, but Mooney hasn't got a lame leg. Going to Shangri-La on an athletic scholarship. He'll probably go right up to the top in the pros, have quite a distinguished career."

"You talk as if that might be a good thing."

"Certainly. Of course it's a good thing. What's wrong with a career in basketball, for a boy who's good at it, not able to do anything else? There wouldn't be anything wrong with ball if it were only kept in proportion. Can you entertain yourself awhile, if I go and stick my nose into McIntosh's business?"

"Of course. I promised James Goss a dance. I suppose I could get that over with now." She looked at him speculatively. "Al, don't ——"

"Don't what?"

"Oh, never mind, honey. You'll know what to do."

She went up the steps, into the gym. A few couples were already on the floor. She looked around for James, saw him, unattached, on the other side of the dance floor, and waved. He began to make his way toward her.

Ellen waited, watching the floor fill up. Beside the door Debby Parker leaned against the ticket table—a pretty girl, watching the others dance while she waited for her partner. If she were not having a good time, she showed no sign.

But she isn't, Ellen thought. *And at graduation ball, where a girl shouldn't have a care in the world.*

James Goss, at Ellen's elbow, said, "I take it this is my dance?"

"It is," Ellen said.

James was an old-fashioned dancer, belonging to the twirl-and-dip school. Whatever the beat of the music, James waltzed.

"A lovely sight, isn't it?" he said, as they slowly twirled and dipped, to the amusement, not too politely concealed, of some of the younger dancers.

"Yes, it is, rather," Ellen said.

She saw suddenly that Debby Parker had found a partner. Head high, smiling, Debby was spinning down the floor with Ralph McIntosh.

Out in the street, leaning against the open window of Debby's car, Alfred was making heavy weather of it. So far, he had succeeded only in passing the time of day.

"I like this car," he said. "Ellen and I ha been talking about getting one."

"Is that so?"

"Ellen's afraid my old boat won't hold t gether to haul us to Michigan this summer guess she's right. How is that driver's seat does it double you up any?"

"Seems to be plenty of room."

"Think I could try it on for size?"

"Why, sure, Mr. Berg." Carlisle moved ov out of the driver's seat as Alfred walked arou the car. Carlisle was neat and handsome in h graduation suit, his rippled, corn-colored ha carefully combed, his profile clean-cut, h voice quiet, polite, indifferent.

Alfred thought while he found the peda and went through the motions of testing t comfort of the car, *All this kid wants is f me to get out of here, leave him alone.* Aloud h said, "Sa-ay! I didn't think there'd be th much room. Easy on gas, too, they tell me."

"Uh-huh."

"Know how many miles to the gallon?"

"About thirty-eight, Debby gets."

Alfred whistled. "Something to think abou all right." Desperately he thought, *I could t on talking cars all night, and no way I co think of to butt in on this boy's business. Ber shut up and go away; it's probably a good thin*

He opened the car door, started to get ou "Well, thanks," he said. "I'm going to thin some more about it." Ha way out, he paused. "Ho are you set for the summe Got plans?"

"Oh, sure, Mr. Berg."

"A job? Something dow at the motel?"

"Yare. I'll probably gin around down there. Awhil anyway."

It was the first brea in the armor, and Alfre pounced. "I was hoping t get to you first." Even as I spoke, he said in his mind *Oh, Ellen, darling, forgive me!* "Ellen and are going to Coon Lake in the Michiga woods—a friend of ours has lent us his cab for the summer. I've got a lot of studying t do, but there'll be time for canoeing and fish ing. I thought maybe I could get you to com with us, if it was all right with your folks."

The impassive voice said, "Why, thank Mr. Berg. What would *I* do there?"

"Why, a number of things. Teach us t drive the new car, for one thing. Team u with me on chores—wood, water—whatev wouldn't be too rough on your knee. W couldn't make you a cash proposition, bu I'll tutor you in physics and chem, and Ellen brush you up on liberal arts. We'll guarante you to pass any college boards they can thro at you, come fall."

"Well, thanks. I don't think I'll both with college."

"Oh. Well, of course that's up to you. Wh don't you think it over, though?"

"I will, Mr. Berg."

Alfred got out of the car. "Good nigh then. Ellen and I'll wait to hear from you.

"Good night, Mr. Berg."

Back in the gym, Ralph was doing his bes He wasn't a good dancer. Debby was goo though. After a while he began to enjoy him self.

Debby's brother, Bill, dancing by, grinned and said to his girl, "Hey, dig old Sittin Bull."

Ralph felt his face getting red. He missed step, stepped on Debby's toe and couldn seem to get "Excuse me" up past his Adam' apple, which just made a clicking noise.

Debby said, "Don't pay any attention Ralphie. I'm having fun."

"Everywhere I go," Ralph said. "Funn stuff about Indians. It gets my darn goat.

"I know," Debby said. "But why show it?

Out at the end of his long arm she spun light on her toes, came back to him.

"If you don't let anyone see, nobody' know it gets your goat," Debby said. "N goat, no kidding. Give 'em as good as they send.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

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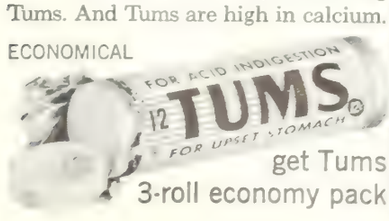
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

"Oh, sure," Ralph said. He brightened. "Gee, I will!" Of course that was the way to handle it. Ought to have thought of it himself.

At that moment the orchestra stopped playing. Debby stuck her arm through his. "Come on," she said. "Let's get a root beer."

She waited while he got into line at the root-beer machine, dropped in his coins.

"You must be dry," she said, smiling, as he came along lugging the bottles, two in each hand. "I can't possibly drink two. Can you drink three?"

"Oh, easy," Ralph said. "C-Carl and I drank six apiece once, on a bet."

Between the dance floor and the drink machine, Ralph had conceived a plan—get enough bottles, and then suggest that he and Debby take one out to Carlisle. It might not work; but then, again, it might.

Debby said nothing; Ralph paced along by her side, "Hot," he said. "Let's take it out on the steps."

Half the crowd was out on the steps, cooling off. The other half walked, two and two, up and down the sidewalk under the trees.

At the foot of the steps Ralph would have kept going, but Debby stopped and sat down, so he handed her a bottle.

"You forgot to take the top off."

"Oh, gee," Ralph said. "I figured you'd have an opener in your car."

"I do. You go get it, Ralphie."

"Well, Carl's there. I thought ——"

"Give him a root beer," Debby said, between her teeth.

"Ah-h, Debby! He'll only bounce it off my head, if I go alone. Come on."

"Look, Ralph," Debby said. "Noses out? Please? I'll wait for you here. If he bounces it off your head, bounce one back. You've got four."

Ralph gave a small moan of despair. He set off toward the car. Good idea, at the time. Flopped like a mop. Like most of his good ideas. "Brought you a drink, Carl," he said to the silent figure in the car.

"Oh, go play with your marbles."

"Ah-h, cut it out, can't you?" Ralph stood uncertainly. "Got four bottles here," he said, and drew a little closer. "Forgot to take the tops off. D-Debby said there was an opener ——"

He ducked as the opener flew past his head, landed on the sidewalk, bounced into the bushes.

"Darn it," he said, at a safe distance from the car window, "couldn't you just ——" He had been going to say "have handed it to me," but stopped. He turned toward the bushes. They were thick and high, full of thorns. He'd have to find that opener. He couldn't just haul out the one in his pocket, have Debby guess ——

She came swiftly along the sidewalk behind him. "Carl," she said. "Carl?"

There was no response from the car.

"I told you I'd tell you after the dance," Debby said. Her voice was tense, breathless. "I guess I can tell you now. Will you please get out of my car, so I can go home?"

She moved as if to walk around to the driver's seat.

Ralph heard the sudden whine of the starter, the roar as the engine kicked in. Katy pulled away from the curb. Ralph, blinking with astonishment, saw the taillight shoot along the street, growing smaller up the highway.

Debby said, in a whisper, "Oh, no," as if what was happening was something she couldn't bear. And then her head came up; she turned to Ralph.

"Where's he going?" Ralph said. "What does he think he's ——"

"He's just used to Katy, is all," Debby said. "He'll ride around and be back. He isn't going anywhere."

In the late night, little old Katy, the livir doll, headed away, going nowhere in partic lar; just away.

The highway was mostly deserted—n much traffic at this time of night. Katy passe a truck-trailer combination barreling alor with a load of freight for Boston. For a lor time she turned aimlessly from one byway t another, sometimes speeding, sometim slowing down where the road was bad.

Sixty miles beyond Fairport, Carlis stopped long enough to push the button th controlled Katy's convertible top. Obedient Katy folded her top back, but the dark privac of her interior was gone. Around him, i stead, was the world: vast sweep of starl sky; dark countryside; to north, to sout empty highway. He jerked his hand back t the button, brought the top up again.

Better turn around while there was so gas left. Katy would run on little, but n on nothing.

The dance was long over, the gym dar Three-thirty, he saw by the clock in th steeple of the old Union church. He left th car at Parker's Garage, got out his crutche started walking. It wasn't far to the mote *A while ago*, he thought, striding along, *couldn't have made it. Blasted knee's bette Won't be long before I can play again; heck I can always play on the town team.*

Main Street was empty; from curb to cur no cars, no people. The drugstore dark, th poolroom dark; lights out in Joe's Lunc Black shadows on the fronts of sleepin houses; by a corner lamp a chestnut tre brilliant electric green, with prim whi candles. Shadows on the concrete of the sid walks; shadow of himself, foreshortene the crutches foreshortened, moving across th patches; at the intersection, the traffic ligh turning from red to green and back agai busily directing nothing.

FREE DUST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

sixteen years old and could see the woods, the forest, whole. Who cared about the separate trees?

He did not listen as he went through the living room or he might have heard a disconcerting parallel to his opinions.

"The longer we live, the more we fall into the clichés of the comic strip, people like us," Mary was saying. "A rise in the anxiety graph on the first and fifteenth of every month. Old arguments about old habits that will never change; and all those halfhearted efforts to stay the effects of age ——"

"I know. Exercises done for a few mornings, then abandoned," said Zaida. "Diets started and then abandoned."

Mary sighed loudly. "I always thought there must be a cure for it somewhere."

"A cure for growing old?"

"No, for one's attitude toward it. Painless aging, like painless childbirth. . . . But I was going to tell you about Elmo. You notice the television cabinet?"

"I've been admiring it. I never thought that article of furniture could be so handsome. And what a good idea to have a sliding panel to cover the screen; that piece of dull glass, staring, can have such an effect on a room."

"That's what Elmo thought too. Well, that cabinet has a history.

"There was one day last year when every single thing went wrong. It was November, right after the Big Storm, and here we were with no power, no water, no light, and we'd bought an electric stove, like fools, so of course we couldn't really cook. We just kept roasting hot dogs in the fireplace.

"Also it was Sunday, and you know how terrible that can be. And it was cold and gray. The *worst* day. Timmy had a bad cold and I had my sinus, and I kept telling myself this, too, will pass.

"Well, Elmo has a cousin—thank heaven it's his cousin, not mine—who lives in Michigan. His name is Norwood Creamer, and he's perfectly nice; I always thought he was perfectly nice, but he has this wife! Her name is Eula, Eula Creamer. She has very arched nostrils and splendid teeth—white and strong and plentiful. She's never had a filling in her life, she tells you that, and opens her mouth wide to give you the experience of viewing her molars. Simon-pure. She is extremely durable in every way. She's my age and hasn't one gray hair, and her skin is like a baby's, and her eyes are clear and lustrous. They protrude, but they are lustrous. When she talks she forms her words very distinctly as if she were speaking to someone a little deaf or very old;

If we had paid no more attention to our plants than we have to our children, we should now be living in a jungle of weeds. LUTHER BURBANK

and she does something to the letter *r*—invigorates it—in a way I have never heard equaled. P*rrr*esident Eisenhowe*rrr*. Orrrganization. Cr*rr*eame*rrr*. And she's very well informed; knows all about legislative bodies and things like that. Remembers everything; can talk business on an equal footing with the men, and child rearing on an equal or slightly higher footing with the women."

"Has she children?" Zaida asked.

"Two. Boy and girl, bursting with vitamins and very successful. Each one president of the Student Council, and so on.

"Well, as I was saying, here we were on this dreadful day with all our crippled appliances, when who should blow in at exactly the worst time, about two in the afternoon, but the Creamers! Elmo was just getting well into his Sunday nap, under a litter of newspapers, and I'd settled down with the double crostic when I heard a car door slam outside and then voices. Or rather That Voice; and I knew right away who it was, and my heart sank. I had thought them a thousand miles away, in Michigan.

"There was nothing to be done. We couldn hide, the car was right there in the drive. An the door wasn't locked; Eula just gave on knock and flung it open. She doesn't stand o ceremony ever.

"I went to meet her and she was shoutin 'Surprise! Surprise!' flashing and scintillatin in a big overpowering way like the lighthous at Narragansett Pier. She clasped me in firm sensible embrace and explained they wer on their way to see Connie—the daughter a college—and had decided to stop and see us

"'I said to Norwood, "Why, Mary an Elmo are right on our way, Norwood, let' give them a *surprise!*"' she said.

"When we came into the living room Elmo poor creature, was just struggling up out o his nap, newspapers all over, beer can on th floor. My heart was wrung for him, he looke so helpless and appalled. Eula gave him on of her embraces, and then, holding onto him leaned back and scrutinized him.

"'Elmo, have you been *well?*' she asked

"'Can't complain,' Elmo said. 'Why? I loo sick or something?'

"'No-o,' Eula said. 'Not sick exactly. Bu your color does seem a little high.'

"'Beer and sleep,' Elmo said. 'That's a that is.'

"'But have you had a checkup lately?' Eul asked him. 'After fifty, all of us should hav semiannual checkups, you know.'

"'I'm only forty-eight,' Elmo said.

"Eula just laughed ringingly.

"'He really is only forty-eight, Eula,' I tol her. She is the limit. If you said you wer ninety-one, she'd just laugh that laugh, imply ing that you were really ninety-two and tryin to cover up.

"I thought I'd better change the subject an began rattling on about the storm and hov terrible it had been. (All the time I was snatch ing up newspapers and emptying ash trays trying, in a hurry, to correct the awful impres sion of dishevelment the room had presente when they came in. I saw *that* in Eula's light house glance.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Fight Tooth Decay with Colgate Stop Bad Breath All Day!



Every mother should give her family the benefits of Colgate with Gardol and its defense against tooth decay!



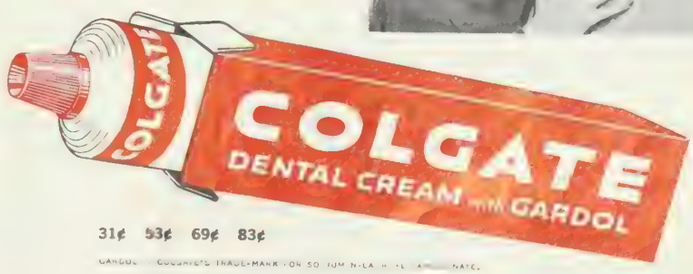
In two-year clinical tests, young adults who brushed with Colgate Dental Cream averaged 46% fewer new cavities than those who used *ordinary* toothpaste.

Of course, nothing completely stops decay, but you, too, may have *fewer* cavities if you start brushing regularly with Colgate Dental Cream. Because Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible defense to help fight tooth decay. You can't see it—you can't feel it on your teeth—but it's there to help fight tooth decay.

Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And for fewer cavities, brush with Colgate Dental Cream. Remember, you fight tooth decay with Colgate, help stop bad breath all day.

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol helps stop mouth odor instantly for most people. It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.





Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!





new!

"Golden Look" Compact! Handsome metal compact holds Sheer Velvet pressed powder plus creamy foundation $1.50. Pop-in refill, 75¢.



new!

Sheer Velvet Film, flattering make-up foundation with amazing new moisturizing ingredient, $1.50.

Most natural beauty in the history of make-up ...created with new Sheer Velvet

New softly radiant formula . . . light, yet clinging and moisturized to give your skin a dewy, youthful look. Covers imperfections to perfection. Looks completely natural, even in morning sunlight . . . stays fresh all day and prevents that mid-afternoon tired look. Start with Sheer Velvet Film, the ideal make-up foundation. Touch up as needed through the day with Sheer Velvet Compact. Dorothy Gray (Canada) Limited.

Dorothy Gray

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

"And she would not permit me to have my orm. She came right back at me and described a cyclone she had experienced the year efore in Kansas when her father's front orch had been ripped clean off the house and ssed away, and the Presbyterian steeple had lown into the next county. 'Nobody was illed,' she admitted grudgingly. Then she rightened up. 'But *many* were injured!'

"And it was she, of course, who caught the antle of Florence Nightingale and set up a rst-aid station in the public library. I'm sure verything she said was true. I'm sure she was godsend to the community. But somehow, s she talked, she managed to make me feel hat I had been timid and ineffectual in the ace of Nature's violence, and that Nature's iolence in the East was rather a joke anyway.

"So the afternoon went on like that: bad to orse. At five o'clock it began to rain and the re started smoking. By that time Eula had riticized us for having the cat spayed, sugested a new color scheme for the dining oom, recommended a superior brand of dishasher to the one we'd just bought, and asked ne tactfully why I didn't stop dyeing my hair.

"'Mary,' she said, 'the good Lord knew hat He was doing when He let women's hair o gray in middle age; it's so much more oftening to the featurrres.'

"I could feel the wrinkles forming on my ace, I tell you. And every now and then she ould scrutinize Elmo with a worried little rown, and I began to think perhaps he *didn't* ook so well.

"Timmy came in about six. He was fifteen nen, so he was writing poetry all the time nd we could *not* get him to the barber. He ooked like Group Captain Peter Townsend. le was above talking to people, too; at least o adults. But Eula persevered. She pried an dmission from him that he liked music, and ollected records.

"'Dave Brubeck, I'll bet; right, Timmy?' ula said knowingly. 'Jonah Jones? The verly brothers? Who *are* your favorites?'

"'William Boyce,' Timmy told her. 'Henry urcell. Vivaldi.'

"Eula looked dashed, for once.

"'Pre-Bach,' Timmy explained. 'Music still ncorrupted by Romantic.'

"When he'd gone, Eula looked at me houghtfully and said, 'Mary, have you ever hought of psychiatry for Timmy?'

"I said no, I hadn't. At that moment I could ave killed Timmy. I thought why couldn't he ave had his hair cut and talked about Junior Gilliam, or something, just for once!

"Eula kept right on. 'Timmy's an only hild,' she was telling me—news for me—and I have a theory that the only child *resents* he lack of sibling rivalry. He *resents* being leprived of a perrrfectly naturrral outlet for his aggrrressions.'

"I didn't dare look at Elmo, but I could eel him clear across the room beginning to eave and swell like milk coming to a boil.

"Norwood was just sitting there smoking is pipe, eyes half closed, and I had the disinct impression that he'd turned Eula off; hat he's able to turn off whatever she's sayng, if he feels like it. Well, he'd *have* to ——

"But instead of doing anything drastic, Elmo just suggested a drink. He'd offered this before, but Eula had refused for both of them on the grounds that the sun was not yet over he yarrrdarrrm. She doesn't like to drink.

"So Elmo said, 'The sun is now *under* the ardarm. Way under. It is time.'

"Norwood said he thought so, too, and offered to help, but Elmo declined and went off to the pantry, where he was gone rather a long time, I thought. He came back with whisky for us and something odd-looking in the last of our old wedding-present cocktail glasses for Eula.

"'I made it especially for you, Eula,' he told her with a little bow. 'It's called a Sunset Gun.'

"'Goodness!' Eula said, but she took it and drank it right down like medicine. Then she looked surprised. 'Why, it's perfectly delicious, Elmo,' she said. 'Just as good as a soda. I believe I'd like another.'

"She grew very vivacious on the first one, and her eyes sparkled as she gave Elmo some helpful pointers on how to run his office; but after the second she suddenly fell silent and the eye sparkle turned to more of a glaze. I had the dreadful thought that perhaps Elmo had poisoned her, and I could imagine how all our photographs would look on the front page of the Daily News.

"And then Eula stood up, a little unsteady but decisive.

"'Norwood, we must go,' she said, 'or we'll never get a table at Howard Johnson's.'

"'Why, listen, we can roast you a couple of franks right here, and we've got some nice canned kraut,' Elmo offered—oh, he can be wicked—and that really lent wings to their departure.

"'Elmo, what did you put in Eula's drink?' I asked him, when they'd gone. 'Nitroglycerin, or something?'

"And Elmo said, 'Do you remember the bottle of Pernod that Roy Baskin brought us in 1939?'

"Well, I was shocked; we'd never even dared to taste the stuff ourselves. But Elmo said, 'Look here. The only way you can defeat Eula Creamer is by casting a doubt into her mind about herself, and that's next to impossible. The only time I ever saw it happen was after those sazeracs at the Hardys'; so I just thought, well, maybe a little of that *Pernod* . . . so I went and got it, poured in a jigger, added some Vermont maple syrup and a dash of vanilla and filled it up with cream and there you are.'

"'What a terrible thing to do to *anyone!*' I said. But he didn't seem at all contrite; he'd gone over to the hall mirror and put out his tongue and looked at that.

"'She's right,' he said, very depressed. 'I don't look well. My color isn't good.'

"Nothing I could say reassured him, and by and by he went down to the workshop. 'Pretty soon I'll hear him building something,' I thought, and sure enough, in a few minutes I heard a sound of sawing and some muffled shouts. After a while he stopped shouting—he always does as the work starts to soothe him—and there was nothing but the sound of carpentry.

"He worked several hours that evening, and other evenings, and on weekends, too, but he wouldn't tell me what he was making. It was a surprise, he said. I thought, 'What on earth ——'

"Finally one evening he told me I could come down to the workshop. So I did and what I saw was this long queer-looking box on the floor.

"'What is it?' I asked. 'Some sort of boat?'

"He just looked at me. 'Boat, nothing,' he said. 'That's a coffin!'

"'A *coffin!*' I said. 'Why? For whom?'

"'For me,' Elmo said, and Zaida, you never heard such satisfaction in a human tone. 'Look how I've mortised the corners,' he said, proud as could be. 'They might have grown together, the tenons fitted in like silk! Look at the finish, smooth as a pearl. Why, it's a work of art!'

"'Elmo, I think that's *morbid!*' I told him. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"But he was all enthusiasm. 'Fine wood!' he kept saying, slapping the coffin. 'Fine piece of redwood. Always knew I'd find a use for it.'

"'Well, I think it's *morbid*,' I told him again, and he said not at all, that it was practical, economical and forward-looking. So I thought, 'Well, if it makes him happy'—and I pretended to admire the horrible thing. (It really was very well made.) As I came up the basement steps I heard him whistling Scheherazade, and that always means he's in a good mood. Oh, I tell you, Zaida, Elmo has character traits that nobody suspects!"

"I'm beginning to believe you," said her friend. "Is it still here, the coffin?"

"Wait. So the next day was Saturday. Elmo was out all afternoon, playing golf, *I* thought, but that night when we were going to bed he said, 'Mary, I went to see Everett Tucker today. I thought now I've got this coffin and all I might as well see about a place to put it, so I decided to pick out a plot.'

"'Oh, Elmo, that's *morbid!*' I said (that's all I seemed to say to him those days).

"And Elmo said, 'So I went to the cemetery and walked around with Everett, and I don't know, it's the wrong time of year to pick out a plot. The grass was dead, the trees looked dead, the sky was gray, and nothing was making a noise except some crows, and they didn't sound cheerful. And—I don't know—all those mounds; those rows and rows of mounds. The whole place put me in mind of a big tidy, gloomy dormitory—everything kept in line, you know, kept in line forever.

"'Everett showed me a plot he considered ideal; secluded, with a good view of the fairgrounds and choice company each side: the Listers, the Wendell Baileys, and so on. And suddenly,' Elmo said, 'suddenly I couldn't stand any more and I said to him, "Everett, listen; you've just lost a customer. Because I've changed my mind and I'm not going to die. I'm never going to die; but if through some slip-up I *do* die I'm not going to be planted in this garden. No. I'm not going to be planted, period. I want my dust to blow in a lively place. I want free dust."'

"And then Elmo instructed me as to how he wished his ashes disposed of. Or 'dust,' as he prefers to call it. He said he wanted some scattered on the fairgrounds that that plot has such a good view of; and some on the portulaca bed at noon on a red-hot August day. He said to save a pinch to scatter in Shubert Alley sometime when I'd been to town to see a good show, and another for the Stadium during the Series.

"I kept myself from saying this was morbid, because it seemed to be doing him a world of good. Even after we were in bed with the light out he kept holding up my sleep with new ideas: a little dust to toss into the woods on a September night when the katydids were racketing, for instance. And he suggested that it might be nice if I could sprinkle some over the brasses at the Philharmonic, 'but I doubt if it would be feasible,' he said, wistfully, and I said, 'I doubt it.'

"Then, as I was really drifting off, he jolted me back by saying, 'I know! A week or two before Christmas you could go to Macy's, when it's good and crowded, and from the moving stairway, just between the main and second floors ——'

"But that was too much. 'Elmo, you stop being *morbid!*' I told him. 'Turn over, now, and go to sleep.'

"So he did, and slept like a baby too.

"The next day was Sunday, a lovely day, and after breakfast I had the heart to ask him what he was going to do with the coffin. 'Sell it?' I asked him. 'Can you sell a thing like that? Would the Thrift Shop take it?'

"But Elmo said, 'No, sir. That's *good wood*, and it's not going to be wasted. I know just where to use it.' And the next thing I knew he was measuring the television set."

Zaida stared at the handsome cabinet across the room. "For heaven's sake," she said.

"I know," said Mary.

From upstairs in Timmy's room came a throbbing of music, faint shrieks of song. Downstairs in the basement they heard the closing of a door, then footsteps running up the wooden stair; a sound of whistling.

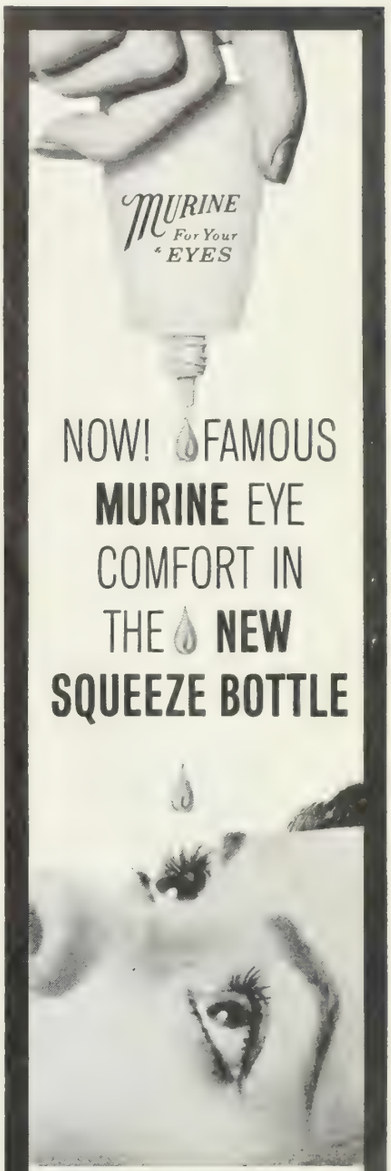
"Listen," said Mary, holding up her hand and smiling. "It's Scheherazade. So *that's* all right again."

END

WOMEN'S IDEA EXCHANGE*

A zipper that doesn't zip. We've found a remedy: a crayon or a zipper lubricant (available in notion departments or dime stores) or beeswax. Actually the poor zipper does have an excuse for being balky. Hazel Owen points out that today's laundry detergents do a fine job of taking the grease out. This is O.K. for the salad dressing on your apron, but not so good for zippers.

*Send your idea to Women's Idea Exchange Editor. $5 will be paid for each one used in the JOURNAL.



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Just squeeze one drop at a time... discover the easy new way to soothe your eyes...and so relax tension!

The same famous, gentle Murine now in a handy plastic dispenser. Just squeeze out comforting Murine, one drop at a time. New container can't break or spill in purse or pocket. Discover this easy way to soothe your eyes . . . and so relax tension. Keep a new squeeze bottle of Murine at home, office and in your car.





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HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

Weatherwise, it may be winter. Fashionwise, Barbara J. knows now:

Spring is on the way

Mollie Farnham, our Barbara J., makes her first important investment for the new season ahead. Her choice (after careful contemplation) is a good beginning for almost any wardrobe: a dress and matching jacket.

For a special occasion, Mollie can wear the dress alone; for a pretty suit look, she adds the jacket. A many-occasion costume. Mollie thinks it's the perfect spring starter! By BET HART



Mollie thinks the dress alone is perfect for evening. She adds only a strand of pearls, matching earrings. The neckline is scooped at the front, ends in a V at the back.



A change in the dress: Mollie adds white bias piqué at the neckline; accents it with a pin.



A change in the suit: The white collar is quick to wash and dry (it's blended with Dacron), but this time Mollie wears the jacket without it and fills the neckline with a scarf. It might be white, blue . . . or more polka dots.



Two sure signs of spring: polka dots and navy-and-white. Mollie's investment combines both in a cotton-and-rayon dress with its own short, double-breasted jacket. Price, $24.95.

DRESS BY GRACE LACY, PHOTOGRAPH BY PRIGEN



I dreamed I was a medieval maiden in my *maidenform® bra*

The past was never quite *this* perfect! I'm a legendary figure in STAR FLOWER, Maidenform's *newest* work of art! Genius idea: petal-patterned circular-stitched cups, underlined with twin elastic bands (*upper* band expands for custom fitting cups; *lower* band expands for comfortable give-and-take). White cotton broadcloth. A, B and C cups. A *collector's item* at just 2.50!

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When your hands are rough, red and dry, dermatologists say they lack moisture, not natural oils. Chamberlain's clear Golden Touch Hand Lotion contains not one but *two* of the most effective humectants known to science. Humectants are amazing clear fluids which control the delicate moisture balance of your skin by preventing the evaporation of vital skin moisture.

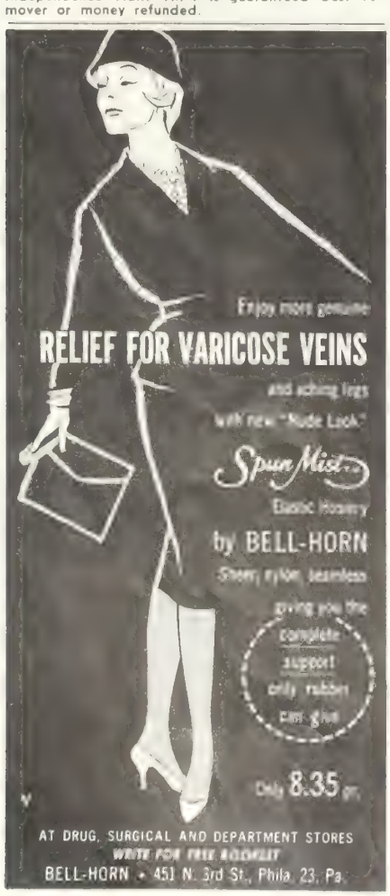
The secret of soft, smooth, lovely hands is moisture balance. Get clear, moisturizing Chamberlain's Hand Lotion today.

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NOW! WASH AWAY PAINT WITH WATER

ANYBODY CAN *EASILY* REFINISH FURNITURE, FLOORS, WOODWORK WITH NEW DISCOVERY.

Ask for TM-4 WASH AWAY PAINT REMOVER. Just flow TM-4 on — wait — wash finish off WITH WATER. This is same paint remover used to renovate Independence Hall. TM-4 is guaranteed best remover or money refunded.



IF I HAD IT TO DO OVER AGAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

Bless him, he arrived with his family's coupé and a big box of candy. He took charge of my record player and the records. I had to have high heels, he said. While mother sewed up the hole in the seat of my faded (and I mean faded) old blue swim suit, I dashed around hunting for high heels. I'd never owned a pair, none of my three close girl friends owned a pair—Jeanette Johnson, Diane Higley, Barbara Christie—we were going to be gym teachers! Then I remembered Pat Hockingsmith—she had pretty feet and high-heeled shoes; I borrowed a pair of size four with four-inch heels. My feet almost killed me through the whole contest. When we'd finished the "beauty" parade and were on the "talent" phase, I came out to do Betty Hutton, but first I told the audience, "I'm wearing heels for the first time and they're killin' me. May I take 'em off?"

They clapped and shouted "Yes" and I went through my routine in comfort. Then I packed up and got ready to leave. It was all pretty confusing and I was still wandering around not knowing what I was supposed to do next when they started calling out the finalists. I'll always remember the Chamber of Commerce man shouting, "Mary Frances Reynolds." I knew he'd made a mistake; there was a big war whoop from the audience and someone pushed me out on the stage. You should see the pictures taken that night. My mouth is hanging open, I have a dazed stare, my mother is all teary, my brother is shocked and unbelieving, and Jerry is shouting, wild, absolutely out of his mind. My dad had stayed home like a sensible man and when we came home and told him, he couldn't believe it. He loved me, he's always believed in me, but this didn't seem to have anything to do with *me*.

Daddy got into it when the matter of the movie contract came up. I'd reigned as Queen of Burbank for two weeks, there'd been parades and festivities, I won a robe-and-pajama set, a string of pearls and a trip to New York (more of this later); and a couple of talent scouts who'd been in the audience that night flipped a coin to see which one would offer this crazy character a test: Al Trescony of M-G-M and Solly Baino of Warner Brothers. I don't know whether Solly won or lost the toss; anyhow, he's the one who called. He spoke to my father and was so nice that my parents let me go to the studio and *make* the test. It meant nothing to us, it was just part of a joke—until Solly Baino called again to say I was being offered a movie contract. Then it became a serious family problem.

My parents and grandparents, the Harmans, had belonged for at least thirty years to the Church of the Nazarene. From the time I was three weeks old I'd gone to church three times a week, to services, choir and prayer meeting. Our church meant a great deal to all of us, and far from members of this church being allowed to act, they aren't even allowed to *see* a movie, or to dance. My grandmother and grandfather had never seen a movie; the first one they ever saw was the first one I made. You can imagine how violently the church disapproved. Various members told me straight out—movies were evil and I'd be committing a sin.

"Have you ever been to a movie?" I'd say. "Do you really know anyone who works at a studio? Why is radio all right, and TV, and movies so wrong?"

They couldn't answer. They started praying for me. One day when I was utterly miserable, I talked to my grandfather, who'd come up to visit from Texas. Grandpa was a deeply religious man, a sort of lay preacher, and we were very close. I was born on his fortieth birthday and loved him dearly. Was it evil to go into show business? I asked him. I'd seen movies, they seemed pleasant enough, why was it *sin?*

"Mary Frances," he said, "if you feel in your heart that this is right for you to do and if you live by the Ten Commandments, you'll always live a good life."

Meanwhile, the church opposition, the terrific pressure had had a curious effect on my father. He'd never seen a movie either, but he said no one was going to tell *him*, he'd have to see for himself. He and my mother and I visited Warner Brothers' studio. Daddy watched them shoot pictures, he met the drama teacher, the dancing teacher, the schoolteacher, and Mushy Callahan at the gym; and he came away feeling that this was a business like any other business, trying to get a product made and marketed. He and mother saw nothing immoral in it. They thought I was pretty young, but the decision was up to me.

I said no, I couldn't give up school.

The studio people explained that I'd be going to school on the lot three hours a day; but I didn't want to give up Burbank High. Then they said that I could go to school on the lot and still go to Burbank High afternoons. The contract would be for a year with options, $65 a week. It was exactly like someone's saying, "You've won the Taj Mahal." Sixty-five dollars! The most I'd ever earned was 50 cents an hour working at Penney's at Christmastime. Sixty-five a week meant tuition for college, it meant wealth. I signed.

And this is one thing I *would* do differently if I had it to do again. I'd take the contract, but not until I was older. I never was in a picture that amounted to anything anyhow until I was eighteen, and it's better by far to finish segments of your living as you go along. That contract meant a whole new world, an adult, sophisticated world for which I was not prepared. It's much better to stay young as long as possible, enjoy high school normally. From the minute I started at Warner Brothers, even though I went to Burbank High every day, school was no longer the same. I, who'd been in on everything, was suddenly treated as an odd-ball. Kids I'd thought were my friends turned their backs and walked away. Not my close friends, of course, but plenty of others who thought I'd got stuck up and said so.

"Why do you act like that?" I'd demand, furious. "Do I look any different? Act any different? Have I changed even one bit?"

"No, but you will," they'd say. And at sixteen everything matters. It always matters, but at sixteen everything *hurts*.

It was a relief when summer vacation came and mother and I took off for New York—the trip I'd won. Have you ever been to New York in mid-July? We traveled tourist flight, the plane was packed, there was no air conditioning at the hotel, but we thought we'd never get there again and it was as wonderful as going to Mars. We'd borrowed $100 against my salary, and took every bus tour the city offered; the tenement kids were right when they yelled, "Rubbernecks, rubbernecks!" The Junior Chamber of Commerce people wanted us to see everything and we did; we walked so much my mother walked right through one pair of shoes.

That first year under contract was misery. I didn't have anything to do, unless you count two days' work as an extra on "June Bride" (if you blinked, you missed me). I helped the secretaries file, helped the teacher straighten up the schoolroom, helped the gardeners garden and went crazy. Solly Baino and Bill Orr decided against "Mary Frances" and named me "Debbie." I not only hated it, I didn't answer to it for at least two years.

At Christmas I was temporarily laid off. One day the studio called; they wanted me to come in for art or something, and mother explained that she was sorry I couldn't, I was working at J. C. Penney's. They were horrified. At Penney's? Their starlet? They phoned me at Penney's and told me to come at once, they'd pay me for the whole day.

"And lose my job?" I cried. I was earning 50 cents an hour at Penney's in charge of the Girl Scout Department and I wasn't about to give that up for one day at the studio.

After Christmas, of course, business went on as usual and I helped the secretaries and helped the gardeners and studied in the schoolroom, serving my time. Sometimes the crew let me walk way high up on the catwalks and watch. I was scared to death of meeting Jack Warner, for fear he'd fire me. The guard at the front gate would warn me, "Duck, here comes the boss." And I ducked. I never did come face to face with Mr. Warner and he fired me anyhow. They'd finally written in a little part for me as June Haver's sister in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" and that did it.

I was thrilled. I could go back to the French horn, the band and the G.A.A. Only, within a week Solly Baino called me and carted me over to M-G-M. They were looking for someone to sing the Helen Kane number in "Three Little Words." All I had to do was sing "Boop-boop-a-doop" and they'd pay me $300 a week. Astronomical. Then producer Jack Cummings asked me to do "Two Weeks with Love" and I'd only have to sign a year's contract. I wouldn't be standing around M-G-M with nothing to do, I'd have plenty of work, there were only a few more months left of school, and college would be a certainty.

"Abba Dabba" from that picture became a record which sold 1,000,000 copies; I was sent on a personal-appearance tour at $2500 a week; and even more than the money, the audience "hooked" me. I suddenly enjoyed performing and stopped fighting show business. Up until now I'd been dying to get *out;* now I was dying to stay *in*. Staying in meant finding what in the world I was supposed to be doing. I'd been going on instinct in competition with girls who were beautiful and girls who were talented. I started studying dancing five and six hours a day, studying voice, diction and dramatics. For "Singing in the Rain" I had to really dance and there were only two months in which to learn. I couldn't dance around my own big toe; Gene Kelly and Donald O'Connor were experts. To be plunged into a professional situation over your head like this is a sensation similar to drowning. But now I didn't want to give up; I wanted to prove to myself I could do this.

What I had to do was learn and grow. Gene Kelly had me on sound stages day after day studying with Carol Haney, now a star, studying tap and ballet with Ernie Flatt, top choreographer, later, on The Hit Parade. Dance dance, dance. At night I'd go to the American Society of Dancing with my friend Camille Williams from Burbank High, who'd followed along as Miss Burbank of 1949. We took primitive jazz, modern tap and ballet. I danced until I was staggering, trying to cram into two months techniques which I might have learned in ten years. It was so frustrating; when Gene Kelly'd come on stage he'd find me slamming my dance shoes against the ceiling.

My temper was volcanic and my language abysmal. When my brother and I were tiny, Uncle Owen had taught us to swear like troopers; he'd give a prize to the one of us who cussed the best. More than once my mother'd been called to grammar school when I'd used a really delicious word on some little bully who'd just yanked up my skirt or pulled my hair. Mother felt it best not to make a point of Uncle Owen's language and she was right; by the time I was in high school it had vanished. Now, under tremendous pressure, back it came. I hate to be pushed; push me too far and . . . one day I was so exasperated I took off my tap shoes, hurled them against a huge mirror on the stage and shattered it. I cussed too. People, shocked, stared after me as I walked out.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

LADIES' CHOICE

By KAY OWENS

While some girls stay single—
And choose that lot—
Nearly all of them
Would rather knot.



Now! A better-fitting napkin you can wear and forget!

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LAVORIS® Mouthwash and Gargle

Your mouth feels sparkling clean for hours



Only LAVORIS, of the 4 best selling mouthwashes, is accepted for advertising by the AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

I was so ashamed I walked and walked around the big concrete stages. There must be some way to get things done without outraging other people, I thought, and from that day to this I've never again lost my temper.

It wasn't as hard as it sounds. The temper certainly had never accomplished anything; anger only begets anger in others, and you get a lot further by saying please and saying it quietly. If nothing else in the whole world, the movie career had taught me something as valuable as the college education I missed.

Now, I had been enticed to begin with by the money, and what has it accomplished for me? In the beginning it gave me pocket money. I could go bowling more than once a month. As time has gone on, it has enabled me to do many things for the people I love. My mother and father are both talented people. My mother sews beautifully; my father is able to build or fix anything. They have been able to become even more talented. Mother took courses in patternmaking and drafting; she's become expert. They can redecorate the house whenever they want, and it's possible to have new ranges and refrigerators and washing machines where, when I was a kid, we used things until they fell apart.

For me, personally, money has given the freedom to do many things. I don't actually believe in working mothers; perhaps because I went to school with a girl whose mother was an actress who could never be there when the other mothers were—not even for high-school graduation. By working at top speed now that my children are young, I'm hoping, in five years, to be able to work only for fun, and for perhaps three months a year while they're at school. Money gives you a sense of future security, the ability to give to charity, and a certain independence which probably in my case is dangerous. I was independent before I had two cents, and I don't think men like independence in women.

Actually, the money was less important than something else I hadn't counted on—the self-expression. I'm an extrovert, I love comedy ("The Gazebo") and I express myself in the parts I play. And drama, like my current "The Rat Race," and "The Pleasure of His Company," now in production, is exciting because it's a challenge and you constantly find new facets in your own self. It's a stimulating business, a good business, the horizons are international.

I'd do it again, but not at sixteen. And I'd prefer that my little girl, Carrie, finish high school before she ever enters show business—there is certainly a possibility of it; she has a tremendous imagination and she is the product of two show-business people. If she does grow up mad about the business, it would be silly for her to go to college. My son Todd, on the other hand, I want very much to go to college, and I'd hate his going within a mile of show business. For a man it's an insecure business with an average time span of five to ten years. Count them on your fingers: Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant, Clark Gable, John Wayne. Yes, they've had good long careers, but they're each one in a thousand. A woman, logically, will marry and be cared for; but a man carries financial responsibility for a family and his career as an entertainer is precarious. I'd try to dissuade Todd. But Carrie ——

Someone recently—a top designer—said to me, "But would you *really* want your daughter in movies?" What he meant was, "Would you want her to be at the mercy of producers and directors, the Hollywood wolves who supposedly exact virtue as the price of a starring role, who chase every girl who appears on the studio horizon?" He was dumfounded when I told him that I've met all the top men in this business and all they've ever done was talk to me—from Howard Hughes down. As a matter of fact, I'm a fan of Howard Hughes; he produced "Susan Slept Here" and I found him a brilliant, friendly, warm human being I'd like to know better.

"Susan Slept Here" saved my life, by the way. I'd been very busy at M-G-M until Dore Schary became head of the studio. At first I didn't understand why everyone was working but me. Then I realized Mr. Schary didn't find me very talented and I didn't work three or four years. They were going to d me, I knew, when this chance for a loan- saved me. Dick Powell is a fine man an fine actor; he taught me a great deal. This actually my first big romantic role. There a scene where I was to reach up, put my ar around Dick's neck and kiss him. I shut eyes, missed his mouth and hit his nose. T director yelled "Cut," the crew was hysteric the make-up man rubbed the lipstick off Di and I almost died of embarrassment. D just said, "Keep your eyes open until you kissed, Debbie."

I wasn't exactly expert. I was the one w had held the *light* for the kissing game "Sp light" we played at parties. When any of t kids did ask me for a date in high school:

"Hey, Frannie, how about a date Saturday the movies?" (Everyone called me "Frannie

I'd say, "You really want to see the mo or you just want to neck?" I'd hid behi the couch and heard my brother and friends talk about girls, which ones wo "swing" and which ones wouldn't. No o was going to talk about me that way.

Even Hollywood hasn't changed me muc From the time I decided to find out what was doing and started the intensive lessons kept with those lessons until I got marrie And that meant classes almost every nigh Dating was pretty much a matter of necessit You have to go to cocktail parties a *premières*, you have to make appearances many business functions. I liked a number boys and dated a number, including Hu O'Brian and Tab Hunter, who are still f friends and who, like Jerry Odens, were co fortable with me and allowed me to be crazy and have as much fun as I liked. T same is true of the men I go with today. Th are tried, trusted friends with whom I can t at ease and have fun; good companions wh know me for exactly what I am; who kno that the last thing in the world I want rig now is anything serious.

The boy I dated most was Bob Wagne and he and I had some very happy time Actually, I had a kind of schoolgirl crush o Bob, but it was never a romance and in tim he outgrew me. He was very wise. We we getting into a dating habit; it wasn't a seriou thing, but it was too steady a thing. And Bo suggested that since neither of us was thinkin of romance or an engagement, we should sto dating for a while and date others. I like Bob, I liked any number of boys, but ther was always something lacking until I m Eddie. We met on the set of "Athena." I wa wearing a pair of old rehearsal tights, my hai was in pin curls—not even a trace of lipstick- and I was trying to play a harp twice as big a I was, thinking myself very much alone, prac ticing for a sequence in the picture. When looked up, there was Mr. Pasternak—an Eddie Fisher standing with his arms crossed smiling at me.

Our first date was at a party at Dina Shore's.

Our second was the next night at his Grov opening.

On our third date he proposed . . . marriage

It was a lovely, bewildering, happy time Neither of us had ever been in love before Neither of us had ever had time even to dat a great deal. Some people thought we couldn' make up our minds because we had a lon engagement—but we had a year's engagemen so we could get to know each other and know about each other's life.

This I would never do again.

What we did was put ourselves on the spot If you care for someone and just go steady with him, that's one thing; but the moment you become *engaged*, then the outside world moves in and you are bombarded. Just when you most need to be alone.

Most celebrities suffer tremendous unhappiness from the nonprivacy of their lives. It's something the person in show business finds difficult to understand and to which he never grows accustomed. At any rate, we were engaged for a year and I became more bewildered than ever.

Marriage is a complex situation; the more I knew about Eddie's life, the more bewildered I grew. I don't suppose there's anyone who,

middle of the wedding, hasn't wondered haps escape might still be possible out ck door. We had wanted a big wedding t home. We postponed it when business Eddie east, and the press immediately ated that we'd broken up. We were d quietly a few days later; and the nt the barrage of conjecture subsided, I o longer frightened, all was well.

ve no regrets about my marriage. It was l, normal, all good. I have no regrets my love for Eddie, no embarrassment erness. He is the only man I ever loved. xperienced and learned a great deal. age is a way of life: two people wanting ate lasting happiness; and I don't know e who hasn't had some trouble achiev-

There's a lot of rough road to cover. e have to grow; learn and adjust to each If two people have faith, if they're both e, a happy marriage is certainly possible. ot the best informed on this subject, probably made a number of mistakes, at it's difficult I know—and not only in circles. The girls I went to school with been married and remarried, some of two or three times. One girl has six chil- another has two. They've married all of men in all kinds of businesses, and of their marriages didn't last either.

e thing I'm sure of: you must give all n give and whatever difficulty comes up, ust think "How important will this be e, ten, fifteen years? In terms of the bomb, how big is this argument?" Most doesn't last half an hour! When Mr. shchev was here, I became even more of this, of the need to put the emphasis ur personal life. In a world threatened s and H's, what is important except to r those you love, *with* those you love? t's what my parents did for us; that's I want to do. Children I've wanted as ck as I can remember. They are a great nd I have found I can express myself s happily as a mother, am just as fulfilled y with Carrie and Todd, as I am in . Todd is a little more reserved, but he's warming up to make-believe, and Carrie is a little extrovert and ham. Children don't ask to be born and they deserve all the love, the understanding and the time my parents gave Bill and me. We used to sit around the table every night at dinner and discuss everything. There are so many questions to ask, so many discoveries to share. My parents were Scout leaders. Mother let us have meetings at home; she took the girls on overnight hikes. Daddy helped her. But that was only part of it. They listened to us; they were firm in their discipline. At least my father was firm once and never had to be again—when my brother and I set the house on fire. Billy was five and he got spanked. I was three, so I simply watched; but it was all my mother had said one of daddy's spankings would be. There wasn't much discipline problem after that. I only mention discipline at all because it's part of a child's security, and I like to be on hand to establish my children's security as much as possible.

My parents were *with* Bill and me and they gave us a faith and a sense of security that is the backbone of my life and has seen me through a lot.

This last year and a half hasn't been easy. Being hot copy means pinning your life to a bulletin board, and it's a blow to a woman who loves a man to find that he loves someone else. The easiest road out is to be destroyed. You can take unhappiness and knit it into endless unhappiness, or you can take unhappiness and utilize it as an experience toward happiness. You have to rebuild your own self-confidence. You have to realize that it isn't extraordinary for people to go through many things; that life is a matter of the bitter and the sweet and there must be some reason ——

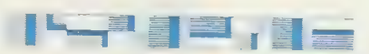
I mentioned that we had been engaged for a year so that we could know each other; but the fact is that I doubt that men and women ever do know each other. And I'm the living proof of that. I was never happier in my marriage than when I didn't know it was ending. When the newspapers phoned me from New York and I denied everything, I was only telling what I thought was the absolute truth.

Now I realize that people are capable of changing from day to day, that no one, even oneself, runs true to the mill. At one point on the road, it's possible to take another road entirely. I don't think one knows even oneself. We are all capable of doing something unexpectedly, out of passion.

At the moment of calamity, I had help. My mother and father asked no questions—each of us has our own life and they respect this—but they looked as badly as I did . . . and they believed in me. I phoned them as soon as I knew what had happened. And I phoned my friend Camille Williams, who had just come



Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life. Life and death are parts of the great adventure. THEODORE ROOSEVELT



home from a tour with Dan Dailey. My other dear friend, Jeanette Johnson, would have come, I'm sure, but she is the gym teacher we dreamed of being and it wouldn't be fair to drag her away from her busy job at Glendale High. Camille was free and she came at once and stayed six months. I owe her more than I can ever repay; for if you are to save yourself in a case like this, you have first to get everything off your chest, all the horrible pent-up pressure. I talked to Camille and she did me the enormous favor of listening and forgetting.

I owe my brother Bill a lot too. He moved into the house and has been here ever since. He's studying to be a make-up man and he works hard from seven to five, but he's great around the house, a right and left arm. Last weekend he and my dad cleaned out all the debris around the eaves and trimmed the olive tree and Bill cemented back into the wall the gate that had accidentally fallen out. It's important for the children to have a man around the house, and Bill roughhouses with Todd, which is good.

And Marge Champion. I'm crazy about Marge and we've become close friends ever since our babies were born. She's a steadfast friend and you can depend on her advice. It isn't emotional advice, never one-sided but always philosophical, objective advice. With Marge and Gower, I started attending church for the first time in several years. From the first Sunday I realized there had been a void in my life; now it's a great source of strength and calm.

I owe a great deal, too, to the good job awaiting me. To be able to give enjoyment to people not only keeps one busy, but helps rebuild one's mental confidence. You have to believe in yourself again as a human being and as a woman.

I don't question what has been. The point is that you must utilize experience, learn from it and grow. Even the publicity I decry—and I still say that there are matters which could be handled with far more taste and less pain by three people than by millions—yet normally there is a warm and wonderful feeling as you go about the country and are aware of people everywhere as a sort of big-sized family. If as you grow and mature some of the naïveté rubs off, there is comfort in the fact that you learn from everything. I'll never be surprised again. I may be hurt, but never surprised. You can never be the same as you were. Who is going to stick his finger into a wall socket again? Or if he does, he'll at least know what he's doing.

Today, for the first time, I can look life in the eye, know what it's about and enjoy it more than ever before. I'm looking forward to the next five years, because they promise so much, because it's a beautiful life and I've just begun to live it. I'm looking forward with all my heart; and when I do look back—yes, I'd do it over again. END

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BECAUSE WOMEN CARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

growing pains, to form the new "R-2" district. Her second son, Jimmy, was now in a first grade of 53 children. But that fall she happened to go to a meeting.

Two years before, the state of Missouri had asked a group of leading citizens to make an impartial study of Missouri's schools. This citizens' committee was now anxious to get its findings to individual school districts. One of the committee members, Mrs. Aaron Fischer, from nearby St. Louis, came to address the Teachers' Association of newly formed R-2.

Mrs. Bastian remembers, "It wasn't going to do any good to talk to the *teachers*, but there was no organized public for her to talk to. I was vice president of the Lee Hamilton P.T.A. at that time, and my president called me up and suggested we go. Everyone there was given a little digest of the committee's official report, and as I read it I was simply appalled. I wrote the very next day for a copy of the full report."

To Mrs. Bastian, firm believer that education should be an intellectual experience, this report was a revelation. There she found her first clear picture of the system which would be educating the three sons of whom she w so proud (Jimmy, too, was turnin out extra-bright). It was a picture of ay- below-average state support for lu- cation in spite of above-av ge wealth, below-average teachers' al- aries and patchwork teacher trai ng. Teacher certification was in a sta of utter confusion, with 81 different pos of certificates listed by the state nd certain special state requiren nts (such as credits in Missouri his y) effectively discouraging teachers m out of state. Kindergartens rece ed no state money, had no state st d- ards set for them at all.

What struck her most, howe , were the state's standards for gra a- tion from high school. A high-sc ol diploma required 17 credits, but ly 8 of these (spread over four ye s) needed to be in academic subj s. This minimum applied to all stude s, regardless of ability. In additio l credit in "fine arts" was requ d (chorus and band were the most p- ular), 1 in "practical arts" (shop d home economics) and 1 in phys l education. The remaining 6 cre s were wholly elective.

It seemed to Mrs. Bastian that e report's "conclusions" that gre r state aid was needed, that teac r training should be improved, sala s raised were manifestly just and t . Above all, it seemed to her that e report's restrained comment on e number of school hours spent i basketball was not nearly outspo n enough. She began to realize tha her own district buildings were the only problem; quality of edu tion was another. It was shared only in St. Louis County but acr Missouri, probably across Ameri

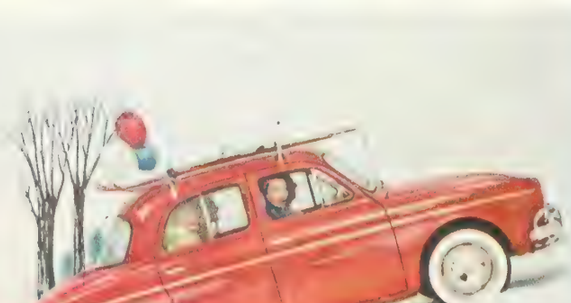
She says now, "It was this rep that got me started." The next sch year of '53–'54 curly-haired Mild Bastian, with the warmly infecti manner and capable air, was elec president of the Lee Hamilton P.T. but it was not an office that inspi her with its possibilities. As she sa "There was *no* organization amo all the P.T.A.'s in the district f taking up common problems." O the winter she began jotting down t names of people she knew or hea about who were interested in (or w ried about) the schools.

By spring she finally went to t telephone with her list of names in h hand. She was not quite sure what s was starting, and she had had no e perience in organizing things oth than in her job as secretary before h marriage, and volunteer work wi the Red Cross and the League Women Voters in her new communi since. But she was amazed at the r sponse she wakened. She found th under the surface of R-2's appare apathy were many citizens who b lieved strongly in good schools, an were delighted to be offered a chan to work for them.

The first result of Mrs. Bastian telephoning was a meeting of 30 pe ple in the living room of a Ferguso home. In August, the group of 3 advertised a public meeting in a Fe guson park. Close to 150 people fro every corner of the district turned ou including many business and profe sional talents. They organized them selves, drew up a constitution, name committees. "We were a citizens group, you understand. We wante people to know that these were *thei* schools. We've asked professiona school people to help all along, bu no school people are members." Thu was the "R-2 School District Al liance" born.

Mrs. Bastian is quick to say of th Alliance's growth, "So *many* peopl worked on it. I had very little to d

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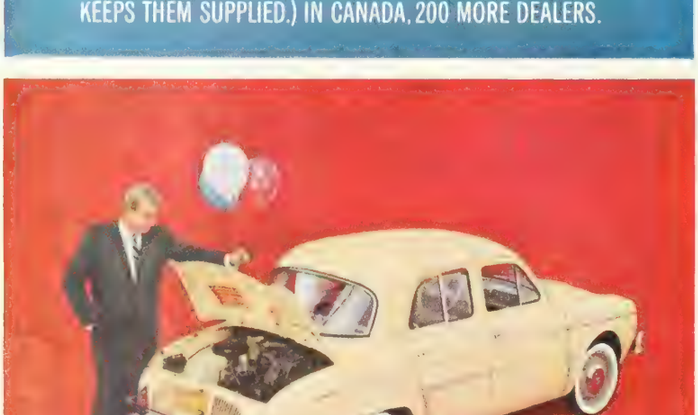
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t. Besides—I had a baby while this was on."

s. Bastian had discovered she was pregn June, about the time the first meeting took place. During the Alliance's first he served on its board, but her preferred on to this day is behind the scenes—at tle dining-room desk where she can keep e on the children in the yard, and drop ork to start dinner when it's time. There been a few epochal times in recent years she has been extremely busy with major cts, and away from home a good part of y, but even then her family has cheerfully er through them. Mr. Bastian, a tall, late man, as interested in education as fe, complains that too many of his staff plumbing-contracting business don't how to figure percentages even though re high-school graduates. The boys know hese great affairs involving their mother rn their very own schools. Mrs. Bastian so had her faithful helper, Gertrude, for ys a week since her youngest boy, Petey, hree. Her general rule of thumb is to the children *all* my time when it's their think they'd rather have an undistracted na for half an hour than a distracted one y long."

early December of 1954 the fourth n child, a daughter, was born. Today ar-old Katherine Emily, a dark-haired ubbed "Casey" by the family, is proving ght as her brothers. She can take tele- messages, count backward from twelve, ut catchup on her own hamburger with- billing, and is still another reason why eeds good schools.

s. Bastian says, "To tell the truth, when liance formed, the school board and staff were slightly worried. How a citizens' like ours avoids suspicion is the sixty- ollar question."

the school people were to stay to bless oup of hard-working citizens. All during 0's industry found a perfect site for h in the broad river valley north of St. Factories sprang up like mushrooms f R-2's borders. What sprang up within ders were housing developments.

rkers have flooded into them, bringing ribs and their tricycles and their chil- Florissant (1950 pop., 3700) has become ling ranch-type city of 25,000. Ferguson most doubled again to 21,000.

the six years since the Alliance was d, R-2 has had to put up ten new schools, ditions to both old and new. The dis- as qualified for Federal aid, since it is a se impact" area (Mrs. Bastian says, "I *ve* Federal aid to education; we've made ffective use of it here"), but bond issue ond issue and increased local taxes have ecessary as well. Of the 29 districts in uis County, R-2 is now second in school ation, but it ranks only twenty-first in , and these taxes have hurt. Thus the ce's first job has been as an unofficial -relations arm of the school board—g facts before the public, organizing intensive campaigns, getting out record votes. Mrs. Bastian is running out of fingers to count the bond issues she has helped campaign for; she once made five speeches in a single day.

This has been hard and necessary work, but not the work of her heart. She was eager from the first for the Alliance to tackle that other problem—the quality of education—and she saw its opportunity in 1955, the year when President Eisenhower summoned top leaders in education from across the country to the White House to discuss urgent national problems. It was a year when educators and citizens in every state were meeting to thrash things out before sending representatives to Washington. Smaller communities held local conferences to precede state ones. Some states held several hundred such community conferences. Missouri held two, one in St. Louis, the other in R-2.

The "R-2 School District Community White House Conference" was a triumphant success. Sponsored wholly by the Alliance, it gave interested citizens their first large-scale chance to work out with school people the pattern they wanted their local schools to follow. Two discussion workshops were held, followed by a final meeting in Ferguson High School. Five hundred people in all came to argue issues that concerned them all. Mrs. Bastian says, "We worked our heads off. But we *think* our people were fairly well informed, and we hammered out the issues toe to toe."

Perhaps the heart of the conference's findings is best expressed in a letter written by the conference chairman (Mrs. Bastian had had the catchall title of "co-ordinator") after it was all over. He wrote, "I believe that the need for community conferences is evident from the divergence of opinion between educators and lay people shown in our conference. State conferences which are dominated by educators . . . are only partially representative."

Mrs. Bastian is putting this another way when she says, "I think it's fascinating that whenever you get parents together to discuss education, the thing they want to talk about is curriculum." Many of the conference's resolutions passed unanimously, but one of those that received a vote of 52 "for" and 37 "against" was: "That the high school require a greater emphasis on basic science and cultural subjects, toward an understanding of our modern world." It was the schoolteachers who provided most of the "nays."

Public-school teachers, deeply embedded in the present school system, have many reasons for a different outlook from parents', including their day-to-day experience with students, but to Mrs. Bastian it was becoming clearer that *if* the aims of public education were to rise, citizens like herself would have to provide the leadership. Therefore when Mrs. Aaron Fischer, who had become deeply impressed at the remarkable activity going on within R-2 in recent years, invited her to help prepare a similar regional "workshop" conference for the whole of St. Louis County, she could not resist the invitation.

Preparing for the first "St. Louis/St. Louis County White House Conference" during 1956 was one of those epochal periods (she was in charge of all written material) that took Mrs. Bastian away from her quiet desk at home. But she has never regretted her decision to move into a larger arena, for there is no doubt in her mind that the St. Louis WHC has proved big enough to get things done. The first public conference was such a success that the St. Louis WHC decided to become a permanent organization. Mrs. Fischer has been chairman, Mrs. Bastian served three years as secretary and as a member of several committees. Thanks to the workshop's "resolutions," the Conference had a definite program, and Conference representatives (often Mrs. Fischer and Mrs. Bastian) made very sure that state legislators, the state education department, and St. Louis school officials knew just what it was, and how widely and strongly it had citizen support. The year after the St. Louis WHC was formed, the legislature voted full funds for an extensive program to increase state aid to local districts. The education department worked out reciprocal teacher-certification agreements with five neighboring states, a measure strongly urged by the St. Louis group to ease the teacher shortage. The St. Louis school board appointed a committee which

YOU KNOW ME

By MEMORY McGONIGAL

In a crowd of a thousand you'd know me, you said. We laughed
At our fond first-plighted importance, but gently, a truth
Lies under the laughter of lovers. Even in the daft
Bright words of beginning, it was true. I knew. There is a truth
Like the seeing sun in your eyes; you know me indeed,
Even in the chittering crowd that a woman is:
The drudge, day-driven . . . the infant stringent with need . . .
The matriarch in marble . . . the minx in the frizz
Of fashion—in a moment, out of all these noisy strangers
You know me, always; you find me, tangled and tossed
Although I am, among chiders and knowing changers:
And then, as simply as a child no longer lost,
One goes running to meet you, with a quick glad cry,
Out of the moon-flung multiple that is I.



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eventually set up a city-wide system of ability grouping in classrooms.

Once again, much of Mrs. Bastian's work for the St. Louis WHC has been backstage paper work (Mrs. Fischer says of Mrs. Bastian, "Mildred is a rock of reliability. And when ability like hers is coupled to a disposition like hers, this is a joy!"). But one of her keenest satisfactions was her association with her chairman, Mrs. Fischer, whose devotion to the cause of high-quality public education matches her own. The two women have become fast friends, and together have stanchly supported the St. Louis WHC's growing interest in their common concern: curriculum. In 1958 the St. Louis WHC staged its second public workshop, at which citizens and schoolmen once more discussed the issues. By this time the tenor of criticism had grown sharper. The 1958 conference recommended more mathematics, science and humanities, more opportunity to study foreign languages, an accelerated curriculum for the able, multiple graduation requirements for high schools. Once again publicity was wide. Mrs. Bastian alone appeared on four television panel shows. She reports with glee that unknown thousands of St. Louis citizens watching one of them saw a high-school student on the panel rise and say, "We don't work half as hard as we should in school, and what's more, we're not required to."

She says, "The White House Conference *is* my love. You *do* have to have buildings, but you *also* have to keep up curriculum standards, teacher qualifications. You can do so much more toward this if you have a broad group behind you that has endorsed these standards. If you can go to your superintendent and say, 'The regional conference recommended that there should be a minimum program for gifted students. Isn't that a wonderful thing to shoot at?' this is so much better for him to hear than complaints about his schools."

The influence a large body like the St. Louis WHC has on individual districts is not always measurable, but Mrs. Bastian is certain that when a district has a citizens' group like R-2's Alliance, ready to carry the ball straight to its own school officials, results are more apt to show. Certainly the academic atmosphere in R-2 has been more electric in recent years than at any other time within Superintendent McCluer's memory. As he puts it, "The Alliance is giving us the first real public support we've ever had for something other than dramatics or competitive sports." Evidence of this new spirit was the fact that last year the school board asked Mrs. Bastian to serve on a citizens' committee to study the curriculum being offered in R-2's schools. It was a courageous step, for it meant inviting impartial criticism. It was also an invitation for her to ge[t] heart of what she cared about most—t[he] stuff of education.

For a good part of last year, Ja[mes] Conant's *The American High School T[oday]* a worn paperback edition was Mrs. B[astian's] bible. She returned contentedly to des[k] at home, with the sounds of children's [voices] in her ear. The final report, finished la[st] mer, showed, among other things, t[hat] Ferguson High School class of 1958 hac[d] percentage of what Dr. Conant calls [an] demically talented" youngsters—thos[e] tested in the superior range or were ou[t] ing in elementary algebra; 22 per cent [of] class fell in this category. Mrs. Bastian [has] what Dr. Conant calls an "academic [his]tory" of their school records, to find o[ut] what kind of education these "superior" [pupils] had received. It is a procedure Dr. C[onant] urges upon all high schools, for no one [else] knows what the national picture is. Fe[rgu]son record may be typical: Not a single [boy] girl had taken Dr. Conant's recomm[ended] four years of mathematics; only 28 pe[r cent] had taken three years. Only 15 per c[ent] these superior boys, 8 per cent of th[em] had taken his recommended minimum [of] academic courses requiring homework [in] their four years of high school. Mrs. B[astian] picks up a card with a look of real sh[ock] her face, and says, "Look! Here's a bo[y] an I.Q. of 125. Four credits in chorus! [One] in shop! This is the way he earned his [high] school diploma!"

Her shock is not directed at the high-s[chool] teachers who let this happen. As far as a[nyone] knows, Ferguson is as good as mos[t] schools across the country. Mrs. Bastian [does] not even argue with Superintendent Mc[Cluer] who feels obliged to remind Alliance me[mbers] from time to time that "our students ar[e] variously motivated. A big high school [must] be vocational and comprehensive." Her [concern] is directed only at what she regards as a[n] waste of intellectual capacity.

She feels that pressure from groups lik[e the] Alliance and the St. Louis WHC is essen[tial] this waste is to be stopped by even a little. [But] these things move slowly. But they *do* m[ove]. And Superintendent McCluer adds, "I [want] this: if parents want more academic sub[jects] they're going to get them. They have or[ganized] tell us."

After six years of helping tell, Mrs. B[astian] can now say, "R-Two has had its extra [share] lem of dramatic growth, but I think [we've] done just *about* as well as most distric[ts] improving the quality of our education [here]. She smiles and adds, "You know, I think [what] I've been working for all along is to ge[t the] high school in shape before my boys get th[ere]

YOU CAN HAVE FUN WITH YOUR CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

But after he's had her on the defensive for a few weeks she's glad to settle for merely keeping the upper hand in a majority of their encounters.

Things are easier in the three-to-six-year-old period because most children have stopped making so many issues just for the sake of making issues. They admire their parents and want to be like them. It's enjoyable for parents to be considered strong, handsome, wise, rich, even if it's only a three-year-old who thinks so. Children at this age are delightful in other ways. They show affection quite freely. Despite their lack of knowledge, they are surprisingly sophisticated in their evaluation [of] people and events. In other words, they are good companions—if we can only stop being drill sergeants long enough to give them the chance.

After the age of six or seven the pickings are thinner. The child senses that he must graduate from being a parent-adoring person, and be on his way toward becoming a citizen of the outside world. He can't give up his intense attachment to parents gracefully. He must push them away impatiently, question their statements, balk at their rules, absent-mindedly repeat habits that irritate them, scowl at them. This shift comes as a rude shock to inexperienced parents. Where is their satisfaction now? The outlook isn[t] gloomy as I've made out, of course. To [the] degree that the parents can hit the right [bal]ance between keeping reasonable con[trol] allowing sensible independence, playing [up] the child's budding sense of responsib[ility] they can still have fun with him. But now [most] of their gratification must come from s[ee]ing his successes outside the home, in schoo[l] friendships, in projects. They can shar[e] these triumphs from a distance, secretly. [They] can't horn in too closely on these activ[ities] or he will clam up and fend them off. [The] parents' cue is to be interested listeners w[hen] he feels like recounting his exploits (no o[ne] any age can resist talking when he has ar[e]preciative audience) and to avoid criti[cism] like the plague at such times, unless a [real] issue of morals is involved.

Another cue is to respond co-operative[ly] requests for assistance in building sche[mes] expeditions, formation of Cub Scout gro[ups]. It's hard for parents, who are used to b[eing] the boss and who also find the best of chil[dren] boring after a number of hours, sudden[ly] switch roles and play the willing assistant [to] child who is taking the initiative.

I won't try to go far in discussing ad[o]cence—it's too complicated. In some resp[ects] this is the hardest period in which to e[ver]

ıe's children. They are apt to become even ore critical and argumentative because, as ey approach adulthood, they feel an increas- g rivalry and rebelliousness. On the other nd, their interests and tastes are maturing, they may be able to share these more nuinely with their parents, at moments when e mood is just right.

Is it harder to enjoy one's children today an in previous centuries? I can see pros and ns, but I don't know how they balance out. lo think that parenthood has been made less mfortable for many parents by the coming all the new professions into the children's ld: the psychologists, psychiatrists, pedia- cians, child educators, parent educators. ıey have made modern parents acutely vare of all the thousands of things children ed in order to be healthy and secure, from tamin A, allowances and affection to zwie- ck, zinc ointment, and zoology in school. is knowledge has given conscientious par- ts a burdensome sense of obligation, and a nviction that every fault in the child is their ult. Think of how much pleasanter it must ve been when parents and grandparents re the supreme experts in child care, and ıen maladjusted children were just bad, at's all, and downright unappreciative of all at was being done for them. On the other nd, in those days diphtheria, scarlet fever, ieumonia, infant diarrhea were ever-present reats which killed hundred of thousands of ildren every year. That must have impaired e enjoyment of parenthood. I also imagine at, back in the days when children were eant to be seen but not heard, when it was widely assumed that they came into the rld as barbarians and could be civilized ly by unremitting parental correction (as is ll largely believed in some European coun- es), it didn't occur to many mothers and thers that children could be fun to live with. Now I'd like to look more closely at present- y parenthood, and focus on the differences tween those who seem to enjoy their chil- en a lot and those who don't enjoy them arly enough. We could say, as a rough rule, that parents who are happy have a better time with their children, but this statement doesn't explain anything that isn't obvious already. We can understand this a shade better if we realize that people who are contented in adulthood were generally the same way in childhood. *Their* parents brought them up in such a way that they accepted themselves comfortably, enjoyed life, liked their parents most of the time. When they grow up and become parents, they trust themselves because they assume they'll do the job as well as their own parents did. And they trust their children because they learned every day in their own childhoods that children *are* trustworthy.

In contrast are the mothers and fathers who were made to feel too guilty in their own childhood, made to feel that they were basically naughty and unreliable, even though the neighbors might have considered them very good indeed. (I'm not talking here about the children who were really bad—only about those who felt they were bad.) When they become parents in turn they don't have enough confidence in themselves *or* in their children. So they worry too much, fuss too much, nag too much. Thus they cut themselves out of a lot of pleasure. And of course they irritate and provoke their children so that the latter are less pleasant to be with.

This factor—of reliving our own childhoods to some degree in rearing our children—shows up in many of us in the way we are particularly apt to identify with our first child, especially if he is of our own sex. We are overinvolved in everything he does, wanting him to triumph in all the ways we triumphed or wanted to triumph, dreading that he will fail in the respects in which we failed or nearly failed. We are much more likely to let subsequent children be themselves.

You can see that I've been up to my old habit, when trying to make a point, of putting parents into two contrasting groups. In actuality there are very few parents who enjoy their children all the time, and very few who never enjoy them. Most of us lie in the middle. In rare moments of reflection we wish it were possible to be up closer to the ideal end of the scale. I myself have had those pangs of regret, mainly when I was away from home on a professional trip. I would remember all the delightful and admirable qualities in my children, wonder why I had to act dissatisfied so much at the time when I was with them, and kick myself. But it didn't seem to have done much good when I got back.

Is there no way, then, of enjoying our children more, since we can't go back and live our own childhoods differently? In the first place, we aren't victims of our fate nearly so much as I've made out in this oversimplified discussion. We have considerable free will. We all use our judgment in bringing up our children somewhat differently from the way we were raised.

Though I don't believe that parents can do a better job by being told to act differently (which only confuses and inhibits them), I'm quite convinced that they can help themselves by understanding children's motives and development more clearly. This can be done by watching children, reading about them, discussing them with other parents and professional advisers. When you know that it's common for one-year-olds to become picky eaters, that it's normal for a child after six to become less well mannered and well groomed, less charming, more pesky, you won't be so threatened by the change, you won't take it so personally.

I think it helps parents, too, to find out that other parents have the same problems, become frustrated, get mad at their children, treat them unfairly at times. This is comforting and actually leads to better relations.

Parents who are distressed about their children most of the time, and have hardly any fun with them at all, can get more help by turning to a family social agency or child-guidance clinic. It takes long-term counseling to untangle the causes of such problems and dispel them.

When all is said and done, I don't think that parents can experience, for long periods, the pure delight in being with children that some grandparents speak of. That degree of enjoyment is possible only because long-range responsibility is lacking. (If it were necessary for the grandmother to adopt the child, she'd be back in the stew.) It's part of the basic nature of a parent to be concerned. If he weren't concerned, he couldn't be a good parent. The child wouldn't recognize him as a parent or turn to him whenever he really needed guidance and security.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

GIFTS

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

These you may give me: the warmth of your voice,
Your quick amusement when I am clever,
Your hand in welcome—but never, never
A hint that I am your love, your choice.

These we may share: a meeting by chance,
A casual walk till our two ways part,
And careful talk about books and art—
But never, never a telling glance.

For I must give you the practiced smile
Of one committed to loving vainly,
And mask my face, lest it show too plainly
The ravages of my long denial.

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DI PIETRO

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By MARGARET WILLIAMS

Thinly sliced ham simmered in a ruby cranberry sauce, golden cheese grits and a salad medley for a casual Sunday supper.



STUART

Mostly, brides approach the subject of cooking with happy, loving hearts, and a slight case of beginner's jitters. For them, here's a meal that has *everything*, calculated to make the most inexperienced cook feel right at home in her kitchen. Our delicious main dish, Ham Alalou, has great showmanship: it may be sizzled in a chafing dish right at the table in a matter of minutes, or brought to the table piping hot in one of the numerous attractive stove-to-table skillets. The ham may be the "bought" kind, thinly sliced at the grocery store or delicatessen, with the fat removed, or it may be leftover baked ham.

Prepare the vegetables for the salad the day before and marinate them until time to tear up the crisp greens and toss the salad. The cheese grits take only twenty-five minutes to bake, so be guided accordingly; preparation up to the final baking may be done ahead of time. Dessert is a luscious almond cake, baked, cooled and stored until time to serve. It will be moist and *so* delicious!

* Margaret Williams, whose first book is a cookbook, The Well-Fed Bridegroom (Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York), was born in New York City. She now lives in New Orleans, runs a gift shop, helps cater Mardi Gras balls and, in addition, manages to keep her own large home running smoothly.

© 1957 by Margaret Williams

MENU FOR A HAPPY HUSBAND

HAM ALALOU
MARINATED VEGETABLES
CHEESE GRITS
FRENCH BREAD
ALMOND CAKE WITH COFFEE ICE CREAM
COFFEE OR TEA

Ham Alalou

1 cup dark brown sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup cider vinegar
5 teaspoons dry mustard
6 tablespoons butter
8–10 thin slices cooked ham
1 cup whole-cranberry sauce

Mix together the dark brown sugar, granulated sugar, vinegar and dry mustard. Pour into a warmed chafing dish or skillet. Add butter and cook until mixture thickens, about 10 minutes. Stir occasionally. Add ham and cranberry sauce and continue cooking until hot through and edges of ham begin to curl. Makes 2 servings.

Marinated Vegetables

1 cup well-seasoned French dressing
½ cup thinly sliced raw carrot
½ cup thinly sliced celery
½ cup sliced cauliflowerettes
3 cups crisp greens

Heat the dressing and add sliced vegetables. Simmer for about 5 minutes, cool and marinate in dressing for several hours. Drain vegetables just before serving. Toss with crisp greens which have been torn into bite-sized pieces, adding about 2 tablespoons of the salad dressing and salt and pepper to taste. Makes 2 generous servings.

Cheese Grits

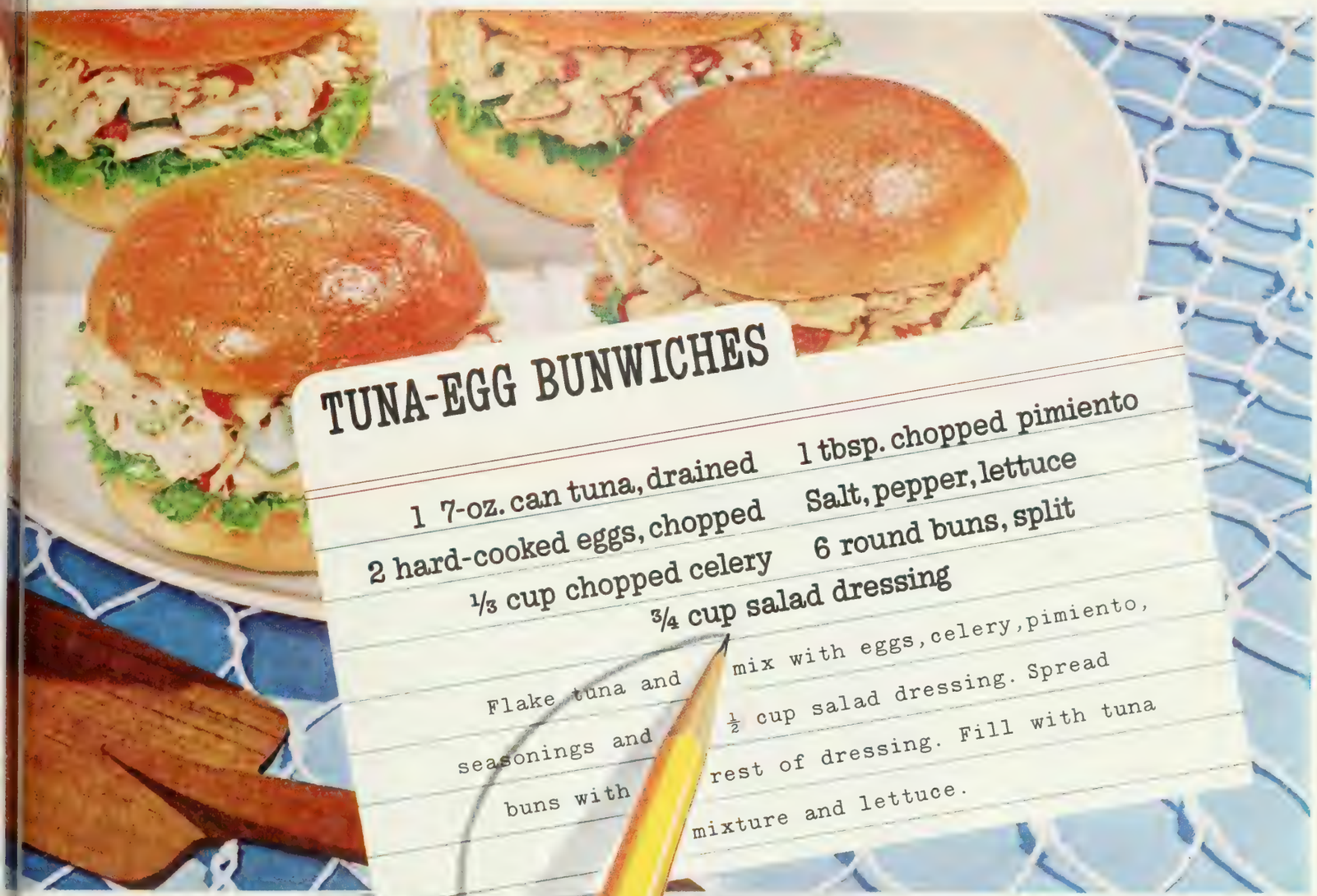
½ cup white grits
¾ teaspoon salt
2½ cups boiling water
¼ pound Cheddar cheese, grated
1 egg, well beaten
Pinch of cayenne pepper
Paprika

Gradually stir grits and salt into the boiling water. Cover and cook in top of double boiler for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add all but ⅓ cup of the grated cheese and the egg. Season with the cayenne pepper and stir until mixture is smooth. Cover and cook 10 minutes longer. Pour into a well-greased 4-cup casserole, top with remaining cheese and dust with paprika. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 25 minutes. Makes 2 servings.

Almond Cake

3 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ cup sugar
Pinch of salt
1⅓ cups finely chopped unskinned almonds
Whipped cream
Coffee ice cream

Beat the egg yolks with almond extract until lemon-colored. Gradually add sugar, beating until thick. Beat egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff, but not dry, and fold into the egg yolks alternately with almonds. Pour into a round 8″ cake pan which has been greased and lined with waxed paper, and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 35 to 40 minutes. Remove from pan and cool. Cut into wedges, top with whipped cream and coffee ice cream.



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FUEL FOR THE FLAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

he knew what was essential. Ahmed had come to him, as his boss, to ask his assistance. He was entitled to it.

"You are not to worry about this," Basil told him. "In a few days you'll have your cousin back again. In the meantime, I would suggest that you move your family out here."

He proceeded to sketch out some practical suggestions; as he did so he followed his own thoughts. This had brought matters to a head. He had to get out of here.

That evening shortly after five a heavy rainstorm swept the golf course. Rex Sinclair was playing a single against Basil Hallett. They were in the middle of the fifth fairway, a long way from any shelter. "Race you to the clubhouse," Basil said. They were soaked by the time they reached it.

"How good that first whisky and soda is going to taste," said Sinclair.

Basil shook his head. "Too early for me, I'm afraid. I'm going to the play in the old man's party. I have to be on my best behavior."

"The old man's already seen it."

"I know, but Gerald Fyreman's on a visit. They're fixing up a party for him."

"Then I can't tempt you."

"I'm afraid you can't."

Basil was following the play in terms of his own situation. Catherine had learned that the king was taking an interest in her and that the existence of her earlier lovers might prove dangerous. She was incredulous. "He could hardly kill me for what I did before I knew him." Basil chuckled inwardly. How little she knew. How little any of them knew. Those young women, who did what they liked as debutantes, believing that a wedding ring would settle the account. Did Barbara, now at his side, see the parallel between Catherine's case and hers? She, too, had married a man older than herself. She, too, had committed indiscretion: she must have done, however much Julia might deny it. Was this play giving her the chance to realize how precarious her own position was?

Two places away Shelagh was also watching the play in terms of her own position. In the first act Henry was shown carrying a stick and limping, prematurely aged through self-indulgence. Yet without any doubt Catherine fell in love with him. Gerald needed self-confidence. Because he could no longer play cricket, he suspected that a woman would be unlikely to fall in love with him. He needed to be reminded that she could.

The curtain fell on the first act. There was a burst of applause. The Keable party moved onto the terrace. Basil stood next to Barbara. "Isn't this play contemporary?" he said. "It's written about the days when kings had the power of life and death in their own hands. It happened four hundred years ago. Yet the essential situation is one that is being repeated every day."

"What do you mean by the essential situation?" Barbara asked.

"A young girl absorbing the ideas of her day, behaving wildly, believing that it does not matter, because everyone else in her set behaves that way. Then suddenly she discovers that it does matter because she marries or falls in love with someone who isn't of her set or generation. It's then that she regrets. It's then she starts getting frightened."

"Is that what this play's about?"

"Don't you think it is?" He looked at her very straight. "You've seen it before, haven't you?" he asked.

"I was here on the opening night," Barbara said.

"The first time one sees a play one misses a great deal. This is the fourth time I've seen it. I used to live near Canterbury and the Old Stagers did it. Listen to the next act very carefully. You'll see what I mean. You'll see how it all recoils on Catherine. There are dozens of young women in England who find themselves in that position. Think of your own contemporaries. How many of them must have something in their pasts that they don't even now consider to have been actua wrong. It all turns on whether a girl marr a man out of her own set, who has differ standards. You'll see what I mean. Look a through Henry's eyes."

He dropped his voice. He watched closely. Did her expression change? He thou it did. If it did, then he had sown the seed.

Beside him Shelagh was talking to Ger Fyreman. "Did you see South Pacific?" asked.

"I saw the picture."

"Then you'll remember the colonel's spee about young women's being attracted by m ture men. Young men so often make that m take, not realizing what is important and wh is unimportant to a woman. They set so mu store by athletics that they can't imagine woman's being attracted to a man w isn't—how shall I put it?—dominant as athlete in a college group. But that isn't i portant to a woman."

"What is important to a woman?"

"So many things. What he is like inside hi self. His character, the way he thinks, t way he feels."

"You surely aren't telling me that, where woman's concerned, a man's looks do matter?"

"Of course I'm not. They're terribly i portant: the way a man smiles, the way looks at you. But men, young men, think masculine good looks in terms of height a profile and broad shoulders, of being able run the hundred yards in eleven secon That's why mature men are often more tractive. They know they haven't laurels that kind to rely on so they make more effo to please. Young men are different. When th aren't matinee idols, or glamorous as athlete they think, 'She'll never look at somebody li me.' So they hang back, which makes it dif cult for a girl. She wants them to come fo ward. It's up to them to make the first mov she thinks."

"I see."

He smiled, a smile that warmed her. *Barbara's a lucky girl*, she thought.

Watch it through Henry's eyes. On th first night Barbara had been held by the plo excited to know what would happen nex Also, as the G. M.'s wife, she had been notic details of production and of acting. Now however, freed from the necessity of compl menting actors and producers, she gave hi full attention to the play in the light of Basil comments. It was, she could see now, co temporary in its implications. Perhaps i author had deliberately chosen this theme as parallel to the problems of his day, saying "This is how it was four hundred years ag This is how the Tudors worked it out. We ca learn a lesson from it."

The second act opened a year later, thre days after Catherine has been unfaithful t Henry with the young courtier to whom i the first act she had been half engage Slowly, step by step, the king learns about he past. His fury, his indignation had a ne meaning for Barbara in the light of Basil exposition. She no longer saw it as the ridicu lous jealousy of an aging man. She was seein now the "why" of it. She followed closely th series of speeches with which Henry close the act.

"Do you see what I mean?" Basil asked, a they came out onto the veranda.

"I see what you mean."

"And do you suppose that there's a singl woman in the world who hasn't something i her life that she would hate to have known t a husband who feels that way? Is there on who hasn't?"

"Maybe there isn't."

"And is there anything within reason tha she would not do to prevent her husband' finding out? Look how safe Catherine though herself." He paused. Had he said too much had he said too little? Better to say too littl than too much.

A few yards away Gerald was continuin with Shelagh their interrupted conversation

"hat's interesting, what you were saying about a oman's not setting the same store that men d upon games. I see your point; it can make a an diffident. I suppose it has in my own c e: not being able to do any more the things I ought so important once. I can't help feeli that if a woman ever did care for me it v uld be out of a maternal pity, and that isn't v at I want."

"Oh, but you're so wrong!" Shelagh's v ce glowed, as her heart was glowing. Her p n was working. She would be making each a happy: her father, her mother, Barbara, G rald and herself. And Gerald so deserved t be made happy. "Women don't feel like t t," she said. "You're thinking of women in t ms of how men feel about other men. They r pect men for quite different reasons from t se for which women respect them. You do r lize that now, don't you?"

"I realize it. I hope Angus Macartney will as w ll."

"What's Angus got to do with it?"

"He's in the same position as myself. Games m ant everything to him. Now that he's a s mi-invalid, he won't have the same confi- n ce in himself. You haven't been to see him v very often."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You must. All that you've been saying to m was meant for An- s, wasn't it? That you won't be any less in love with him because——"

At that she lost her temper. "I wish you'd get it out of your minds, all of you, that I'm in love with Angus. I've never given him a thought. As far as I know, he's been as indifferent to me. We're the most casual friends. I wish——"

The bell for the resumption rang. "Let's get back to our seats," he said.

The final curtain fell. There was a burst of clapping. Basil turned to Barbara. "That was a telling phrase of Catherine's, wasn't it? 'We little thought it would end like this. We were young and wild, that was all.' How surprised we all are at the way things turn out."

He watched her closely as he said it. Was she seeing a parallel between herself and Catherine? Married to an older man, did her own past rise accusingly? He remembered the fright in Ahmed's face. What papers had the police found in that cousin's house? Was his own name there? What would happen if it were? He had to get out of here.

At the end of each performance there was a reception in the dance hall for the cast and audience. Drinks and sandwiches were served, at Pearl's expense. Once again Basil was alone with Barbara. Now was his chance. "It's always the same way," he said. "Eventually one gets caught out, however safe one thinks oneself. As a hypothetical example, let's take you yourself. Like Catherine, you've married a man older than yourself. Let's assume that there's been something in your past which you'd hate to have Charles know; you're certain that he never can know, because there's only one other person in the world who knows, one man or else one woman."

At the word "woman" Barbara seemed to flinch. Had he touched a half-healed wound, or did he fancy it? He had a thrill of victory; he was on the trail.

"You think you are safe because you know that man or woman will not speak. But there's no greater temptation than a solitary secret. The person has to talk about it. Suppose this man or woman had talked to me about it, as though it had happened to somebody else. You know how people do. 'A curious thing happened to a friend of mine.' But I'd know that she was referring to herself. It would be an intriguing incident, and I'd not forget it; but I would not be particularly curious to know who the other person was. The episode would be tucked away in the back of my mind. And then you'd come out here and suddenly I'd realize that you were the other person."

"How would you know that it was me?" Barbara asked.

His heart beat faster. "Everyone has certain phrases, certain expressions that are personal to themselves. Suppose such an expression had been used when this person was telling me the story. Then I heard you use it."

He checked, he had said enough. Now for the kill. "If that had happened, and if I knew what had happened, you would never know a moment's peace of mind. Every time you saw me in my cups—and I'm quite often in my cups—you would be terrified lest I should betray your secret. There is nothing that you wouldn't do to get me out of here. Nothing." He paused. *Now*, he thought. *Now, now.*

"There's nothing I wouldn't do to leave this place," Basil went on. "I'm desperate, and that's the truth. Wouldn't it be rather smart of you to help me?"

She did not answer. She looked him straight in the face. Hatred and contempt were in her eyes, but he did not care. His spirit gloated. He'd pulled off his bluff. She swung around and walked away.

An hour later, in the Keables' drawing room, Charles and Barbara, Shelagh and Gerald sat talking over the night's events. They had all in their different ways a great deal on their minds.

Barbara turned to Charles. "I'm tired. It's been a heavy day. Let's go upstairs, Charles. Leave these young things. Good night. Tomorrow will be another day."

Gerald had stood up to say "Good night." He paused, looking down at her. "I felt so certain that you were talking about Angus," he told Shelagh.

"I wasn't; I was talking about you."

"About me?"

"I thought you were worrying about your foot, about not being a first-class cricketer any more. You had set so much store by that. You said at the dance that you'd lost your chance of being anyone of real importance. You weren't the same person any longer in a world of men. I was afraid that you might think it would make a difference where a woman was concerned. And it wouldn't. I promise you it wouldn't."

"But you spoke with such feeling. Why should you be so bothered on my account?"

"Because —— Oh well"—she stood up; she could not remain seated with him looking down at her, not while she was saying what she had to say, even though when she was standing up and in high heels she was four inches shorter; she looked at him helplessly—"because of Barbara and you," she said.

"Barbara and me?"

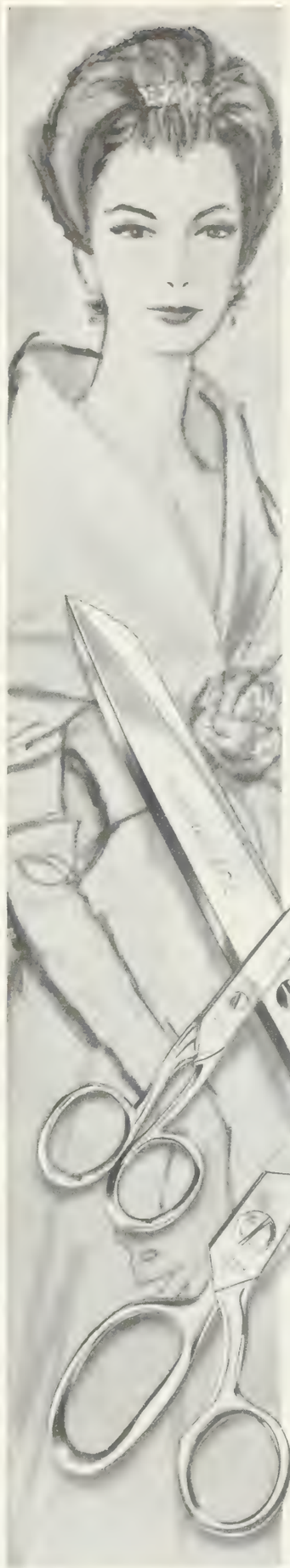
She nodded quickly. "It started at the dance, the way you looked at her. I realized then. It seemed so wonderful for both of you. No, please don't interrupt; it'll sound terrible at first—my stepmother, after all. But it's all wrong between her and daddy. He's so much older. And as time goes on, he'll find it harder. Then there's my mother. She's a widow. She and my father never quarreled. They were perfectly happy. It was only that she got swept off her feet, which can happen so easily, can't it? At that age." *How I chatter on*, she thought. In a great rush of words it all poured out; everything that she had bottled up through all these weeks. "So that was why I thought it would be such a good thing for all of us if you and Barbara were to marry. I was afraid that you might not ask her, because you were

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diffident about your accident." She paused, breathless.

"So that's the way it was, was it?"

"That's the way it was."

"You were never in love with Angus?"

"Never, for an instant."

"You encouraged all of us to think so. Lila as good as told her mother that you were. You and Lila were so close."

"I know. It started as a joke. I wasn't fooling Angus. I'm not that kind of person. He was in the joke himself." If only she could explain completely, but that was Lila's secret. "It was very silly, but it was one of those things that, once started, are hard to stop."

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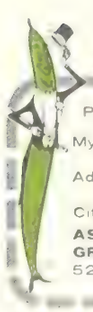
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"And all the time you were imagining me in love with Barbara."

"Well, weren't you?"

"I'm not now."

"You were once; you must have been."

"Perhaps. I was lonely here. She was young and friendly. There weren't so very many other attractive girls around the place. Yes, I suppose I was, a little."

"I saw the way you looked at her at the dance."

"I expect that was the last time I looked at her like that."

"Why?"

"Because I fell out of love with her that night."

"Can you fall out of love that quickly?"

"If you fall in love with someone else. We had our first real talk that night, you know."

"Me . . . you ——"

"I shall never forget the things you said, the way you looked. You were so fresh, so wholesome, so attractive; so full of life. You were everything I had ever dreamed of a girl's being; I felt that I had known you all my life, that you were what I had been looking for all my life. Then a few days later I learned from Lady Studholme that you had fallen for Angus Macartney. There was a lunch party. I was told to invite him for you."

"You believed I was in love with him?"

"Why shouldn't I? He is young, handsome, he has money, he'll have more. You seemed very right for each other."

"But when you saw us together, you surely must have realized ——"

"Why should I have? I couldn't imagine anyone's not being in love with you. Every time I saw you, I found some new thing in you; something I'd missed before. You were so honest, so straightforward; I liked you so much and you were so appealing. I wanted to protect you. It was such a delight to look at you."

"Why didn't you tell me this?"

"Because of Angus, because of that diffidence of mine. I found you more attractive every time I saw you."

He took a step toward her. He put an arm round her waist, raising his hand against her shoulder. He held her with a forceful tenderness.

"All the time I've been thinking you in love with Angus, and all the time you've been thinking me in love with Barbara."

"I never had the least idea you felt like this about me."

"Well, you know now." He took her chin in his hand and lifted her face under his, with an air of gentle mastery.

"Don't you think you should start getting used to the idea?" he said.

"Perhaps I should."

"You might not find it all that difficult."

"Perhaps I wouldn't."

"I'll do my best to help you."

He lowered his head. He kissed her very gently on the lips.

"There's nothing I should like better," said Charles. Barbara nodded in agreement. "If I were her mother I should be delighted. Shelagh is young, but a girl is as likely to guess right at her age as she is at twenty-seven. How old was Julia when she met Basil? Not much more, surely. Basil's not the husband I'd choose for my own daughter, but I'd say that that marriage was one of the most successful in the camp. They're still electric about each other."

At the mention of Basil's name, Barbara's fingers closed tightly on the armrest of her chair. In the budding romance between Gerald and her stepdaughter she had been able to forget the threat that had been leveled at her. She could not keep it in the background for much longer. *I'd better get it over quickly*, Barbara thought.

"You've enough on your mind," she said, "without my adding to your worries, and I know I've no right to interfere; but Julia's desperately worried, and I am worried for her sake. Basil is becoming hysterical because he can't get away. I don't know what the trouble is, nor does she. But I do feel it's serious; that if Basil isn't got away from here something terrible may happen. I know I shouldn't be asking this. You said, 'One can't make exceptions.' But Julia is my oldest friend, I can't sit by and watch her whole life collapse."

She was pleading, and she knew it, a bad case. She raised her voice, trying to give conviction to her arguments. Charles watched her closely, puzzled and concerned. "You're taking this very seriously," he said.

"Wouldn't you take it seriously, if you saw your best friend on the brink of . . . I don't know what. Surely, surely you can make a special case of this."

"Please, Barbara, please." He had never seen her like this before. "Listen," he said, "I cannot promise anything, but I will do my best. By lunchtime on Monday I will let you know."

Monday morning, Charles rang up Forrester. "You asked me to let you know if anything unexpected happened in connection with Basil Hallett. Something has. He is desperately anxious to be transferred. He applied a few weeks ago and I refused. I thought I handled him tactfully; but he's applied again, this time in a different way. His wife has worked on my wife, and I must say that she has worked her up into a highly emotional state. Barbara isn't excitable as a rule. Hallett must be in a very peculiar state of mind."

"I see." There was a pause, then Forrester spoke. "I'll tell you what I'd like you to do if it is possible."

"What's that."

"Let him have his transfer, but tell him that you want it kept a secret in the camp. You could do that, couldn't you, explaining that an exception has been made and it would cause jealousy in the camp if it was known?"

"I could do that."

"Then, having promised, I'd like you to make as much delay as possible about putting the transfer through. That shouldn't be difficult, should it?"

"It will be extremely easy."

"Then everything is fine and I am most grateful."

Forrester sat back. Things were coming to a head fast, too fast. Someone was going to get hurt. He did not know who; he did not know when or how. He got up and walked to his filing cabinet. He took out the file marked "Macartney." He glanced at the papers Angus had stuffed into his trousers pocket the night he had burgled his father's desk; he studied a list of names, then put a tick against two of them. He rang a bell. "I want Colonel Simes and Brigadier Mustapha brought in for questioning. Have warrants made out for their arrest, and search warrants for their houses. Make the arrests tonight."

He shook his head slowly. Fast, much too fast. But if this was the way the crown prince wanted it ——

Charles Keable returned to lunch in a sunny humor. "O.K.," he said, "I've fixed it."

Barbara ran into his arms. "Oh, darling, darling, you'll never know how grateful I am."

He held her tight. He was happy that he had been able to make her happy. The knowledge gave him a sense of confidence; but he was puzzled and worried. There was something here he did not understand. Why should Barbara be so worked up about the Halletts?

"I expect you would like to tell Julia about this yourself," he said.

To his surprise, she shook her head. "No. I'd rather you told Basil yourself. You know how it is when someone feels under an obligation to someone else. It's the quickest way to lose a friend. I'd rather you told Basil that you had reconsidered his application for a transfer and had decided to move him to another camp."

"That makes everything very simple. I don't want this transfer to be gossiped about. And if the camp felt that Basil had had preferential treatment because his wife had been at school with mine, it would be bad for morale. So I'd be grateful if you didn't talk about this in the camp."

"That'll be fine by me. How soon will they be going?"

"As soon as we can manage."

"Good." She said it on a note of relief that increased his puzzlement. Wasn't Julia her oldest friend? Wouldn't she miss Julia? And why should she not want to tell Julia herself that her wish was granted? *I suppose I shall find out sometime*, he thought.

After lunch he sent for Basil. "Come in, my boy. Sit down." He looked at Basil closely. "I've been thinking about you," he said. "Some time ago Harry Pawling told me that you would like a transfer. We had a talk about it, you remember, the night you came to dinner. I felt at the time it was a bad idea, but I've changed my mind. I believe that your particular abilities would be more use to Pearl in a bigger organization than this. So, although your contract has another ten months to run, I am going to recommend to the head office that you be transferred to a large camp; probably on the Persian Gulf."

"I'm very grateful, sir."

Charles, as he spoke, had watched the young man's expression change from furtiveness to radiant relief. Relief such as Barbara had shown. "How soon shall I be leaving?" The same first question too.

He gave Basil the same answer that he had given Barbara. "As soon as we can manage. I'm anxious that the news of this shouldn't get round the camp till the actual flying date is fixed. Questions would be asked. I want to avoid that. Can I rely on you?"

"You can certainly do that." There was jubilation in Basil's voice.

Back in his office, Basil's jubilation left him. He felt limp, exhausted, humble. He had won his battle, but it was a battle that should never have been joined. He had been weak, silly, improvident. *Never again*, he vowed; *never, never again.* When he got back that afternoon, he stood beside Julia, put his arm round her shoulder, pressed her close against him. She looked up at him quickly, surprised and touched.

"I was thinking how very lucky I am," he said.

Next morning the familiar envelope brought a chess problem. He chuckled. There wouldn't be many more of these. He was glad that Keable had insisted upon secrecy. It was as well not to have Ahmed reporting to his cousin that his boss was leaving. The Indian would almost certainly have applied the screw. As it was, a chess problem would one day receive no answer; and later, when it was too late, the news would reach the chess club that the bird had flown.

He set out the chessmen. It carried a routine inquiry about Ahmed's reaction to his cousin's arrest. He could answer that honestly. He could, for that matter, answer honestly all the questions that would be sent him before he left. Nothing mattered now. He was on his way. And as for this Communist menace, what was it but a scarecrow? It would be years before anything happened here. Cheerfully he worked out his answer.

Monday morning Gerald returned to duty. The first person whom he met was Lila.

"Your holiday has done you good. I've never seen you look so well," she said.

"If I'm looking the way I feel, I must look wonderful."

He said it meaningly. She raised her eyebrows. "What's happened?"

"I've been promised a job in Pearl and I've got engaged."

"Who to?"

"Shelagh, of course."

"I don't know where the 'of course' comes in, but I think that's wonderful."

"It's wonderful for me."

"It's not too bad for Shelagh, either, but I am surprised. You never showed the slightest interest in each other."

"I concealed it rather cleverly. I didn't think I stood a chance. I thought she was crazy about Angus."

"Oh, that."

"She told me it was just a joke, something that you and she cooked up."

"So that's what she told you, did she? It's not true at all. She was covering up for me and Angus to fool my stepfather. It was nice of her not to tell you. You've picked yourself a very loyal wife, young man."

An envelope addressed by the familiar typewriter lay on Basil Hallett's desk. He chuckled at the sight of it. *Not so much longer now*, he told himself. He pushed it to one side. Ten

ds ago he would have torn it open eagerly, ble to settle down to work until he had dphered the message. Not any longer, th igh. The message could await his con- ve ence. It was close on eleven o'clock before h et out his men.

he message read, "Anxious personal meet- ir Your next visit Kuala Prang." Again Basil cl ckled. His next visit to Kuala Prang should b his last.

le did not make any special effort to see ry Pawling. He would wait till Harry sent fo him. It was not till the next morning that h lid—on a simple routine matter. The inter- v did not take five minutes.

Will that be all?" Basil asked.

Yes, that'll be all."

asil stood up. "Do you think there'll be a thing to take me into Kuala Prang during th next ten days?"

Would you like there to be?"

There are a few things that need settling b ore I leave."

Of course, of course. Well, let me see. T re's that wages conference on Tuesday. I meant to go, but you could go instead."

That's very generous of you."

Not at all. As a matter of fact, I'd just as s n stay here."

In that case, then ——" He hesitated. "I s pose you've no idea when my transfer will c ne through?"

Not the slightest."

It might be tomorrow, it might be next w k."

It might be two months' time."

Of course."

It is because people are like us that the world is what it is. That is the source of all the trouble.

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE
John O' London's Weekly

But of course it couldn't. How could it be, i view of the pressure Barbara had exerted? T o months, indeed; two weeks at most.

With a light heart, back in his office Basil r de out the coded message "Tuesday."

The Indian had arranged Tuesday's meeting f half past twelve in the museum: a his- t ical collection of books, pictures, reproduc- t ns of native life and customs that had been f nded before the First World War. There w s no place in the island where you would be l ; likely to be observed by an acquaintance. T e Indian was standing beside a glass case w t explained the various stages of oil produc- t n. He smiled as Basil came toward him; a k ndly, tired smile.

'So I hear you are leaving us, Mr. Hallett."

Basil's nerves had received a number of s ocks during the last six months. This was a most violent. "How on earth do you know t t?" he asked.

'It is my business to know things like that, a d when I learned it I was not at all surprised. I ad expected something like this. It has been a real disappointment to me that circum- s nces have forced you to think of me as an e my, not as a friend. How very differently y u would have felt toward me if Potiphar h d come in first, but Potiphar did not come in f st. I have done my best to be of help to you; b t don't let us go back over that. I know how y u felt when you learned that you were to be l oked to another station. You chuckled to y urself, 'How I have fooled that silly Indian.' T at was what you thought, now wasn't it?"

He paused; his head was slightly tilted as he l oked up at Basil. A half-smile lifted the right s le of his mouth. "It was foolish to have t ought that, Mr. Hallett. Surely you should h ve realized that it would be very easy for me t find out from London where you had been p sted. And surely you should have guessed t at I was most unlikely not to have a col- l gue in any spot where you were posted and t at I should only have to send my dossier to t n for you to find yourself in exactly the same s uation as you are here. One does not escape as easily as you imagine from the kind of tangle in which you have placed yourself."

Basil made no reply; there was none that he could make. He had read in books about this kind of thing's happening to a man. Speechless, overwhelmed, he stood looking at his tormentor.

The Indian's smile grew broader. "There is no need to look so despondent, Mr. Hallett. I am not saying that will happen. I am only saying that it could happen. I have what I hope you will consider a nice surprise for you. I want to do my best for you, as far as is compatible with my own interests. And it is not particularly in my interest to hand you over to somebody else's care. Of course there is reciprocity in matters such as this: if I do a good turn for a colleague in Ceylon, he will eventually do a good turn for me. That is how an international organization functions. But that is taking a long view, and I favor the short view; provided, of course, that one does not lose sight altogether of what politicians call the ultimate objective. You will surely agree with me in that, Mr. Hallett."

"Yes, yes, of course." Would he never come to the point? thought Basil.

"In this present instance," the Indian was continuing, "I have an excellent opportunity of combining the short view, the ultimate objective and your own immediate interests. I want to release you from the hold I have on you, in return for one last service. If you perform this service I will return to you those checks that bear your signature. You have nothing to fear, once those checks are in your own possession."

"What is the service that you want?"

"Employment in your office for a friend."

"What kind of work is he looking for?"

"He has technical qualifications, but I believe he would be more useful as a secretary."

"Why do you want him in our office?"

"That is a very foolish question, Mr. Hallett. You know I cannot answer that. I need

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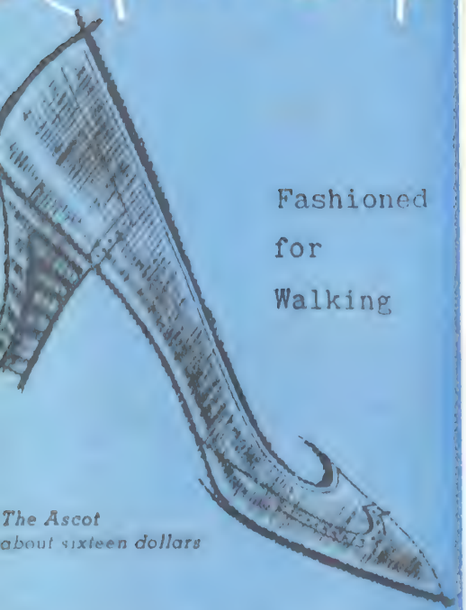
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information about what goes on in Pearl, the kind of information that you have given me during the last six months. I need somebody to take your place."

"What is his name?"

"Mara Sekaran."

"Of Indian origin?"

"He has been here three years."

"We have no vacancy in my office."

"I know. You will have to create a vacancy."

"That will not be easy."

"I am well aware of that. That is why I am making you such a very generous proposal."

"If I do this for you, what guaranty have I that you will give me back those checks?"

"You will have to trust me, Mr. Hallett. I am afraid that you have no alternative to trusting me."

Two mornings later Mara Sekaran presented himself in Basil's office. He was slim, small, neatly dressed. To Basil he was indistinguishable from two hundred other relatively well-to-do Indian immigrants. Basil subjected him to the usual questionnaire: his age, his antecedents; how long he had been in Karak, why he had come here, had he friends or relatives; had he had an offer of work when he left Calcutta?

His answers were as standardized as the questions. His prospects had deteriorated since the British gave up control of India. His mother was an Anglo-Indian. His sister had married an Anglo-Indian. His links with the British had always been close. In Calcutta he was an object of suspicion and distrust. He spoke quietly, convincingly. There seemed no reason why he should not be sincere.

"You have never been out of work since you arrived?" asked Basil.

"Never, sir."

"Why do you want to leave your present post?"

"My wife's health, sir. I think she would be in better health living in the country."

Basil watched him closely. "You have references?" he asked.

"Of course, sir."

He produced three letters. Basil took them from their envelopes; he read them to gain time as much as anything. References meant practically nothing. They were obtained so easily. Yet the names and the addresses were not unimpressive.

"I shall have to check up on these," he said.

"Of course, sir."

"It'll take three or four days to get the answers."

"I suppose so, sir."

And when he got the answers what would they really tell him? All this business of checking up, references, visas, fingerprints was a nuisance for the law-abiding citizen, but the real bad hat always crossed a frontier, obtained a credit, eluded vigilance. If he refused this application, his replacement would let in somebody equally subversive. What harm, anyhow, could this man do here; what real harm? Pass on a few pieces of trivial information? This whole cloak-and-dagger business was a nursery game of pirates. If he didn't let this fellow in, his successor would. No doubt of that, no doubt whatever.

"I'll let you know within a week," he said. "But I can make no promise."

Pausing in the doorway of the secretariat, Basil saw Mara Sekaran installed in a desk in front of the one occupied by Ahmed. He had been working there for half a week. Basil walked across to him.

"Are you getting on all right?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

"If there is anything you're in doubt about, you'll ask me, won't you?"

"Thank you, sir. Yes, I will."

"I expect that you already know some members of our staff."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"For instance, whom?"

The Indian mentioned half a dozen names. Only two of them worked in the personnel branch. *I'll check up on them*, thought Basil. "Have you found a house for your family?"

"I have found a flat."

"Fine. Excellent."

On the way back to his room he checked his step at Ahmed's desk, thought better of it and went on to his own room. How had the Indian known that he was being posted to another camp? He had a sense of utter impotence. Things were out of his control. He returned to his own room.

On his desk once again was lying an envelope with a Karak stamp, addressed by the familiar typewriter. He remembered when he had received the first. How lightheartedly he had slit its flap. He blinked. Never again; once out of the wood, he would be on his guard. Never, never again! He had learned his lesson.

His hands were unsteady as he set out the pieces. There was no reason why they should have been. This message could bring only good news; but he had a sense of omen. "Thursday nineteen-thirty gate Dempsey Avenue," he read.

Gate Dempsey Avenue. What a strange place to choose. Six months ago it had been the inner gate to the refinery; now, since the main gates had been left unlocked at night, it had become the outer gate. It had no sentry at night, but it was patrolled. A sentry would pass every twenty minutes. There was a collection of small huts outside which were used for storage. His presence there after dark would surprise anyone who saw him. Until now the Indian had been at such pains to arrange their meetings under conditions that would not excite comment. Why had he changed his procedure now?

His telephone bell rang. "It's Harry. Can see you for a minute?"

Harry greeted him with a grin. "Good new for you. Your transfer's through. It's t Trinidad."

Trinidad, the other side of the globe; as fa as any place could be from Karak and all tha went with Karak. If he couldn't make a clea start there, where could he?

"How soon do I start?" he asked.

"As soon as you've handed over. Your re placement left London yesterday."

"Handing over shouldn't take a week."

"I don't see why it should."

"Am I to go straight to Trinidad?"

"That was the idea."

"With Julia following on by boat?"

"That should be the simplest way."

"Then I'd better plan to throw a good-b party on Saturday week."

"I'll book it in my diary."

Back in his room, Basil looked contemptu ously at the chessboard. No need to bothe about that now. Saturday week was onl eleven days away. And within sixty hours h would have those checks returned to him He would not have a trouble in the world.

He swept the chessmen back into their box Why should he worry as to the Indian's choic of rendezvous? He had his own good reasons doubtless, as he always had. He knew hi business; leave him to run it his own way.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

NEXT MONTH

CAN SHE BAKE A CHERRY PIE?

Every one of Mrs. Appleyard's daughters could pass this marriage test at 16 and so shall *yours*, if she cleaves unto our recipe. Make the pie with a fairy-tale lattice crust and season it with tart apple, the way good Vermont farm wives do. Such pie! It should follow a family uniting meal of pot roast, Mrs. Appleyard's own sour-cream potatoes, New England johnny-cake, green salad with hot bacon dressing, mustard pickle and lacy oatmeal cookies. We have recipes for everything.

THE HUNGER THAT HURTS A LIFETIME

"I can remember how hungry I was for affection. My mother, a movie-theater cashier, was always at her job when it was my bedtime. Many evenings I sneaked out the back door and went down to the theater. I would hide behind a billboard across the street and watch my mother selling tickets in her little lighted house. . . ." Jack needed Rita as achingly as she needed him, but they were both too lonely and immature, before consultation, to help each other. "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

AUNT MAUD'S PARENTS THOUGHT SHE WAS A BOY

Not until she was eight years old did the family decide that it would be better for *him* to be treated as a *her*. "Doctor, is a glandular condition of that kind hereditary?" Dr. Schauffler is able to give an expectant mother consoling information in "Tell Me, Doctor."

THE DARK PLACES OF THE MIND

"For a few blank seconds she could only stare, panic gripping her. She put out a hand to grope for the door, and saw the man step forward. She made a desperate effort to thrust him from her; and then she was falling, falling. She knew, as blackness closed round her, that she was falling into his arms." Redheaded, tall, broad-shouldered, he looked nice enough, but he was the man she had seen before, the day of the "accident." Jody kept telling herself she must think of it as an accident, anyway. Elizabeth Cadell skillfully combines tension and terror with lighthearted gaiety and romance in The Yellow Brick Road, condensed mystery novel in the March JOURNAL.

Also, Pat Boone talks to teen-agers about "Testing Time for Talent"; make-it-yourself fashion news; Dr. Spock's helpful page of advice for parents; "How America Lives"; more stories

IN THE MARCH JOURNAL


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

Yes, but what was that business? He hesitated, thinking of Ahmed Abrusak and Mara Sekaran hunched over their desks in the next room. What were they doing there? Why had the Indian gone to such pains and such expense to have them doing it? What kind of legacy was he leaving to the man who was replacing him?

He shrugged. He could not start worrying about that now. Whatever he had done or hadn't done, the Indian would have found some way of getting those two men into this office. *If it hadn't been me, it would have been someone else!*

Thursday morning was like any other morning. The air was fresh and scented, with a few negligent clouds drifting over a pale blue sky. Clouds that would disappear as the day's heat mounted and as the sky grew paler and the flowers lost their freshness under the heavy sun. A day like any other. For every person in this camp, this day would be indistinguishable from three hundred others. Only for him would it be a special red-letter day: the day of his release.

"You haven't forgotten, have you," Julia asked at lunch, "that we're having cocktails with the Foleys?"

"I'm sorry, it slipped my memory."

"How lucky I reminded you."

"I wish you had earlier. It's too late now."

"Why ever should it be?"

"Because I'm doing something else."

"Another party?"

"Work."

"At that time of day—or rather night?"

"My replacement is due tomorrow. I've a fantastic amount to settle."

"Couldn't you do this some other time?"

"I'm sorry. It's not possible."

"I particularly want to go to the Foleys'."

"I'll take you there, then go away, then come back to fetch you."

"It doesn't sound as though it were a very important piece of work."

"It is important, but it won't take long."

"I see."

There was a suspicious expression on her face. Was she going to make difficulties, was this going to start a fight? He braced himself. It was the last time; he wouldn't have to lie again. He had only to see this one issue through.

She shrugged. "If you must, you must." It was said ungraciously, but the fight had been avoided.

On his desk was a letter in an unfamiliar script, with a Karak stamp; a half sheet of paper was wrapped round a type of paper with which he was too well familiar: a chess problem. He unfolded the covering half sheet. It was signed by Forrester. "Can you solve this? It has baffled me."

Trembling, he held it in his hands. A little while ago he had copied down a problem that had been set out in the policeman's office. But it was the first time that Forrester had handed him a problem; the first time, indeed, that Forrester had referred to chess since the day he had copied down the pieces on that board. It had been a shock when he had deciphered it. Why had he not thought of it again? Why had he not reminded himself that Forrester, whether or not he could decipher them, had access to these messages in code? Had his subconscious self refused, out of cowardice, to take full cognizance? Had he suppressed it without knowing he was doing so? *You'd better work this out*, he warned himself.

Four minutes later he was staring at the decoded message: "Zero hour Thursday nineteen-thirty."

He began to tremble. Nineteen-thirty; the very moment at which he was to meet the Indian. How could this meeting be of concern to anybody except the Indian and himself? How had it come to be a message sent in code to someone he did not know, to be intercepted by Forrester?

It must refer to himself. The same code and the same date. Why had Forrester sent it to him? Had Forrester decoded it? Was it merely that the message had reached him on this very day? Did it matter whether Forrester had or had not broken the code? The fact remained—and it was the one thing that did matter—that for someone his meeting with the Indian that evening was a zero hour.

He swept the chessmen off the board. He put his head round the door of the secretariat. "I'll be out for twenty minutes or so."

He drove down to Dempsey Avenue. He stopped fifty yards from the gate. By day a watchman stood on guard, checking the credentials of every entrant; at six o'clock the gate was locked. A few yards inside the fence was the cracking plant. Was it credible that an act of sabotage was planned tonight? He recalled that futile attempt on the crown princess' life. Violence had been used once. It might be used again; but if it were to be used, what was his connection with it? How could there be the least connection? The cracking plant looked so secure. How could it be in danger? *Don't worry*, he adjured himself. *Leave this to the people whose job it is to worry over it. In two weeks you'll be in Trinidad. Sit firm, do nothing and you'll be all right.*

He put his car into gear and swung it round. It was two o'clock. In five and a half hours' time he would hold in his hand the three incriminating slips of paper, and all his troubles would be at an end.

During the ten minutes he had been away, a new file had been put on his desk. It contained the Old Man's comments on a scheme he had prepared for preventing duplicat[ion] of work in the repair department. "Gene[ral] idea excellent," the Old Man had pencil[led]. "Faulty in detail. Note my comments."

"Faulty in detail." Basil smiled wryly. H[e] typical of him that was. He opened the f[ile] turning the pages, looking for Charles Keab[le]'s pencilled comments, excited that his sche[me] should have been approved, curious to f[ind] where it was weak. *If I get this right*, thought, *I'd make a saving of two per cent that department's turnover.*

He felt a glow of pride. He might be ca[re]less, but he was creative. He did initiate wo[rk]. *Because of me* —— He paused. Because [of] him, who knew what might happen tonig[ht]. Against his minute 2 per cent saving in [the] department might be set the destruction [of] machinery whose value . . . who could estim[ate] its value, coupled with the loss of output, p[er]sibly the loss of life? How illogical that [he] should be working so hard on this report [at] the very moment when he was conniving [at] the act of sabotage.

He got up, walked to the window. His br[ain] was racing. *Illogical, but aren't we all illogic[al]?* The energy with which he worked for Pe[arl] was directed and inspired by the personal ne[ed] to improve his own position; his loyalty [to] Pearl was based on the necessity to himself [and] Pearl's prosperity. It was clear where his o[wn] interest lay at the moment: to do nothing, r[un] to inculpate himself; to get out of Kar[ak] safely, to begin a new life in Trinidad. Th[is] might not be in Pearl's interest, but it was [in] his, except ——

He paused, he looked toward the towers [of] the cracking plant. If that were blown up [in the] night, would he know again a moment's pe[ace] of mind? If lives were lost tonight, would he e[ver] forgive himself? He remembered that questi[on] which no man was supposed to be able to a[n]swer honestly: If by lifting up a letter weight [on] your desk, you can become a millionaire at t[he] cost of a million unknown Chinese men dyi[ng] instantly in China, how long would you he[si]tate to lift that weight? Yes, but these were [not] unknown yellow men ten thousand mi[les] away. They were his friends, and his associat[es]. He knew what he ought to do. Lift up th[e] telephone receiver on his desk, call through [to] Forrester, say, "I believe that something su[b]versive may be attempted at the camp tonig[ht] at seven-thirty. I don't know what. I do[n't] know where, but I think a watch should [be] kept on the gate at Dempsey Avenue."

That's what he ought to do. Yes, but if [he] did, what trouble might he not lay for himse[lf]. How could he explain himself away? What [a] fool he'd feel if nothing happened. He wou[ld] be expelled from Pearl; what a disgrace f[or] Julia. He could not run that risk.

He went back to his desk, picked up the fi[le]. In two weeks he'd be in Trinidad. Twenty-fi[ve] to three. If only the clock's hands would hur[ry]. If only it were five hours later.

The four-o'clock hooter went. He put aw[ay] his files and locked them up. As he walked [to] the car park he passed Barbara. It was t[he] first time that they had met since the eveni[ng] of the play. She stopped at the sight of hi[m]. She stood straight in his way. She look[ed] straight at him. On her face was an expressi[on] of contempt and hatred. She did not spea[k]. She stood there looking at him. He had nev[er] seen such an expression before. That anyo[ne] should look at him like that; that he shou[ld] deserve to be looked at like that—and he h[ad] deserved it! Blackmail. Was there a dirti[er] word? Scarcely, but by tomorrow—with[in] three and a half hours—he might have earn[ed] a dirtier word. In every face he met he mig[ht] see that expression. For the rest of his life, [it] was more than he could risk. He turned, [he] hurried back into his office; he picked up t[he] telephone.

"Get me the C.I.D." The call went throu[gh] at once. "Can I speak to Colonel Forrester?"

"I'm sorry, sir. Colonel Forrester is out."

"Do you know where I can reach him?"

"I'm afraid I don't, sir."

It was the opportunity of a reprieve, but [he] did not take it.

"Then will you take a message? It is mo[st] important. Try to find him. If you can't fi[nd] him within half an hour, give the message [to] his second in command. This is the messag[e]

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...d that is that, he thought a minute later. *...the consequences.*

...e cocktail party was at half past six. With ...-time feeling he escorted Julia there. This ...t well be the last party he attended in ...aya. The news that he had been posted to ...dad had got round the camp. Friend ...friend came up to congratulate him and ...sh him luck. To all of them he made the ... reply: "You'll look after Julia, won't ...' Most of the men gave the same face- ... answer: "That's what we've been want- ...o do for the last two years, only you've ... around."

...clock stood on a low bookcase. He ...ched the minute hand move round. Five to ..., seven, five past, ten past. At quarter ...e took his leave. He put his arm round ...s shoulder.

"...m terribly sorry about this. I'll be back ... an hour."

...pressed her to him. Would he ever again ... her in just this way in fond, acknowl- ...d and accepted ownership? What an ass ...been, just when his innings was about to ...

...made a detour, driving to a higher level ... which he could see the whole panorama ... refinery, with its blaze of lights and the ...cloud of smoke blowing out over the sea. ...ked so ominous but so secure. How could ...ve imagined that it was threatened? Why ...e called Forrester? He shrugged. He had ...it now. He pressed the accelerator, drove ...toward Dempsey Avenue.

...ou may travel around the world, ...ut you will find no professional cook, ...hether cordon rouge or cordon ...leu, who can make an omelet like ...e French housewife preparing din- ...er for her children.

ALEXANDER DUMAS
Le Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine

...stopped the car fifty yards from the gate, ...t he could walk toward his rendezvous. ...tected no sign of movement at the gate. ...oked at the luminous dial on his watch: ...2...

...he neared the gate, a figure came toward ...rom the shadow. "Good evening, Mr. ...t." The Indian was holding out an en- ...e. "Here are your signatures."

...il took the envelope.

..."should look inside if I were you. Make ...hat they are correct."

...his left hand he held an electric torch. ...shed it on the envelope. Basil looked in- ...Yes, there were his three signatures. The ...ne for fifty pounds. How lightheartedly ...d signed it.

...light switched off. Basil replaced the ...ce of his stupid weakness—his treach- ... you chose to call it that—put the enve- ...nto his breast pocket.

...Indian held out his hand. "And now, ...Hallett, I think we should say good-by. ...all not meet again. Try not to think too ...of me."

...il hesitated, then took the proffered ... Its fingers closed tightly about his in a ...us manner. He tried to pull his hand ... but found it held. There was a report; ...d against his chest. Looking down as his ... sagged, he saw that the Indian's left ... in his coat pocket, had lifted a project- ...ject. There was another report, a second ...and he was on his knees. In his ears there ...sound of shouting, the rattle of machine- ...re. The grasp on his hand loosened as he ...orward. His eyes were dazzled by an ...sion inside the fence, and darkness fell ... him.

...ough a fog of nightmare Basil Hallett ...t his way back to consciousness. Then, ...g achieved consciousness, tried to fight ...toward oblivion. He was aware of pain; ... heavy throbbing, a numbing lassitude. ...ept his eyelids closed. Where was he, what had happened? To what was he awakening, to what was he returning? He had had this feeling as a schoolboy on the eve of a major row when he expected to be summoned to the headmaster's study: dreading what the morning held, wishing he could escape again into the unreality of dream; with each waking second the weight of omen heightening.

He lay in a coma of numbed sensation, ignorant of where he was, trying to fight back into his dream. Where was he, to what was he awakening? He remembered two reports, the thuds against his chest; the shouting, the volley of machine-gun fire, the explosion. After that, what? He half opened his eyes to a darkened room, to bare walls, to the smell of iodoform. He reclosed his eyes. A bedroom in a hospital. How ill was he? Was he being nursed back to health so that he might be tried for treason? Why hadn't they let him die? Was he alone? He listened carefully; no talking, no sound of feet. He tried to turn his head, but the movement sent a spasm of pain from his forehead to his toes. Wincing, he lay back with his eyes closed. The soft palm pressed against his knuckles, the fingers folded about his.

"Don't move, darling; you're all right now," Julia said. "Oh, darling, we're all so proud of you."

Proud of him, the hero. Then the miracle had happened. His prayer had been granted, he had woken to another life.

As Julia stepped out of the hospital, Charles drew up his car against the curb. "How's the patient?" he asked.

"He's fine. In three days he'll be seeing visitors."

"In that case I won't get out. Tell him I called."

"Will this affect his transfer to Trinidad?"

"All the more reason for his going. There might be trouble for him if he stayed."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

Forrester looked down thoughtfully at sil. "You'd better tell me the whole thing m the start," he said. "I don't suppose that u'll be telling me much that I don't know, t I'm curious to know how much you do ow."

He listened carefully, nodding from time to ne, interjecting little grunts that seemed to /, "Yes, that's so. Go on."

It did not take Basil very long to tell his ory.

"And now," said Forrester, "I imagine that u would like to know what actually hap- ned."

"I should say I would."

"It's a very simple story in essentials. There a strong group of military men and indus- alists who want to take over the country, intaining the throne as long as the old king es, establishing a republic when he dies. ey want to nationalize the oil. They have cking in New York and also, I believe, in ndon. They believed that the best way to ze power was by creating a Communist gey; there is no real Communist Party in rak, though there are a few disaffected ele- nts who would join one if it were properly ganized. Your Indian friend acted as the *nt provocateur* of this small group. You re useful to him in three ways. You were le to give him information about Pearl. You roduced his friends into Pearl. Thirdly, he d you up his sleeve, as a kind of joker; en the showdown came your affiliation h the Communistic world proves conclu- ely that the Red menace did exist. Yours s not, you see, a very pleasant fate."

"But I don't see ——"

"I am coming to that. Various events has- ed the plot. The Nationalists had to move icker than they had planned. Last Thursday re was to be an attempted sabotage at the inery. The Nationalists would intervene, ce the king to declare an emergency. You, friend, were to be found dead with those cks in your pocket issued by a Communist, dorsed by you. They also planned to shoot a mmunist. Your two dead bodies would ve been ample evidence of a plot. It was a t that would have succeeded nine times in n."

"But what happened?"

"Because of your warning I was able to estall the Nationalists. The attempt at sab- ge took place. Not much damage was ne. It was not intended that there should be ch damage. The Nationalists only wanted excuse to intervene. Because we were there t, we were able to clear up the attempt at otage, and to attribute it to the National- s. All their leaders have been arrested. Your dian friend, by the way, is dead."

"When you sent me that chess problem, did u know what its message was?"

"That is a question that I prefer not to an- er."

"Did you know there was to be this at- npt Thursday evening?"

Forrester smiled. "My dear young man, I ver quite know what I know. I make it my siness not to. I keep an open mind. I make list of as many eventualities as possible. I read my nets. I don't chase my fish; I wait them to entangle themselves in those nets. oner or later they all do. I let time do my rk for me. I make fewer mistakes that y."

"Would you have discovered the plot un- s I had warned you?"

"Everyone in the island believes I wouldn't."

"I know, and that's what puzzles me. I'm garded as a hero."

"It's pleasant to be a hero, isn't it? Partic- rly a wounded hero?"

"Yes, but how has this story got around?"

"I spread it. You are going to be extremely eful to us in the years ahead. You will have ong your colleagues in Pearl a very high putation for courage and self-sacrifice. You ll be trusted everywhere. Promotion will be celerated. Because of your actions the other ght, you will be trusted universally. You will ceive confidences that would not normally me to a person of your years, and that is mething that the Communists will appre- te."

"The Communists?"

"Your stock stands very high with them."

"With them?"

The policeman nodded. His smile could not have been more bland. "The Communists also consider you a man of courage. They believe that you unmasked an attempt to discredit them, that you risked your life foiling a Nationalist plot against their interests. You are not only a hero to the directors of Pearl in London, you are also a hero to a certain bureau that directs subversive operations from the Kremlin. I have ensured that. You can see now, can't you, how very useful you can be to me?"

Basil did not answer. He could not yet completely visualize his position.

"Wherever you go," Forrester continued, "you will be contacted by the Communists. You do not need telling that Communism is an advancing tide. You have been posted now to Trinidad. As far as we know, there is no established outpost there; but Communism undoubtedly flourishes or until recently flourished across the water in B. G. It may very easily reach Trinidad. Your presence there will be of great value to us. If you are not contacted, it will be a great reassurance to us. A nil report is valuable to us; but I think you will be contacted."

"What shall I do then?"

"You will do what we tell you to. You will be recompensed for your work. Money will be paid into a numbered account in Switzerland. There will be no record of these transactions. You will find it very useful when you retire. It will be a pleasant addition to the pension Pearl will pay you."

The word "salary" originally meant "salt money," or earning one's salt. In the days before refrigeration, salt was precious indeed, and getting it sometimes difficult. We still talk about our hard-earned savings as money "salted away." OPAL Y. PALMER

"Suppose I refuse to do this?"

"You are not in a position to refuse. Those endorsed checks are in your file."

"That's blackmail."

"It's counterespionage; which is not the cleanest game. We are not fighting people who respect the laws of cricket. We like to have a hold over our agents. Our agents are usually people who have made one grave error, as you have done, my dear young friend."

"But how long will this game go on?"

Forrester's smile was as benign as Father Christmas'. "Till the day you die, my friend."

Angus Macartney's ship docked at Southampton. During the long journey his health had been increasingly restored by the sea air and sunlight. Ah, but it was going to be good to be in London again, free and twenty-six and with a substantial bank balance.

Letters awaited Angus at his club. There were several bearing Karak stamps. Another, addressed by a typewriter, had been posted in London. He opened it.

The letter heading was from an office in the City. It was signed "Francis Reynolds."

Dear Macartney: We met, do you remember, at Karak at the Residency. I was so sorry to hear of your father's death. Please accept my deepest sympathy. I was also most distressed to hear of your accident. I trust that you are completely recovered. I wonder if you would have time to lunch with me one day. It would be pleasant to see you again and I should like to hear your version of the recent dramatic incidents in Kassaya.

Reynolds invited him to lunch at the Carlyle Club. Angus had never heard of it. It was in Dover Street and he expected it to be a vast mausoleum with columns, a wide staircase and dark portraits of men in uniform. It was not that kind of place at all. It looked more like a restaurant than a club.

Reynolds was assured and affable. A short, busy-looking man paused at their table. "I've something that might interest you, Reynolds. Could you ring me up this afternoon?"

"I'll do that."

The man's features were familiar to Angus. "Haven't I seen his photograph in the papers?"

"You certainly have. Sir Stuart Marchant. Anyone can join this club who can afford the entrance fee. But some quite good people do belong. Now tell me how the Karakis themselves took the incident."

Reynolds asked question after question, but appeared to know a good deal more about what had happened than Angus did himself.

"You keep yourself well informed," said Angus.

"It pays to, in my game. I made a lot of money out of your little piece of trouble."

"How so?"

"Pearl shares dropped several points when the news reached London. Investors have got windy about oil. They remember Abadan. But I had my sources of information. I knew there was no danger; I bought heavily. Within two days the shares were back where they belonged. By the way, I hear that Shelagh Keable is going to marry the A.D.C. I hope you're not too upset."

"So you heard that rumor?"

"It was one of the first things I heard when I arrived."

Angus laughed. "I'm afraid a good many people got dust thrown in their eyes over that. It was a silly joke that got out of hand."

"Then I've been wasting my sympathy. There was someone else I was going to ask about. Young Hallett. He showed me round the refinery. How did he strike you?"

They discussed camp personalities, then the talk switched to Angus' present plans and to London, where he would spend his holiday. Reynolds advised him on the plays to see. "If I can be of any help in any way, you won't forget to ask."

Angus thoroughly enjoyed his lunch. He was stimulated by Reynolds' company. It was the first time he had met a man of the world on equal terms.

Reynolds looked at his watch. "I must be on my way. I'm not on a holiday like you; but we must keep in touch. And there is one thing I'd like to say: International finance is a very interwoven racket and your father was in touch with a group of businessmen in Karak and the Far East who are in touch with certain interests of mine. When you go back, I'd like to put you in touch with them. It should be of advantage to us all."

Angus instantly was on his guard; a section of a pattern had grown plain: his father's taking up of chess, Forrester's concern, Reynolds' start of surprise at the Residency dinner when he mentioned it. In a flash he saw Reynolds under a new light, as part of a conspiracy.

"That's very good of you," he said. "I'm grateful."

Forrester might have cut down the branches of the conspiracy, but the roots might remain. Here was his chance to prove his loyalty to the crown and to avenge his father's death. If he allowed himself to be guided by Reynolds for a little, he might discover the secrets that had eluded Forrester. His pulses thudded with a sense of high adventure. The cycle of causation that had been started when an experienced worldling had tried to take advantage of a young woman's trustfulness was not yet complete.

Charles Keable and Shelagh sat in the drawing room waiting for the minute hand to reach the figure 4. Five minutes earlier Barbara, the Studholmes, and Prince and Princess Rhya had driven to the church. Shelagh was wearing the conventional long white dress, of silk but not of satin. She looked very young, the redness in her hair heightened by the gauzy veil. Her father, refusing to encase himself, in equatorial heat, in a black morning coat, had ordered a suit in cream-colored Siamese silk from a local tailor.

They sat in silence. *This*, he thought, *is one of the big moments in a man's life, when he walks at his daughter's side, down an aisle toward an altar; when he hands over his daughter to the care of another man, his work of parenthood completed.*

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He looked at the clock. Nineteen minutes past. He rose. "Time to be on our way." He walked across to her, put his arm round her shoulder. "Good luck," he said.

As the organ began to play the wedding march, Barbara turned her head. The sight of Shelagh in white on Charles' arm sent a glow of satisfaction along her nerves. Shelagh could not have looked prettier. The dress was very simple in design, suitable to her age and looks, accentuating her freshness, her slimness, her air of innocence. It was the dress that she would have chosen for herself if she could have had this kind of wedding. She had a sense of achievement, seeing Shelagh so completely the bride of storybooks.

From the seat behind, Sir Kenneth Studholme looked with a certain envy at Charles Keable. He wished he was in Charles' shoes with Lila on his arm. Why on earth couldn't she have settled for this young A.D.C. herself? Lila was a problem, and likely to be a greater problem every year. Still, one must be philosophical about it. One must have problems and Lila was his only major one. In every other way the stars were fighting on his side. The dispersal of the Nationalist *coup d'état* was a great piece of luck for him. He did not know that he could take much credit for it, but Whitehall was inclined to think he could. And after all, he had been responsible for Forrester's appointment. Yes, he could take some credit; and he had given Forrester his head. No doubt it had been touch and go, but his luck had held. The *status quo* would last his own time. Prince Rhya was showing every sign of responsibility. The rumor that he was to be a father early in the year had been confirmed. The birth of a son would consolidate the regime. Sir Kenneth followed his own thoughts contentedly.

As others in the congregation were following theirs. Forrester had learned that morning that his name would appear among the C.M.G.'s in the New Year's honor list. The old Prima Donna would get a kick out of it, and so would he. He'd been lucky here: luckier than his nibs suspected. It had been touch and go. Another time . . . there wouldn't be another time. He'd retire first.

Barbara shifted to the right, then to the left. She wished that Charles would not stand so close to Shelagh, or would stand a little farther forward. He was blocking the view of her train from everyone on the left side of the church. Ah, that was better: he had shifted forward slightly. It was just the right train for Shelagh. Everyone could see it now.

The young couple were moving forward to the altar. Charles had stepped back to his seat beside her. She slid her hand along the seat to his. It was a symbol, this, of what their life together was about to be: Shelagh going forward with her new life, Charles coming back to her. They would be alone together now. It had been a strain, having Shelagh with them; she had tried not to let Charles know. She believed she had concealed her feelings, but all the time Shelagh's presence had reminded her of that other woman. It was all over now and in the spring . . . she had not told Charles yet, but she really had no doubt. Next summer there would be the three of them. Her heart was warm. She had not a worry in the world.

She supposed that, among the congregation, one or two of the guests were wondering what she was thinking. Whether she was envious of her stepdaughter in a white church wedding, a marriage to someone near to her in age. *How different the stepmother's marriage was*, they thought. She smiled. They could not believe that she had fallen in love with Charles, in just the way that a young girl dreamed of doing. They presumed that she had married for security. If that was what they wanted to think, then let them think it. She knew better.

Charles pressed the hand that had touched his. It should be Daphne's hand that he was pressing at this moment. Poor Daphne, all those miles away. He hoped that Shelagh would write her a real letter, telling everything; a letter full of love.

Lila, at her mother's side, was thinking. *Good luck to you, but I don't envy you. It's right for you; it wouldn't be for me. You need solid rock under your feet, a wall round you and yours, safety within a citadel. I don't. I could have had that with Angus if I'd wanted it. I didn't. Maybe I'll never marry, but if I ever do, it'll be something.*

Her veil lifted above her head, Shelagh came down the aisle on Gerald's arm. She glanced to left and right, smiling at her friends. She supposed she shouldn't; that she ought to be demure and serious, blushing with downcast eyes, or else radiantly absorbed in her own happiness, thinking only of her husband. She could not help it. Her heart was singing. She wanted to embrace the entire world. If only mummie were here too. She would ring her up first thing tomorrow morning.

The reception was being held on the veranda; the guests could wander in the garden, or if a sudden tropic storm intervened, seek shelter in the sitting room. One by one the guests filed up. *A year ago I didn't know a single one of these*, thought Shelagh. *How many of them will I ever see again?* In a couple of months she would be going back to England for Gerald to have his six months' training. Then they would be posted heaven knows where abroad. For the next quarter of a century her life would be cut up with a succession of three-year contracts. Each time they arrived at a new camp they would be asking, "I wonder if we'll find here somebody who was at our wedding?" They would have no real friends; they would never be part of a community, except on a short-term basis. They would be terribly dependent on each other, she and Gerald; the foreknowledge of that increased her happiness.

One by one the guests filed by. The Forresters, the Studholmes, the Pawlings, Annetta and Prince Rhya.

Annetta kissed her. "Sometimes it seems only yesterday that we caught that plane together," Annetta said. "Sometimes it seems a century ago."

Lila kissed her too. "Good luck," she said. "I've never had a friend like you."

The last guest had filed by. "Now we shall enjoy ourselves," said Charles. The young couple moved away. He stood by Barbara looking round him. Everything, everyone looked very happy under the blue sky, in the heavy sunlight. The brown and ocher crotons, the bougainvillaea mauve and red and scarlet, a yellow cassia in flower, the women in their bright cotton dresses; the champagne sparkling in the glasses. "You've given them a wonderful show," he said. "I can't begin to thank you."

He paused. He put his arm round her shoulder. "Isn't it good to think that tomorrow we'll be alone together?"

All the strength and force of a man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain or wavering. Clear, deep, living convictions rule the world.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

Studholme was talking to Prince Rhya. "How is the king?" he asked.

Prince Rhya shrugged. "We had the X rays yesterday," he said. " There'll have to be an operation."

"You don't know anything for certain?" Studholme asked.

"We shan't until the operation."

"You'll tell him, won't you, how concerned I am?"

"I will."

"I've never met in public life a man for whom I've had more respect and more affection."

They talked for a little, and then moved apart. Annetta and Prince Rhya were alone.

"Today makes me feel rather guilty toward you," he said.

"Guilty?"

"Seeing that other English girl go off into that very English marriage, the kind of marriage you should have made."

"I had several chances of making one," she told him.

"I know, but this —— A woman wants to give her children the best possible life that's within her range. Is there any woman in the world today who'd choose to have her son a king?"

Annetta shrugged. "One accepts one's fate. One doesn't choose it."

He laughed. "I believe you've been a Buddhist all along, without knowing it."

"Have I? Perhaps I have. Perhaps my happy-go-luckiness was a kind of Buddhism. 'The world is a bridge. Therefore build not house on it.' I'd never heard that till you told it me, but wasn't that the kind of way I lived, as though I believed just that? Perhaps that's why you asked me to marry you."

"Perhaps it is."

She looked over his shoulder at the crowded garden, all these happy faces bright with unreasoning hope; then she looked down at him. "I hope our child's a son," she said.

END



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COTY...THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY THAT IS FRANCE

A HEART-TO-HEART ABOUT PARENTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

th iving room, I had to add a belated item to m New Year's resolutions: I will never again al v the girls to play with the pillows on the so in the living room. They *are* different fr n the pillows on the couch in the den (e n if they do look the same).

n sure the gals will follow Shirley's logic at nce—but the guys may share my confu- si . Now how does a student parent learn th e things? By experience. It's obvious that pa nthood can't be blueprinted exactly as sc e experts would have us believe. Any more th the teen years can.

chuckled when I heard about a harassed pa getting a primary parent lesson from his sm ll son as they hustled up Fifth Avenue the ot r day.

"Pop," demanded the little kid, "how m y bricks in that building?" "Well, son, I n't rightly know," said his dad. "Pop, w does the green light mean 'go' and the re ight mean 'stop'?" "Well—uh—now, I'd ne r thought about it," replied pop. And a w steps later: "Pop, who discovered Cen- tr Park?" "Son," said the frantic parent, "I'll have to look that one up—bu"—giving him a hearty slap on the back—"y keep right on asking questions. Just ask m anything. How else can you learn?"

e what I mean? And only last Sunday I di overed that, though it took a mature man fo ly "Divide and conquer," the instinct for th cunning wisdom is already present in our ol st daughter, Cherry, at age five. Cherry w carrying on a private conversation with se ral of her dolls, furnishing all the voices he elf, and it went about like this:

Mommy, can—*may* I have a piece of ca y?"

firm voice: "No, Cherry."

Eva, may I have a piece of candy?"

pause and then a reluctant voice: "Not m , Cherry."

Daddy, *can* I have a piece of candy?"

"I guess so."

Another pause and then the feminine Dale Carnegie murmured triumphantly, "I love you, daddy."

Now this is tempting. It can turn your head. It's a siren song to male ears. And yet—you know what? When "nice daddy" was wheedled for the goodies that very afternoon he had to turn monster. He *had* to say, "No, Cherry. Not before supper." That's not easy, believe me.

The blueprint Shirley and I started with for the kind of parents we wanted to be sounded just great: we would encourage independence, self-reliance, good manners, high principles and ideals *without being too strict*, and then encourage self-expression while we dished out love, security and a sense of belonging, *without spoiling them*. That's a very good blueprint too. And it sounds so *simple*. Well, being a good parent is simple—just as balancing on a slack wire is simple. The trick is merely to put one foot after the other and not lose your balance either way. *Very* simple. But *not* easy.

THE "WHYS" IN QUESTION

Generally speaking, your questions to me about your parents seem to be variations on a single theme, and that is: "Why don't my parents have more confidence in me? Why don't they trust me and my ability to make decisions and handle situations?" The variations run from feeling that "They always think I'm trying to put something over on 'em" to "Why can't I have a car of my own if I'm willing to work to pay for it?" or "They're afraid I can't take care of myself after eleven o'clock at night," or "I always have to double-date or go with a group as if I couldn't be depended on to behave on my own," or simply, "They just don't understand me!"

Believe it or not, in trying to answer these questions in relation to what we'll call normal or "good" parents—the regular type that comes in permanent sets of two, one mother and one father (we'll deal with the irregulars separately)—there's something to be said on both sides and we might as well go ahead and say it.

Let's quit passing the buck by saying, "Our parents don't understand us." This may be true to a certain extent; but on the other hand, if you're anything like the youngsters my buddies and I were, *you* probably don't understand you very well either. Do you? Honestly? If not, why not? I'll tell you. Because you're in a state of transition. You're just in second gear. You're rarely the same today as you were yesterday, and you may not even be the same this minute as you were sixty seconds ago. And that takes understanding.

You don't believe me? So I'll explain.

THE TEEN-AGE YOU
(A Serious Subject!)

To understand yourself, you'll first be asking questions like this: Who and what am I—since I'm no longer a child and I am not yet a grown man or woman? Where do I fit in? By what rules do I play as an in-betweener? How do I fit with people? What am I trying to prove?

And the answer to all that is: You are an emotional and psychological and physical phenomenon (I'll bet you've never been called *that* before) experiencing the various stages of a metamorphosis (tighten your seat belt), trying to achieve maturity in an eight-year period. You can see where all that might add up to a large experience. I didn't copy all that out of the dictionary. I learned it in college.

Don't let it throw you though. Reduced to simple jive, a metamorphosis is nothing more nor less than a complete change in character, purpose and circumstances, a passing from one form into another without a change of nature (you will still come out you—but different; follow me?). A caterpillar manages all this very spectacularly when it goes into its cocoon a lowly but well-adjusted crawler and emerges as a magnificent but probably very surprised flying garden ornament.

We, the human animals, go into the teens as nice, well-adjusted, carefree, dependent children with clearly defined rules and limitations and from twelve to twenty accomplish the change into a high-flying, independent adult whose boundaries are infinity, and whose responsibilities are great.

Unfortunately, you can't go into a cocoon and emerge with the transformation already complete. You have to do it the hard way, on stage, front and center, because only your body makes the change automatically. For the rest, the psychological and emotional changes required of you, it's necessary that you explore your environment, make social experiments, test, accept, reject, succeed, fail, adjust, readjust—in short, to coin a phrase that probably first belonged to the butterfly, "try your wings," build your confidence and self-esteem until you can really fly alone. In these struggles you're bound to come into conflict with your surroundings. So one minute you're Joan of Arc and the next the Incredible Shrinking Man—trying to fit in.

As teen-agers we have new impulses—and these require new controls and special handling. It's like switching over from a cub plane to a jet. We develop the controls and seem very grown up and then suddenly they slip a little and we're not grown up at all, just like the guy whose voice is changing, who roars forth in a fine masculine boom that continues to surprise and delight him, except at those horrifying moments when it gets all out of control and he sounds like Lily Pons with a bad cold.

Another thing: we suddenly find we're becoming responsible for steering our own boats a little. Where once mom or dad made the decisions for us, now we feel the need to make a few for ourselves. This is moving from

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medium brown	#7 American Brown
medium dark brown	#8 Mona Lisa Brown
deep auburn	#9 Gleaming Bronze
dark chestnut brown	#10 Glossy Chestnut
dark brown	#11 Brown Onyx
very dark brown	#12 Jet Brown

If you are a **REDHEAD**



TO BECOME	USE THIS COLOR
light strawberry blonde	#1 Canary Diamond
golden copper	#3 Starlight Blonde
medium red blonde	#4 Grecian Blonde
golden titian	#5 Golden Topaz
bright red	#6 Carrot Top
medium reddish brown	#7 American Brown
auburn mink	#7½ Lustre Brown Mink
dark auburn	#8 Mona Lisa Brown
dark coppery auburn	#9 Gleaming Bronze
warm chestnut brown	#10 Glossy Chestnut
dark reddish brown	#11 Brown Onyx
jet black	#14 Jet Black

If you are **BRUNETTE** (Very dark brown to black)



TO BECOME	USE THIS COLOR
golden chestnut brown	#1 Canary Diamond
medium brown	#2 Bamboo Blonde
medium chestnut	#3 Starlight Blonde
medium dark brown	#4 Grecian Blonde
deep reddish brown	#5 Golden Topaz
dark auburn	#6 Carrot Top
very dark auburn	#9 Gleaming Bronze
darkest brown	#12 Jet Brown
jet black	#14 Jet Black

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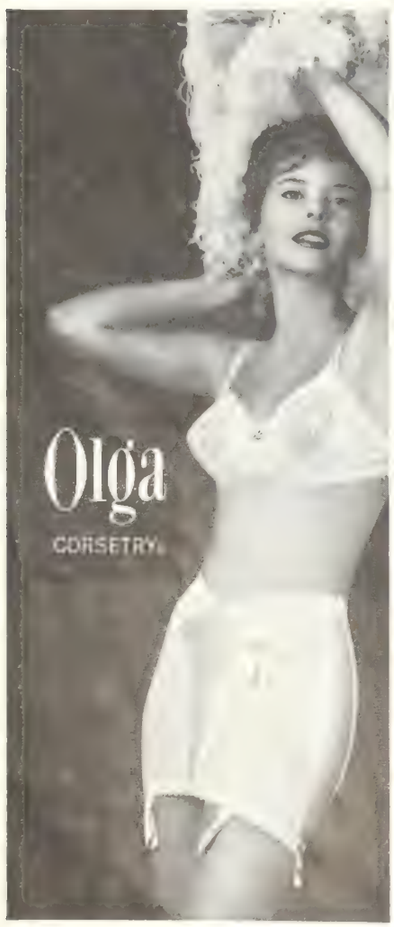
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infantile dependence to full-fledged independence, and at first we love the taste of it. But it's possible to take the wrong turn now and then.

It takes some learnin' as well as doin'. We can use a little help. When we can't handle it alone we often try conforming to the pack, or crowd, or club, or whatever. Then *it* makes decisions for us. We feel safe if "all the others" do it. But this is good only if the crowd has high ideals and sound principles. Even then, the crowd can't replace the parents. It is our parents who can give us the help we need, for at this point "the folks" have the one thing we simply cannot have at fourteen or sixteen or even twenty—either as individuals or groups

Mom and dad have *experience*.

THE GROWN-UP PARENT AND HIS USES

A friend of mine, a brilliant Hollywood writer, who has been forced by circumstances to raise two teen-age boys alone, told me the other day that the four words he dreads to hear most on the telephone are, "Dad, you're pretty smart."

"I want to hang up right then," he admitted. "I know what's coming and it won't be anything to gloat over!" For invariably one of the boys, the sixteen- or the twenty-year-old, has just discovered dad was right about something. They have pitted their *in*experience against his experience and "usually discovered," he says, "that if you brake a car too suddenly on a curve it turns over. But it's a little late to be finding out I'm right!"

Experience dictates most of the reasonable rules made by parents. If you can believe that, the neck you save may be your own.

This will be a tough pill to swallow, but I've found, honestly, in talking with hundreds of parents (and pondering the matter myself), that the motives behind most restrictions are your safety or your reputation. Now I know that this latter is an old-fashioned word—so, too, is it an old-fashioned saying that "Who steals my purse steals trash, but he that filches from me *my good name* ——" Well, we'll look at an example of that shortly in connection with the too lenient parent.

I know that the rules you mention in your questions seem *un*reasonable at this moment to you—so let's take a look at them in relation to your future, using for glasses the frame of experience and the lenses of safety and your reputation. These glasses may be uncomfortable at first, but you might see some surprising things!

Take the question, 'Why can't I have a car?"—or "Why can't I date boys who have cars?" If you're in the early teens (especially if you're a boy) wheels are the symbol of your independence. I know they were for me. And *my* mamma and daddy were like yours—they said *no* to my having a car all the way through high school even if I could pay for it myself! They didn't think it was necessary, wise or safe. Chee! Wotta grouch!

Now I'll tell you a secret. Teen-age drivers in my book can be the *bes*.. I've ridden with some who *are* the best (I'd vote myself as just "pretty good"). But almost without exception they weren't the speed-demon type, either behind the wheel *or* at owning a car. There's not that big a rush, pal! That's what experience teaches Right now you *need* driving experience—but get it gradually in the family bus under control conditions, until ol' dad, the guy with the experience, thinks it *wise and safe* for you to own a car and until you can afford one in good condition! And darlin', you with that beautiful young neck: don't be in a hurry to trust it to some fella who's just found that four wheels and an engine go faster than a bicycle—that may be *all* he knows! One buddy of mine, actually a terrific driver, took one chance too many and killed himself, his girl and three other innocent people in a flaming wreck. It *does* happen!

For those of you who say, "My parents are afraid I can't take care of myself after eleven o'clock," I have a lot of sympathy on that score. Mine was an eleven-o'clock family and I know how Cinderella felt, scared that her pretty duds would turn into rags and her whole evening be ruined because she had to leave the party before everyone else. I know Carol and Artie can stay till twelve—and Tom and Mary Ann till *one*. If I had my way, we'd get all the parents in each age group together and *insist* that they agree on basic rules just as the Army does. It would save them and *you* strain if *everyone* had to be in at eleven—or twelve—and you never had to leave a going gang.

But I will tell those of you who have to be in . . . I almost said "early," but I'll change that to "earlier than seems reasonable to you" that these hours seem pretty reasonable to *me* now with my own four daughters sprouting like wild onions. And that the idea of double-dating or dating with a crowd used to be fun and now seems pretty smart.

I know. I know. I'm turning into an ol' creep. Yesterday the teen-age Boone was arguing for those same rights and calling the restrictions unreasonable and today the parental me is endorsing the same as laws of common sense which will guard your own health, homework and reputations while you're gaining experience and learning the new rules. I wouldn't blame you if you felt like the little girl whose older sister scolded her when putting her to bed.

"You've had a rotten temper all day long," big sis said.

And the little one, neatly tucked in, came back; "It's temper when it's me an' 'nerves' when it's you."

I can see the inconsistency of having fought for the same freedoms you want for myself at your age, and now sittin' back and saying blandly, "The restrictions won't do you any harm." But I guess the answer is that I have a little more experience now, and it, like your folks', is at your disposal if you care to use it. Anyway, don't go 'way mad.

The best thing I can pass along to you is, "Don't rush." I can stay up all night now if I want to—and, y' know, it isn't nearly what it's cracked up to be! Actually, I don't worry too much about your ability to meet these annoyances cheerfully as they come up.

I *do* worry, though, when you say, "They don't trust me"; "They think I'm trying to put something over on 'em." Because this indicates a lack of communication—and if you aren't communicating, you're in trouble. You may lose a pair of great guides who want to help you through the teen-age maze.

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH PARENTS

Unfortunately, somewhere 'twixt twelve and twenty it becomes unfashionable to discuss things with parents—while to *agree* with them is practically to acknowledge that you *need* 'em, and some ill-advised teen-agers feel that this puts them back to child status again. If you fall for this you get out of touch.

Now, let's be honest. You *do* need them. As long as your parents give their support you'll find it safe to make your own decisions. Look what happened to a young friend of mine recently. Ella felt her mother didn't h any confidence in her ability to make her c decisions. A holiday party was coming up Ella was going to the beauty shop to have hair styled and set. All the way down in car she lectured her mom.

"Please let me tell them how I want it d this time," she begged. "Every other time give the orders and treat me like a *baby*. old enough to know what I want."

So her mother dumped her at the hairdr er's and scooted off to do her marketing then picked Ella up. On the drive home was in tears. She didn't like her new hairdo wasn't becoming and she knew it.

"Oh, mother, this looks terrible," wailed. "I'll have to go back and have it d over the way it used to be. You can't let me to the party looking like a *witch!*"

Now, from there on Ella's mother mi well have stopped trusting Ella to mak own decisions, because somehow they w speaking two different languages. At the s face level Ella was saying, "I don't n you—I need you. I don't want you—I w you. Let me alone—help me." It didn't m much sense.

But Ella's mother could translate. W Ella was really saying was, "Advise me. Do boss me." However, can you imagine confusion if her mother hadn't been able figure that out? This kind of confusion g on all the time.

It would be better if we tried a little har to make ourselves understood by our eld in the teens instead of inventing a secret l guage and only talking to ourselves—that if we want to get our problems settled.

To begin with—try to lay off the jar when outside your own set. If a boy s "Slip me some bread, pop," to his dad, apt to get whole-wheat instead of money you tell your mother you've heard a pictur "wicked" she'll probably make you miss best show in town. If your young date s "Let's make the scene" instead of, "We'd b ter go now," you may find you won't be lowed out with *him* again.

Now, here's a Boone formula for getting be trusted—for letting the folks know you not trying to put anything over. They're g eral rules for talking things over with pare in a way that gets results. Try it! It worked me when I used it.

First: Be sure you are coming in loud a clear, speaking the same language on the sa subject.

Second: Choose the right time and place do *not* interrupt a business conversation dad's, or catch mom when she's hurrying get little sister ready for a party. Try turni off the TV once in a while (yes, even my sho and getting to know each other.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

In this day of paper napkins, some persons seem as afraid to use a linen napkin as others are to use a guest towel.

Stalemate: one who, after twenty-five years of marriage, is still telling the same jokes.

Our local child psychologist says one trouble with children is they all have mothers and fathers, but some of them do not have parents.

Memory expert: any woman who has successfully forgotten how old she is

In a normal household, something abnormal can be expected to happen on most ordinary days.

Perhaps people, like automobiles, should undergo a semiannual inspection, then be kept off the road until running smoothly.

Overheard: "Once I've decided something, I never seem able to make up my mind."

No matter how old she grows, a woman married to a man who is older will always be young.

Devoutly to be wished. "If we could have but one generation of properly born, trained, educated and healthy children, a thousand other problems of government would vanish."

Herbert Hoover

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wakes up sleepy eyes with a Taste Surprise

• Breakfast is off to a bright start when you sniff a whiff of *Raisinbread* a-toasting! And when that toast comes to table—crispy, golden brown 'n buttery with all those raisins winking up at you—who can wait to start nibbling? *Don't wait.* Be Taste Surprised! Be energized! (Raisins do both for you.)

And be sure to see your raisinbaker often for well-raisined breakfast rolls and coffee cakes, too.

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Once in a blue moon you run across a recipe like this! Boston baked beans better than you *ever* tasted and ready in minutes. Delicious—because the 7 lively spices in French's Mustard cook right along *with* the recipe. Discover today how French's Mustard adds exciting golden flavor to this recipe and most everything you eat.



Golden Bean Bake

2 cans baked beans
3 tbsp. marmalade
3 tbsp. French's Mustard
1 tbsp. French's Minced Onion

Combine ingredients in 1-qt. casserole. Bake 10 mins. in hot oven (400°). *Topping:* Cut 1 small French bread into thick slices slantwise. Blend ½ stick soft butter and 1 tbsp. French's Mustard. Spread thickly on both sides of bread slices. Remove casserole from oven. Place bread on its side, over the beans. Bake again 5 mins. until bread is golden and crusty. Serves 4 to 6.

Enjoy it! on Food and in Food

7 lively spices in every jar—

that's the secret of French's Golden Touch!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

Third: Don't try to pit one parent against the other. Either pick the one you think has more wisdom and authority in this particular matter and stand by that one's decision, or call a meeting. You'd be surprised how pleased your parents would be if you'd matured enough to know that two heads are better than one—and that "divide and conquer" doesn't work in the home.

Fourth: Try to be reasonable, intelligent and to the point in your requests or complaints. Remember the fisherman in the fairy tale who hooked the magic fish and by increasing requests raised his wife and himself from a hovel to a castle. But when his wife wanted the sun and moon to obey her they found themselves back in their shack again.

Or, here's an excellent illustration of the value of brief, clear, reasonable speech (the opposite of whining and nagging) reckoned in reverse by Mark Twain. His story was that when he had listened for five minutes to the preacher telling of the heathen, he wept, and was going to contribute $50. After ten minutes more of the sermon, he reduced the amount of his prospective contribution to $25. After half an hour more of eloquence, he cut the sum to $5. At the end of an hour of oratory, when the plate was passed, he stole $2!

But you get the point. Enter into communication with your folks on a sound basis and see if their trust doesn't grow and your problems shrink away.

One last bit of advice. Spoil your parents from time to time. You like a little spoiling, don't you?

I remember that my mamma was always very demonstrative. She liked to kiss and hug us and say, "I love you." As little children we liked it. But as we got older that sort of embarrassed us. It always stuck in my throat. Most teeners tend to shy away from any outward emotion or affection. Yet the few times when, as a teen-ager, I would give her a kiss and say, "I love you, mamma," tears came to her eyes. And I know now it was more than manly.

My advice is to thaw a bit—melt the chill. Don't be too "mature for that stuff." Kiss your mom. Pat your sisters and brothers. Ask your dad on a date—ball game, show or something else he likes. Just you two.

It works wonders, those displays of affection, for basically real love (not sentiment) is the answer to almost all the human-relation problems of this old world.

EXTREME-TYPE PARENTS—AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT THEM

The too strict parent and the overprotective parent don't allow their teen-ager to make his blunders at a normal rate of speed. They tend to slow you down and, though not dangerous (the only danger is if you bolt and butt your head into a wall or permit yourself to be filled with resentment), certainly this is a tough row to hoe.

Their motives would seem to be fear, a genuine lack of trust not only in the teen age but the older world; and the best—in fact, the *only* advice I can give you is to work hard on communicating with them and to do everything you can to build their trust. Defiance or rule breaking with such as these only confirms their worst suspicions and tightens the bit in your mouth. There's no doubt that, if your parents are really unreasonable, you're going to have to be *more* reasonable and ma than the average young person.

Too lenient or "indifferent" parents, or other hand, can be the most dangerous. withdraw with all their experience and l you alone on the field.

There were a couple of kids, friends of of my sisters, whom I watched struggle a with a set of parents who just dropped reins and let them run. The girl had su bad reputation by the time she graduated high school that she had to go husband h ing in another state, and even that wasn' enough. The boy, after being kicked ou several schools, both public and private, wo up in a wild automobile wreck in which on the passengers was killed. Finally the par had to face the realization that they had g love without guidance, freedoms without - pervision. The saddest part was that t children suffered most.

Now I want to say right here that my f were *really* alert. They seemed to know e second where I what I was up to whom I was with. mom had a sev sense and seemed know if I was just *p ning* to do someth that was out of or and *that always gave pause to think—an we pause to think usually come up with right decision.*

I'm not saying didn't irk me to h my family so intere in *everything* I did. today I'm grateful. absolutely true that do not have to "g the dogs" because parents are indiffer But you'll have to w twice as hard. Grow faster. That is, if want a happy life.

The decision her all yours. You can problem parents for excuse to be misera all your life or you open your eyes r now, adopt some of rules imposed on ot guys and gals admire—stick close your heavenly Fathe and *bring yourself up be the strongest of all.*

My friend, you w an extra parent (beca of divorce and marriage)—work hard on getting in touch. wicked stepmother is a fairy tale. If you "get in touch" you can have something pre special. If you aren't in touch, are you the who did the shutting out? I feel for you, and know you have extra problems, may but you can and should be happy too.

When we come to the deep problems-wi parents—the kids who have to contend w a mother or father ill on alcohol, morally spiritually ill—we, all of us, have a job to We have to open our normal world to the To show them what a joy it is to live in sunshine of goodness and right. To help th overcome humiliation, shame, defiance, old chip on the shoulder. We've got to courage their loyalty and not invade the p vacy they keep around their dark secret wo Try to draw them out of it. But for you, aga if this is your situation, I know there is ev hope, for you *have* a heavenly Father—a you, too, can bring yourself up. And to h your parents—remember—love works wo ders with problem parents too.

I'd like to offer you, whatever your story a prayer, a prayer that can be used for pro lem parents, or daily problems, or any tee age situation. It isn't an old one. It isn't a n one. It isn't long either. But it's powerful:

"God, grant me the serenity to accept t things I cannot change, the courage to chan the things I can, and the wisdom to know t difference."

SONG FOR A SLEEPING CHILD

By ALEXANDER TAYLOR

Sleep gently, my dove, my child,
The features of your face
Will never be so calm, so mild,
Any time, anyplace.

Soft upon your side you lie
As all my thoughts, unstrung,
Gather in the light and die
For one so young.

The turmoil of the world will farm
Upon your ivory brow
And bring ten small fingers harm
Anyhow

Sleep gently, love, lie at rest.
May life over sorrows give
You similar children so with zest
You richly live.

TIGER, TIGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

s and out at the other, she was so used to
t n.
Borrow some of mine." Rosetta stretched
a groaned. "I feel rotten tonight," she said.
Have a drop. It'll settle your stomach."
Think I will." Fishing under the bunk for a
tle, Rosetta poured a generous amount of
contents into her tea.
omeone knocked at the door and shouted.
h, all right," said Carmencita.
Rosana got up and climbed on a shelf and
ooked her mother's costume from a peg.
vas shaped like a rose-pink corset striped
h silver and there were sequined frills of
k gauze round the hips and bosom. It was
very clean, but Rosana thought it was the
st beautiful garment imaginable. She got
the pink tights and pink sequined cap
l the enormous grubby shawl and laid them
the bunk.
You get to bed earlier tonight, do you
r?" said her mother. "You look half
ked."
But after yours."
Straight after, then, or I'll skin you."
setta was painting her eyes black, her
uth crimson. "Think yourself lucky you *can*
o bed," she said.
Rosana watched her mother's act every
nt at the first performance, waiting pressed
inst the canvas in the drafty tunnel that
to the ring, so as to be out of the way, till
moment came when she was allowed to
and peer through a gap in the musty red
en curtains and see the flares and the saw-
t and the tiers of faces, and the trapezes
nging thin and fragile high against the
k roof of the big top. It was not a long
t, for the Three Calvinis came on third;
l she liked the blare of the music and the
zied coming and going, and the glitter
l jingle of the horses as they passed her;
it always seemed long, sometimes endless,
ore the ringmaster shouted, "And *now*,
ies and gentlemen ——" The trumpets
nded, the cymbals crashed, and there was
mother, with her black hair tightly pinned
ler the sparkling cap. She would throw her
wl to Rosana, and because she was keyed
and liked to see the shining admiration in
child's eyes she would smile at her before
ran through the parted curtains into the
ht light with her partners Mike and Nicolo
either side. That, to Rosana, was almost
best part of the act; it was the only time
mother ever did smile at her.
he Three Calvinis were not in the top
k of trapeze artists because the circus was
in the top rank of circuses, but they were
ood deal more than adequate. They had
rked together for six years and their confi-
ce in one another and in themselves was
in from the effortless grace of their per-
mance—though limited in scope, it was
vlessly done. It looked so easy that in two
sons of watching once a night the idea of
ger had never crossed Rosana's mind.
w, when she saw her mother dive like a
llow through the smoky air high above
and saw her mother's hands pass a foot
ow Nicolo's that were stretched down to
grasp them, she did not at first believe it. The swallow shape broke, crumpled into angles, falling toward the edge of the net. The music stopped, people began to scream. Then Rosana understood; she started screaming herself and, still clasping her mother's shawl, she ran along the passage from the ring and out into the mist among the caravans and tents and cages, and through them and out into a road, trying to get as far away as she could. Soon she had no breath to scream; she could only whimper. She scuttled round a corner and ran into someone almost invisible in the dark. A watch chain bumped against her nose and a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"What is it?" the man said, but Rosana could not answer. "You are lucky," he said. "There are some rough characters about, with this circus. What's the matter? Have you lost your mother?"

Rosana had found a little breath, and at this she used it in such a way that Edward Howells glanced behind him and, taking her quickly by the hand, led her up the street and along another turning. Except for a muffled uproar in the distance and the sound of a horse and carriage not far ahead the town was quiet, dark but for the dim halo of mist around gas lamps. Neither Rosana nor Howells could see each other; unasking and sobbing, she stumbled with indifferent obedience (for he walked quickly) by his side. He opened an iron gate and led her up a short path and through a door with a scallop shell of faint greenish light above it.

Alice Howells had been married to Edward and living in this house for twenty-four years, and as well as that she had an acute ear; before the footsteps reached the gate it was clear to her that Edward was bringing in one of his problem cases, and almost automatically, with a passing hope that this one was sober, she laid down her book and poked the fire. The other footsteps were light and short, and as soon as the door was opened she heard the sobs; an erring female, she thought with a sigh (not on Edward's account but because erring females were exhausting), and expecting something in high heels and a feather boa, she was quite unprepared for the bundle that Edward ushered into the parlor. Rosana looked minute; at either end of the grayish woolen shawl she was clutching, all that appeared of her were a pair of worn and muddy button boots below and a three-cornered face unrecognizably screwed up, with swollen eyelids and a mat of mist-dampened hair falling over them. Both Alice's training as Edward's wife and her own instincts made her draw the bundle into the circle of her arm, while above its head she raised her eyebrows.

"She ran into me," said Edward succinctly, now free (for he had been carrying three books) to remove temporarily his bowler hat. "I have to go out again." He vanished.

Alice perfectly understood this; the police station was only three minutes' walk. While she collected herself she lifted Rosana onto her lap, and was devastated by the child's lightness and abandoned grief. Rosana leaned with chattering teeth against her shoulder,



"There's where the classes are held, this is the gym."

The newest desserts are chiffon and fruit cocktail

make them in minutes with Jell-O Chiffon Pie Filling



Fruited Strawberry Chiffon Pie Drain 1 can (1 lb.) fruit cocktail. Whip up Jell-O Strawberry Chiffon, using ½ cup fruit cocktail syrup instead of cold water; reduce sugar to two tablespoons. Fold in fruit cocktail. Pile in a baked 9-inch pie shell. Chill until set.



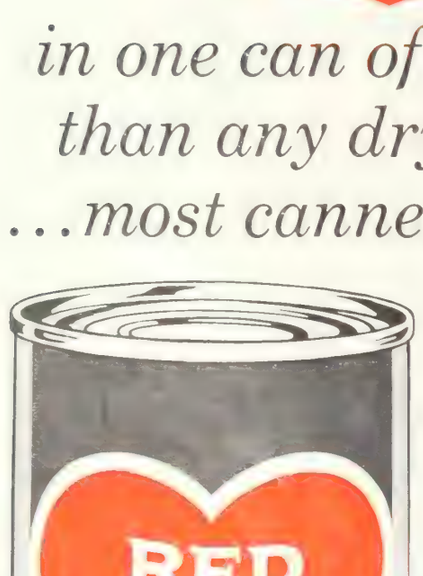
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refusing with one violent movement to be parted from the shawl; she had a strange smell, one that Alice recognized as not exactly dirty, but which she associated at once with musty material, and later, after a little thought, with a long-ago visit to the zoo. Like Edward, used to Edward, she knew when not to talk. She held Rosana in her arms beside the fire till Rosana stopped shaking and sobbing and was nearly asleep, and then put her to bed in the spare room. She had no garments that would remotely fit; she wrapped Rosana, naked, in a shawl, not the one Rosana had brought with her but an immaculately clean one of her own, made of thin soft wool, and tucked her in with a stone hot-water bottle wrapped in flannel. The child, she had noticed, was small and fine-boned but well enough nourished; she thought food, as well as talk, could wait.

Meanwhile Edward had made one of his purposeful entries into the police station. The sergeant, hunched over his desk, repressed an inward flinch and turned to a clean sheet of paper.

"I have found a little girl," said Edward.

"Girl," said the sergeant, writing. "Name? Age?"

"I have no idea of her name. She is about that high," Edward said, remembering how Rosana's nose had driven into his watch chain, "and she was hysterical. If you have any notification of a child lost, or an accident, you can let me know. My wife has no doubt put her to bed. I think she would be better left undisturbed till the morning." Edward left briskly, passing a hurrying constable but without turning his head.

Rosana awoke to pallid daylight and an expanse of sheets and honeycomb quilt that seemed to her as big as a field. She had never slept in a room before, and though the Howells' spare room was not large it was big enough and strange enough to frighten her; she could not remember where she was. With the shawl wrapped round her she sat up and stared, and looked wildly at the door when Alice came in. Alice carried a tray with cocoa and biscuits; she was austerely dressed in a long dark serge skirt and a plain white blouse, high-necked and long-sleeved, with an enamelled watch pinned to it; she wore gold-rimmed pince-nez, which made her seem severe, although she was smiling. She looked back at Rosana, into a pair of eyes no longer so swollen as to be invisible but now seen to be enormous and of a clear light blue-green color, with sooty lashes. Rosana's hair was even more like part of a hearthrug. *Poor little wretch*, thought Alice.

She said, "I expect you're hungry. This will do for now, and when you get up I'll cook something."

"I want my mother," said Rosana in a whisper.

"Mr. Howells has gone out to see about it. You mustn't worry; I am sure he will find her."

"He can't find her. She fell down."

"Where?" said Alice gently.

"In the circus."

This explained a number of things to Alice, but left others unanswered—she knew nothing about circuses. She thought it best not to say more till Edward got back. She said, "Don't worry; I expect it will be all right. Tell me your name."

"Rosana."

"How pretty," said Alice, who did not really like it. "I'll bring up your clothes and then you can get dressed. Can you dress yourself?"

"Oh, yes. Except the buttons."

"Bring the buttons down to me." Alice had heard Edward's key in the door; she hurried off. Edward was standing with his back to the black marble fireplace in the parlor, looking exceedingly gloomy. "Well?" she said.

"It's as bad as it can be."

"She's dead?"

"Yes. And there is no father."

"But there must be *someone* ——"

"That is to say, she did have a father, who was with the circus, but he disappeared soon after she was born. He used the name of Fred Smith, but is said to have been a Pole. The police seem to think he would be quite untraceable. I have seen the circus proprieto he's not prepared to keep her. One can't, suppose, blame him, and in any case it's a extremely squalid, like a traveling slun It's ——" Edward paused; he could nd banish from his mind's eye the lions an tigers in their cages.

"Then what will happen to her?"

"She will have to go to an institution."

"Oh, *no*."

"What alternative is there?" Meetin Alice's compulsive gaze, he shifted his ow to the plaster wreaths on the ceiling. "It woul be difficult," he said.

"I know."

"And more difficult for you than for me."

"All the same ——" said Alice.

In 1906 there were no adoption laws. Th unwanted child had little or no protection an formalities were few.

Edward went off again to the police statio and then once more to the circus, which w packing up, and where he collected Rosana possessions; they were a small and pathet bundle, tied in a filthy piece of red velve Holding them reluctantly in a clean glove, h returned home to find Alice and Rosana si ting side by side on the green plush sofa in th parlor, looking at a book. Rosana's hair ha been washed and brushed, and now fe damply but smoothly to her shoulders, curlin at the ends. Every so often she drew a dee irregular breath, but did not appear to hav been crying. Edward put the bundle on th floor and signed to Alice. They went into h study.

"Have you told her?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She didn't say anything about her mothe I don't know whether she took it in. When told her this was going to be her home, sh said, 'I want to go back to the circus.' Sh seems stunned—it's bound to be very strang to her at first. She has never lived in a hous I don't believe she has ever seen a book, h alone been taught her letters. We shall hav to be patient."

"We have a long way to go."

In the parlor Rosana was sitting on th floor. She had untied the red velvet, h wooden doll was clasped in one arm, she ha thrown aside a few clothes, and with the oth hand she was arranging on the Turkey carp the rest of her treasures: a string of chea glass beads, some orange feathers, scraps gaudy material, an emerald sash trimme with sequins. They were all extremely dirt Edward glanced sideways at Alice.

"What beautiful things," said Alice. "A they yours?"

She was disappointed, but not surprise when Rosana snatched up her finery and he it fiercely to her chest.

"A very long way," said Edward, going c at last to his shop.

Edward owned a small but profitab drapery store adjoining the house. He em ployed a young man assistant and a g cashier, and had a steady trade with loc customers who respected his honesty, goo sense and integrity. He had married Ali when he was twenty-four and she was twent one; she was the daughter of a schoolmast in the town, and he had just inherited the bus ness from his father. They had set up hou beside the shop and hoped for a family; b no children arrived. As a couple they we serious and intelligent, and had progressi ideas such as freethinking and sympathy wi women's suffrage, but these they kept to thei selves for fear of losing customers; Edwa served on charity committees and every often picked up lame dogs of varying speci and with varying results. They lived quiet and economically, read a great deal, play the piano to each other and talked abo books and music. They knew practicall nothing about children. As adoptive parer for a child dragged up in a circus they we ludicrously unsuitable, except for three esse tial qualities: they had brains, sense and en less patience.

In the weeks that followed they needed three. It seemed impossible to make conta

Rosana. She was well enough behaved; is to say, she did what she was told, ned to like helping in the house with such as dusting, watering plants, making —all these she performed silently but unexpected efficiency. Alice once or e heard her crying at night, and went in er, but she got no further than holding still-speechless child, closely and tenderly, she slept; her breathed endearments met response. Rosana never mentioned her her, or the circus; but she played furtively her possessions, her beads and feathers bits of stuff, which Alice had had the e not to wash but had stolen and fumid one night while Rosana slept. All efforts each her she stubbornly resented; Alice A's and B's and C's in colored chalk till brain reeled, but Rosana sat obstinately, lip stuck out.

he house was L-shaped and had been , with the enchanting assurance of its od, in the second half of the eighteenth ury. One arm of the L opened on to the t, and was the shop; it had once been a fectioner's, and its window dated from —the pointed Regency-Gothic panes e it difficult to see what was displayed in, and Edward had often thought of ng it altered, but few of his customers lged in window gazing, and though the was out of fashion he could not bring elf to pull it down replace it with something contemporary. ough the iron gate th across a handhief of garden, in angle of the L, led e front door. The ide of the house, of -rose brick with a fanlight, was unupted Georgian; inside had the orian age left its k. Edward's father ripped out white laces carved with t and Cupids, and tituted black marinset with lozenges arble colored like n; and above these had erected tiers shelves in fretted ogany inset with bits of mirror. His furnithough hideous, was solid; Edward and had accepted it along with the black le and the overmantels, and asserted own taste only in enlarging the bookves and hanging Whistler and Botticelli ad of Highland Cattle at Dawn. To na the potted palms and aspidistras, the s of carpet, were incomprehensible space; ing went on around them.

the hope of attracting her interest, Ed- took her with him to the shop. Most of rade was in materials, to be bought by yard and made up by some small tailor or smaker; his shelves were piled with es, heavy silks and taffetas, and though ana wandered around exploring, they not to her liking. Edward's customers sober and respectable, and chose their es for the same qualities; the beautiful somber stuffs had no appeal for her. The thing she seemed attracted by was a roll se-pink velvet. She had a little stool which would pull about, and sometimes she ld sit, when she thought he was not look- and rest her cheek against the roll. Ed- always found this unbearably moving, longed to take her in his arms, but her k greenish stare defeated him.

he must meet other children," said Alice, carried her off shopping and visiting never she could.

he townspeople knew Rosana's history were kind to her, but meetings with r children were not a success. Rosana un-co-operative, and once when badg- produced several epithets that made e blush to the ears. Having pacified, ehow, the outraged mother, Alice said on way back, "There are some words you use people don't like."

Rosana was bowling a wooden hoop with a small iron hook. In her reefer coat and dark blue sailor's hat, her black stockings and button boots pacing out the squares in the pavement, she looked (Alice thought painfully) like any other child. She stopped the hoop expertly and said, "What ones?"

Alice felt herself unable to repeat them, in spite of her progressive ideas. "I think you know," she said.

"Like ——" said Rosana in a pure clear voice, as the curate from St. Andrew's emerged from a front gate into their path. The curate, to his credit if it was a word he knew, greeted Alice politely, and only momentarily closed his eyes, as if thinking, when he was ten yards along the street.

Nevertheless, Alice continued to take Rosana visiting, hoping to find a child Rosana could get on with; she needed company of her own age, and sending her to school was useless till she was willing to learn. Once Alice thought she had succeeded, when the eight-year-old daughter of a friend of hers on the other side of the town seemed to take to Rosana and Rosana to her. They went out amicably into the garden, wrapped in coats and scarves; not holding hands, but chattering like sparrows. It was unfortunate that Trudy had a swing, slung high from a walnut tree. "You have a go," she said, pushing it; and Rosana, breaking for the first time since the night of her arrival, ran screaming in to Alice.

Only one other thing produced the same reaction. Walking in the town one afternoon a week or so later, they came suddenly on a brass band at the head of a procession; trumpets, drums and cymbals started up with a deafening blare as they turned the corner. Rosana stopped short; her hand, in a small woolen glove, trembled in Alice's. Alice looked down and saw her face. "It's all right," she said. "It's only an old band—look, there's Mr. Norman with his trombone." But there was nothing she could do; quickly she took Rosana home.

Alice's theories were in advance of her time, and when she got back she sat down and wrestled with her brains and her instincts. That night she said to Edward, "I think we are wrong. We should *make* her talk about the circus."

"Perhaps you're right. I'd hoped she might forget it."

"I hoped so, too, but it's clear she hasn't. It's all bottled up inside her, and that's why we can't make any headway. It's like a boil; we have to open it to let the poison out."

Edward clasped his hands round one knee; his square serious face, illuminated by the fire, took on angles and planes of shadow so that for a moment he reminded Alice of his Welsh father, dead a quarter of a century ago. He said, "How?"

"I'm not sure. I have a kind of idea—what had you thought we should give her for Christmas?"

"I'd supposed some kind of toy; why?"

"There is that pink velvet in the shop—you tell me she sits beside it, strokes it. I wondered if it means something to her, something her mother wore, perhaps. Could we give her two or three yards of that?"

"It's a strange present," Edward said after a pause, "for a child of seven."

"I know."

"But if it seems right to you, we'll try it. Neither of us knows Rosana, but you know her better than I do, because you see more of her. I will have it cut off."

Alice and Edward decorated a Christmas tree, anxiously and inexpertly because they had never had a child in the house before. They hung up Rosana's stocking and filled it while she slept with nuts and oranges and

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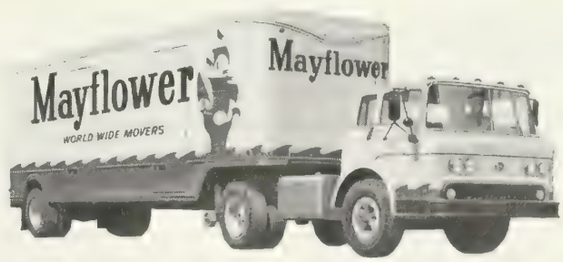
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small toys, but the parcel of pink velvet was too big and they laid it across the end of her bed. Alice woke in the darkness of early Christmas morning. Without rousing Edward she struck a match and looked at her watch; it was twenty past six, and she heard movements from Rosana's room. Lying still for a time, arms crossed to clasp her elbows, she listened and wondered, and in the end could bear it no longer, and got up and put on a dressing gown and softly opened Rosana's door. Rosana had a night light under a glass shade, which shed a dim radiance on the trellis-papered walls and marble washstand and struck gleams of brass from the bed. She was standing slipperless in the middle of the room, swathed from head to foot in rose-colored velvet, with the orange feathers stuck in her hair. When she saw Alice she gave a strange proud little smile.

"Happy Christmas," said Alice. "Do you like it?"

"Oh, *yes*. Is it really for me?"

"Of course it is. We thought you'd like to dress up. You look like someone very important in a circus."

"I know. It's the same color."

With the caution of someone stalking a rare and unapproachable animal, Alice said, "It must have been pretty."

"It had silver stripes down here, like that," Rosana told her.

"How lovely."

"And frills there and there, with sequins." In the middle of a gesture, Rosana stopped; her feet, on the cold linoleum, looked blue, and with chattering teeth she pulled the velvet more closely round her.

Alice was filled with a sort of miraculous confidence, which made her go and take Rosana in her arms. She said, "Let's get in your bed and keep warm. I love hearing about it, because we belong to each other, and people who belong to each other can talk, can't they?"

"Yes," said Rosana. She put her a round Alice's neck; the pink velvet slid to floor.

After that Rosana began to respond. W the air of someone dropping a remark int already established conversation, she wo talk about the circus. She never mentio her mother, but the rest of the performers g dazzling and over-life-sized when she sp of them. An elephant became a mamm the sad lions were killers and the ho Pegasus multiplied. Alice and Edward liste and encouraged, for Rosana's blue-green s had achieved focus. They were like amat scientists who start an experiment and with both elation and apprehension against the known odds it works.

One evening when Edward was back fr the shop and it was almost Rosana's bedt she came and leaned against his shoulde he read. She said, "What's that?"

"It's a poem," Edward said. From Welsh father he had inherited a passion words, and especially for poetry. As he Rosana's elbow sticking into his neck, her warm breath on his cheek, he wonde why it had happened when he was on t page.

"What does it say?" she said, and know she could not read Edward could have peated anything, but he accepted the c cidence, if that was what it was. With Rosa face an inch from his, he did not look at book except for a moment to lay his finger the place; he raised his eyes to Alice's said:

"Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night."

Gently and evenly Rosana breathed into ear, while Edward looked at Alice and Ali lips slightly parted.

"Say it again," said Rosana.

"Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night."

"We had a tiger," said Rosana, "in circus. Called Sultana. It was very fierce was always killing people."

Edward remembered, as he too often membered, the small cage without privacy the tired and tamed animal. He saw it clearly that tears came into his eyes and put his hand over them. Through a blur he Rosana's small finger pointed on the page

She said, "That's a T."

"Yes."

"Does that say Tiger? Tiger, tiger, burn bright, does it say there?"

"Yes."

Alice said, "Wouldn't you like to learn read it for yourself?"

Rosana turned her enormous dark-rim eyes away from the book. She said, "I read it."

"The first bit, I know, but there's a more than that."

For a moment Rosana glanced at Edwa and then back. "All right," she said, "if show me again."

Once having given in, she did indeed le very quickly. By the following autumn, s after her eighth birthday, Alice thought was up to the standard for her age, and rolled her for a private school in the town was run by an ex-pupil of Alice's father. Bef term started, the circus came to Leintfo Alice took Rosana to stay for ten days her sister, who was married to a farmer lived deep in the country about thirty m to the north. This was a measure of despe tion (things were going so well by now the advent of the circus in the flesh, so speak, was something that Edward and A were not yet prepared to take a risk on), Alice had not given much thought to w Rosana would be like on a farm. What h pened was that Rosana became immediat and totally absorbed in the animals. Excep mealtimes she was rarely seen anywhere bu the cowsheds or stable or trying to tame half-wild cats that lived in the barns. Arth farm was large and flourishing, he was

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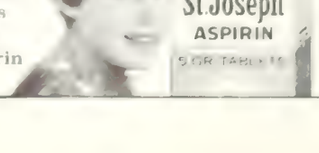
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rt manager, and it amused him to see
na's passion for his sleek cattle and
ning horses. He took her round with
let her try milking a cow, which she did
very successfully but quite without fear,
saddled the smallest pony he had and
nt her to ride. The pony was several sizes
ig for Rosana, but her courage and quick-
in learning delighted Arthur, and when
ft her sedately trotting round a field and
back five minutes later just in time to
er describe a parabola from a standing
ion on the saddle to a sitting one in the
he burst out laughing, picked her up
took her back to be cleaned off; but to
he only said, "She had a bit of a fall."

ice was nevertheless not easy in her mind.
children like cats and dogs and ponies,
Rosana seemed to prefer size and drama—
anache with which she approached the
and the Shire horses was alarming. Her
est, rather than being agricultural,
ed an alien desire to compel. *Perhaps*,
thought (blaming herself for not seeing
ore), *we should have given her a puppy or*
ten right at the start; but she knew it
d not have been the same. If she had
l about how Rosana fell off the pony,
about what happened in the barn, she
d have been even more disturbed.

the barn early one evening Rosana was
ing a tortoise-shell cat up a pile of
: the cat was believed to have a litter of
s somewhere which Rosana wanted to
The building was high and darkish, the
-hundred-year-old rafters above were al-
hidden in dusty obscurity. At the top of
ile she turned her head and saw quite
to her a loop of rope
ing from a beam; in
draft from between
imbers it swayed very
y to and fro. For a
Rosana watched it as
pnotized, crouching in
raw; then she stood up
ulled the rope toward
braced her hands in
oop, and with a great
ay of frilled white cotton drawers
hed herself into space.

le and sweating, she landed shivering in
raw again. The cat was forgotten; she sat
for a little while staring at the arc of the
and then reached for it once more. After
evening she returned to the barn when-
no one was looking. Her terror dimin-
and disappeared; half-remembered ges-
came back to her, and skills she had wit-
d but not till now understood. In three
she could do a somersault between let-
go of the rope and landing. When she
undressed at night her clothes deposited
ch of straw on the rag rug.

ice said, "It must be very uncomforta-

don't notice it. I keep looking for those
ns."

hen they returned home, Rosana started
ol. Alice was apprehensive, but Rosana
d down happily enough. Alice had had a
with Miss Holland, who had an Oxford
ee and knew Rosana's history, and they
thought it better that nothing should be
ealed, so Rosana came openly to the school
child brought up in a circus, and conse-
tly acquired such glamour in the eyes of
other children that it quite went to her
. Some episodes, such as a performance
he iron bar that spanned the cloakroom
et above the floor, Miss Holland was ig-
nt of, but she would often come across
na in the middle of a cluster of little girls
hear phrases like: "Then he threw a chair,
t wasn't any good; the *tiger sprang*." Miss
and smiled indulgently, and reported to
e what Alice could see for herself, that
na was doing excellently.

September of the next year the circus
back again, and Alice planned to take
na to the farm; but three days before they
due to leave, Alice became ill. It was some
infection, but it kept her in bed with a
perature and she was clearly unfit to travel;
ard could not leave the shop. Lying tidily
r the white quilt, with Edward walking up and down the bedroom floor, she said, "I ought to take her."

"Well, it's quite obvious that you can't, and I can't," Edward told her, "so 'ought' doesn't come into it."

"Perhaps Arthur could come and fetch her."

"Perhaps he could, but he's busy, and I don't think it's necessary. Sooner or later we must stop this. I think she has grown out of it enough."

"I hope so," said Alice. "Last year I was worried, I told you; I don't know why. But nine is more grown up than eight. We must take a chance. We have no choice."

Not many of the children at Rosana's school were allowed to go to the circus, for varying social, humanitarian or hygienic reasons, but all of them knew about it, and Rosana, whose circus it had once been, was the center of attraction. She described to them, over and over again, the clowns and horses and lions and tigers and elephants, and the costumes and the trappings; many things she thought she had forgotten crowded fresh into her memory.

"When are you going?" they said.

"When are we going?" Rosana said to Edward that evening, while Alice, cooler but uneasy, lay dozing upstairs.

Edward had had a hard day at the shop, and for relaxation was reading King Lear. He was the sort of person to whom Lear is like a powerful drug, and he raised unfocused eyes from the page to Rosana standing in front of him, small but intense and strictly buttoned into blue serge. He said, "Where?"

"To the circus."

At this word, which rang a sort of alarm bell in Edward's consciousness, he dragged himself back from Edgar and Gloster to the immediate situation, one in which he would have liked to have Alice beside him. He said, "Do you really want to go?"

"Of course. It's my home."

Looking at her sadly, Edward said, "I will have to see if I can find someone to take you."

"I thought you'd be coming. Don't you like circuses?"

Edward was about to say "Yes, but I'm busy," and then changed his mind. He said, "I don't like to see wild animals shut up in cages."

"Oh," said Rosana, pondering. "But if they were let out they'd kill people."

Edward explained.

"Yes, but our animals *like* it," she said obstinately.

"Perhaps."

The following afternoon Alice came downstairs for the first time, and at half past four Edward left the shop. He found Alice crouching by the fire, not doing anything. He said, "She's not back yet?"

"No."

"We mustn't worry. She will probably have walked home that way, just to look at the outside. All the children do."

"Can you imagine Rosana just looking at the outside?"

"If she is not home by five I'll go and find her." Edward saw Alice's face. "Do you think I should go now?"

"It's only that I'm frightened. We've taken such trouble, and if she should want to go back ——"

"Alice, we can't keep her shielded from the circus forever."

"No."

At five minutes to five Edward got up and went to fetch his hat and coat. He was in the hall when he heard someone running up the path, and he opened the door as Rosana reached it. She flung herself against him, and he remembered the night two years ago; now it was her chin and not her nose that bumped into his watch chain. He laid down his coat and hat and took off Rosana's, lent her his clean handkerchief, and led her by the hand into the parlor.

Snuffling, Rosana put her arms round Alice and then sat on the floor by Edward's knee. At nine years old the destruction of a dream in one blow seems to shake the earth: first in shock and defense, and then to impress, she had built up a picture of the world she had come from, imagination supplanting memory till memory had almost vanished. "It's my home," she had said to Edward, but now she laid her head against his knee to show him it was untrue. She could not tell him about the peeling caravans and ragged children, the litter of paper and sawdust, about Carmencita, who had become (or perhaps had always been) fat and lank-haired and blowzy, or about the tiger, apathetic, bleached and dusty, staring unseeingly with hopeless resentment out of the too-small cage.

She said, "Tell me that piece, the tiger one."

"Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?"

"There *are* tigers like that," she said, "aren't there?"

"Where tigers live," said Edward, "there are lots of them and they are very splendid and burn very bright." He touched Rosana's damp cheek with one finger.

"*I* live here," said Rosana, and put her hand in his. END

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The Vice President and his wife live in two spheres, one global and constantly limelighted; the other a quiet residential section where they own their own home and, with their daughters, try to be "just another family."

By HAZEL MARKEL

PHOTOGRAPHS By JOSEPH DI PIETRO

THE NIXONS AT HOME

It was the night of the big Brownie picnic. Fathers were invited and, to Brownies at least, it was the most important event of the year. At 4308 Forest Lane, Washington, D.C., an enthusiastic Brownie was already dressed in her uniform and waiting, with controlled impatience, for her father to come home and get ready for the picnic.

Then the telephone rang. Her father was very sorry, but he wouldn't be able to go: he had to stay at the office to work on official business.

Julie Nixon, then nine, was disappointed. "I think daddy ought to get a new job," she told her mother, "so he would be home more. Why can't he work like the man in the grocery store and come home every night at six?"

Neither Julie nor her sister Tricia, thirteen, is particularly impressed by the importance of their father's position; to them it is all too frequently a nuisance that interferes with their own plans. Tricia, an ardent sports fan, has been heard to wish he were an athlete—preferably a baseball player.

Having spent most of their lives in Washington, the Nixon daughters probably have a clearer understanding than the average youngster of some of the functions of Government and of their father's part in it. They know, of course, that he is Vice President of the United States, and that he is a Republican. The Nixons still laugh about the time, a few years ago, when Julie was poring over a history book and came across the statement that Abraham Lincoln was the first Republican President. "Mamma," she asked in shocked incredulity, "was George Washington a *Democrat?*"

The elder Nixons are sometimes called "the busiest team in Washington." When official activities are at a peak, the Vice President may have to be out six nights a week; Mrs.



Tricia's favorite spot for listening to her phonograph records is the stairway in the hall. Her father also likes music—he plays the piano "pleasantly," sometimes tries a tune on one of the girls' accordions.



Julie likes to entertain schoolmates and other friends in her father's study. She arranged a tea party all herself—selected flowers from the garden, chose the best Nixon china and bright dainty napkins.

Julie's cat, Nicky, makes havoc of the box in which Pat Nixon stores ribbons for reuse. Other pets: Tricia's cat, Puff; parakeets; the ubiquitous Checkers; goldfish. The dress is one Pat has had for years.





NIXON:
Republicans' Leading Candidate

Richard Nixon would be content for the 1960 presidential election to turn on one overriding issue: which aspirant could best deal with the Soviets. He believes expertness on that score is now the most vital qualification for the Presidency. And his devotees are certain Nixon proved his superiority in Moscow last summer by clearly matching Prime Minister Khrushchev's toughness, cunning and inflexible grit.

Everything considered, there is no question but that Nixon would be a forceful and positive President—at times, perhaps, to a fault. While foreign affairs would be his primary interest, his Administration as a whole would operate much like those of previous "Strong Presidents," whose tenure was usually lively or contentious—and never bland.

In his six vigorous campaigns to date—four of them as battle leader for the Republican Party nationally—Nixon received and inflicted a full measure of political wounds. He gained a loyal following among Republicans, and a huge array of enemies among Democratic leaders.

As President Eisenhower's understudy for seven years the Vice President has had an insider's access to everything in the Government. Considering his total background, one could reasonably expect that if he were elected President, Nixon's Administration would be a spirited extension of General Eisenhower's. Fundamentally, their political philosophy is much alike. Both are progressive in international affairs and essentially conservative on domestic matters.

They are quite different, however, when it comes to operations and politics. Nixon would be leader of the Republican Party in fact, for instance. Youth, generally, would stand out in his Administration's make-up. The base of key personnel would spread to the universities, professions and even labor unions.

"President" Nixon would not hesitate to invoke White House prestige on a moral issue—like civil rights. Nor would he hesitate to use the tremendous powers to knock heads together—or off—if necessary. Nixon is a crisis man. He is devoid of panic buttons, and tends to become increasingly cool and deliberate as an emergency worsens.

His capacity to gain the respect and confidence of those with whom he works is like an automatic reflex. Eisenhower has said that "No man in history has had such careful preparation" for tenure in the White House. Dulles considered him "uniquely experienced in the responsibilities of the Presidency." And when Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller served under Eisenhower, he wrote Nixon: "You have no idea what your understanding, integrity, courage, and leadership mean to so many of us."

By EARL MAZO

Author of "Richard Nixon," published by Harper & Bros.

Sunday morning at 4308 Forest Lane. Dick Nixon enjoys a cup of coffee in the kitchen before breakfast. Julie, who is "absolutely starved," keeps a very careful eye on the muffins browning in the electric oven.



Nixon, four or more. One of the challenges confronting this couple in their mid-forties is the question of how best to reconcile their public and home lives. They want their children to regard them as parents, not personalities; and they want to keep their private lives, so far as possible, private. This was a practical impossibility in the small house where they used to live—on busy Tilden Street, with sight-seeing buses making regular tours past. Three years ago they bought their present home on Forest Lane (a quiet dead-end street), with its huge back yard bordered by woodland. Here the Nixons feel at home.

The comfortable eleven-room house is more spacious than any the Nixons have ever lived in before. Each of the girls has her own bedroom and bath on the second floor. They share a capacious doll room, but each has her own dollhouse and extensive collection of dolls accumulated from American friends or brought by their parents from foreign lands, the latest additions being

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



New! Country Pie...Beef makes the crust

...And you'll make the savory filling double-quick —but only with Hunt's Tomato Sauce and Minute Rice.

Here's a new one! A rice pie with an unexpected *beef* crust!

And the filling—tender, fluffy Minute Rice, rosy and spicy with Hunt's Tomato Sauce—hearty with melted cheese.

Rich in vitamins too! You don't wash or boil Minute Rice —so the added nourishment is right there when you eat it. And Hunt's is the most tomatoful sauce of all—thick and smooth—fresh, ripe tomato through and through.

NEW! COUNTRY PIE

The crust

½ 8-oz. can (½ cup) Hunt's Tomato Sauce
½ cup bread crumbs 1 lb. ground beef
¼ cup chopped onion ¼ cup chopped green pepper
1½ teaspoons salt ⅛ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Combine these ingredients and mix well. Pat meat mixture into bottom and pinch 1-inch flutings around the edges of a greased 9-inch pie plate. Set aside.

The filling

1⅓ cups Minute Rice 1 cup water
1½ 8-oz. cans (1½ cups) Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 cup grated Cheddar Cheese ½ teaspoon salt

Combine Minute Rice, Hunt's Tomato Sauce, salt, water and ¼ cup of the cheese. Spoon rice mixture into meat shell. Cover with aluminum foil. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 25 minutes. Uncover and sprinkle top with remaining cheese. Return to oven and bake uncovered 10 to 15 minutes longer. Cut into pie-shaped pieces. Makes 5 or 6 servings.

Hunt's Tomato Sauce is a product of Hunt Foods, Inc.

Minute is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corp.

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gaily garbed dolls from Russia and Poland. They also share a large costume collection, but Julie, who has dramatic instincts, uses it more often to "dress up" herself and friends.

The girls likewise share a small upstairs sitting room in which they do their homework after school, read, write to Grandmother Nixon in Whittier, California, or, subject to certain house rules, watch their own TV. On rainy days there is a broad, glassed-in second-floor veranda on which to play, and to which Julie has currently moved her dollhouse. It must be a wet or wintry day to lure the girls inside, for there are two wonderful outdoor attractions.

One is a tree house which the Vice President had built between twin tall, leafy elms, and which Tricia herself painted white. Most youngsters simply climb the tree to reach it, but there's a rickety ladder for the less nimble. There is no furniture in this retreat, but Tricia took a rope, a pulley and a box, and rigged up an elevator for lifting dolls, books and snacks. Here the girls "keep house" and one night last autumn Tricia and a friend asked if they might sleep there.

Pat Nixon had loved her childhood nights sleeping under the stars, as her Nevada gold-prospecting father and mother had often done before her; she had no objections, and helped the girls hoist up some bedding.

When the Vice President arrived home shortly after midnight he protested: "Why, they'll be cold up there. It's turned quite chilly." He started to climb the tree-house ladder with an extra blanket, but halfway up it broke, and he crashed to the ground. Unhurt, he went back to the house, obtained a stronger ladder, and tucked the additional covering over the still-sleeping girls. It was after 1 A.M. by the time he got to bed.

At 5 o'clock next morning he was awakened by Tricia and her friend, bright as daisies, and eager to tell him about their night's adventure.

The other back-yard attraction, a Trampoline, is useful in clement weather for gymnastics, picnic lunches, costume plays and improvised circus performances. Julie is playwright and actress; Tricia the producer in the Junior Nixon theatrical presentations. When rain threatens, as on the night last fall their "Cinderella" was scheduled, performances are not canceled, but moved to the big recreation room indoors. This production, incidentally, was planned, costumed and rehearsed by Julie and Tricia during their parents' tour of Russia, and premiered for them on their return. Julie eschewed the title role to play the Prince and neighborhood children filled out the cast. Admittance was by invitation, but these were extended by the girls to parents of all participants so that the recreation room was filled. The performance was followed by lemonade and cookies, Mrs. Nixon's hasty contribution.

Julie's dramatic flair brings back memories to Patricia Nixon of her own girlhood, particularly of the romance of her life.

It was during tryouts for roles in The Dark Tower, an ambitious Whittier, California, Little Theater production, that Richard Nixon, just back from Duke University, first met Patricia Ryan, Whittier's new high-school commercial teacher.

The young lawyer had been a champion debater and had acted in plays while attending Whittier College. Pat had appeared in high-school plays at her girlhood home in Artesia, California, and, while attending the University of California at Los Angeles, had minor roles in two Hollywood film productions.

Both had worked since adolescence, Dick in his father's grocery where he managed the fruit-and-vegetable department; Pat, left motherless in her childhood and fatherless in her teens, as a store clerk, stenographer, bookkeeper and X-ray technician. Both had had to earn their own college education, and both were twenty-five. They won the two romantic roles in The Dark Tower, and quickly their play-acting developed into a real-life romance.

On the first off-stage evening together Dick Nixon informed his brown-eyed, blond companion that she was to be the future Mrs. Nixon, a statement that she thought a bit dramatic. Pat Ryan was not yet ready for marriage. At U.C.L.A. she had clerked in a department store to pay her way while she studied merchandising, home and business economics and commercial law. In these years she had been literally too busy for romance, now she found that she enjoyed teaching.

For two years Dick Nixon wooed her, always accompanied on any strolls by Pat's devoted Irish setter. ("Dick used to say I liked the dog better than I did him.") The Quaker lawyer and his Methodist schoolteacher were married at Riverside, California, in June, 1940, in a Quaker ceremony, Pat adopting her husband's faith.

The Nixons splurged on a two-week honeymoon to Mexico City. On their return they took financial inventory: between them they had $200. Most of this was invested in second-hand furniture which the bride slip-covered.

Pat continued teaching, but the Nixons' combined finances barely stretched from one payday to the next. Then her Irish setter died, and soon after Dick Nixon brought home to her a handsome plaque of a setter in burnished metal on a base of polished redwood.

"It cost twenty-five dollars," Pat fondly recalls, "and was our first major extravagance." She still cherishes it today.

When war was declared, Dick Nixon entered the Navy as a lieutenant, junior grade, and their life became a sequence of moves. Wherever her husband was assigned, Pat accompanied him and made a temporary home with used furniture and slip covers. It is a practice she has never abandoned: "You can save so much, and often you can have more nearly what you want." To supplement the family income, Pat usually took a job at each place they were stationed, as a stenographer, clerk or bookkeeper. In Ottumwa, Iowa, she was a bank teller.

After Ottumwa, Lieutenant Nixon was sent to the South Pacific Air Transport Command, and Mrs. Nixon went along as far as she could—to San Francisco. There, for fourteen months, she worked for the Government as a business economist, saving every cent she could manage for a nest egg. Island-hopping in the Pacific, her husband likewise was hoarding his pay.

Contemplating their postwar future via long-distance and frequently delayed FPO mail, the Richard Nixons planned that they would return to Whittier, where he would resume his law practice and they would raise a family. Neither had any thought of a career in politics. Nor did politics enter their minds when, after his return as a lieutenant commander, he was assigned by the Navy successively to Philadelphia, New York City and Baltimore to handle the legal technicalities of renegotiating war contracts. He and Pat were still in Baltimore when friends in Whittier, in the closing weeks of 1945, drafted him to seek the Republican nomination for Congress in that district.

The Nixons weighed this call from the West for several evenings, decided to accept it. Commander Nixon had managed to save about $5000 of his service pay and his wife had almost the same amount from her Government salary. They agreed that they would pool their funds for campaign expenses, and in January, 1946, when Nixon was released from the Navy, they returned to California for the congressional race.

Richard Nixon's first campaign speech was made under peculiarly nerve-racking circumstances—his elder daughter was born that same night. The speech had been scheduled long in advance of the arrival of Patricia II, and neither event could be postponed. Three weeks later Pat was out campaigning while the baby was watched over during her temporary absences by a devoted grandmother.

No red carpets or welcome mats marked the arrival of the Nixons in Washington. They found an unfurnished, two-bedroom apartment in Virginia, more than six miles from the House Office Building. The rental of $80 per month was even then low for the Washington area. Pat was cook, laundress, maid, seamstress and baby sitter for the household, with no outside help. Her husband, with many more free evenings than he has today, frequently spelled her in tasks requiring no mechanical ability. Pat, handy with tools, is the "Mr. Fixit" of the family.

On June 5, 1948, Julie was born at Garfield Hospital in Washington.

There was no change in living arrangements until Richard Nixon was elected to the United States Senate in November, 1950. Demands on his time increased and his wife was required to share more and more in his official activities. To conserve time, the Nixons decided to move into the city. They bought a home in Spring Valley, a two-story white brick house with seven rooms; it cost the Nixons $41,000, of which they paid down approximately $20,000. The down payment came largely out of savings from the congressional salary, but about this time Pat acquired $3000 from her father's estate and her husband $1500 from an inheritance.

A senator is elected for six years. With a senator's salary at that time $12,500 a year (it has since been raised to $22,500), the Nixons had decided they could safely risk this investment. Old furniture was moved from the apartment. Mrs. Nixon made the draperies, curtains and coverings.



Pat Nixon had no regular domestic help until they moved to their present home. Now a young couple, Susie and James Johnson, take much of the household burden from her shoulders, but she still presses her husband's suits, alters her daughters' dresses, and so on. "Dick scolds me," she confesses; "he says it's too much in my busy life. But I've always done it and I like to."

The family lived here while Mr. Nixon was in the Senate and throughout his first term as Vice President. But they realized they soon had to find a larger home. There was scarcely space for their growing daughters' increasing accumulations; there was no room where the Vice President could have a den or study; and when they wished to entertain friends or were obliged to host official dinners it was necessary to use a hotel or private club.

When Richard Nixon entered his second term as Vice President they sold the Spring Valley property for what they had paid for it and applied the proceeds to the purchase of the house on shady Forest Lane, former home of the late Homer S. Cummings, President Franklin D. Roosevelt's first Attorney General. Real-estate agents say that it was a reasonably good buy at $75,000. The substantial monthly payments on the balance owed constitute their biggest single expense, but they consider this as saving.

Except for an occasional cleaning woman, Patricia Nixon had never had household help, but after moving to Forest Lane she and the Vice President employed a young couple, Susie and James Johnson, who "live in."

The Nixons pay their own household expenses, their own clothing and service costs. When they go to market or take the children to school, they drive their own automobi 1955 Oldsmobile. A car with chauffeur, nished the Vice President by the Governm is for official use only.

The principal expense of moving wa redecorating the larger quarters. A few pieces of furniture were added to t brought over from Spring Valley. Pat Nixon, as usual, made new slip covers several pieces, notably the easy chairs sofa for her husband's study. One luxury indulged in was a long-playing hi-fi set; other, an intercom telephone system for four-level home.

With the first hint of spring the Nixons in both flower and vegetable gardens. girls are in charge of the vegetable garden which they grow tomatoes, onions, carr lettuce and radishes; Mrs. Nixon assumes sponsibility for the flowers.

Every room in the house is adapted to c venient living, and the Nixons crowd a g amount of home life in it despite their frequ absences. The family is up a little bef seven, regardless of how late the adult Nix have retired. Breakfast is an event no wants to miss: "The one time of day when can be sure of all being together."

Breakfast invariably includes a hot ce and fruit. Julie prefers canned peaches, Tricia and her father are less particular. Vice President considers fruits and fresh ve tables essential to a healthy diet, and, as former specialist in produce in his fath market, is a connoisseur of quality. M Nixon often prepares the eggs, says prou "Dick claims that no one but me fixes s scrambled eggs the way he likes them."

The morning meal is served on weekday the big, cheery, all-electric kitchen, wh walls, furniture, utensils, mixers, contain are all in varying shades of yellow. A dine also in pale yellow, is used for Sunday bre fasts and frequently for other meals when Vice President is not at home. Mrs. Nixon lected the color scheme and helped make curtains. Yellow is her favorite "morn color," just as the yellow daisies in her g den—and frequently on her table—are most prized flowers.

Breakfast over, Dick Nixon kisses his w and daughters and is off to work; he tries be in his office by 8:30.

The girls have several morning tasks to before they leave for school. They feed a water their pets and tidy up their rooms. Ea selected her own bedroom color schen Tricia chose pale pink for her walls, Julie li blue. The windows have light, fluffy e broidered curtains and those in Julie's ro Mrs. Nixon made herself. "I had promis them to her for her birthday, and since couldn't get them done outside by then, I j took time out and made them."

The walls of Tricia's room are almost h den by pictures of horses. She has a collecti of horses in miniature, a library of illustrat books on horses, and a colorful display riding whips, jockey caps, boots and spu Topping these is an authentic black-trimm pink silk jockey jacket. ("This used to be su a dainty little room," Mrs. Nixon comment

Pictures of baseball players replace hor in one corner of the room, along with ba baseball caps, autographed balls, and boo written by famous diamond stars, a perso touch that no horse can duplicate.

Strategically located on walls and furnitu are crayoned signs: "Do Not Touch"; and her door is a yellow pad with a pencil attach and another note: "Please sign before goi in here."

In Tricia's room there is also the skull o giant sea turtle, brought home from a bri Florida beach vacation. It rests on a silk sca with a king-sized "Do Not Touch" sign. T skull attracted more attention in her scien class than the mole she brought on anoth occasion, or the veal heart she took to scho to dissect. She also wanted to take a snak that a neighbor boy had killed and given h but here Mrs. Nixon drew the line.

Tricia's parents do not take seriously h announcement that she plans to be a jocke nor have they accepted her suggestion th they return to California and buy a ran

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

Tastes as fresh and moist tomorrow as the day you bake.



NEW BETTY CROCKER Country Kitchen CAKE MIXES

Actual photograph of our eight new Betty Crocker Country Kitchen Cakes.

"A moisture secret makes our new Country Kitchen Cakes melt in your mouth like homemade butter cake!"

We've made the flour softer and the sugar finer. We've found a new rich, creamy shortening. We've come up with a wonderful new way to *pre-cream* all these good ingredients for you. It all adds up to a rich, moist, tender, honest-to-goodness-homemade kind of cake.

And it's one-step-easy! You put everything into the bowl at once—your cake mix, eggs and water. The batter fluffs up thick and rich in just four minutes . . . ready to bake a cake as fresh and moist and just plain good as grandmother's best butter cake. Bake one for your family tonight, why don't you?

"Melts in your mouth like homemade butter cake!" "Stays fresh as any homemade cake!" "Tastes so rich and moist and good my husband ate three pieces!"

That's what home testers have been writing us about our new Country Kitchen Cakes. Yes, your favorite cake mixes are better than ever now!

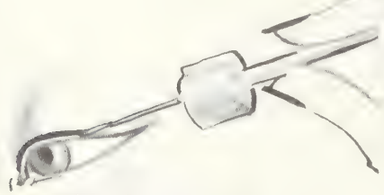
As rich and moist as homemade butter cake . . . tastes as fresh and moist tomorrow as the day you bake! That's our Country Kitchen Cake —we guarantee it on every package!

Betty Crocker — General Mills

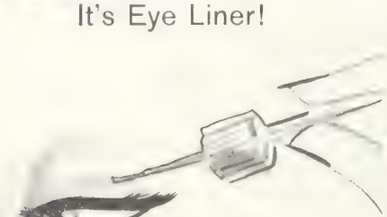
Look for these new packages at your grocery store!



NOW!
Eye make-up as easy to apply as lipstick
(and just as important)
Coty Eye Lights



It's Eye Liner!



It's Eye Shadow!



It's Mascara, too!



Goes on in minutes, dries in seconds, stays on all day! Genuine sable brush attached to cap of spill-resistant bottle. No bothersome brush cleaning, no danger of mixing colors. In 15 couturier shades to complement the color of your eyes, hair or costume.

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where she can own horses. Tricia follows the races on television. On her last birthday, and to celebrate her becoming a teen-ager, Tricia's father took her to the races at a nearby track.

During the racing and baseball seasons on evenings when the Vice President is home, Tricia first posts him on top turf events, then on the major-league competition. Once in a while they can watch a televised night game together, and the Vice President sometimes drops important work in his study to join her during exciting final innings.

Julie also likes baseball, and a favorite family recreation is attending a game on the rare occasions the Nixon calendar permits. The girls find the games very exciting, but also a bit embarrassing. So many persons, particularly photographers, watch them instead of the ball field.

Julie's decorating tastes run to dolls, wee bouquets of flowers picked from her mother's garden, miniature furniture, tea sets and dishes, and small living creatures. Currently both parakeets are quartered in her room, and the two goldfish.

The object in Julie's room which draws the most attention is a picture she painted in water colors, a copy of Renoir's bright and appealing A Little Girl With a Watering Can. The original attracted her on a tour of the National Gallery of Art with her class and she bought a small souvenir print for 50 cents. Her reproduction of the picture, two and a half feet long, is amazingly faithful.

Until a year ago the Nixon children attended public school, but when Tricia was promoted to junior high school, both were transferred to Friends School, a private (Quaker) institution in Washington, so they could continue to be together.

After her family gets off to work and school, Pat Nixon makes up the menus for the following day and lists groceries to be purchased on her next trip to the supermarket where she has shopped since the Nixons moved to the city. In the interest of economy and time, she likes to buy in quantity and to cook sizable dishes; keeps a surplus of prepared food in their large freezer.

Next, with Susie, she gives the house the once-over. One recent morning a friend found her going through the large linen cabinet showing Susie how she wanted it labeled and rearranged. Mrs. Nixon had taken most of the linen from the shelves, sorted and tagged it, and was replacing it in the proper order and location.

At his request, Mrs. Nixon helps her husband select his suits. "Dick has very good taste," she says proudly, but he respects her judgment of fabrics and workmanship. She also buys his shirts, socks and ties.

Does the Vice President notice what his wife wears? "Why, yes indeed," she says. "If I have a new dress or hat, he usually says, 'Oh, that's pretty.' Or he may say when we are going out, 'Why don't you wear that blue dress?' He and the girls sometimes surprise me with something they have bought for me. The girls have very good taste too."

Size is no problem with either of the adult Nixons. Both weigh exactly the same as when they were married, she a size 10, 110 pounds and 5'5" tall, he a trim 165 pounds and with still no bulge. "I really don't do anything about my weight," says Pat. "I just run it off. Going to market, working in the garden and at home I'm always busy, and our tastes in food are rather simple."

The numerous banquets she and her husband must attend are no problem for her. "I just don't want the amount of food usually served. Naturally there is always conversation and that's an easy way to get through a course without eating too much."

Clothing for their trips abroad presents a problem because invariably they pass through several temperature zones. Pat's answer to this is simply, "Travel light." She usually does the packing, prefers for herself noncrushable, easily washable materials that pack well.

On their Russian tour last summer the Nixons took four suitcases (two each), one plastic bag and a hatbox. Mrs. Nixon packed two jacket dresses and two suits for day wear, three afternoon dresses and one short evening gown. She took two pairs of daytime shoes and one pair for evening, all high-heeled although the State Department had advised low-heeled shoes for daytime walking over cobblestones. ("I've been around the world in high heels, and I find them more comfortable.") Pat says the hatbox held a "lot of hats. They serve as costume changes when you haven't much time and can't carry much luggage."

Although she dislikes leaving her daughters, Patricia Nixon says she loves traveling with her husband. "Something new is always happening." For campaigns, she has her travel wardrobe down to a recipe: for a ten-day jaunt, she takes one suitcase, with three suits and three dressy afternoon dresses which can double for receptions and dinners. "With three suits, when you are usually in a place only one day," she says, "you can arrive in one, spend the day in one, and leave in one."

Making shopping lists, planning menus and doing the family bookkeeping take up many of Patricia Nixon's morning hours. Her husband's salary of $35,000 represents the family income, and demands on the Nixon pocketbook are heavy. A $10,000 expense allowance provided by the Senate is for use solely in connection with travel and other official business. The Vice President does not receive an allowance for quarters as do military officers and the President. Nor is there an allowance for household help or upkeep. When the Nixons return favors for courtesies extended them in foreign countries, they do so in a personal capacity and draw on their private funds, no small outlay in a typical Nixon travel year.

The Nixons do not operate on a household budget, although the Second Lady believes in them. In their own case, she explains regretfully, "We just can't. One month we may have to spend a lot, and that means that the next month I just have to go sparingly on expenditures and even up.

"We really don't save a cent," she confides to intimates, "except, of course, the money we're investing in our home. But I do see that we live within our means. I do all the shopping and I do shop very carefully, and I count the pennies."

Although Mrs. Nixon sees that lights at the Forest Lane residence are turned off whenever an occupant leaves a room, checks water taps for leakage and economizes on heat or air conditioning in unused parts of the house, she confesses that "the girls are the only ones who manage to save. They have a weekly allowance of fifty cents for Scouts, Sunday school and so forth, but they manage somehow to put a little in the bank," she says proudly. "Tricia, naturally, is saving for a horse."

Mrs. Nixon's work is not ended with normal household duties. She has no secretary and there is always a voluminous correspondence, much of it from persons quite outside the family circle. After the Nixons' South American tour hundreds of friendly letters came to her, answers to all of which she drafted herself.

Midday usually means hurrying off to a luncheon. Mrs. Nixon is one of those women who can dress quickly and yet appear at their almost daily rounds of luncheons and meetings dressed in quiet, good taste. She wears slim, understated, well-made suits or dress usually dark-toned and combined with flattering hat.

Hats are no problem. If she doesn't find precise one she wants, she can make it herse Time was when Mrs. Nixon made all her o hats, the bonnets for the little girls, and h for her daughters' dolls. She still makes headgear for the more important dolls, recently she has been called on to prov some creations for the children's favor stuffed animals.

Pat Nixon has her own theories abo dress, and they work well for her. She lieves that "good fabrics keep costs dow and she never goes in for fleeting high sty At the end of a season she may pack awa garment for a year or two. Then she alter to the current mode and thus gets anot year or so of wear from it. (The silk dress is wearing in photographs accompanying article is more than two years old.)

Whatever her midday or afternoon enga ments, Mrs. Nixon tries to be home by time school is out. Then, for a few hours least, she can devote all her time and attenti to her daughters. Tricia and Julie slip into p clothes as soon as they get back from scho jeans and sweaters if the weather has turn cold, shorts and blouses in the summer. T sweets ban, imposed during the earlier ho of the day, has been lifted and Tricia and J are allowed to raid the cooky box and the frigerator. If the cooky box is empty, th mother may mix up a new batch of cooki with the girls doing their own frosting. all three of them may join in making fud

This afternoon treat is almost a ritual. dinner is not served before seven o'clock the nights the Vice President can join the When he telephones that he is coming, glistening cherrywood table is set in the d ing room, Julie usually placing the silverw and napkins. The girls hurriedly change fr play clothes into dresses.

Family dinners in the Nixon household c sist of simple dishes, energy foods, w cooked. The entree is often a roast of beef baked chicken, a tasty stew—the Nixons h Irish antecedents on both sides—or some n dish based on a new recipe using the chea cuts of meat. "I always watch the reci in the magazines," Mrs. Nixon commen A green salad is traditional. Cheese wed and crackers are customarily served, and d serts are apt to be fruits.

Susie prepares most of the meals, but M Nixon likes to cook. At the age of twelve was cooking for the five members of motherless Ryan household, and through college and her working career she made breakfasts and dinners. She continued as f time family cook until the move to their pr ent home, and today there are still some dis she leaves to no hands but her own. One these is the Vice President's favorite spagh with meat balls, on the menu at least onc week. Another: the waffles she serves on S day mornings. Sometimes she surprises family with one of the fiery Mexican dishes learned to make in Artesia.

Inspired by their mother, Tricia and J also have become interested in the culin arts, but their efforts are directed largely sweets and pastries. Their crowning achie ment to date has been the pink-frosted an food cake with which they welcomed th parents home from Russia and Poland. N only were they the sole creators of this fl masterpiece, but they decorated it with "W come home, mommy and daddy," the let spelled out in mint-green frosting.

Susie serves the weekday dinners when Vice President is home; dinnertime i leisurely, relaxing period, in which the Nix all catch up on one another's activities. It i time for family conversation, and the girls encouraged to talk about their own inter and plans. Politics seldom enters the disc sion, because the girls find the subject d Mrs. Nixon feels that their dinner hour precious, is proud of the absence of age tinctions and the ease of their table conver tion. "I think it gives the girls good train and experience," she says, "and they re have developed very nice table manners."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

NEXT MONTH

● As a young man, Bill Graham had many ambitions—one of them was to make a million dollars. He has realized that ambition. Now he—and his wife and six children too—is dedicated to something he says is "bigger than making money."

RICH BEYOND MEASURE

By GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the March JOURNAL



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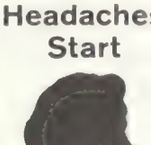
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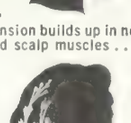
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

One result of this training was evidenced at a luncheon to which the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon had been invited as ranking guests. That morning Tricia became ill, and Mrs. Nixon wanted to remain home with her.

"I'll take Julie," said the Vice President, delighting his younger daughter with this unprecedented proposal. Next day Mrs. Nixon received a note from a prominent Washingtonian, who reported: "I never had a nicer luncheon partner. Julie was a charming conversationalist, completely poised and comfortable. She talked spiritedly and freely as if she were an adult. I was astounded."

There are few restrictions on the way the Nixon daughters spend their afternoon and early-evening hours, except for the flat rule that homework must be completed before television is turned on. The set is located in the little upstairs sitting room between the girls' bedrooms and it is there they do their homework. Tricia is loath to miss any sports telecasts and Julie has several favorite Westerns. Studies usually are given prompt attention.

Mrs. Nixon's policy is to let her daughters do their homework without volunteered assistance. "I don't try to teach them," says the former schoolteacher. "That's not fair to their teachers. Of course I'm always around to help with spelling and little things like that, but that's all."

Disciplinary action is seldom required in the Nixon household. "I try to keep them busy," explains Mrs. Nixon, "and I give them different things to do on different days to hold their interest."

When one of the girls does misbehave, or when both become embroiled in a sisterly spat, the punishment is mild—denial of a favorite television program, visiting a friend or dipping into the cooky jar.

"I'm not strict, but I'm firm," says the mother. "I really rule by love. They're good little girls, so eager to please and so affectionate, that really just a simple look from me usually is sufficient."

That "look" can be a powerful deterrent. Recently Julie, who had been reprimanded for a minor mischief, repeated the offense. Her mother reminded that she had cautioned her only a moment before. Julie was startled. "But mommie, I didn't see you *look*."

The Vice President achieves discipline with even less effort, according to Mrs. Nixon. His severest reprimand is, "I wouldn't do that," and usually it is effective. Their grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Nixon, also shares in the girls' training. "Nana," as Tricia and Julie call her, makes her permanent home in Whittier, but frequently comes to Washington when her son and daughter-in-law are leaving on a prolonged tour, although she did not do so last summer when they went to Russia. The girls write to her regularly when she is in Whittier, and both Tricia and Julie frequently talk to her over the long-distance telephone.

No matter what the pressure of work, Richard Nixon tries to spend some time after dinner with his daughters. They may watch television or, in summer, play croquet in the back yard, or perhaps have a songfest in the recreation room with the girls singing Scout songs while he accompanies them on the spinet. But eventually he has to get down to work in his study.

This room, entered from a stairway landing midway between the first and second floors, has a high, trussed ceiling from which hangs a chandelier of antique metal painted ivory to match the walls. On the floor is a Persian rug, a gift of the Shah of Iran. A colorful troop of Vietnamese warrior figurines stands on the dark wood mantel. Brass andirons brought from the Orient are flanked by an anc brass coffee maker from Africa on one h and a pair of enormous brass spurs on other. Curtains of economical strawlike substitute for draperies in this office-den.

Shelves bear countless other reminder lands the Nixons have visited: a pric Buddha, gift of the King of Afghanis delicate papier-mâché dancing dolls f Thailand; a fabulous collection of eleph in jade, ivory, bronze, porcelain and prec woods, the only visible reminders in the en home of the Vice President's political lif

There is a large sofa brought over from house on Tilden Street, which Mrs. Ni slip-covered in gold brocade; and sev deep, comfortable overstuffed chairs. Th leather cases hold the Vice President's t writer, dictating machine and desk supp

Least used for everyday living is the la light living room, where the Vice Presid and his wife occasionally entertain good groups. Draperies and walls are in aqua. Mrs. Nixon likes to match walls and hangings, plains, "When both are the same shade, eries need not be made of elaborate, ex sive fabric."

On either side of a large fireplace is an usual floor lamp, e a giant butterfly etched, burnished br which once adorne Korean temple. Th were a gift to the V President and his w from the Korean g ernment. On the ma is an arresting l brass plate decor with multicolored amel in Oriental des To one side of it st four choice figurine Siamese dancers. Ja nese scrolls of delic landscape scenes h on each side of a l beige sofa. A price gold-filigree jewel c on an ivory base r on a low Oriental ta Two large brass u hold green rhodod dron plants. A cha ing nest of end tab in black Oriental w with gilt ornamenta holds a shining cop betel-nut bowl from Burma. Green-sha brass-based lamps are placed on a set of f low mahogany chests, along with an intrigu little gold globe with four faces—a clock barometer, a thermometer and a hygrome

The room has a "Roman corner" wit completely Occidental grouping. Square, tiqued-mirror end tables sit against an iv toned settee. The top of a Roman column se as the base for a coffee table. On the wall c the settee, an ivory bracket bears a small fi sculptured pair of dancers, and hanging side it are two white-framed water color Roman ruins.

Mrs. Nixon likes to change this room w the seasons, choosing plants and pictures t blend and alternating *objets d'art* from Nixon collection. The room is unclutte and restful.

On a recent Saturday night the Vice Pr dent dashed through the front door of home at 6:55. He had put in 10 hours 25 minutes at his office, having a noon sa wich of tuna on rye at his desk. Before leav the office he had caught a moment to go o his fast-growing dark stubble with an elec shaver. He and Mrs. Nixon were due to be at 7:30 for a formal dinner at the Austral embassy, but he settled down with the g in their sitting room as if he had the wh evening before him.

To avoid traffic jams, Mrs. Nixon had ready dressed in a sweeping yellow-satin d embroidered in crystal, and had done nightly reading to the girls. At 7:15 she rel tantly called time on the laughing threeso and Dick Nixon went to switch from his b ness suit to evening garb. At exactly 7:30 t left for the embassy.

LITTLE YOU KNOW

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Little you know. And I, I fear,
Little I care. You are small and near,
Warm in your crib, though unread, my dear—
Unlettered, unciphered, sweet son.
You are ignorant, wise little one.
But not of *first* Word: would the sun
Ever rise should you fall? Would the sky
Bloom ever again should you die?
Little, *you* know. And I!

Bedtime for the Nixon daughters in winter is 9 P.M., although, once in bed, they may read for a while. In summer when school is over they are allowed up until 9:30. Exceptions sometimes are made on holidays, for a night football game or a special TV show.

On evenings out, the Nixons return home as early as official etiquette permits, but seldom much before midnight.

One chore remains for Pat. Checkers must be taken for his evening walk. Formerly the famous cocker spaniel and his mistress strolled alone, but now they are joined by the cats, Puff and Nicky. "They're walking cats," she says. Evenings when the entire family is home, Checkers may join in this sedate trek. "It's a good thing not many see us," Patricia Nixon comments. "We must look pretty funny."

The Vice President and Mrs. Nixon sleep in an upstairs bedroom close to the girls. The striking characteristic of this room is its simplicity: pale green walls and draperies, light cherry furniture and a few family pictures on the walls. The only reminder of the Nixons' outer world is on the otherwise-empty mantel, a delicate ivory chest containing a gold bracelet and watch charm, a gift of Liberia's president on the Nixons' visit to Africa.

The Vice President drops off to sleep quickly. Mrs. Nixon may leave her bed light on to read awhile. Perhaps by 1 A.M. the household is silent.

This is the private world of the Richard Nixons. Pat and Dick, dedicated parents, are determined to keep this home unchanged by the demands and tensions of their public life.

Mrs. Nixon, when confronted by a look into the future, answers simply, "We like to think of now. I can't project into the future. We are trying to let the girls grow up happily in a good home. I want that more than anything else."

HOW MOVIE AND TV VIOLENCE AFFECTS CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

impact on most children than the images they conceive in their own mind's eye from reading a story or having one read aloud to them. My conviction is based on interviews with children, on studying their day-dreams, their dreams, their drawings, their play and games, and their attempts at imitation. An eight-year-old boy, for example, gave me a most sensitive account of the *movie* The Grapes of Wrath, which much older youths could not give me from the *book*.

"Live action" on the screen, particularly when it is cruel or horrifying, works directly on the child without the—for some children—cumbersome detour of reading. The identification with a character in a motion picture may be almost overpowering. The very effort which even fair readers must make to read the abstract letters on the printed page is a barrier to merging completely with the story. The same exciting story on the screen can absorb a child immediately and entirely.

When you gain a child's confidence and show him that you are really interested, he will tell you how stories play a role in his thinking. I asked a four-year-old girl how she remembered so many details long after she had seen a Western on TV. "Why, *I remember* it!" she told me. "Of course I remember. I have *seen* it!" One eight-year-old boy, watching a TV film, asked his father, "Which one is the bad guy?" When his father told him, the boy replied, "I'm him. O.K.?"

When reading a violent story in book form, a child is protected by the limits of his own imagination, to which, in even the grisliest fairy story, something is left. On the screen, violence and horror are spelled out. They are made much "realer," as a seven-year-old told me. There is also the matter of age. Children watch television at a much earlier age than they read books. And if they read books that are beyond their comprehension with regard to sex or violence or dishonesty, they just skip those parts and keep on reading. Seeing the same or a similar plot on the screen is a more complete and more potent experience. Whether they completely understand it or not, they have a vivid visual image of it.

Q *"Will watching violent TV shows and movies cause a child to become a criminal?"*

Obviously no one can say exactly how any individual child will be affected without knowing a great deal about that child. But there does seem to be a connection between screen violence and the committing of crimes by young people. The connection has been pointed out by some distinguished jurists and criminologists.

Justice Curtis Bok, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has listed, on the basis of extensive experience, the primary causes of juvenile delinquency and crime; as one among only five groups of causes, he mentions crime and violence shows on TV and movie screens.

The director of the U. S. Bureau of Prisons, James V. Bennett (who has access to an immense amount of case material), has noted that the modus operandi *in an increasingly large number of crimes committed by young offenders closely parallels TV shows they have seen.*

The British Report of the Departmental Committee on Children and the Cinema says that sadistic and brutal scenes have a bad effect on children and should not be seen by them.

Judge Frank J. Kronenberg, president of the New York State County Judges' Association, states that "television is an instrument of intense pressure that convinces the immature mind that violence is an accepted way of life. It is a subtle form of American brainwashing."

Parents reading of juvenile crimes, especially the mad, senseless stabbings that have become so prevalent in cities, ask, "Don't these young hoodlums have any *feelings?*" They certainly don't have much empathy—the capacity for feeling the pain of others and "hurting with them." There are many reasons for this callousness, but Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, renowned physician formerly of the Mayo Clinic, has pointed out that violent movie and TV films may have something to do with it.

"Do we adults have any sense at all," he asks, "when daily we let people show our children pictures of murder, violence, shooting, hanging, kidnaping? . . . Today most children have become so hardened that they can look at these pictures of murder and sudden death without being upset."

Commissioner Frieda B. Hennock, of the Federal Communications Commission, told a Senate subcommittee that television sets "are pouring an unending stream of crime, violence, outright murder, brutality, unnatural suspense and horror into the living rooms of America. The suggestions which have been made that there is no discernible relationship between these programs and the recent appalling increase in juvenile delinquency flout common sense and rudimentary sound judgment."

Well-authenticated observations indicate that delinquent children have been influenced—directly or indirectly—by the screen. Even the courts have taken official cognizance, in cases of robberies, of this "indirect incitement." Children have injured other children and adults with BB and other guns, re-enacting the shootings they had seen in screen Westerns. They have worn gloves when committing burglaries, imitating crime pictures, and used masks like that worn by Zorro.

In recent years I have had to examine a number of adolescents and postadolescents charged with homicide. Among them were cases which aroused national interest on account of either the age of the accused or the type of alleged crime: the boy who killed a baby sitter and a baby in Massachusetts; the boy who shot the "model boy" on the streets of New York City [described in Doctor Wertham's book The Circle of Guilt—*Ed.*]; the high-school boy on Long Island who killed a fellow student with a shotgun in the school washroom; the Bible-carrying "model boy" who strangled to death a fifteen-year-old girl in New Jersey; the youth who shot a hotel employee during a robbery; the youth who

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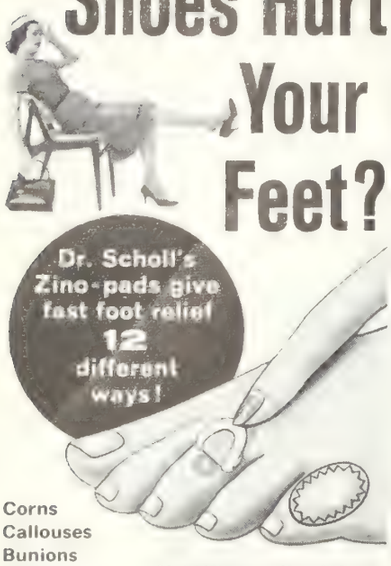
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was the leader of one group of young torturers and "thrill killers" in Brooklyn.

The circumstances, background, motivation and most other factors were very different in each case. But in each of them I found—and in several said so under oath—that the visual mass media (TV, movies and crime comic books), though not decisive or fundamental, played a contributing part in the final tragedy. They did not start the fire, but they did add fuel to it.

One boy who had beaten a girl told me he had had daydreams of doing this for a long time. When he saw a girl being beaten on the screen, the idea of actually carrying out his daydreams came to him for the first time.

I agree with Clifton Fadiman's statement that violent TV shows create in young people "a lust for violence."

I have often asked a special kind of expert in this field—the juvenile criminals themselves—what they think about the effect of violent screen fare on children. Nearly all have said the effect is bad. "They make you think you do something big," or "They show you how a man is killed," or "They make you want to try it out." Typical of many such opinions is this conversation I had in jail with a boy of sixteen charged with a serious assault:

Q. If you had a son, would you want him to see a lot of the violence on TV and in movies?
A. No.
Q. Why?
A. It affects the mind. One fellow's enemy does something to him—the first thing that comes to his mind is to bump him off. The children scheme to do what they see on TV. It is like a recipe that tells you how to make a cake. In my opinion it's something that just grows with the child when he sees it. The same thing is true with violence in movies. Like City Across the River, Edge of the City, Viva Zapata. The children are more apt to get into violent troubles because all these violent things that they see are in the subconscious. Like a child does something, and he may not realize that he wanted to do it at one time.

The screen may not only provide unhealthy suggestions, it may also lead to a subtle general conditioning. This is best understood through analogy with medical pathology. Excessive use of the drug phenacetin, and phenacetin-containing drugs, can cause serious disease by lowering the power of resistance of such organs as the kidneys. A usually harmless infection or injury may then cause a serious disease in the phenacetin user. This has recently been proved experimentally. In the same way *the child whose memory is filled with screen violence may have less psychological resistance to various evil influences*

The connection between violence and sex, as presented on the screen, is particularly apt to arouse fantasies and/or facilitate the transition from fantasy to action. Where the Western films stultify with violence, the horror shows titillate with sadism (sex combined with violence). I know of cases in which boys as young as eleven have been sexually excited by them. Sadistic daydreams, whether or not accompanied by masturbation, are certainly not good for children and may instill a liking for sadism that will cause serious trouble in later life.

Assuming that your child will not become a criminal, it is worth noting that he will grow up among children less fortunate than he is and that if they are influenced toward violence and crime your child—and, for that matter, you yourself—will be to some degree endangered.

Here in the U. S. great progress has been made in diagnosing, analyzing and treating troubled and delinquent children. Where we have fallen down is in the field of prevention. A positive mental-hygiene program for children would mean actively combating anything that might be harmful to them. *One reason we are making so little progress in the prevention of juvenile delinquency is that we tend to blame it all on "the family" and ignore those outside forces which bypass the family and work directly on the child.* Even where they are not "basic" causes they may be important contributing causes. The study of the growing individual is incomplete if it does not take into account the total environment, which today must include the influence of TV and movies.

Q "Do violent TV shows and movies interfere with children's sleep?"

Many children stay up long past a sensible bedtime in order to watch TV. It may be argued that they would do this whether or not the programs contained violence, but the fact is that if the only shows they would view in the hours after 7:30 P.M. or so were of a nonviolent type, few children would be eager to stay up, or able to stay awake, for them. Shows featuring violence overstimulate children and keep them awake. Watching such a show may cause a child to *want* to commit violent acts, and even though no violent act is actually committed, the need to suppress the urge may place a burden on his mind and set up a conflict which will interfere with sound sleep.

In group therapy sessions, when one child relates the detailed plot of a story he has seen, he is frequently interrupted: "Now they're going to drown him"; "Now she'll shoot him"; "Now he'll run over her with his car"; "Now he'll be tortured." This *anticipation of violence* is an unwholesome response. If it becomes ingrained, it leads to an attitude which Henry James has called "the imagination of disaster." Disturbing dreams and nightmares may result.

By allowing a child's mind to be filled with violent images we may prevent him from escaping even in sleep and fantasy into a peaceful harmonious world.

Faith means believing what is incredible, or it is no virtue at all. Hope means hoping when things are hopeless, or it is no virtue at all. And charity means pardoning what is unpardonable, or it is no virtue at all.
G. K. CHESTERTON
Heretics

Q "There is violence in real life; shouldn't children learn about it from watching violent TV shows and movies?"

The fact is, many so-called children's TV programs, or movies available to children, portray in a half hour more violent excitement than the average person experiences in a lifetime. How many of us have seen a man shot down or knifed, pistol-whipped, deliberately run down by a car—in real life?

Credulous people in other countries, who get their idea of Americans only from our exported motion pictures, often believe that we are a nation of gangsters and gun slingers. We would not recommend to a visitor from another nation that he base his estimate of our national character on our violent TV shows and movies. How can we expect our children to learn about "real life" from these programs?

Commissioner Hennock, of the F.C.C., whom I quoted earlier, has said that "the programing to which children are subjected cannot help but convey to the minds of the immature viewers the impression that crime, violence, brutality and horror are the most conspicuous features of life. There is no other impression which can be gained by children who are subjected to a relentless and increasing barrage of crime and violence on the TV screens in their homes."

What children see on the screen is violence as an almost casual commonplace of daily living. Violence becomes the fundamental principle of society, the natural law of humanity. Killing is as common as taking a walk, a gun is more natural than an umbrella.

I have asked many children what they have learned from Westerns: When did the action take place, within the past fifty years? In what state did the action take place? Did the people really live, or is it just a story or legend? What was the duty of the sheriff? And so on. Even very intelligent children could not answer correctly. Many thought that the actions they were taking place right now.

Sometimes very general questions will reveal how a child views the history offered in Westerns. Witness this interview with eight-year-old boy:

Q. Do you think it is good for children to watch television?
A. Yes. Yes, I do.
Q. Why?
A. They help you to understand real
Q. What do you mean, real life?
A. What it was like in the old days.
Q. From what you have seen on TV, was it like in the old days?
A. Well, it was exciting.
Q. Fun?
A. Yeah.
Q. What was the most fun they had?
A. Gun slinging, rounding them up shooting them.

It would seem that these violent shows l children to expect, and in some cases to crav kind of violence that they will not encounte real life unless they stir it up themselves.

Parents who have lived and fought throu a major war, and are not at all sure their s and even daughters may not have to do same thing, often ask whether violent scr shows won't "toughen up" their childr make them stronger, braver, more patrio prouder of their country's past, better fight for democracy. Undoubtedly there are scre plays that do inculcate in young people a f ing of pride in their country, an admiration and wish to emulate brave conduct. But not shows that specialize in violence. Superm doesn't have courage—doesn't need it. Neit do most of the invincible heroes of Weste and crime pictures. Can anyone reasonably gue that the kind of intelligence and imagi tion one needs to survive in today's highly co plex and competitive world is wholesom nourished or trained in a child by his sitting front of a screen and being "entertained" violence hour after hour?

With the progress of civilization we h learned—slowly and painfully—that violenc not the best way to settle human differences. we seem to be using the marvelous techni media of movies and television to teach child that it is the only way.

Learning about "real life"—learning to ferentiate between the realm of reality a that of imagination and fiction—is more di cult for children than most adults reali Experimental studies have shown that the c tinction is not actually mastered before the a of eleven or twelve. Before that there are w fluctuations and children feel many things real although they may half know they are n

Many children think Superman and otl such television figures are real. They are le of admitting this to adults because adu laugh. Disturbed children have confided me how their feelings have been hurt by th Many children have been injured and at le one has been killed trying to fly like Sup man. Separation of the real from the fictio is part of the child's mental growth. Good programs can be helpful in this; violence-r den ones are harmful.

Small children get frightened because th cannot possibly understand what is real a what is not. They think that what they see actually happening right in their room. T immediate effects of this are emotional upse development of fear of the dark, nightmar and so on. The long-term effects are mo difficult to assess.

To shock and confuse children as to t very nature of reality can hardly help to p pare them to cope with it.

Q "Don't children learn ev from violent TV shows and movies that go always triumphs over bad?"

The question we have to consider is n what "moral" does the movie or TV produc *claim* to be drawing, or what point may a p ture establish in adult minds, but *what does child pick up from it?*

Here is an eleven-year-old girl's descripti of a story she saw on TV: "They threaten

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

HOW LONG SINCE YOU'VE SAT ON TOP OF THE WORLD?

The sun's shining high in a blue sky today. And there's a song in your heart as you back slowly down the drive and ease out into traffic. The gal next door waves gaily from her porch. Curtains flutter in the house across the way. At the corner stoplight a woman in the car alongside nudges her husband to look.

The *new car's* yours for the day! So much to do, and what a glorious way to do it! The itinerary: First the hairdresser . . . then a visit with Grandma . . . the marketing . . . pick up the kids after school and take them to their den meeting . . . meet Jim at the office at five.

On your merry way down Main Street you see the dealer who sold you your car hard at work — helping put up a display for a local charity drive. And you realize your dealer is a businessman, sure, but first and foremost he's *a member of your community*. He helps keep it rolling. Doc makes his calls in a car your dealer sold him. Your milk is delivered in one of his trucks. In his spare time he serves on the Chamber of Commerce. Sponsors safe-driving programs. He's a good citizen . . . a good neighbor . . . and a good man to do business with. For instance, he helps folks finance their cars — and their insurance, too.

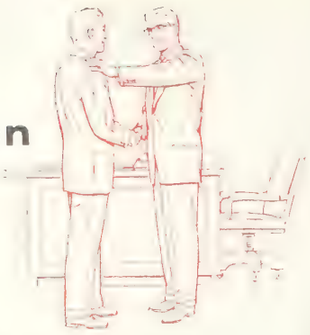
Five o'clock, and all's well. You park in front of Jim's office and lean back in the seat, smiling to yourself. What if (as Jim kiddingly maintains) you *don't* know what's under the hood? The car goes, doesn't it? It goes beautifully, and to a woman, that's all that matters. You know that — from gas to gaskets, batteries to brakes — your town is staffed with skilled, reliable people who'll *keep* your new car new. And you know something else, too: it would be heavenly to be sitting on top of the world like this *every* day of the year . . . *in a car of your own!*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

kill, they betray. A good man knocks an old man down, they kidnap a girl, the men have guns. Two men are tied, there's a lady captive. They bring money as ransom but they threaten to kill them anyhow. Two men kick one man with their heels. The criminals shoot each other. A bad Indian captures the lady and uses her as a shield—holds a knife on her. One man is shot. The sergeant kills the Indian by breaking his neck, and choking him with an underarm grip."

Such descriptions indicate that children do *not* learn from these shows that "good guys win over bad guys"; rather, they learn that violence is exciting—and, since we allow so much of it to be shown to them, that it is probably a pretty good thing. (A child accustomed to a rich diet of murders and other violence on the screen may have trouble understanding why his minor transgressions, such as slugging his little sister, call for any punishment.)

What some children learn from screen violence is that all life is a fight, that gentle persuasion is never successful—and is sissy, anyhow.

The greatest influences in the life of one troubled boy I examined were TV and movies. "I learned my lesson," he told me. "I know how I'm going to live. I heard it on TV. If you are knocked down once, you'd better figure it was a lucky punch of the other fellow. If you're knocked down twice, you'd better figure it was a slip of your own. If you're knocked down three times, you'd better stay down before you get your head knocked off."

Ethics deals with that part of a man's development that has to do with other people. One of its essential teachings is *not to hurt anybody if it can be avoided.* Here is where many television stories and movies do subtle but definite injury. Children learn to take pride in force and violence and to feel ashamed of ordinary sympathy. They are encouraged to forget that people have feelings. A cowboy is shot and falls off his horse. Nobody in the film shows any concern or emotion; in fact, frequently the others do not pay any attention to him whatsoever, but ride on after someone else without even looking back.

The best introduction to astronomy is to think of the nightly heavens as a little lot of stars belonging to one's own homestead.

GEORGE ELIOT

In some of these plays, it is easier to tell the good guys from the bad by their horses or their hats than by their actions. One child told me how much he had liked one violent Western TV film. I asked, "What was the lesson of it?" He thought for a while and then said, "Well, it's like the man said at the end, 'Smoke Viceroys!'"

I have been told of one case in which a boy of eight went to a priest in the Bronx in a distraught state of mind. The priest asked what had upset him so. The boy explained that he felt guilty because he had bought a brand of bread that was not the one recommended by his favorite TV star!

Many parents have trouble because their children fight too much over trivialities. This tendency would be easier to understand if parents were as familiar with Popeye as the children are. Popeye "proves," day in and day out, that the way to settle differences is through the roughest kind of fighting. One such show might be funny, but the endless repetition, week after week, is not—especially to parents who have to deal with combative young Popeye addicts.

To teach a child ethical values is a delicate business, requiring patience and an understanding of the child's capacity to comprehend. *What evidence there is of the effect of screen violence on a child's ability to distinguish between right and wrong seems to show that such violence blurs his moral sense.*

Q "Don't children get rid of hostility feelings harmlessly by watching violent TV shows and movies?"

In all my work with children and in all my study of the work of others with children, I have never found any evidence to support the theory that violent stories "provide children with a harmless outlet for their hates"—or "relieve pent-up aggressions"—or "provide vicarious outlet for latent hostility."

If a child is hostile or destructive or hate it is necessary to find out and understand causes and circumstances responsible for t Seeing pictures of fights, man hunts cruelty is no help to him. On the contrary may stimulate the child to express his hosti in violent acts of his own.

The idea that looking at murder helps c dren get rid of "pent-up aggressions" has b tested and just the opposite has been fo true. In one test, a group of six- to ten-year- children was shown a typical crime West film; over a third of the children were m aggressive after seeing it than they had been previous testing.

The whole idea that hostility may be wor off by witnessing violent acts is based o misunderstanding of the psychology of Fr and the philosophy of Aristotle.

Freud wrote about relieving repressed er tions by giving them a free outlet thro analysis and understanding. I believe he wo have been horrified if he had seen five-year- children looking at Superman, Zorro and Mummy.

Aristotle wrote about purification thro pity and fear in plays presented in the Gr theater, but Greek children did not go to theater for several hours every day, and a ally violence was not shown *on stage* in Greek theater. The most important poin ignored by all the defenders of violence on screen who invoke Aristotle—is that Arist actually advocated that children should excluded by law from m plays. So one can say certainty that he would have approved either of ideas now laid at his d or of the violent screen provided the modern A ican child.

Some parents believe t if sex is portrayed to c dren it will incite them, have been persuaded tha *violence* is portrayed to th it will purify them. Ther no reason to believe this. The most that can said for violent screen fare is that it may reli a child's boredom and thus improve his dis sition—momentarily. Much the same defe might be made of narcotics and sin for adu

Q "Children who are loved well brought up and emotionally well balan are not affected by screen violence, are they

From the evidence gathered thus far psychological tests, we may answer that children are impressionable and theref susceptible.

It is easy, after a child has committe crime or got into serious trouble, to say t he must have been "maladjusted" or "pre posed." But we flatter ourselves if we th that our social conditions, our family life, education and our entertainment are so above reproach that only emotionally s children can get into trouble.

We like to assume that most children "immune" to influences such as screen v lence—that they are naturally so resilient t they cannot be affected. But my work w youthful criminals and troubled children, a my study of the subject, convinces me that such immunity exists. Harm is harm. A n ious agent is a noxious agent. There may defenses against a snowball, but there none against an avalanche. As Dr. Fra Braceland, Chief Psychiatrist at the Insti of Living and former president of the A ican Psychiatric Association, expresses "No matter what the make-up of the dividual, there are always limits to tolerance."

Actually the theory that harm can co only to the predisposed child leads to a cont dictory and irresponsible attitude on the p of adults. The argument goes like this: C structive programs on television are praised giving children constructive ideas. At the sa time it is denied that destructive scenes g children destructive ideas. Healthy, norm

chi en are not supposed to be affected by scr fare. And for unhealthy, abnormal chi en it is not supposed to matter, because if t y were not influenced by the screen they wo l be influenced by something else. Judge Kr enberg, whom I quoted earlier, has said: "T argument that crime programs damage onl children who are already emotionally unsta is contrary to common sense. Even if it wer true that only the emotionally unstable are ffected, there are still some two million suc children."

is question about whether normal children can be adversely affected by mass media is crucial one. Recently a high court, the Ap llate Court of the State of California, car d out an independent appraisal, reviewing stimony given at an earlier trial concerning Los Angeles County ordinance forbidding the sale of crime comics to children. A chi psychiatrist of the Bureau of Child Guidance in New York, Dr. Hilde L. Mosse, testified hat visual mass media, and "especially television," can have a detrimental effect upon "b cally healthy" children. The director of a Los Angeles child-guidance clinic tried to argue n his testimony, that normal children are not harmed. The court's decision was unanimo. In the first such verdict by a high court on le effect of mass media on children in this country, it confirmed the validity and constitutionality of the ordinance forbidding the sal of crime *comics* to children which had bee drawn up after long study by Harold W. Kennedy, county counsel of Los Angeles County. Even if this opinion were to be reversed in the course of further appeals, it is a milestone in judicial appraisal of the effect on children of violence in the mass media.

Justice Allen W. Ashburn, who wrote the opinion, quoted with approval a statement I had made in one of my studies pertinent to this issue: "The claim [is made] that only unstable children who are insecure, or otherwise predestined or preconditioned, are adversely affected by mass media. . . . One cannot make an hard and fast rule according to which children can be divided into *stable* or *unstable*. Every normal child is immature, growing, and to what extent unstable and vulnerable. And even if he does nothing wrong, temptation excites him to emotional conflict, and that, coupled with other factors, may do him subtle harm, immediately or later on. The first modern psychologist, St. Augustine, was well aware of this. He pointed out the effect of this seduction by public spectacles on an immature mind, especially in the direction of one's fascination by sadism and violence."

Dr. Horace King, the eminent British educator and member of the House of Commons, has made a study of mass media in the United States. He says: "The unhurtable and incorruptible child" is a "mythical figure"; and asks: "*Are not children who are very sensitive and normal children? Are not children who are richly endowed with emotions normal? Are not children with vivid imaginations normal? Or do we mean by the 'normal' child just the tough child? If we have in our midst neurotic children, is it our business to feed the neurosis or to check it? If we have in our community potential sadists, is it our job to stimulate and encourage their cruel fantasies?*"

Here is, I believe, a simple axiom that concerns every parent: Normal children are susceptible to abnormal influences.

Of course the child who already has difficulties is especially susceptible to bad influences of all kinds, including screen violence. It sometimes goes in a sad, vicious circle: the child whom nobody loves or looks out for is able to watch TV or movies by the hour; his loneliness makes him long for this kind of "entertainment," his ego hunger makes him identify with the "strong guys" and emulate their behavior—and then he's in serious trouble. And a victim may be dead.

Q "But can you prove TV and movie violence is bad for children?"

Not with mathematical exactness, no. A lot is to be left to the experience and judgment of the child expert and the sensible parent. The best we can do is to sift the evidence and carefully draw conclusions.

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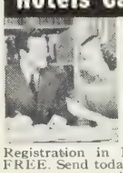
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Science has not yet supplied all the answers about polio. In an epidemic we still do not know which child will be affected and which will remain well. Nor do we know which of the affected children will get over the acute stage without any effects and which will be left with serious damage. But we do know enough to try to protect *all* children.

When the harmful influence of screen violence is discussed verbally or in print, there is often an "authority" who will say that in all his years of experience he has never seen a single child who was harmed by it. This does not mean the harm was not done—merely that he has not seen the connection. It has now been established that feeble-mindedness may be caused by chemical disorders of metabolism in the mother. Until this was discovered the experts in that field could say with honesty that they had "never seen a case in which feeble-mindedness was so caused." But it was.

We do not know all about anything with regard to human behavior. But the idea that watching screen violence hour after hour will have no effect on a child contradicts everyday observation and common sense. If young people watch dancing, it makes them want to dance. If they see peanut butter or soft drinks or breakfast foods, they want to buy them. *It cannot be sensibly argued that children who see violence on the screen do not acquire a liking for it, on some level of consciousness.*

Q "What can we do to reduce the amount of screen violence our children are exposed to?"

It is unrealistic to suppose that most parents are able or willing to solve the problem by denying TV and movies to their children, or by watching constantly themselves to see that the children are not overexposed to violence. In this day, when fewer and fewer families have even part-time help to look after the children, it is a blessing to be able to set them down in front of the TV for an hour or so while mother and father have a quiet dinner or a little adult conversation. And TV does provide many happy and wholesome hours of entertainment and instruction and relief from boredom. Here and there an irate parent at the end of his patience will throw the TV set out, or disconnect it for a time, but in most American homes TV is here to stay.

Limiting the hours of TV viewing by children is, of course, every parent's duty, as is limiting the viewing to certain programs approved by the parents. But this is far easier said than done.

Mother leaves the children happily watching an educational or suitable children's program and returns an hour later to find the dial has been turned to another channel and now they sit in a white-faced, wide-eyed, nail-biting trance, watching the detective being kicked in the groin, the marshal being pistol-whipped, the villain being thrown to alligators.

Of course the child who moved the dial can be punished. This is difficult when he explains that the picture on the other channel got all full of stripes. It also sets up a very strong natural desire on the part of children to see, when nobody is looking, what horrible forbidden thing is on those other channels.

And what about the mother who, meaning to leave the children alone for only an hour, finds it impossible or inconvenient to return right on the dot, and the children's program ends and the next program features a fiendish killer? Parents who keep track of such things are aware of the violent "teasers" for coming attractions that are often sandwiched between parts of innocent children's programs.

Of course it has become increasingly difficult for programs that are really suitable for young children to compete with programs that are violent and unsuitable. We know of one little girl, accustomed to a rich TV fare, who was taken to the movies for the first time, to see a gentle picture, and who turned to the baby sitter at the end of ten minutes of this and whispered, "Can we see what's on other channel?"

As for violence in the movie theaters, [illegible] theory possible for a parent to take the [illegible] tion that he will not allow his children [illegible] any picture until he has seen it himself [illegible] approved it. But in practice everyone [illegible] that half the point of letting children go [illegible] movies is to gain the parents a little ti[illegible] themselves.

The fact is, *TV and movies have bec[illegible] part of the atmosphere in which childr[illegible] brought up. Few parents argue that the [illegible] phere should be done away with, but the[illegible] der if it could not be made a little less d[illegible] ous, less malignant, less hostile to sensitiv[illegible] impressionable children.*

On whom should pressure be broug[illegible] achieve this? Many parents, convinced [illegible] harm in screen violence, will write to thei[illegible] gressmen and demand Federal cens[illegible] And in the case of movies some form of [illegible] ernmental censorship, however regret[illegible] may prove to be the only solution.

But since nearly all TV entertainme[illegible] sponsored—and in fact virtually produc[illegible] by advertisers, American parents may b[illegible] position to bring about a reduction in TV [illegible] lence more easily and more quickly.

In the New York Times of Sunday, Ju[illegible] 1959, TV critic Jack Gould reported a he[illegible] held in New York the previous week b[illegible] Federal Communications Commission t[illegible] termine how advertising agencies opera[illegible] television. Men high up in some of th[illegible] tion's largest advertising agencies testifi[illegible] the hearing and, in Mr. Gould's words, "sp[illegible] out the advertising side of TV with uncom[illegible] vividness and forthrightness."

Give me the benefit of your convictions if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own.
GOETHE

"What was made a[illegible] dantly evident," wrote [illegible] Gould, "was that adv[illegible] ing agencies, which [illegible] solicit billing on the sc[illegible] in practice may be virtu[illegible] the actual producers. [illegible] Theatre Guild, David S[illegible] kind and Desi Arnaz [illegible] take the public bows .. [illegible] they don't make an im[illegible] tant move without an [illegible] proving nod from [illegible] agency men.

"In the case of most shows in which [illegible] are active, for instance, the agencies said [illegible] they review all scripts in advance, scruti[illegible] dialogue and story lines and have their [illegible] gram representatives' on hand to check [illegible] day's production work."

One advertising-agency executive testi[illegible] that advertisers are most interested in leav[illegible] the viewer with "a pleasant and favorable [illegible] pression"; another, says Mr. Gould, "ad[illegible] that even a relatively small volume of crit[illegible] mail can make a sponsor 'apprehensive.' [illegible] recalled an experience of seeing the head [illegible] very large corporation personally reading e[illegible] letter received. Because of the nature of t[illegible] business in dealing with the public, adverti[illegible] are 'extremely sensitive,' he said."

This suggests that although it may be te[illegible] bly complicated to regulate TV by law, to p[illegible] vent excessive violence, it might be relati[illegible] simple for parents to achieve much of w[illegible] they want simply by letting the sponsors of [illegible] shows know that violent shows do not cre[illegible] the favorable "image" advertisers are after[illegible] word from the sponsor to the advertis[illegible] agency might achieve quickly what it wo[illegible] take years to accomplish otherwise.

At different stages of history children h[illegible] needed protection for different reasons. At [illegible] dawn of history they needed protection aga[illegible] institutionalized infanticide. Before the m[illegible] dle of the nineteenth century they needed p[illegible] tection against child-labor practices. Now th[illegible] need protection from seduction by the scre[illegible] The late Arthur T. Vanderbilt, chief justice [illegible] the Supreme Court of New Jersey, wrote in t[illegible] Washington University Law Quarterly: "*O[illegible] greatest concern with the oncoming generatio[illegible] I submit, relates to the perversion of you[illegible] minds through the mass media of the movies a[illegible] television. . . . The problem is only beginning[illegible] receive the consideration its seriousness d[illegible] for.*"

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The Magazine Women Believe In

35c
March 1960



is Dr. Spock?

ETE NOVEL CONDENSED IN THIS ISSUE
LIZABETH CADELL

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et Marriages

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TRADE MARK CANNON

March, 1960

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

VOL. LXXVII NO. 3



Margaret Russell

The author of *The Cup* (page 60) says of herself: "MARGARET RUSSELL is a very ordinary, rather untidy sort of person who recently regained the thirty pounds she lost last summer. She has seven amazing children (a safe adjective—all children are amazing), and all likes to hunt rocks, cook and fight with her husband. *The Cup* is about the good kind of family fighting."



Elizabeth Cadell

ELIZABETH CADELL takes her readers and some other nice people on strange, dark paths along *The Yellow Brick Road* (page 56). "I was born and brought up in India—I think the American term is 'raised,' but my parents couldn't have known it, as they raised me to a mere five feet. I am now a widow, but I have a son and daughter and live most happily on the Island of Jersey in the English Channel."



Dorothy Black

DOROTHY BLACK (*The Duke and the Girl*, page 54) reports: "My home is in Scotland; my second home is aboard ship—any ship—going anywhere. I have crossed the Indian Ocean more than twenty times and my Atlantic crossings are increasing. I lived in Burma for many years. My grandparents were German, Irish and Swedish. I married a Scotchman and my daughter, June, married a rancher and lives in the United States' far West."

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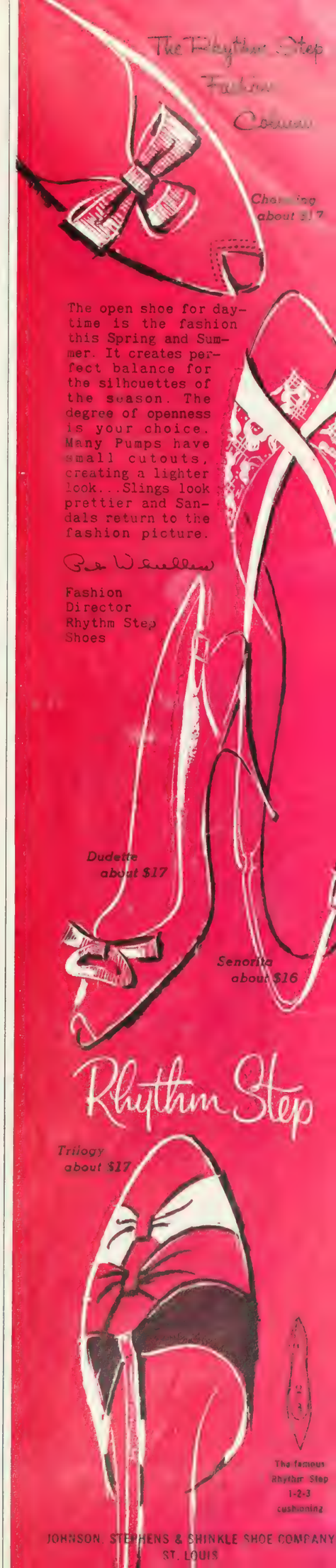
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LETTERS our readers write us



CALIFORNIA

THOSE "PROBLEM" ARTICLES

Dear Editors: Your fiction is fine, the food is wonderful, and I shouldn't like to miss a single article of Dorothy's. *But*, can't we dispense with some of the tiresome stuff on marriage problems, sex and obesity? I have had marital difficulties for over twenty years (same husband). My sex life is far from perfect. I am constantly at war with about five pounds around my middle. But I have learned to lead a busy, happy life in spite of these things. I can even forget about them for days, and then another JOURNAL arrives and I am reminded that life is not Utopia and that human beings are subject to foibles.

A subscriber for a quarter of a century

Napa

● *Many people tell us that our discussions help them to look at their lives more realistically and honestly—and, often, to find lasting solutions. ED.*

NORTH CAROLINA

WRITE THE NETWORKS!

Dear Editors: The JOURNAL gives housewives credit for being intelligent. Why can't radio do the same? Nine-to-five programs, which I'm quite sure are heard primarily by housewives, are a series of repeated ads, repeated records, repeated news and repeated anecdotes. (I'm ignoring the alternative of turning to soap operas.)

I wish programmers would take: (1) a look at your format; (2) a few hints from it. Sincerely,

Greensboro MAUDE POTTER

NEW JERSEY

THAT WONDERFUL CORNELL BREAD

Dear Sir: I tried hard, but I thought I would never learn to make good bread. Then I wrote to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Well, tell the lady that sent me that bread recipe I am so thankful. This morning I studied the recipe, made the bread and it turned out wonderful. Oh, how happy I am! Respectfully,

Jersey City MRS. MERRILL JOHNSON

● *In her enthusiasm, Mrs. Johnson sent us a sample. She's learned well. ED.*

KENTUCKY

DO OUR SCHOOLS TEACH DISHONESTY?

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: When I entered high school I believed every thing that would help me to become an educated man must come from books. Through many and varied experiences I have learned that, while books are helpful, they do not necessarily make a man wise. Something from each of us must rub off on the other. Getting educated is a lifetime process.

This year I have visited several schools and observed many youth. Teaching facts and skills which help one to earn a living is still as good to day as it was when I was in school. But something more than teaching youth to make a living must be stressed now.

In this second half of the twentieth century we need to teach that which goes far beyond personal security, a full stomach and a fine automobile. We have boasted too loud and too long about our high standards of living. Shouldn't we aim also, and primarily, for high moral standards, for honesty—in a word, for character? We who are older should set a better example for youth to follow.

To me, good character includes many basic human qualities, such as honesty, fair play, tolerance and, maybe, mercy and love. If a boy is the most brilliant student in his class, but lacks character—that is, if he is dishonest, if he will lie, cheat and steal—his education is of little value. If it serves only to sharpen the wits of a scoundrel, it is harmful.

Recently a young man came to me wanting a recommendation to a college where he could play basketball. I knew the boy personally and promised that I would recommend him. He was the type of player who could pull his team up when it was behind. He was dependable. He never smoked, drank or broke a training rule. When he liked a subject, he could make A's. If it was a required subject and he didn't like it he would fail it, despite his love for basketball.

I visited his high school to find out about his grades. They were good. They were just what he had told me they were when he asked me to recommend him. But while talking to teachers in his high school I learned that this young man and other athletes had been taken from regular classes when

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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Green Pea. Smoky ham 'n bacon taste with proteins in every gulp! Makes a whole meal when you add chopped-up franks or meat bits!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

they were taught by reliable, fair and qualified teachers, and put in special classes to receive special instructions from the superintendent and coach. This information actually sickened me.

Now, I cannot blame the boy—but a school superintendent who gives his regular teachers the runaround in order to qualify athletes is dishonest. Look how many pupils he is giving an unfair deal! In this particular school, when the matter was reported to higher authorities and an investigation started the teachers' grade books were stolen. What can be a more deadly sin than dishonesty with youth, especially when a superintendent, coach or teacher is dishonest?

Not long ago I helped judge a poetry contest in which poems were submitted by Southern high-school youth from several states. The third poem I picked up startled me. Someone had copied Robert Frost's "Passing By the Woods on a Snowy Evening," to be found in many high-school literature books, and sent it in as his own. I found several other less well-known poems had been copied and submitted. How badly youth in our elementary and secondary schools—yes, and in our colleges and universities—need *character*. Teachers should take time—more time—to stress honesty above trying to make all A's or win all the games.

How could a seventeen-year-old boy think he would "get by" in a contest by submitting a poem written by Robert Frost as one of his own? Didn't he, at seventeen, know that Robert Frost is a great American poet and this was one of his most often reprinted poems? Did he actually think he could steal it and win a prize?

In one of my high schools' graduating classes, the boy who was valedictorian in a class of eighty-five was offered a $300 scholarship. The boy who was at the bottom of the class was offered a $7600 scholarship to play football. How many ballplayers have received as presents an automobile? Do you know of anybody being given one for academic excellence? How many coaches have received valuable gifts for coaching a winning team? Tell me of one hard-working, honest teacher who has received similar gifts. It is not difficult for anyone to observe what we emphasize!

We have men in high places in our school system with no more backbone or character than a jellyfish. We have basketball coaches who tell their players to step on the other man's toes. We have teachers who close their eyes to a swiped poem, hoping the pupil will get by with it and accept a false honor in which she or he will share. If this isn't tragic, then there isn't any tragedy in our land.

I know we were a rough-and-ready lot when I was in high school, but we were not accorded special treatment for being athletes. Not one of us would have dared to copy anything and hand it in as our own. Character was needed then, and it had to be built as it must

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



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SEND $1.00 FOR SAMPLE BOX OF 12

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Enclosed is $1.00 for sample box of (check one) ☐ Mollys ☐ Jack Nuts

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

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RECIPE: Broil frozen rock lobster tails on hibachi or table grill until they are nicely browned. Make a tangy oriental butter sauce by adding a few drops of hot pepper sauce to melted butter. Serve lobster tails with butter sauce, slice of lime, crinkle-cut frozen French fries and lettuce and tomato. Serve with ice-cold Coke.





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At dinner time...serve this Seafood Barbecue along with King Size Coke and be really refreshed! Only Coca-Cola gives you that cheerful lift...that cold crisp taste that makes good food more savory. Sign of Good Taste

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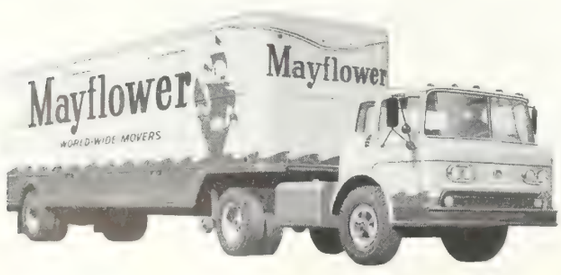
"even the piano was in tune!"

"We were really amazed to find everything so clean and in such perfect condition, after its long trip from Philadelphia to Spokane, Washington!"

Of course we can't promise that your piano will be in tune, but it will get tender care and protection when it's moved the Mayflower Way. Mayflower packers and loaders are "Accredited" experts—specially trained to move your valuable possessions.

Fragile pieces are carefully wrapped and packed in shock-resistant materials and containers. Furniture and major appliances are individually cushioned and protected with clean, soft padded covers. Experienced movers personally supervise the loading in modern Mayflower vans, so that everything rides safely. To make your next move easy and worry-free, call your local exclusive Mayflower warehouse agent!

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exclusive, "packed with pride" service

Safeguards all your items, even the most fragile, with special Mayflower methods and materials.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

be built in every generation, but I haven't read of a time or place when character building needed revitalization as it does in our schools today.

Sincerely,
Greenup — JESSE STUART

MASSACHUSETTS

CHIVALRY DEAD?

Dear Editors: This morning I stood next to a well-dressed man on the bus; when the seat next to us was vacated, he sat down! The age of chivalry is dead, but need we dispense with all courtesy? Sincerely,
Boston — CAROLYN GARDINER

PENNSYLVANIA

IT TASTES SO GOOD!

To the Editor: I am surprised at the recipe for Honey Crème in a recent JOURNAL. Part of the directions read "cook over low heat, stirring constantly . . . this will take about 1¼ hours." Now do you believe *any* homemaker has time like that to spare? Especially after you run articles on the harried young homemaker!

Very truly yours,
Easton — MRS. ELIN SCHULTZ

● *Well, Honey Crème is a special treat. For grandmothers to make—or while the baby is taking a nap? ED.*

WASHINGTON

IT BURNS ME UP!

Dear Editors: No wonder intelligent women by the thousands are leaving the role of "just a housewife" for offices, factories and many other outside jobs. The world in general gives the housewife so little consideration!

For the hundredth time in the past few months I as a housewife have not been treated with the courtesy considered essential in business relations. Tradesmen, servicemen all seem to feel that a housewife has nothing to do which would prevent her waiting for hours, so they do not inform her of delays. (If I knew that the washer serviceman could not possibly call until next Tuesday because three of his crew were ill, I would gladly send out my laundry. But no; he says he will be here tomorrow—so I stay home waiting for him, and am scorned if I complain.)

No business would long continue relations with such service, and yet a homemaker has a schedule which would baffle many businessmen. It is not easy to be chambermaid, laundress, cook, baker, chauffeur, purchasing agent and public-relations director. However, if the persons with whom we deal would respect our "office hours" and afford us the courtesy of informing us of necessary delays (as they do businessmen), they would find us much happier and more tolerant. Sincerely,
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Desert spring is bright and brief as a rainbow. Cactus wears a rakish flower crown, and pools of golden poppies reflect the sun.

Our Remarkable Presidency

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

When I was a college student on the eve of World War I—yes, that long ago—a lecturer came to the campus who spoke favorably about the Germans. All I can remember of the address is the speaker's statement that the President of the United States had considerably greater powers than did the German kaiser.

The statement shocked me, though later I was to realize that, dependent upon the personality of the President and how much power he chooses to use, the speaker was right—right when he made the statement and even more right today. No head of state in the world has as much power as the President of the United States. The President's powers were great initially, and as our institutions have developed they have expanded. As we are engaged this year in nominating and electing another candidate to this supreme office, it may be appropriate to think a little about these powers.

As chief of the Cabinet the President has the function of a Prime Minister; but unlike a Prime Minister, he cannot be removed from office by an adverse vote of Parliament or by a shift during his term of office in parliamentary representation. A Republican President may have a preponderantly Democratic Congress, but short of impeachment he remains in power at least until another national election.

He is the head of his party, hence of a faction—a position not envisioned originally—but he is, at the same time the symbol of national unity, the head of the state and the leader of the whole people. In that respect he stands above party and faction and has many of the attributes of a king. Indeed, his office has been compared to an elective kingship. But kings in the modern world "reign but do not govern." The President both reigns and, within constitutional limits, he governs.

He is the administrative chief of the nation and as such directly presides over the most vast administrative apparatus in the world. As of June, 1958, the Administration had 2,382,237 civilian employees in 65 departments. The President is commander in chief of the nation's armed forces. This puts another 2,500,000 men under his control. He also commands the militia of the states when they are called into national service. With nearly 5,000,000 persons in the Administration and the armed forces, the President commands, however indirectly, 7 per cent of the total labor force of the country.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Congress votes all appropriations, but the President's office prepares the budget. At present it amounts to $81,736,000,000—well over a fifth of the national income.

Constitutionally, Congress alone has the power to "declare" war. Actually, war comes or is avoided by the day-to-day operations of foreign policy, and this, except for the Senate's right to accept or reject diplomatic appointments, is in the hands of the President.

The President, as commander in chief and as effective prosecutor of the war in the diplomatic and military fields, also has the power to form policies which may prolong or shorten a war once it has started. The doctrine of "unconditional surrender" enunciated by F.D.R. at Casablanca made a fight to a military finish inevitable—provided the Allied forces had the masses of their people with them. Because the pronunciamento came when the tide of the war was running in the Allied favor, there was little opposition to it, although it had, from the viewpoint of this writer, who opposed it at the time, serious political consequences.

In the field of foreign relations the President negotiates treaties. These must be ratified by the Senate, but actually our relations with other nations are regulated less and less by formal treaties and more and more by agreements between heads of states or their foreign ministers which require no ratification by the Senate. Few of those postwar arrangements which have been the genesis of the subsequent Cold War with Russia took the form of treaties. They were made in a series of summit conferences in Casablanca, Quebec, Tehran, Yalta, Potsdam, and so on. In addition there are United Nations agreements, also entirely in the hands of the executive, which, without being treaties as provided in the Constitution, have the effect of treaties.

The powers of the President have always been supreme in foreign relations. But the United States has not always had so many foreign relations as now. Certainly we have not had the present form of personal "summit" diplomacy, which is altogether new. The President's trip this past winter to many of the capitals of the earth raises the question of how much further extension of powers and, at the same time, possible dissipation of them the office can stand. Certainly these personal appearances and interventions should be used sparingly when at all, lest the great symbol of the American community as a whole become altogether too commonplace.

Both externally and internally the powers of the President have always flourished and expanded in crises. Ours has been a generation of crisis: the depression with which F.D.R.'s Administration began and which plagued it intermittently until the country began arming in earnest; the World War; the Korean War; the uninterrupted rivalry with the Soviets and with Red China; the unsuccessful attempt to win over the uncommitted nations; internally the unresolved agricultural crisis; persistent inflation; and the eruption of the South as the result of the Supreme Court decision to desegregate the schools—to mention but a few.

All these facets of crisis have increased the responsibilities and the powers of the presidency. The Department of Agriculture must deal with the agricultural crisis of ever-expanding surpluses, although Congress and pressures from the agricultural states and various farm organizations and industries catering to farmers make it almost impossible to formulate and carry out a rational policy. Inflation can be combated by fiscal policies, but not successfully without the co-operation of labor and management, neither of whom can be coerced. The Supreme Court, according to Judge Learned Hand, assumed the prerogatives of a third legislative chamber in making it the law that any colored pupil must be granted the right to study in hitherto white public schools, and the President, who is charged to enforce the laws, must also seek means to enforce this one, a formidable enforcement problem.

The New Deal, under Franklin Roosevelt's leadership, made one single drastic constitutional revolution: it established that responsibility for the functioning of the national economy rested with the Federal Government, and, in the nature of the powers, upon t executive and the presidency. The functioni of the economy must, in a democracy, be r sponsible to the popular will, and the popul will demands full employment. Obvious Congress cannot assure full employment l passing a law; it requires policies framed in t Executive Department.

The President, overburdened by cares a demands of office, must meet the press eve week during a large part of the year and n only have to answer ad lib the questions rain upon him, but do it under the glare of tel vision lights. Every hesitation, stumbling temporary admission of ignorance is record for millions to hear and see.

This condition of being perpetually in t public eye also expands, for better or wors the influence of the presidency. If the majori of the people, or a large minority, should f to have confidence in the President, the cou try could be in a condition of serious disunit

Although some Presidents have receiv their chief popularity and support by a c alescence of minority groups, even they mu steer a wary course in order not to alienate a larger group. Every presidential lion must l to some extent a fox. Theories have therefo grown up among professional politicians—ar it is these who pick the candidates—about t "ideal" candidate. Mr. Eric Sevareid, in t introduction to *Candidates 1960*, which he al edited,* names nine traditional *ideal* conc tions: 1—previous public service; 2—prefe ably experience as a governor; 3—from a lar state with an electoral vote that might be d cisive; 4—a Northerner; 5—not too close identified with any one economic group su as labor or management; 6—a happy fam

To a quick question, give a slow answer.

ITALIAN PROVERB

life; 7—from a small town in preference to big metropolis; 8—of Anglo-Saxon stock; an 9—Protestant.

Actually the only candidate who fulfills a these conditions, except that he has not been governor—more than offset by having bee a senator and Vice President—is Richar Nixon. But all these conditions are by n means as telling now as they once were. Pre ident Eisenhower never held a public offic but was a war hero. One may well argue (a Mr. Sevareid does) that, in today's world, e perience in the Senate, especially in its mo important committees, is better preparatio for the presidency than any governorship. candidate need not come from a state with large electoral vote in order to carry it. Tru man, from Missouri, defeated Dewey, fro New York, against all the bets!

Although the South, and especially Virgini has given us some of our most revered state men, no President has come from there sinc the Civil War. But among the possible Dem cratic candidates this year, and one popula both north and south and even with som Republicans and numerous independents, Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas—hardly Northerner.

To be too closely identified with either labo or management is still a handicap on a na tional scale. The American people are nc class-conscious, and especially not in times c prosperity. They want full employment and a much of the welfare state as we now have, bu labor leaders have never been able to gover the voting of American workers. They hav no objection to benevolent millionaires; th Squire of Hyde Park was the idol of the masses and Nelson Rockefeller, had he not withdraw from the race and had he received the nomina tion, would have attracted many workingmen On the other hand, to have a consistent anti labor record would make one ineligible.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

**Candidates 1960*, edited by Eric Sevareid (studies c Rockefeller, Nixon, Humphrey, Kennedy, Stevenso Symington, Lyndon Johnson and a few dark horses Basic Books, $4.95. Recommended to all who want t know a little more about the candidates than they wi learn from their supporters or opponents.


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

It is doubtful whether the happy family life has the force it once did, and whether the continual publicizing of the same cuts as much ice as the public-relations men think. Our people, also, have become increasingly urban and sophisticated; even the small towns are more urban and sophisticated; one thinks of Nixon as coming from California rather than Whittier and of Stevenson from Chicago rather than Libertyville.

And President Eisenhower, who could have become President on either ticket, is not of Anglo-Saxon but of German stock.

The question of whether a Catholic could become President is an issue this year because of the candidacy of Senator John F. Kennedy.

The United States is still predominantly a Protestant country, though there is much more interreligious tolerance than there was a generation ago. We have also had in the White House a number of official Protestants whose churchgoing days started or were resumed only with the presidency. But the anti-Catholic prejudice has by no means died out. A Catholic candidate, no matter what his qualities, would, I should guess, lose an indeterminate number of votes on that ground alone. Senator Kennedy has been a darling of the public-opinion polls; he is popular with women, and he is a thorough extrovert. These might overcome the religious handicap (if it is one) as well as the impression he gives of youth.

Attractive as his youthfulness is—and deceptive, for he is a mature man—I am personally inclined to think it a handicap even in an otherwise youth-worshiping society. People, I think, are more likely to vote for a father-image for President than for a son-image, if only because the office is so august and awesome. Our first President was called "The Father of His Country"; the founders are called "Founding Fathers"; the symbol of a country is "fatherland" (or motherland). One thinks of the father as older, wiser and above oneself, and so do most men and women like to think of the President.

> I will study and get ready and perhaps my chance may come.
>
> ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Among the six presidential candidates in the running as I write, only two are predominantly introverted. They are the two most hostile to each other: Nixon and Stevenson.

Introverts are more likely to be controversial than extroverts because they are harder to understand. Their real personalities are not on the surface. They often appear contradictory. Richard Nixon is a brooder, one who is often "bottled up" inside. He believes more in destiny than in the power of his own will. He is extremely ambitious, but he does not always welcome the fruits of his ambition, nor think that by ambition he has achieved them.

If I am right that it is essential that the President enjoy a high degree of confidence from nearly everybody, this militates against Nixon. He is greatly admired; by some he is distrusted, and even detested by others; and he is apparently *loved* by very few. He has few if any intimate friends outside his own family circle. He has considerable wit, but he lacks the more winsome attribute of humor.

Stevenson is also predominantly an introvert, and highly complex. He has never really succeeded in convincing the electorate that he *wants* to be President—though if he is nominated and runs for the third time it would seem to be proof that he does. The probability is that he does and he doesn't. Probably no candidate is more aware that the burdens, responsibilities, glamors and cares of the presidency are beyond the powers of any man completely or adequately to discharge. And probably no candidate takes them more seriously.

In most introverts there is a melancholic strain. There was in Lincoln and there is in Nixon and Stevenson. It is hard to say which

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man is more intelligent. Nixon has a remarkable capacity to get rapidly to the heart of the matter, but he is not so learned or cultivated as Stevenson. Stevenson inspires enormous enthusiastic affection, which he must reciprocate or he would not inspire it. He finds it extremely difficult to convince himself that he should follow "expert" advice (even when the experts on how to get votes are provably right). And when he does follow it against his own spontaneous feelings, he convinces nobody of his sincerity. Yet sincerity (which is by no means synonymous with wisdom or rightness) is the one thing instantly detectable by the radio listener or television viewer.

Stevenson is the darling of the "intellectuals," but one has to be the darling of far more than they to hold the confidence of the American people.

I think it is too bad that as I write Lyndon Johnson is not better known to the American people, for Senator Lyndon Johnson may as truthfully be called "Mr. Democrat" as Senator Robert A. Taft was called "Mr. Republican." Robert L. Riggs, chief of the Washington Bureau of the Louisville Courier-Journal, says that not even dictatorial old Uncle Joe Cannon ever got his own way as often as Lyndon Johnson did as leader of the Democratic opposition in Congress.

President Eisenhower has been anything but a dictatorial President. His instinct has been to exercise as little of the power of his great office as is compatible with filling it. Mr. Riggs remarks that it is "a law of politics that when the White House refuses to exercise power someone in the legislative branch will." And that someone has been Lyndon Johnson. Yet when he started to take the leadership of the Democratic opposition under a President who was all but worshiped, Johnson had no competitors and won more brickbats than laurels. But he has won the firm loyalty of the Democratic senators whom he has made into an extraordinarily effective force.

He has one obsession: that the race question shall not split the Democratic Party or the nation. His favorite adjectives are "prudent," "reasonable" and "responsible," and he believes that reasonable and responsible men can achieve results without tearing one another to pieces. He knows how to work on and through men. He is a liberal—his idol was F.D.R.—but he has an excellent sense of timing. He is no champion of lost causes, and has little patience with "bleeding hearts."

He had a serious heart attack in 1955 from which, however, he has made what appears to be a total recovery. His wife, incidentally, has looks, wealth and brains; she possesses three university degrees and is studying Russian.

Stuart Symington has always been regarded as a compromise; Humphrey does not look like a likely nominee at a time when public opinion is, on the whole, conservative. Anything can happen between now and the conventions, but my own hunch is that the American people will vote for the man they feel reasonably sure will not rock the boat.

The truth is that the presidency needs the aid and support of able men and sensitive minds in both parties. The lines in the two-party system are by no means as closely drawn as they once were. One cannot put a "party" on television—only a man, or men and women. The people decide, more than they ever did, not only who will be elected but who will be nominated. The smoke-filled room in which the professionals once cooked matters up between them is emptied. The professionals watch the press, the polls and public reactions, not only to candidates but to potential candidates. No "dark horse" is likely to be nominated in the coming or in future conventions. Any horse that could win would have been performing in the light long before the conventions assemble. END

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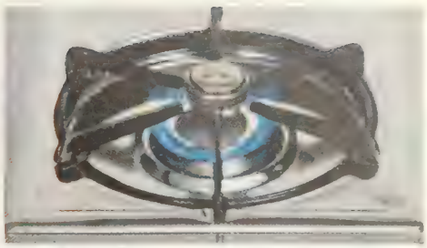
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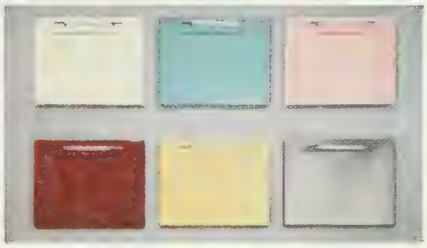
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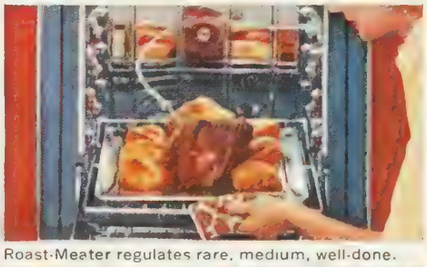
Set 'N Forget Burner—makes all pots automatic.



Copperloy, Lusterloy, 4 other beautiful colors.



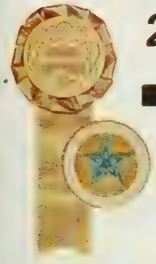
Clock Control Oven cooks meals automatically.



Roast-Meater regulates rare, medium, well-done.



Lift-Off Doors for carefree oven cleaning.



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'Fabulous 400'—daring new electric range that puts all cooking at your fingertips.



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Tappan automatic features end pot-watching and oven-watching. 28 exciting advances make Tappan ranges award winners. Tappan is today's biggest-selling built-in, gas and electric —both look alike.

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New gold-accented Pyrex casseroles are bright in the home-decorating picture. This smart-looking cook serve-and-store ware has a wonderful way with food—never transfers flavors! 1¼ to 2½ qt., $1.95 to $3.9

PYREX-WARE *a symbol of modern living, is a product of* **CORNING** *research*

Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

"This just seems to be one of those centuries when everything goes wrong."



Under Cover

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

Not so long ago—though it takes a bit of readjusting to take it in—George Sanders, smooth Hollywood villain, was working in the advertising branch of Lever Brothers, London. In the office next to him, in charge of the Market Research and Information Department, was a gorgeous redhead, whom we know as Greer Garson. Miss Garson now lives in Bel Air, California. Her bathroom is done in pink marble. It has a sunken bath, with great sea shells holding the multicolored soaps. One side of the room is made entirely of glass, and opens onto a small exotic garden completely walled in and private. A low garden chair rests there, amidst a profusion of gardenias and heavy-scented magnolia. "The biggest production for the smallest audience yet to emerge from Hollywood," says Mr. Sanders.

Call it gossip or success stories or cynical comment, at any rate you know what you're getting into when you pick up ***George Sanders'*** autobiography. The title is **MEMOIRS OF A PROFESSIONAL CAD** (Putnam). You can always drop it for something worthier.

But to go on. Yul Brynner is another who made good. When he went to Madrid for the filming of 'Solomon and Sheba,' he took with him an entourage of seven. One minion's duty was to place already lighted cigarettes in Brynner's outstretched fingers. Another's was to shave his skull when the suspicion of a shadow darkened it. During both operations, according to Sanders, Mr. Brynner sat in sphinxlike silence and splendor, wearing a black leather suit or a white leather suit, of which he had a half dozen each, made for him by Dior.

Speaking of titles, **WHAT IS AN ANGEL?** by ***Pie-Raymond Regamey,*** is volume 47, Section III, of the Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism (Hawthorn). It answers the title's question in a concise 128 pages.

In public life you apparently have to look the part. When Justice Holmes was appointed to the Supreme Court, Fanny, his wife, said, "Look at me! How can I go to Washington—I who look like an abandoned farm in Maine!" (Catherine Drinker Bowen, in Adventures of a Biographer). *On the other hand, Liu Shao-chi, Head of State in Communist China, takes pride in owning only one shirt, which must last him for several years. When a comrade suggests that he buy a new one, he says, "No, no; change the collar and patch the sleeves." He wears an old straw hat which has turned yellow, with brown spots all over it. Liu, his public-relations officials say firmly, is a leader of the people.*

Thomas Costain, who probably holds the record for popularity in historical novels, has never written a better historical novel than **THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN** (Doubleday)—about Attila the Hun and all the melodrama and horror and heroism of his incredible century. I got to this book late, but must register my admiration.

And don't forget **A TIME IN ROME,** by ***Elizabeth Bowen*** (Knopf)—a penetrating revelation of that wondrous city.



The big paper napkin most like linen...now in a brand-new box!

Doesn't fall apart . . . even with saucy spaghetti! Just one Scotkin stays crisp and fresh . . . gives linen-like strength throughout the meal. And dinner-size Scotkins® give you extra inches of linen-lavish protection. Get Scotkins in the new box today. It's *one* paper napkin you don't need *three* of!

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REMEMBER: Don't wait till summer. It takes time to build full immunity. So start your family on AQUA IVY TABLETS right away. They're available at your local pharmacy in the U. S. and Canada.

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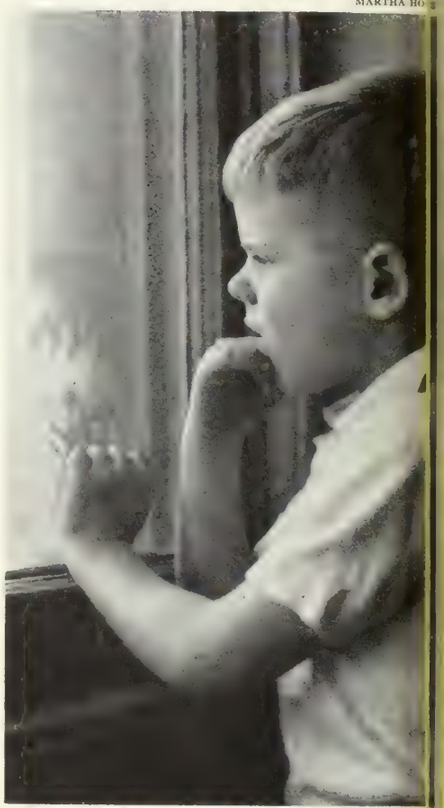


"When a brother, sister or parent dies, there's stirred up in the child all the guilt left over from all the times he hurt him."

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

When someone close to a child dies

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



MARTHA HOS

When a member of the family dies, a child may r reassurance that he did not "wish" the person d

A death of a member of the family—a parent, a brother or sister, a grandparent who has lived in the home—stirs up feelings in a young child which are quite different from those aroused by the death of a person who is not well known to the child, or by an impersonal discussion of death. In the latter case, as I explained two months ago, the young child's main concern is in the possibility of his own death and whether this will separate him from his parents.

But when a member of the household or someone close to it dies, the child's previous relationship with him leaves a mixture of upset feelings which may last for many months.

First of all is the sense of loss. If a close brother or sister has gone, there is the repeated sharp sorrow which comes from wanting to share another experience with him and realizing again that he isn't there. If a parent has recently died the child will continue to want to turn to him or her a hundred times a day, when he needs knowledge, assistance, guidance, approval, comfort or reassurance. The anguish is fresh each time. This sense of bereavement we call mourning. In a healthy child (or adult) it heals gradually over the months as other attachments and interests fill the emptiness.

But there is a surprising difference between children in how much the mourning shows. One child—and it's more apt to be a girl—loses her joy in her usual pursuits, looks sad, and easily breaks into tears. Another child, even in the same family, may appear almost unaffected on the surface. We know that this appearance does not represent a true lack of feelings. Rather, the child has a personality which is expert in controlling, suppressing and denying them.

Most parents have noticed similar variations in how their different children react to everyday sorrows and worries. Feelings come to the surface so easily in some and are concealed so promptly by others. A majority of girls who have had a pleasant life feel free to shed a few tears of disappointment when a treat has to be canceled, or of sorrow during the sad part of a story. Most boys—in America at least—are learning to keep a stiff upper lip by the time they are six or eight.

There is the same contrast in regard to other f ings too. Girls when really overjoyed may squeal w delight. But boys are more apt to maintain a par dignity and use some conventional expression, "Gee, that's swell." When fighting, most boys try battle silently and to use only their fists.

This usual difference between the sexes is not marily a glandular matter. In some other parts of world—even the Western world—men may scream each other when mad. When a death occurs they only permit themselves to cry; it appears to an barrassed American as if they were encouraging th selves to becoming hysterical. So it seems that male pattern in our country is mainly taught. partly done with words: "Don't cry"; "Fight lik man"; "Don't be a sissy." More important still is example set by the father and other men and boys.

But I'm bringing out the usual contrast between and girl primarily to explain how even in the same there can be marked differences. A girl in Amer may appear to be as untouched by distressing sit tions as the average boy. Perhaps she grew up i family where mother was just as self-controlled father. Or she may have taken as her model in respect not her mother but her father. We see child-guidance work the girl who has had some diffi emotional problem

CONTINUED ON PAGE



TWO-PIECE TOPPER SET. Nevabind puffed sleeves, plastic-lined pant. White with azure, pink, yellow. Sizes 6 mos.-1½ yrs. $3.50.

T...is for Tuddle

that's cuddly me in my Carter's topper set! Daddy says I'm sweet as cotton candy, but Mother says it's Carter's cotton *knit* that does it . . . soft cotton knit that machine-washes and machine-dries and never, ever needs ironing. She also says the panties' plastic keep me lap-lovely . . . whatever that means. I guess that's why *she* thinks T is for Too-good-to-be-true-and-practical-too-for-gifts-to-give-and-get!



TWO-PIECE JACQUARD KNIT CREEPER
Nevabind sleeves, plasticized pant, snap-fastened crotch. Blue, red, yellow. Sizes 6 mos.-2 yrs. $3.50.



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Dress up your doorsteps with Rubbermaid Door Mats to keep floors and carpeting clean and dry. Only Rubbermaid brings you so many beautiful Door Mat styles, sizes and colors to choose from! Everything from striking diamond-bedecked designs—to sturdy grid, ribbed, or combination grid-rib types. Select yours now in time for a spring fresh-up. You'll like the new look at every entrance! Mats priced from 98¢ to $6.98.



All-grid door mat for beauty and duty. Gives doorway drama, traps mud, dirt.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

ever since early childhood (such as prolonged toilet-training conflict, severe jealousy of sibling or resentment of parent) who learned to protect herself from the painfulness of her feelings by drastically suppressing or denying them. It's a form of self-defense. In such a child (or adult) the feelings still exist, buried deep, but they show only in some disguised form—in bodily symptoms, for instance, or in inappropriate behavior. Conversely, a boy may show more emotion than is conventional for his sex—because, for instance, his father sets a similar example, or the boy is taking after his mother in this respect.

So far we have been talking about the bereavement a child will suffer and may or may not show. But there is another feeling which is just as important. It may be more upsetting and last a lot longer. You might be skeptical at first that it even exists. I am thinking of guilt.

That a child might feel guilty about the death of a close relative was recognized only rarely before psychiatrists began to try to understand the hidden feelings of people of all ages who were miserable or nervous or mentally ill. It was first realized that an occasional adult would react to the death of a member of the family not just with mourning but with a more complex depression that lasted for many months. He would cover himself with reproaches: that he had not sought medical care early enough; or that he had not been as dutiful as he should have been during the last illness; or even that he had brought on the sickness, through his inconsiderate behavior for many years back. His relatives would call these self-accusations entirely unjustified, the very opposite of the truth. It was discovered that such a person was feeling terribly guilty not so much about the things he had actually done or left undone, which were largely imaginary, but about unkind feelings and wishes that he had harbored at times toward the deceased. Deep inside he assumed that these feelings, in some magical way, had done harm.

> Everybody is afraid for himself, and everybody thinks his neighbor's fears ridiculous, as they generally are.
>
> J. A. SPENDER
> THE COMMENTS OF BAGSHOT

In some parts of the world, where science is unknown, a person believes that he has fallen ill because someone is using black magic against him, or he seeks revenge by sticking pins into a clay statue of the one he thinks is his enemy.

It isn't just mentally ill people or savages or ignoramuses who believe in the harmful effects of bad thoughts. Most of us pride ourselves on our rationality, which comes from a sensible upbringing and long education. But almost all of us are a bit superstitious about the power of our thoughts and words, even if we decline to admit it publicly. We step over cracks in the sidewalk or throw salt over our shoulder or knock on wood. We believe in magic, not because we aren't educated enough but because each of us still has inside him traces of the child he once was.

When psychoanalysts began to treat unhappy children they learned how guilty children feel, not only about their hostile acts but about their hostile wishes even when there are no acts. This is not surprising, when you think about it. Children get plenty of chances to feel angry every day, what with the crudeness of other children, and the frequency of parental correction and irritation.

Young children carry most of their anger toward others directly into action and they see the effects of it in the tears of brothers and sisters and friends, in the disapproval of their parents. You might say that it takes them a number of years of growing up before they realize that the hostile wish which doesn't get carried out doesn't hurt anybody.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

America's Most Popular Nurse



HOME ECONOMIS
CHOOSES evenflo

Mrs. William Schofield, of Pittsburgh, Pa., taught home economics before marriage. She writes: "Good eating habits begin in infancy, so I made sure my own babies got the right start. All three finished their Evenflo bottles easily, without fussing—and without any urging from me."

Mothers find Evenflo best for baby because it is easier to nurse and handier to use. Exclusive Twin Air Valve Nipple lets formula flow smoothly so baby never tires out or strains. And new Sure Seal* design eliminates excess air swallowing . . . helps prevent leakage and nipple pullout.

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All-New Evenflo Nurser 25c Complete (With Nipple Cover 35c) Also available in Super Plastic 39¢ (44c with cover)

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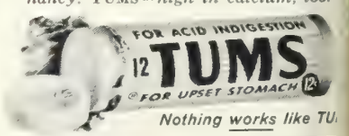
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Acid indigestion or heartburn robbing you of sleep? For fast effective relief keep Tums by your bed

P.S. *To Expectant Mothers*—TUMS *are wonderful for fast relief of heartburn, and gas so common in pregnancy.* TUMS—*high in calcium, too.*



Nothing works like TU

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surge
STOPS ITCH—RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at drug counters – money back guarantee



All dressed up for a family visit by Long Distance

A Long Distance call is warm and wonderful—the next best thing to a personal visit.

Just relax and enjoy the warm glow that comes from being close to those you care about . . . chatting together and sharing the family news.

It's a fine way to visit. Try it!

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by number. It's twice as fast.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Buffalo to Cleveland	55¢
St. Paul to Chicago	80¢
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Milwaukee to Philadelphia	$1.15
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These are Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.



Fragile...handle with Johnson's

You give your love in many ways...with cradling warmth ...unhurried care...and the gentleness of your touch.

You give it by surrounding every bath and change time with fragrance and softness...by smoothing your baby with the silkiest, purest powder ...by soothing your baby with cream as soft as white velvet.

You give it, always, in the happy moments of "Johnson's time."



Johnson & Johnson

© 1960 Johnson & Johnson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Parents in their efforts to curb open hostilities frequently warn of the possibility of serious consequences from anger: "You might break his leg" (or put his eye out or even kill him). Parents, without realizing it, often teach children, too, that even illness comes from meanness and disobedience. "Your fighting has given mother a headache." . . . "You got the earache because you didn't wear your rubbers as I told you to." . . . "When you splash water on him like that you might make him catch cold." So children all get the idea, in one way or another, that their anger could do serious harm. This doesn't really surprise them so much, knowing as they do the unrestrained vigor of their feelings. Even in their cooler quarrels young children can threaten to kill each other, over an issue that would provoke

older child or adult only to the point of shouting, "I'm going to report you."

When a brother, sister or parent dies from any cause, there is stirred up in the child the guilt left over from all the times he actually hit him or wished to hurt him himself or wished that some other misfortune would befall him. The primitive part of his conscience, which was forming at two and three and four years, tells him that it was his evil wishes that brought about the death.

The amount of guilt will be quite different, of course, in different children. A child who has had a very predominantly loving relationship with the relative who died will have much less guilt than the one who felt a lot of hostility. The child whose parent used heavy moral disapproval of antagonism will have a heavier conscience than the one whose parent used a more direct and casual sort of control. And, other things being equal, the older the child, the more his knowledge of the true causes of death will counteract the primitive sense that his own evil wishes did the harm.

What are the applications of this knowledge—that children feel guilty about a death in the family? The Romans used to say "*De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*," meaning "Don't say anything but good about the dead." This may be an ideal for grownups to strive for (in the sense of avoiding unfair or senseless defamation), but it would be too hard on children. If, in family discussions, a departed child is pictured as an angel without fault, it makes the living children feel inexcusably evil to have ever been angry at him or to have wished him any harm. So when the family is talking about how much they miss him and how humorous or helpful or smart or loving he was, it might be good for the parent to add—understandingly, not accusingly—that he was sometimes irritating too. "I certainly used to get mad at him at times." Such remarks, in a tolerant spirit, not only keep the memory of the departed from becoming oppressively pure; they show the children that if a parent can admit irritation without guilt, they too can be a bit less uncomfortable about their own antagonistic feelings, more able to talk about them.

Even in the case where a parent has died I think it is possible for the other parent, without disloyalty, to admit casually that he had his failings like everyone else. "Do you remember, Jackie, how cross daddy used to get when you left your bike out?" (or used his tools or whined or wouldn't eat). "He was more crotchety about that than most fathers. It must have made you mad sometimes."

Perhaps we should bring up the broader subject of whether the dead should be talked about at all. I think that most parents would be surprised at the question, assuming that such conversation would be inevitable, natural and proper. Yet there are some for whom this is so painful that they almost never mention the dead relative themselves, and either act disapproving or at least change the subject if the children speak of him. You can imagine that if a child is consciously or unconsciously holding himself responsible to some degree for the death, a parent's stern refusal to let the death be mentioned might intensify the child's feeling that unspeakable evil (including his own) had played a part.

It not only helps children in their adjustment to the death of a child or parent to be able to talk naturally about their former relationship to him, it should help the parent in the long run, however painful it is to him at the moment.

Needless to say, the child who shows more than the expected amount of grief, and little tendency to recover from it, and particularly the child who reacts with fear, guiltiness or other personality change, should have the help of a child-guidance clinic or family social agency.

Sometimes a parent not only overidealizes a dead child, but uses this image quite purposefully to bring brothers and sisters into line. "Surely you want to be a helpful" (or honest or pure or studious) "person like Harriet was. What would she be thinking if she knew what you did today?" This is unfair, of course, to Harriet as well as to the erring child, because the latter, in addition to guilt, can't help feeling an increasing antipathy to this apparently smug and preferred sibling.

Once in a great while, parents who have been unable to become reconciled to the death of one child may expect a subsequent child (or adopted child) to fulfill not only all the actual achievement of the first, but also the future hopes they had had for him. (They may even name the new child after the dead one.) Such expectations, being impossible for anyone to achieve, will compel the living child to feel a failure sooner or later—in his parents' eyes and in his own.

Before ending, we should broaden the subject beyond the matter of death, and think again about how readily children feel responsible for the accidents, illness and unhappiness of brothers, sisters, mother and father. Partly this comes from parents' specific warnings and reproaches: "If you hadn't left your roller skates on the stairs he never would have fallen." But we believe that this happens even when the parents don't foster such ideas.

Actually you can see this kind of guiltiness about mean wishes in its simplest form in the two- or three-year-old who is jealous and hostile at times toward a new baby. Perhaps when the baby first arrived the child was mean to it on a few occasions and made it cry, but parental disapproval was successful in stopping any further overt attacks. Or perhaps the child succeeded in controlling his aggressive impulses right from the start, and revealed them only indirectly in slightly uncomplimentary remarks or suggestions that the baby be taken back to the hospital where he came from. In either case the child who is suppressing his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

HERITAGE IN SPICE

By JESSIE FARNHAM

Some things the years do not erase:
The evening star above
Comes back steadily at dusk
To remind me of
The quiet way she let us know
The largess of her love.

The wooden spoon and mixing bowl
Were all that had to show,
We knew her hands would soon be
kneading
Balls of velvet dough,
How eagerly we waited for
The yeast to make it grow.

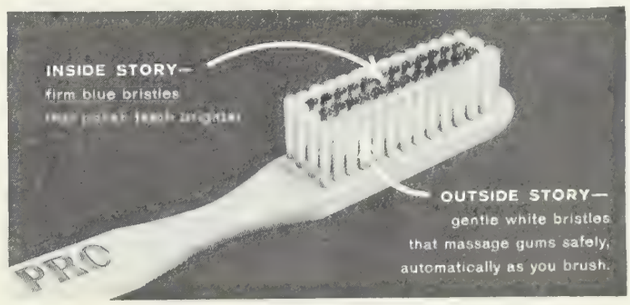
Strange that I remember most,
Though memories come in droves,
Her hovering hands like benisons
Above the honeyed loaves,
Dusting a scented heritage
Of cinnamon and cloves.

Because we believe it will pay us to give you a

2 YEAR SUPPLY OF PRO DOUBLE DUTY

TOOTH BRUSHES—

we're making the amazing offer below!



We at Pro-Phy-Lac-Tic Brush Company believe the Pro Double Duty Tooth Brush is a major contribution to sound teeth and gums, the most important new aid to home dental care in years.

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That is why—in the interests of your better dental health and our own future sales—we are making this unprecedented offer: Go to your dealer's and buy two Pro Double Duty Tooth Brushes in the special pack with the coupon on the back. Pay only the regular price for two—$1.78. Fill in the coupon and mail with both labels to Pro Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

Pro will send you four tickets—each good for one more Pro Double Duty Brush every six months for two years—*four* free brushes. Offer limited. Act now—before coupons are gone!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASS.

—also makers of regular Pro Tooth Brushes, Jewelite Hair Brushes and Pro Combs



1. *Buy two Pro Double Duty Tooth Brushes at the regular price of* **$1.78.**

2. *Get a new Double Duty* free *every six months for two years!*



beautiful discovery!



New! Moisture Base by Ponds

new kind of greaseless foundation cream!
brings you "night cream" moisturizing
under your make-up all day!

Creates an all-day "moisture reserve." At last a cream that goes beyond superficial smoothing . . . that actually controls the moisture level of your skin *under* your make-up. At the same time, it normalizes your skin's protective chemistry all day long.

Prevents under-make-up dryout! New Pond's Moisture Base protects your skin against sun and wind—the drying effects of make-up itself! Your skin stays soft and dewy all day.

For a smooth, no-shine finish. Pond's Moisture Base is greaseless. Your skin never feels sticky—your make-up never streaks or cakes. Completely transparent, it can't conflict with any make-up shade.

For a lovelier face, smooth on New Pond's Moisture Base every morning. And, of course, use it for nighttime moisturizing, too.

Pond's Moisture Base
NEW GREASELESS UNDER-MAKE-UP MOISTURIZER

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

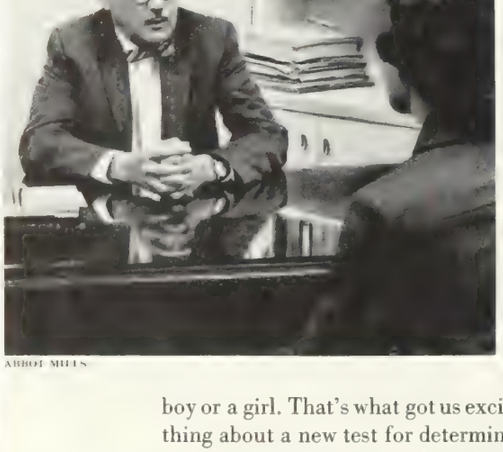
Tell me, doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names used are fictitious.

"I have just learned that the was a tragic case of mistaken sex identity in my family a go many years ago. Is this condition hereditary? Can it happen my baby? If it should happen, can anything be done?"

"Doctor, is it true there is a way of finding out what a bab sex is before it is born?" the woman in the doctor's office ask

The doctor, engaged in taking his patient's blood pressu replied, "Edna, don't tell me you can't wait until your baby born to find out whether it is a boy or a girl! It won't be ve long now until that qu tion will be settled in t natural course of event


ABBOT MILLS

Edna Mills' blood pr sure had shot up, t doctor noted, since s had been in for her l prenatal check.

Edna flushed. "My terest isn't exactly *p sonal*. Malcolm, my h band, is a lawyer, y know. The firm he is w has a complicated inh itance case. Disposition a good deal of money pends on whether baby their client is pecting turns out to b boy or a girl. That's what got us excited when Malcolm read so thing about a new test for determining the baby's sex quite ea in pregnancy. We wondered just how far it could be counted o

"I see." Having removed the blood-pressure cuff and corded the reading, the doctor gave Edna's question his full tention. "Yes, there is a test now for determining what we the genetic sex. That is, the sex Nature confers on us at the ti we are conceived. I presume it is the test you are referring Our powerful microscopes permit us to study the chromosome the chromatin mass, it's called by scientists—inside the b cells. It has been established that the chromatin mass in fem forms in a sort of drumstick shape, not found in male c That's the basis of the test, and it has proved quite reliable.

"It is also true that this test can be used to determine the of a baby months before it is born. But that is a pretty r business. A long needle has to be inserted into the sac of liq in which the baby floats in the womb. This is done either f below, through the vagina, or straight through the female's dominal wall. The liquid drawn off contains cells sloughed f the baby's skin or mucous-membrane surfaces, which re whether it is basically male or female.

"The drawback to applying the test prenatally is that l might be precipitated, infection

CONTINUED ON PAG

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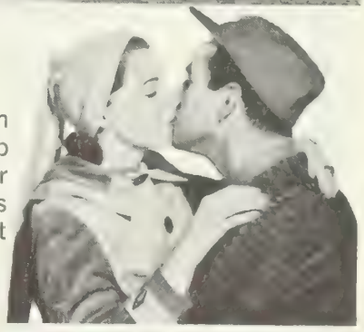


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Astring-o-sol MOUTH WASH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

might be introduced. So we doctors feel it isn't desirable to do this just to satisfy the parents' curiosity. In the case you are speaking of, it might possibly be of enough value to warrant the danger involved. But I couldn't say without knowing more about the mother and the entire situation. Actually it has been done only a few times in humans." Edna looked pale, the doctor was thinking. Her eyes were overly bright and there were dark circles under them.

"Doctor"—Edna twisted her long, slender fingers—"you said something about the baby being 'basically' male or female. From a purely theoretical standpoint, suppose it wasn't either male or female, but a hermaphrodite? Would the test show that too?"

The doctor looked at Edna with concern. She had struck him as being oversensitive, though with a fine intelligence. Now her strained attitude and pinched, anxious face showed that this unusual question held great importance for her.

He answered mildly, "The term 'hermaphrodite' is very much abused and misunderstood, Edna. Individuals are often labeled hermaphrodites when they have any kind of sex confusion, whatever its nature. A true hermaphrodite starts out with both ovarian and testicular tissue, from the very first differentiation of sex in the embryo. But such persons are very rare, practically museum specimens. If I remember rightly, only about a hundred or so have been recorded in all medical literature. Whatever started you thinking about hermaphroditism, Edna?"

When men belittle us they belittle half of life, and they belittle their own happiness. To demean women is to demean love and relationship, and these are the two qualities in which civilization is very weak, and which it greatly needs.

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Edna did not reply. Tears came to her eyes, her distress was evident.

"I think we would both feel better if you would tell me," the doctor urged. "Your mental and emotional well-being during pregnancy is of as much concern to me as your physical condition, you know. And they react on each other. I can't have you worrying yourself sick over something that hasn't the slightest likelihood of happening!"

Edna retorted, "That's where you're wrong, Doctor. And that's what worries me. It *has* happened. In my own family, to my mother's younger sister. Or brother! I still don't know the whole story. I have been going through some old family letters and learned about it for the first time. All I have been able to think of since is, 'Suppose that should happen to my baby!'"

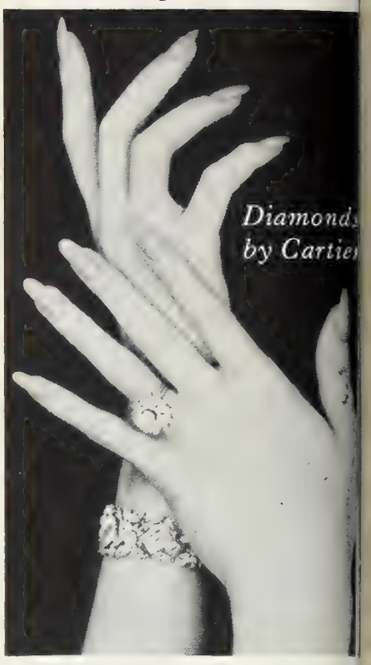
"I would like to know just what you found out from those letters, Edna."

"I only know that, as a child, there was something queer about Aunt Maud. According to the letters, she was taken for a boy until she was about eight years old. Then things began to happen which made everybody frightfully confused, even the doctors. There weren't any details in the letters. People didn't discuss such things then, I guess. A few years later they apparently decided that it was better for 'him' to be treated as a 'her.' That was where the term 'hermaphrodite' came in—apparently no one was completely sure, even then. All of a sudden Aunt Maud disappeared from our lives. I remember that the atmosphere around home was pretty morbid for a while. Now I've discovered the reason. Aunt Maud committed suicide. She couldn't stand it.

"Is a condition of that kind hereditary, Doctor? It's true that my interest in the new test for sex began with the case Malcolm's firm is handling. But those letters have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

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The best way to throw off a cold is to pamper yourself a bit. Go to bed, curl up warmly with a novel you've been planning to read, eat sensibly and lightly, drink plenty of liquids—and give your body's natural defenses a fair chance to lick the cold virus.

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TINUED FROM PAGE 30

inly brought it home to me! If there is a ce that our baby might turn out to be like t Maud, wouldn't it be some help to know advance? Be a little prepared for it?"

hat was indeed a strange affair, Edna. really bad thing, though, is that your first vledge of it should come at this time when are expecting your first baby. I don't wonthat it has upset you. Well, let's talk it ugh—see just what we are facing here.

irst of all, I would have to say that if your was a true hermaphrodite, it's remotely ble that some vague hereditary element t have been involved. But I doubt very that she was. This sounds like a case of we doctors call 'pseudohermaphroditSuch people are much more common true hermaphrodites, and they only *simu*ertain characteristics of both sexes. Also, ex mix-up occurs after the embryo has d out as perfectly male or female, as the may be. Actually, we might almost say as fectly normal female; for nearly always seudohermaphrodite is essentially fe-There are male pseudohermaphrodites, hey are rare; almost as rare as true aphrodites."

ut Aunt Maud's parents thought she was until she was eight years old!"

A SMALL MARCH SONG

By VIRGINIA LINTON

These are the days
Of the light's long leaning,
The hedges greening,
And willows showing yellow
By the streams—
Ancient impetus
For this year's dreams.

at is often the case with female pseudoaphrodites. What usually happens is that he embryo has started developing into a al female, a peculiarity occurs in the oning of the adrenal gland. It starts ing too much of a substance that acts much like the male sex hormone. This ance can bring about masculinizing es in the sex organs, such as overdevelnt of the clitoris—which is a rudimentary sex organ, by the way. There may also be tions in the lower genital tract—confuin the vagina or urethra, for instance. probably know that the urethra is the from the opening in the bladder, and part of what we call the genitourinary n. Quite often, by the time such a baby n it may be difficult or impossible to de- the sex without making special tests. the masculinizing influence may come outside. Recently we doctors have beconcerned about the possible masculineffects of giving male hormones—and certain kinds of female hormones—to n in early stages of pregnancy. These ones may have been given to prevent rriage. Or perhaps to keep pregnancy occurring. The new contraceptive pill we been hearing so much about has the same tial for masculinizing the fetus, if it d fail as a contraceptive. And it does fail, ertain percentage of cases, because not one takes it faithfully. Too much X ray ly pregnancy has also been blamed. That ay, when more X ray has been used than ded for ordinary diagnosis."

octor, I think it is just dreadful if treatgiven a mother can doom her child to a e Aunt Maud's!"

gree with you heartily. But treatment by rs is certainly the least of the causes of ix-ups. There were pseudohermaphrodites before anyone thought of either hormones or X ray. Certain types of tumor can have this effect, as well, and they may appear very early; even in fetal life. They, too, can make a girl baby appear to be a boy; or, in rare cases, vice versa. And sometimes the adrenal doesn't start acting up until years have gone by.

"More important, though, the female pseudohermaphrodite no longer is 'doomed,' as you put it. If discovered at birth, or very shortly thereafter, the condition now can often be treated very effectively. We simply give other hormones, such as cortisone, to counteract the masculinizing substances. The treatment must be very carefully supervised by an experienced specialist. But, properly used, it not only can prevent further alteration; it can do much toward reversing the masculinizing changes, and turning the baby back into a practically normal female. Tumors that produce masculinizing hormones can be removed, with resultant cures. Where it is necessary, plastic surgery can complete the process, by altering the outer sex organs to conform to the proper sex of the individual."

"Do you mean that unless something is done, the masculinizing changes can keep right on?"

"Yes, they can. If the diagnosis is missed in early stages, the changes become more marked, and some of them become irreversible."

"How does this work, Doctor?"

"At puberty, a female pseudohermaphrodite is likely to develop masculine hair patterns—hair on the face and chest, for instance. Perhaps a male rather than a female type of bony structure as well. The breasts may be late in developing, and may not develop normally. The voice change may be toward baritone or bass. But the mental and social orientation the girl has made toward maleness may be the most difficult thing of all to change. An attempt to shift her back into being a female, when it is discovered that a mistake has been made, may be truly tragic."

"The letters mentioned that Aunt Maud was very resentful. She kept saying that she wished the doctors and everyone else had let her alone."

The doctor nodded. "Nowadays we believe it is best to leave the older pseudohermaphrodite alone if he or she is firmly settled in the adoptive sex role, and not unhappy in it. Operations are performed in such cases to make the sex organs conform more fully to the adoptive sex. Those are the operations that have received so much publicity in late years. Sometimes it is considered best not even to tell an individual that a mistake has been made in identifying the basic sex. That is when a very good adjustment has been made, and there is no point in getting the individual upset about his or her sex role. Though that can be dangerous too. The age when the mistake is discovered is of great importance. Early cases are more easily managed."

"How could a mistake be discovered only after such a long time? If there is a mix-up, why wouldn't it show up sooner?"

"It could possibly have been discovered earlier in your aunt's case if a thorough investigation had been made. Obviously, the external manifestations were inconclusive and the attending doctor should have been alerted. Even at that time, I believe, they were finding out about sex chromatin. Or if necessary, operation could disclose whether the genetic sex tissue was ovarian or testicular. That is often the way long-standing cases are discovered. And they turn up even nowadays; more often than the general public has any idea.

"But I agree with you that today there is little or no excuse for letting a sex mix-up reach such a state. I think doctors have fallen down a bit, especially with regard to girl infants and small children. In a newborn baby, nearly all the more common sex anomalies can be detected by a conscientious physical examiner. Theoretically, the pediatrician should examine the baby and record anything out of the ordinary. But the obstetrician sees the baby first and has the initial responsibility. I have been urging for twenty years that every child, and especially every female child, should have a gentle but thorough examination of the sex organs at birth. It doesn't bother the baby in



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the least. Not as much, in fact, as a thorough examination of throat or eyes or ears.

"Unfortunately, there has been a kind of taboo against any but the most superficial examination of a baby's sex organs; especially those of a girl baby. Yet many a story like that of your aunt could have been prevented if such an examination had been carried out conscientiously at birth. It would either establish the sex of the child beyond the shadow of a doubt, or else reveal the need for more searching tests.

"Here is a place where the new chromosome test can be very valuable indeed. It can be made easily after the baby is born, and involves no danger or discomfort at all. There are other tests, too, that can be applied after the baby is actually here. The true genetic sex can be established. If there is a sex mix-up, management can often be started in time to keep it from becoming a tragedy."

"You have relieved my mind tremendously, Doctor," Edna told him. "Though it still seems a weird business!"

"Yes, it is one of Nature's mysteries, certainly. It is exciting to scientists, though, because as these mysteries are solved something is added to our store of helpful knowledge. There is a lot more to sex determination, in fact, than you and I could cover in many conversations.

"What I would like you to fix in your mind is that, when doctors are on the lookout, mix-ups in sex identity can be suspected at birth; and that we now have means to find out rather easily what the basic sex is. And finally, when the condition is discovered early, there is a great deal to be done for the pseudo-hermaphrodite.

"Of course I'm speaking now about the more serious cases. Lots of people are born with minor sex peculiarities about which there is no need to be concerned at all. For instance, we doctors rather often see women with a clitoris larger than ordinary; perhaps with a heavier-than-usual growth of facial hair. But there can be no doubt that they are women, and fitted to play the feminine role successfully in every way. It isn't necessary to employ medical measures with them.

"Well now, Edna, I want to assure you that as a result of our little talk, I shall examine *your* baby with particular care. As a matter of fact, all doctors and all parents should have in mind the possibility of a mix-up in sex identity, even though serious cases are rather rare. Then there would be less chance for a life to be set in the wrong sex pattern.

"And I think I can pretty well guarantee that there won't be another Aunt Maud in your family! In the first place, the chances are at least a hundred to one that your baby will be born a perfectly normal boy or girl. But we will leave nothing to chance."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses ectopic pregnancy.

MARK TWAIN SAYS:

Let us endeavor so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry.

Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time and real sorrow will come.

By trying we can easily learn to endure adversity. Another man's, I mean.

Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

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It's Casserole-and-Salad Time

Quick, easy and delicious with Minute Rice and Jell-O

Creole Casserole

1⅓ cups Minute Rice
2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
2¼ cups (20-ounce can) tomatoes and juice
1 teaspoon salt • ¼ cup finely chopped onion

Grease a 1½-quart baking dish. Spread about one-half of the Minute Rice right-from-the-box in an even layer on bottom. Cover with 1 cup of grated cheese; add remaining rice. Combine tomatoes and juice, salt and onion in saucepan, crushing tomatoes and mixing well. Bring to boil. Pour over layers of rice and cheese. Bake covered, in moderate oven (350°F.) 10 minutes. Remove from oven, uncover; spoon remaining cheese onto rice mixture around edge, leaving center uncovered. Bake 5 minutes longer. Serves 4.

Sunny Fruit Mold

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup hot water • 1 cup cold water
1 orange, freed from membrane and diced
1 banana, sliced • 1 red skin apple, diced
1 cup celery, thinly sliced

Dissolve Jell-O in *hot* water. Add cold water. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in fruit and celery. Pour into mold; chill until firm. At serving time, unmold on crisp lettuce; garnish with mayonnaise. This Jell-O dish also makes a light, lively dessert when garnished with whipped cream. Makes 6 servings.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

YOUNGSTERS OUTDOORS

by MARGARET HICKEY

"My child is growing up isolated from ature. Oh, we do the best we can with books d vacations, but to him the world is held to- ther with concrete, not with the roots of getation and the flow of rivers. He does not ve to read wind and cloud for weather, for his elter is ready-made. He has no chance to ove himself against Nature in the old struggle at once, it seems to me, helped every child d himself."

An answer to this complaint of a suburban other is more and more frequently being found parents, teachers and recreation leaders who ree that exposure to the natural world should an important part of a child's growing-up ex- riences.

This month we are featuring a project sup- rted by an entire community, which includes estry classes, hikes, camping trips and train- in the lore of the woods.

In New Jersey, students of Ramapo Regional gh School who join the school's Conservation ub maintain a wildlife sanctuary with the lp of the New Jersey Audubon Society. They rk trails through the woodland, build bird- ding stations, label trees and shrubs, have nted more than a thousand evergreens on e grounds of the society and the school.

In Washington, Utah, Nevada and Idaho the te federations of women's clubs have spon- ed more than half a dozen "youth forests" nted by Boy and Girl Scouts, 4-H clubs, mp Fire Girls, Future Farmers, Y.M.C.A. mbers and church youth groups. In Cali- nia some 5000 youngsters have taken part in e reforestation program of the Los Angeles ea Council Boy Scouts. On camping weekends ey have planted burned-over acres with thou- nds of seedlings, come back later to water and n. Within their lifetime these boys will see nd restored to water conservation, wildlife d recreation.

An exciting summer of field work in Grand ton and Olympic national parks is being ered selected high-school, college and gradu- students in an experimental program spon- ed by a private agency, the National Parks sociation, which receives funds from many urces, including twenty-three garden clubs. ese young people, who are volunteers, lp our Government's National Park Service. st summer, among other things, they cleared ils, built shelters and helped take an elk nsus. Since the program's start in 1957, 150 dents have spent their summers in the heart Nature in these spectacular parks. Not as rists, but as young men and women learning live with Nature. END



JOHN LEWIS STAGE

New Hampshire's Bristol civic recreation program provides all kinds of outlets for energetic boys and girls—from junior forestry classes (which usually meet in the woods, occasionally in the lodge as here) to tobogganing, craftwork, badminton, rope-jumping and square dances.

Children need someplace to go and something to do

. . . Civic recreation program the answer

There was a light snow falling on the town of Bristol, New Hampshire. Most townspeople, including the children, stayed close to the hearth.

But a mile up the road, past Follansbee's General Store and the Federated Church, where town turns into full country and the pines stand in solid rows, the woods were alive with laughter and shouts of youngsters, the scratching of saws, the quick clip-clip of pruning shears snapping at branches.

Eighteen boys and girls, aged nine to fourteen, were hard at work on that icy January day of 1959 thinning pine in the wooded 135-acre "outdoor classroom" which, with its rustic lodge, is administered by the Bristol Community Center.

As much a part of the civic recreation program as the big brown center building itself down in the town, this land was bought and the lodge built by townspeople in memory of state conservation officer "Slim" Baker and his firm belief that "there is no limit to what can be learned and seen" in the woods. "All you have to do is give a kid a chance," he used to say; "if you take him into the wood with a pack on his back, it will bring out the best in him."

The youngsters pruning and trimming up on Little Roundtop hill were learning woodcraft and rudiments of forestry at a three-day "winter camporee." It was free, as are all activities sponsored by the Community Center, of any charge except for food, and it was fun. Boys and girls searched out tracks of deer and snowshoe rabbit; prepared samples of different woods; learned what a tree looks like when "a pine weevil's got it" and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

SUN-MA

Winter

OF SUNN

RAISIN TOPPERS



• **Combine 1 cup** light or dark SUN-MAID Raisins with ½ cup brown sugar (packed), 2 Tbs. flour, ⅓ cup water, ¼ tsp. salt. Cook, stirring, until thick. Stir in 2 Tbs. lemon juice. Cool. Sift 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour with 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. soda. Stir in 1½ cups brown sugar (packed). Cut in 1 cup shortening. Stir in 3 cups uncooked rolled oats, ⅓ cup water, grated rind 1 lemon, blending. Form balls, 1 Tbs. dough each. Place on greased baking sheet 2 in. apart. Flatten. Dent center with thumb. Fill with raisins. Bake at 375°F. 10 min. Let stand 5 min. Cool on wire rack. (Makes 3½ doz. cookies.)

RAISIN SUNSHINE SALAD



• **Rinse ⅔ cup** light or dark SUN-M
Raisins. Cover with water and bo
minutes. Cool and drain. Dissolve
package lemon-flavored gelatin in
cups hot water. Blend in 2 Tbs. f
lemon juice, 1 cup undrained cru
pineapple, ¼ tsp. salt. Cook until slig
thickened. Fold in the raisins and
cups grated carrots. Turn into indivi
molds. Chill until firm. Turn out
serve on crisp salad greens. (Mak
servings.) Good—and good looking!





SUNSWEET

Carnival

CALIFORNIA FRUITS



LOOK FOR THIS COLORFUL DISPLAY IN YOUR FOOD STORE

All the glorious bounty of California's sun-blessed vineyards and orchards awaits you now at the SUN-MAID-SUNSWEET Winter Carnival! Plump, golden peaches and apricots, tender raisin-variety grapes and luscious prunes are picked at the peak of the harvest—carefully processed to preserve flavor, precious iron, vitamins and minerals. And then these choice fruits are *packed by the growers* in protective flavor-sealed cartons—ready for you to enjoy during the winter and all year 'round!

• **What better, brighter way** to add summer goodness and extra energy to your family's cold-weather meals? Use SUN-MAID and SUNSWEET fruits in your baking and cooking—or enjoy 'em right from the box! Come to the SUN-MAID-SUNSWEET Winter Carnival at your food store and stock up on the best fruit buys of the season!

FREE

RECIPE BOOKS

• Serve dried fruits in easy, new ways! Send name, address to SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, Box LHJ-30, Fresno, California. You'll receive free copies of "More Downright Delicious Sun-Maid Raisin Recipes" and SUNSWEET's new recipe book, "Visions of Sugarplums."



POT ROAST WITH PRUNES AND WINE

• **Brown 4 lbs. beef chuck** on all sides in 2 Tbs. hot shortening. Peel and chop 1 large onion. Add to pot and cook until soft and yellow. Add a No. 2½ can tomatoes and ¼ cup water. Cover and simmer 2½ to 3 hours. Add 1½ cups uncooked SUNSWEET Prunes, 1 cup red table wine, 2 tsp. salt, dash of pepper. Cook 30 to 45 min. longer. Cook an 8-oz. package noodles in boiling salted water. Drain. Place on serving platter. Sprinkle with ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Top with slices of pot roast. Spoon sauce in the pan over the meat and serve. (Makes 6 to 8 generous servings.)





APRICOT-PEACH-PRUNE SNACK TRAY

• **Steam ½ lb.** SUNSWEET Prunes, and ½ lb. SUNSWEET Apricots and Peaches, or Mixed Dried Fruits over boiling water 10 min. Remove pits from prunes. Cut fresh marshmallows in quarters. Melt ½ lb. semi-sweet or milk chocolate over warm (*not* boiling) water, stirring frequently. Dip half the pitted prunes, one at a time, using two forks. Drain off excess chocolate. Set chocolate-covered prunes on waxed paper to harden. While they are cooling, fit marshmallow segments, almonds, walnuts and pecan halves into remaining pitted prunes. Arrange on bon-bon tray with peach and apricot halves.







THE TOUGH WAR AGAINST STAPH CONTINUES...

PNEUMONIA IS ON THE RISE

By Gene Wilburn, Medical News Writer, Houston Chronicle

A resistant breed of killer germ is holding the medical spotlight. Called Staphylococcus aureus (better known as "Staph")—it has become a tough winter adversary—as the known cause of a *fatal* form of pneumonia. Its principal victims are young babies, young mothers, students—in fact, anyone who is *weak* or under heavy *stress*.

There are many reports of mortalities due to "Staph" invading lungs *which have been weakened by cold and flu*. That is why, during the peak months of February and March, we must guard against cold infection and keep up resistance to it.

Infection by contact

Once in the family circle, "Staph" can cause great havoc—passing swiftly from one member of the family to the next. For, "Staph" can be spread by contact, causing *other* serious diseases.

"Staph" can be carried by almost *anyone*, sick or well—deposited by a carrier on the *cleanest* of household surfaces.

Anyone can pick up "Staph" just by *touching* a contaminated faucet, basin or bowl. That is why the *bathroom* can become a danger zone of "Staph" . . . and why *strict bathroom disinfection is so essential*.

Laboratory tests show that *neither* soap suds nor pine oil solutions kill "Staph"—that so-called "sanitizers" are *not* true germicides (they may not kill *all* disease germs they touch). But Lysol Brand Disinfectant kills disease germs *on contact*—including "Staph" and many deadly viruses. And, in laboratory tests, its anti-germ action was found to last *7 full days*.

Basic steps for weekly bathroom cleaning

1. Use Lysol in cleaning solution as directed. 2. Wipe floors, walls, bowls, fixtures with this solution. 3. When laundering bath mats and lid covers, soak them in Lysol solution before adding detergent. *Note:* If anyone in your family has a boil (a direct source of "Staph" contamination)—disinfect bathtub, basin, bowl, seat with Lysol after every use.

Lysol disinfects from one cleaning to the next as nothing else can. Now in pine scent as well as regular, a bottle costs as little as 29¢.

SPECIAL NOTE:

Whenever there's sickness in your house, use Lysol. Use it to clean sickroom, bathroom, kitchen. To disinfect dishes and eating utensils, Lysol can help protect your family from infection by contact. Be sure you have it on hand. Check your medicine chest for *other* Sickroom Needs. Your druggist is featuring them now.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

how it would be bent and bowed as it continued to grow. There was time for skiing and tobogganing and square dancing too.

This camporee and the classes for junior foresters on most Saturday mornings are not the only times when the lodge and woods are put to good use. Here each summer, three days a week for eight weeks, is held the only community-conducted day camp in the state.

Day campers, children of townspeople and of the summer visitors who swell Bristol's population to 6000 from a wintertime 1600, are divided into small groups, and each picks its own campsite on the needle-blanketed floor of the woods. They study winds and seeds and plant and animal life. One summer they marked off pine plots to be trimmed in winter. Another year the project was reforestation—with the youngsters planting seedling pines.

Much used as this area is, activities there are not the whole of the comprehensive recreation program which Bristol citizens support. Hub of indoor activities and administrative headquarters for all programs, whether held in woods, lodge or town, is the Community Center building on North Main Street.

Kindergarten meets here five mornings a week, and junior-high and grade-school gym classes come during the day. As soon as school lets out, streams of children arrive—for archery, badminton, craft work, dancing or just getting together with friends over soft drinks or candy bars. There are tennis and pool tables, a basketball court, a stage and a riflery range. Across the street is the skating rink, and the supervised sledding area is not far. Ski classes are also available.

"It's the sort of thing we ought to *want* to give tax money for," says Maybeth across the counter of her bakery where crisp doughnuts fill cooky jars and the pungency of cinnamon and pie apples is in the air. "Perhaps some people fuss because we pay $10 per person in recreation taxes—it's the highest in the country, I understand—but I think that ought to be a feather in our caps. We're a pretty small town to have such a fine program and fine meeting place for our young."

The young appreciate it too. "You know," says teenage Jennie, "without the center and all the things it plans this town would be a real flop for us kids."

Church-sponsored in the beginning, it is still located in the building left empty when the Methodist and Congregational churches federated. "The first time we made use of the place, it was one Halloween," recalls white-haired Rev. A. Brownlow Thompson, a Methodist pastor, who for more than thirty years had tried to convince the town it needed a civic recreation program. "Some of the mothers came to me. They said if I could think

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

LISTENING SLEEP

By SHIRLEY WILLARD CHAMBERLIN

The children sleep too deep for dreams
And man and pets know heavy slumber,
But the mother's sleep lies in the land
Close to waking where cares encumber.

The small child's cry pulls puppet strings,
Propels her stiffly to his care.
Released, she staggers rag-doll limp
To sleep that listens and is aware.

Corn, Callous Bunion Pain Stops Fast!

SUPER-FAST RELIEF!

No other method like Dr. Scholl's!



Shape for Corns and Sore Toes.

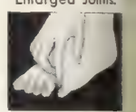
No waiting for action when you use soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Just the pads *alone* on corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes stop pain almost instantly . . . ease new or tight shoes . . . stop corns, callouses *before* they can develop.



Heart shape for Callouses, Pain, Burning here.



Special shape for Bunions, Enlarged Joints.



Special shape for Corns Between Toes.

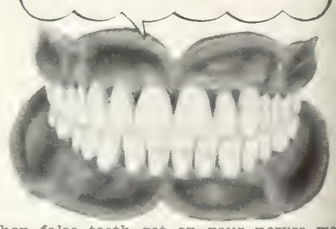
Remove Corns, Callouses

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For FREE Sample Packet of all sizes and Foot Care booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 3Z13, Chicago 10, Ill.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

NOW! DENTISTS HELP OVERCOME THE SHOCK OF NEW FALSE TEETH- WITH FASTEETH



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

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"CONSTIPATION MISERY"!

Millions of people have found it is quite unnecessary to suffer cramps, headachy digestive upset and other miserable results of taking a laxative. At the same time they get prompter, more dependable results than from other laxatives.

They use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the pure vegetable "prescription" containing the ingredient "of greatest value" for relieving intestinal overtenseness present in most constipation. Another ingredient promotes flow of intestinal lubricant to soften dry, hardened wastes. No griping. No stomach distress because it works in *bowel* lower down.

Proved 58% more effective than 6 other laxatives in hospital test. Ask for Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at any drug store.

Acts Instantly....to give more complete pain relief from

Tense, Nervous Headaches

ETTER THAN ASPIRIN OR SPIRIN WITH BUFFERING

How Tension Headaches Start



1. Tension
Nervous tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles.



2. Pressure
Tension puts painful pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels in the head.



3. Pain
Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (not found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.



ANACIN® relaxes tension, releases pressure, relieves pain fast!

Tense, nervous headaches need the special medication in Anacin. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and no special medication to relieve nervous tension. But Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients — each with a specific purpose. Anacin not only relieves pain incredibly fast but also contains special medication to relax tension and release painful pressure on the nerves — assuring a better 'total' effect — more *complete* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not upset the stomach. Buy Anacin *today*.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in····



Totally new compact make-up



Powder+foundation—with no grease



Covers flaws and tired lines



Won't streak, won't change color



Cloth
French
Flair
Complete compact make-up

$1.50 plus tax

12 flattering shades

By HARLAN MILLER

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE



"We grew up together, I carried your books in school, we got married, had a lovely family, married off three beautiful daughters, and all of a sudden you can't stand the sight of me."

I can't help asking, as our brave-new-world mechanisms go haywire in dumfounding rotation: Do a few picaresque manufacturers ever tell their dealers, "You'll clean up big profits on the repair bills alone"?

One of our town's clubmen wants to bet $100 that a chorus of local waitresses might turn out prettier and more graceful than a chorus of matrons and debs. Round 'em up and let's see!

At nearby colleges the fraternity boys and sorority girls vie in pursuit of good deeds; that is, they assign their "pledges" to do 'em. Why not find dates for lonely and bashful unaffiliated barbarians?

After a transcontinental motor trip, our lunch club's most intrepid explorer reports he could swim down the Mississippi with a coffee bean in his teeth and the river water would taste more like coffee than the roadside stuff he drank at a dime a cup.

An odd rule prevails in the "singleton" club for the fancy-free, recently organized downtown: male members must earn at least $5000 a year, female not under $3600! Also, there must be an equal number of each sex. . . . And why not more of the opposite sex?

Next to a teenager report card with good grades, what thrills pa most is good news from the dentist: Young Imogene and Horace have no new cavities! Never fear; they will, if they shirk that accusing stiff-bristled toothbrush.

With a certified list of New York's ten best restaurants, one of our wanderlusty gourmets ate ham and eggs in all ten. "Better test of a restaurant's character," he argues, "than their steaks."

I wonder why clubs, social circles or P.T.A.'s don't rent one of the vacant store rooms downtown as a rendezvous to rest, loaf or primp on shopping trips. Merchants might bait 'em with coffee or newspapers!

Much as I love Latin and calculus, I wonder if they couldn't squeeze into high school a course in household repairs for the young husband. So he might tangle with a dishwasher or an ailing garbage grinder, with a chance to win.

We've uncluttered our living room, shooing out three coffee tables, four chairs and several plants and quaint mementos. I doubt that an interior decorator could have improved the room much more.

One way I might induce my Dream Girl to wear unmatched earrings would be to hide one from each pair. (These concealment tactics work very well when I don't like one of her hats.)

Homeward bound from Japan, our lieutenant reports his three-year-old yelled as usual when he got his last twenty-five-cent Air Force haircut. "He won't yell any louder," he surmises, "when the next one costs $1.25."

As I pressured to scoot to the airport, I discovered that four of my five well-worn topcoats had apparently gone off to college with our youngest. All I had left to wear was my seventeen-year-old Army gabardine, minus the belt.

At our last P.T.A. party a fetching young matron of thirty-two was worrying about her fifteen-year-old daughter's heavy dating. "That's no age," she confessed with emotion, "for a girl to get married at." (Never finished high school herself.)

Our town's stingiest millionaire accuses his wife of stubbornness for declining to eat enough hors d'oeuvres at cocktail parties. "If you nibbled enough," he argues, "I wouldn't have to buy you dinner."

My Dream Girl gave me an ultimatum right after the overstuffed holidays: No more stuffing in our turkeys until I take off fifteen pounds; nor any ice cream in the freezer.

After a highly successful rummage and white-elephant sale, our Junior Leaguers discovered they themselves had done the bulk of the buying; they largely swapped their own castoff clothes and bric-a-brac.

One way the wily parents in the neighborhood trick their young into shoveling snow off the driveways is to hang basketball goals on their garages. So they can practice at the height of the season.

Since somebody told me Marlene Dietrich's legs were the most beautiful in the world, and that a French actress once had her gams insured for $1,000,000, I've kept careful track, and to date I've seen 17,849 women with prettier legs than either.

We attended a bon-voyage dinner for a lucky pair off to circle the globe in leisurely fashion. Our hosts, who must have paid the club at least $7 a plate for the meal, for 36 guests, claim they can't even afford a trip to Atlantic City.

. . . When my Princess of Sheer Delight responds instantly to my silliest question
. . . And our youngest snaps in color my favorite pictures at an art exhibition
. . . Or our daughter rattles off the names of five or six new antibiotics I haven't even heard of
. . . And our son obligingly gets assigned to an air base amid oodles of Colonial, Civil War and Southern landscapes we'd love to visit
. . . And our in-laws all turn out to be people we'd admire on airplanes
. . . Then my cup runneth over without marring my necktie.



What do steaks sizzle for?

Hunt's of course!

... because Hunt's is rich and thick and spiced with imagination!


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new way
to bake
from Pillsbury
Bursting with hot
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all shaped
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(Makes 6 double rolls or 12 individual ones!)

Exciting new way to have fresh, home-baked dinner rolls in 12 minutes! Taste the golden touch of butter in every bite! These rolls are actually many layers of fresh dough—ready for your oven. The layers fan out as they bake—the tops turn delicately crisp, golden brown! Each roll flakes apart into bite-size morsels—bursting with buttery home-baked flavor. Get some! Pillsbury promises you the best in refrigerated fresh-dough foods.

...at your grocer's dairy case!



HOW CAN YOU TELL REAL LOVE?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

WHICH IS THE MAN FOR ME?

Anne's letter explained that she was nineteen and would complete a two-year college course in June. Her dilemma was set forth succinctly: "I can't make up my mind between a job, more school or getting married. I'm now dating three boys, all nice, attractive and good company. Each one wants me to go steady, and I could probably fall in love with any of them. I want to marry most of all, but I also want to be sure things will work out happily."

The unusual aspect of Anne's situation is her realistic approach to marriage. She realizes, as many girls do not, that there is more than one man in the world whom she could learn to love. What she was really asking for was guidance in deciding among three men. Now, before her emotions were deeply involved, she wanted to choose the one with whom she would have the best chance of building a secure marriage and enduring love.

Far from deprecating the importance of love in marriage, she wants to make the decision that will give love the best chance to grow and deepen. If more women considered security and stability before becoming too deeply involved in courtship, there would be fewer unsuccessful marriages.

When she came in, it was apparent that Anne was stable, outgoing and self-possessed. She had already decided against continuing in college for financial reasons, and had the promise of a full-time job on the campus after graduation. "The three fellows I'm interested in are all still in college, so that makes it perfect."

The counselor has neither the wish nor the right to make a decision for another person. Instead of helping Anne make a specific decision, we discussed with her some of the factors other than love that affect a couple's chances of married happiness. Here are some of the points we considered:

Age. Research indicates that, other things being equal, the "ideal" age for a man to marry (in terms of the chances of ultimate happiness) is between 22 and 30; for a girl, between 20 and 28. Within these limits, age in itself does not seem to be a crucial factor. Neither does age difference between husband and wife. The average young bridegroom today is two or three years older than his wife, but the difference can be greater, or less, or the wife can be the older, without negative effect on chances of married happiness, within the limits of the "ideal" ages set forth above.

Length of courtship. Every couple should have the opportunity to share a variety of experiences, to be together in many different situations and under adverse as well as favorable circumstances, before contemplating marriage. For people who attend college, the length of courtship and engagement should be at least two years. In my opinion, a long courtship and a relatively short engagement is preferable to a short courtship followed by a long engagement. Since at least a third of all first engagements are broken, it's likely that many of them would never have been undertaken had courtship been longer.

Economic security. Obviously, the least economic risk is involved if the man a girl marries is already established in a job he likes. If she marries a man who has still to complete his education or training, she must recognize the possibility that he may not be able to fulfill her expectations in this regard. Further, she may have to assume part of the responsibility for earning the living. This does not necessarily mean that the marriage must be postponed, but it does mean that both the girl and the man must realistically evaluate the situation and make plans to deal with it.

Timing of marriage. In general, it is better to postpone the wedding until immediate or foreseeable practical problems have been resolved. Are living quarters available? Is the husband's military service complete? Are job arrangements satisfactory? Are debts paid, family obligations fulfilled? Many young couples who answer such questions in the negative get married anyway—and many of them make a success of it. But at the very best, they get their marriage off to a difficult start. Often a delay of only a few months will give them time to eliminate the difficulty, or at least to make concrete plans to do so.

Personal differences. Differences of interest and taste can be submerged on a casual date, but they can create a solid barrier to companionship in day-to-day association. Fundamental differences of religious faith, if ignored during courtship, can be a source of prolonged and bitter dispute after marriage. An introverted male and an extroverted female who enjoyed dancing together but did not explore each other's personalities much beyond that may find it difficult to establish any real basis of understanding after marriage. All such differences should be considered and evaluated as early as possible in the courtship. If they cannot be resolved, it is far better for both the man and the girl if the relationship is terminated before the emotional involvement grows deeper.

Before the interview ended, it was clear that Anne had made her preliminary decision. Now she will apply the test of time, and if her choice was sound will undoubtedly become engaged soon. By taking every possible precaution to safeguard her relationship with the man of her choice—including the choice itself—Anne is doing her utmost to insure a serene, secure and affectionate marriage. Any girl considering becoming engaged, or going steady on a serious basis, can profit by her example.

THIS QUESTION OF PETTING

"The wives in our suburban neighborhood social group are in their late thirties or early forties, and nearly all of us have sons and daughters in high school or college. We all wonder and worry about certain things—petting, for example. Is my seventeen-year-old Marilyn as indiscreet as some of the girls in her senior class are said to be? Right now she is going steady, but she never has to worry about having a date, whether she is going steady or not. She expects to go to college, and we want her to, but I hear that pretty heavy drinking and petting go on in many colleges, and this worries me.

"Most of us mothers, I'm sure, would like to have some dependable information on this whole question of petting. How different is it from necking? Are more young girls petting? Is it as widespread as we hear, and why is it on the increase? When should we bring it up with our daughters, and what attitude should we take?"

Every mother is concerned about her children's standards of behavior, particularly those affecting relationships with the opposite sex. Unfortunately, the mother's concern is often greatest when her influence is least.

From early adolescence onward, the desire to be like the rest of the age group and to do what they do becomes increasingly powerful, and the influence of the parents correspondingly declines. Marilyn may agree or disagree with her contemporaries' opinions, but her own beliefs will inevitably be influenced by theirs to some degree.

The question of what her mother's attitude toward petting should be is subtle, delicate, and depends on the individual situation. In fact, she—and every other mother similarly concerned—must answer it for herself. But perhaps factual information will suggest a few principles which apply generally.

Necking usually refers to simple kissing and embracing. *Petting*, in contrast, is more intimate, involves closer bodily contact, and is intended to arouse sexually colored feeling or response.

Petting has increased, and is beginning at younger ages. The same is true of dating. In fact, compared with the increase in dating, the increase in petting is slight.

As to the extent of petting, estimates indicate that some four fifths of all girls have had one or more petting experiences by the time they are eighteen. However, it should be remembered that there are degrees of petting; probably not more than one fourth of girls have engaged in heavy petting by twenty. Further, this does not mean that most dating involves petting. Actually, most petting is confined to couples who are going steady or are considering engagement and marriage.

In evolving a code of behavior with her daughter, the mother must take account of these facts if she wants her counsel to be heeded. She cannot expect her daughter automatically to accept the code she herself observed, because the situation is not the same. If the daughter knows that her mother's recommendations, whatever their nature, are based on some understanding of present circumstances, rather than on "ancient" memories, she will be far more likely to heed them.

But if mother and daughter are to evolve a code together (the only effective way), the mother must have established an easy, comfortable, confidential relationship with her daughter. All too often this is not the case. Our studies of college girls show that only half of the parents have discussed with their daughters how they should behave on dates, and just over a third have specifically discussed petting. Nearly half of the girls say they are unable to discuss matters of sex with any member of their families.

Surely any daughter should feel free to discuss sex, or anything else, with her mother. The attitude Marilyn's mother takes toward sex, though important, is less so than her attitude toward Marilyn. She should be willing to state her own beliefs, clearly and without embarrassment (some mothers won't, through an excessive fear of dominating), but she should be more interested in hearing her daughter's. The mother who is open-minded enough to give in to her daughter on some things is far more likely to have her way on big issues than is the mother who is sure she is right just because she is mother, and tries to govern by edict.

ASK YOURSELF:

Might he make a good husband?

Even though you may not now be seriously interested in any of the men you are dating, your attitude could change without much warning—especially if you are emotionally ready for marriage and receptive to love. By answering these questions in respect to each man you date who seems generally qualified for marriage, you may be able to evaluate their individual desirability as husbands.

Does he:

1. **Work in a field that you respect?**
2. **Value what people think of him?**
3. **Accept women as equals?**
4. **Take his responsibilities seriously?**
5. **Know what he wants from life?**
6. **Manage money wisely?**
7. **Seem to be interested in marriage?**
8. **Act kindly toward strangers?**
9. **Have friends of whom you approve?**
10. **Behave in ways that please you?**
11. **Have religious views like yours?**
12. **Like your friends and relatives?**
13. **Share several basic interests with you?**
14. **Always treat you considerately?**

Unless you can answer these questions accurately, you certainly don't know a man well enough to appraise his eligibility for marriage. And whether you fall in love with him or not, the more "Yeses" he earns, the better husband he is going to make for some girl. (Happy wives agree this is true, since nearly all of them answer eleven or more questions "Yes," while unhappy wives usually score eight or less.)

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The unique Tabasco flavor begins when we take this pepper . . . The proud strain that the McIlhenny family has watched over for more than a century . . . Press it tenderly, keeping all the essential flavorful oils . . . Mellow it for years like fine wine in oaken casks . . . And finally put it in this famous bottle. Then this liquid pepper seasoning is ready to spread singing flavor through all your favorite foods. See . . .

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EGGS BENEDICT
The Tabasco magic is in the Hollandaise Sauce that covers poached eggs on sliced ham, served on English muffins. For breakfast, brunch or lunch. Another famous recipe from the Tabasco recipe booklet.



TABASCO EGGS
For *this* famous dish from the Tabasco recipe booklet you drop the eggs, one at a time, into simmering cream, flavor-sparked with Tabasco. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, parsley and Parmesan cheese, serve on toast—mmmm!



FRIED EGGS DELUXE
Browned butter, lemon juice, chives and Tabasco—start your day just right by adding real eye-opening flavor to fried eggs fixed to your taste. Sound an extra flavor-note by adding capers to the sauce.



FLUFFY OMELET
Good news for those who think omelets are difficult. The new Tabasco recipe booklet has a never-fail method for an extra-tasty, extra-fluffy *triumph* of an omelet. (Flavor secret: that ¼ teaspoon Tabasco.)



WESTERN SCRAMBLED EGGS
Tabasco adds exciting new flavor to the familiar favorite . . . eggs, chopped ham, onions, green pepper, salt. Serve with piping hot biscuits.



GLAMORIZED BOILED EGGS
Breakfast eggs wake up when you add a dash of Tabasco—and a dash of thyme, or a teaspoon of sherry. Spread toast strips with a blend of butter and herbs, such as chives, parsley or thyme—and a dash of Tabasco.

YOUR FAVORITE RESTAURANT knows many exciting ways to prepare eggs, using Tabasco. Look for them on the menu.

Tabasco*... *the liquid pepper seasoning*

NEW 40-PAGE BOOKLET—dozens of exciting recipes. Send inside flap from Tabasco carton or 10c to Tabasco, Dept. LH-3, Avery Island, Louisiana.

"Tabasco" is also available in Canada.

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Corinne Griffith's COOKBOOK



I PIETRO

"Wherever we traveled, I gathered recipes."

Another in a series of her round-the-world favorites.

On his return to the United States after he Revolutionary War, the Marquis de Lafayette called on Mary Washington, nother of George Washington, to pay his espects. She was living at her home in Fredericksburg, Virginia. He found her in he garden, in a short gown, petticoat and ap, raking leaves. Unaffectedly she greeted im and together they went into the house, where she made a cool mint drink. With it he served spiced ginger cake. Listening with pleased attention to the Frenchman's praises of her son, her reply was, "George was always a good boy."

The recipe for the Lafayette Ginger Cake erved to me was in an old, worn cookery ook. Here is an up-to-date version:

LAFAYETTE GINGER CAKE

Heat together 1 cup dark molasses and 1½ up each butter, brown sugar, milk and trong coffee. Remove from heat when utter is melted and sugar dissolved. Sift ogether 3 cups flour, 2 tablespoons owdered ginger and 1 teaspoon each innamon, mace, nutmeg and cream of artar. Beat 3 eggs until thick and lemon-olored as for spongecake. Fold the dry in-redients into the molasses mixture alter-ately with the beaten eggs. Add 1 teaspoon aking soda to the last addition of flour nd fold in also. Next add ½ cup orange uice and the grated rind from 1 orange. our batter into a waxed-paper-lined 3″ x 9″ x 2″ pan. Sprinkle with ½ cup nely chopped candied ginger. Bake bout 40 minutes in a moderate oven, 50° F. Can be served warm or cold, with - without the strawberry-cheese topping.

Strawberry-Cheese Topping: Moisten a 8-ounce package cream cheese with a ttle cream or commercial sour cream. lend in 2 teaspoons brown sugar. Spread ½ cup strawberry jam over cake. Cover ith the cream-cheese mixture. Serve im-ediately.

●

Lemon, apple and dried plums flavor this electable dish from far-off Finland.

PLUMSIARD PORKKARI

(Finnish Pork Pot Roast)

ub a 3½-pound pork shoulder roast, hich has been boned and tied, with the ice of 1 lemon. Soak 6 large prunes in 2 ps hot water for 10 minutes; remove ts and reserve the liquid. Peel and core apple and cut into 6 wedges. In 2 rows ake 12 slits in the roast and fill them, ternately, with prunes and apple wedges. he fruit should be barely visible. Place a roasting pan, add the liquid from the unes, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon ch black pepper and spice Parisienne erb-spice blend). Place meat thermome-r in roast with bulb in center of thickest rt and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until temperature reaches 185° F.—about 3 hours. Baste frequently. Add 2 cups chicken stock to the pan after the first hour. When roast is done, remove strings and place on a hot platter. Skim excess fat from gravy and thicken with flour-and-water paste. Glaze roast with a small amount of gravy and pass the rest separately. Makes 8 servings.

●

Anchovy salad is my choice with crisp fried chicken. Add hot Italian bread and a pale yellow cheese. Dessert should be fruit—plus strong black coffee.

ANCHOVY SALAD

Marinate overnight in ½ cup white wine vinegar a 2-ounce can anchovy fillets which have been drained and cut into 1″ lengths and 1 small onion, peeled and sliced. Also add to the marinade 1 thin slice lemon. (If you prefer, ½ cup white wine may be used instead of the vinegar.) The next day, prepare a salad of romaine, chicory, lettuce and parsley. About 1 quart greens will be sufficient. Drain the anchovies and onion, discarding the marinade. Add to the salad and toss lightly with the following dressing: mix together ¼ cup salad oil and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. For the final touch sprinkle with coarsely ground black pepper. Makes 4 servings.

●

For a sure-fire buffet supper attraction, I often serve

CHICKEN BRUNSWICK

Place a 5-pound stewing hen in a large kettle with 1 quart water, 1 tablespoon salt and a few celery leaves. Simmer, covered, for several hours until tender. Allow to cool in broth. Skim fat from broth. Remove chicken from bones and cut into bite-sized pieces. Prepare a cream sauce using 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups chicken broth and 1 cup light cream. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add 2 cups grated sharp yellow cheese and continue cooking until sauce is smooth. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate and a dash of pepper. In a large bowl mix the chicken with the cream sauce. Add 1 pound mushrooms which have been sliced and sautéed in butter, 1 cup cooked rice, 1 cup slivered blanched almonds and 1 tablespoon minced onion. Pour into a 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with a few chopped almonds and bake for 40 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F., until lightly golden and bubbly. Makes 6 servings.

Editors' Note: Corinne Griffith, the motion-picture star, has collected recipes in many countries—from famous hosts and hostesses and from obscure (but superb) cooks.

pyright, 1955, by Corinne Griffith. Corinne Grif-h's cookbook, Eggs I Have Known, is published by rrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York.



It's "Cream of Wheat" weather . . . so guard your family with enriched "Cream of Wheat".

A full day's supply of iron in every hot, healthy bowl—more iron than even beef liver gives. Plenty of energy-making protein, vitamins, other minerals, too. Delicious!



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Journal about town

What we do
Where we go
Whom we meet

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE



Before the first robin: a poster.

50 years ago in the Journal

In March, 1910, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., tried to give the U.S. Government $100,000,000 for "general humanitarian purposes" and was turned down. William Jennings Bryan celebrated his fiftieth birthday near Lincoln, Nebraska, and Alexander Graham Bell, sixty-three this month, was working full time on a new invention—a flying machine. The lovely song "Girl of My Dreams" was written, and the first self-starter appeared in automobiles.

In the March, 1910, JOURNAL, *Editor Bok criticizes two new dances, the Firefly Dance and the Moonlight Dance, during which ballroom lights are dimmed. "The suggestiveness of dancing amid surroundings of semi-darkness by young people is, to say the least, not wholesome and is redolent of lurking dangers. Parents, beware."*

In a new department called Life Stories as told by the men and women who have lived them, the JOURNAL presents in this issue "Why I Am a Life Prisoner in Sing-Sing Prison" and "What It Means to be a Chorus Girl."

"Olga: Thin, nervous girls are sometimes advised to eat one grape a minute for an hour at a time, several times a day, eating little else except dry bread. Disordered digestions are frequently restored by such a routine, known in Germany as the grape cure."

Fashion: "At fourteen, a girl's skirts should be halfway down the calf of her leg. At fifteen, they should cover the calf. At sixteen they should come to the tops of her shoes and at seventeen to her ankles. At eighteen she is a young lady and can make up her own mind; but if she is wise, her skirts will be no higher than four inches from the ground."

"I am engaged to a young woman whose table manners show little lapses," writes Carter. "For instance, when passing her plate for seconds, she holds her fork and knife in her fists until her plate is returned. I hope she reads this in the JOURNAL, *as I don't want her to be criticized." Comments Mrs. Kingsland, "Commendable thoughtfulness!"*

Home note: "Simply made black dresses of mohair with pretty frilly aprons are the most useful and becoming uniforms for maids. Above all else, the aprons should at all times be spotless."

Spring comes early to our town as the International Flower Show opens. Over 200,000 plant fanciers, 80 per cent of them women, will see the fierce tiger lily lie down with the gentle marigold. But all is not quiet on the floral front. The fight for a national flower goes on. We just heard from the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association: "A million Americans voted—and it's the rose by a nose." Runners-up were carnation and chrysanthemum. Grass finished eighteenth. Our own Joyce Posson was watching the corn tassel—it came in nineteenth—and sped off a consoling note to a reader. "She's been writing us passionately for years, asking, 'Did the Pilgrims find hothouse flowers when they landed? No!'"

More poetry news this month: among the 52,000 poems Elizabeth McFarland reads a year, a steady sender has been Janet Henry, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Her verse about the cat-and-doggerel days with four children is now in a book called "This Side of Sanity." She calls it a part-time handbook for full-time mothers and says half the poems appeared in the JOURNAL. *Profits are earmarked "for something practical. To quote my book: 'We don't buy figurines with fancy labels—just ones to fit the scratches on the tables!'"*

Politics being in the air, writer Margaret Parton has been busy interviewing headline men, while we kept our ear to the ground at a recent party powwow to hear what their wives were saying. On housing: "Governors' mansions are hard work except for the honor of it—one has a single bathroom and it's on the third floor." On social life: "It's impossible to get politicians together at a dinner table—they all stand in corners and confer." Mrs. Hubert Humphrey at a recent tea party wistfully summed up the domestic problem: "To have dinner with your husband, you make an 'appointment' on his calendar."

Query received by our awed colleague Peter Briggs: "Would you be interested in an article on Eskimos, psychosomatic medicine, curry dinners or Yugoslavia, from a woman's point of view?"

One of the people we've often met in our elevators is Betsy Palmer en route to her television work. Our photographer Joe Di Pietro always noted her as pretty, never knew she could cook, until he and Homemaking Editor Margaret Davidson went to her kitchen to sample savory artichokes, spaghetti *al dente*, homemade *pasta*. Our man, a specialist in Italian cooking himself, was won. There are two sequels to this. "Unforgettable Kitchens" starts on page 64. Gourmets Joe and Betsy now exchange recipes while the elevator man, we and the other passengers all take notes.

Incredible: you can look like our cover girl for under $5. Pattern Editor Nora O'Leary had to spell it out for us. This month's cover is Vogue Pattern No. 9966. Allowing $3.75 for cotton or gingham, 75 cents for pattern, 30 cents for zipper, 10 cents for thread, it turns out to be the surprise of the year—checked and double-checked.



Your husband won't believe it.

On-the-go Grahams and Glenn (center) debate.



What a writer needs besides a pencil is endurance. When Glenn White interviewed dynamo millionaire Bill Graham (see page 176), "We golfed, trapshot, boated, water-skied, hiked, rode horses, fished, frog-hunted, played tennis." Glenn also wrote, averaged four hours' sleep a night. When Bill came back from Africa all viewed his trophies, including a fifteen-foot snakeskin. What use? "Make a satchel for liniment," suggested Glenn. Marge Graham was tempted, but had her own ideas—"Bags and shoes!"

a Country Tale

by Isak Dinesen



There was a wood path running along the stone fence at the western edge of a wood. Outside the fence the open landscape lay calm and golden, already marked by the hand of autumn. The large fields were empty, the harvest was gathered in and only the rakings were left, set up here and there in low stacks. Some way off, on a field road, a last cartload was rolling toward the barn in a cloud of golden dust. The distant woods to the north and south were brownish-green, gently and gravely gilt or rusted by the sun of long summer days. The woods to the west were deep blue; from time to time a faint blue tinged the fields as well, where a flight of wood pigeons rose from the stubble. Along the fence the last honeysuckle, upon limp stalks, was giving out its farewell fragrance, and the bramble already had scarlet leaves and black, ripe berries. But the depth of the forest was still green, a summer vault, and where the beam of the afternoon sun fell through the verdure it became luminous and filled with promise, like May foliage. The path wound in and out and up and down the forest slopes. It swerved toward the fence, as if it meant to unite the wood world with the open country, then shrank back again as if in fear of giving away a secret.

A young man, bareheaded, in a riding coat, and a young lady came walking along the path. Her frock, with the belt just below the breasts, trailed lightly on the ground and, as she walked on, rolled a dry beechnut of last year along, as a wavelet plays with a pebble on the beach. She let her dark eyes under long lashes glide lovingly and happily over the forest scenery, like a young housewife going through her house and finding everything in good order.

They walked along slowly and easily; they were at home in the wood and belonged to it. Their clothes and carriage told that they were a young squire and squire's lady of the fair, rich green isle.

Where the path took off and ran over the fence toward the fields she stood still and gazed out into the distance. To her companion, who stopped with her, it was as if he did not himself see the landscape before them, but only through her knew that it existed, and what it meant. It became infinitely lovely within her eyes and mind, lovelier than itself, a silent poem. She did not turn toward him; she rarely did so, and very rarely on her own offered a caress. Her form and color, the fall of her rich dark hair and the lines of her shoulders, her long hands and slim knees, in themselves were caresses; her entire being and nature was to enchant, and she craved for nothing else in life. On his way to the wood he had pondered the problem of the vocation of man; now he thought, *The vocation of a rose is to exhale scent; for that reason do we plant roses in our garden. But a rose on its own exhales a sweeter scent than we could ever demand of it. It craves for nothing else in life.*

"What are you thinking of now that you tell me not?" she asked. He did not answer at once, and she CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

© 1957 BY ISAK DINESEN. A COUNTRY TALE IS TAKEN FROM THE COLLECTION "LAST TALES" RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY RANDOM HOUS

"Women," he told himself, "have another kind of happiness
and another kind of truth." But there were five women in the problem
before him. Which one—and which truth—should he believe?




THE DUKE A

THE GIRL

Could this be the duke who had launched a hundred debs? Mathilda wondered. Was the wan look on his face from love—or from hunger?

By DOROTHY BLACK

Efficiency was the keynote of the office. Keep it snappy. Impact, said Bill, that was the idea. He carried it to all lengths. He had not asked Mathilda to marry him the previous evening. He had kissed her—with impact—somewhere around midnight, and told her she was going to. Bill was the editor, bulldozing his way to the top and fame. Everyone said so, and his superiors thought very highly of him.

Mathilda couldn't be certain she wanted to marry him. She was a girl who found it difficult to make up her mind, even when she saw a good opportunity. There was a soft side to her, in spite of the two years she had worked on the magazine with Bill. She had secret longings for something gentler. With lace on it.

Because they were all working on a women's magazine, love was, so to speak, always with them. No desk but was littered with photographs of bouncing babes and all their artless ways. It made you feel it would be fun to have a try at it yourself, instead of just writing about it. And, since Mathilda was a businesswoman, it did not elude her that if an A.D.C. can marry the general's daughter, or a woman reporter her editor—well, it doesn't exactly do her any harm.

Another point was, Bill wanted to marry her, and no one else had asked her. Still, last night had not been a howling success. Mathilda was not sure she wanted all that brisk impact in her private life all the time, because of the strange yearnings a girl got when she saw a golden sunset, or smelled the scent of roses on a summer's evening, or the fragrance of mignonette from an old-fashioned flower bed in some ancestral home she was writing up.

Another thing. The subeditorship was coming vacant and why, Bill had said, not a husband-and-wife act? "It's fashionable nowadays," he pointed out. "It's well worth thinking about."

Bill knew she had not responded quite as he had hoped. Maybe he sensed he had overdone the heartiness, for this morning he had brought her a bunch of violets.

"And look at this. Right up your street."

She peered over his shoulder at the paper he had spread out, but could see nothing CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

By ELIZABETH CADELL

She did not remember what had happened, and now she was afraid to retrace the steps that led backward into darkness.

The girl sitting at the dressing table finished combing her hair. On the whole, she mused, she didn't look too bad. Her color had come back. The odd, frightened stare that had confronted her when she had looked at herself two days ago was gone.

What had happened was over; the doctor, who had just paid his last visit, had paused at the door to tell her emphatically that the sooner she forgot about the incident, the better it would be. The thing to do was to go back to her job without any of these uneasy, over-the-shoulder glances he had noticed. She must, he insisted, rid herself of her absurd suspicions that there had been anything sinister connected with the affair. Nothing of the kind. She had fallen down a flight of stairs; she had been found and picked up and restored to consciousness and brought home and put to bed for a couple of days—and now she could get up and take up things where she had left them, and be more careful in future, and good morning to you.

THE JOURNAL'S *COMPLETE IN-ONE ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL*

She was better. Her reflection proved it. She was ready to go back to work. And the sooner she got downstairs, the sooner her sister, Estelle, could stop carrying trays up and down. There was enough work in the house without that.

She walked out of the room into a long, low corridor and went through a door that led to a gallery. Here she paused to look at the beautiful hall below, with its gray, immensely thick stone walls, its high Gothic windows, its decorated ceiling. It was easy to understand her brother-in-law's pride as he led parents of prospective pupils across the smooth lawns separating the school from his house, and ushered them into this lovely old hall. She had heard often enough their admiring exclamations, and Michael's replies, given in his calmest, coolest, most headmasterlike manner, to questions on period and style. Twelfth-century foundations ——

—— *and twelfth-century amenities,* reflected Jody Hern, going down the wide, shallow, shining uncarpeted stairs. There were two pictures presented to the world, and both were out of focus. Strangers saw the headmaster, thirty-five, tall, handsome, urbane, playing host in the historic library and dropping the names

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

She had come back to consciousness filled with a nameless dread.



Caroline, two, gets a rare treat. Most of Jack and Jacqueline Kennedy's time is spent campaigning these days. "No effort is too great for the presidency," Kennedy says, "but I will not accept the vice presidential nomination under any circumstances."

JACK KENNEDY

Democratic Dynamo

By JOAN YOUNGER PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Tall, dark and handsome, Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy of Massachusetts walked down the hall of the Senate Office Building, and all along the way people stopped to watch him pass.

"The uncrowned prince of politics," a reporter said. "The All-American boy grown to glory."

"He's very capable," said the congressman with him.

"I think he's just plain cute," said the teenage visitor. "Do you think he will give me his autograph?"

For almost four years now Kennedy has moved in this aura of wary excitement, approval and charmed delight. Ever since he was catapulted to national notice by the 1956 battle for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination, he has been heralded as the party's obvious choice for the presidency, and his good looks and pleasing personality have been treated as his major political assets. Fortunately for Jack Kennedy, however, behind that façade of easy victory lie other characteristics he can draw on now as the

Much of his mail comes from teenagers.



of decision draws near—for, as well as being a charmer, he is a long-range planner, a thoughtful fighter, and a man whose drive and stamina are rooted in the simple declaration, "I love my work."

"He's never been taken in by his publicity," a politician said. "He cut himself a three-piece pattern to get the nomination some time ago, and he's never forgotten it. He's out to make a record in the Senate—get acquainted nationally—and win delegates politically. And he juggles all three at one time."

"He can put in a full day at the Senate, fly to Cleveland, say, make a speech, fly back, snatch a little sleep, hold a breakfast conference and then show up on the floor, fit as a fiddle and as wound strung," one colleague said. Said his secretary: "I get in here before nine, and often he's already here—and I never plan to leave before seven-thirty." Said an old friend: "He's got the secret of youth. He loves politics, but he's not emotional about it. He's got a great ability to grasp both the big picture and the meaningful detail. And somehow he manages to separate his personal life from his political life. No matter how demanding his work has been, when he's through with it, he relaxes with the same concentration with which he works." Said an aide: "He's not a man to look back. He's on to the next thing. It's deep waters run fast in his case." Said a newsman: "He's beautifully disciplined. Behind that generous smile is a cool, calculating machine that is constantly saying, 'What's in it for me?'"



"I cannot bear to be away from Caroline long," Jacqueline says.



As a writer, Kennedy is a serious speaker. His fall's trip covered 100,000 miles, 20 states, 173 lunches: he spoke "almost constantly!" This is Southern Illinois stop.

Jacqueline would prefer a quieter life," Kennedy says, but both like to walk, swim, sail, travel and work. Dog and house are neighbor's at Hyannis Port, Massachusetts.



Said his wife, Jacqueline: "Sometimes you have a man of ideas, sometimes a man of action; not often both in one, which is a kind of greatness. To me Jack's not boyish, as some people think, nor even very youthful. To me he's a mature man with an incredible mind who's enormously energetic."

Factually speaking, Jack Kennedy will be forty-three this May twenty-ninth, is six feet tall, and weighs 160 pounds. His hair is a dark chestnut with some gray in it; his eyes are blue with slanted lids, and, when he is not in motion, he likes to sit with his arms folded. He has a bachelor degree *cum laude*, and an honorary doctorate from Harvard, and sits on its board of overseers as an alumni representative. He has written two books of historical interest, one of which was a Pulitzer-prize winner, and more than twenty articles. Like many men of wealth, he rarely carries cash; and like many inveterate readers, he sometimes forgets he is talking to someone and picks up a paper which interests him. In college he played football, was on the swimming team, and he has sailed various kinds of boats since he was a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145



The cup

By MARGARET RUSSELL

Elaine loved
her husband madly,
and didn't mean
to neglect him.
But why couldn't
George understand
that their poor,
unfortunate neighbors
needed her too? . . .

Desperately!

u're trying to make me responsible
, no, dear," said Elaine.
couldn't if you wanted."

They stood in the bedroom in a patch of morning sunlight. He was tall, straight, gloomy of mien and ouserless. She was short, bent, cheerful of exterior, and engaged in the ocess of attaching a button to the front of his shirt.

He said, his eyes fixed on a point in mid-air, "I suppose you know we're ly one step away from complete dissolution."

She winced. *Oh, well,* she thought, *it was my day yesterday.*

She said mildly, "Now, George, don't be cross. You know it's catching."

"Just one clean, complete shirt daily," George growled. "That's all I k. Really, Elaine, you should budget your time."

That's the way it goes, Elaine reminded herself. *One day the cup overflows, d the next there's only a teaspoonful in it.*

"Darling," she said, "if I ever get a minute I will."

A gleam pierced the gloom of George's countenance. He said, seizing on what he considered to be a very fine opening, "You'd have plenty of inutes if you'd stop wet-nursing all the freaks in the neighborhood."

Elaine's fingers tightened on her needle. *Now that,* she thought, *is going o far.* The quarrel was progressing from the cocktail to the roast-beef stage.

"And I think you," Elaine said, deciding to help it along, "would be ise not to speak to anybody mornings. Sometimes not afternoons either."

"I get so eternally tired," George said, ignoring the comment, "of the way you —— Yi!" It was a bass roar of pain. "You did that on purpose!"

"Darling," Elaine protested, "I never would."

"It'll probably bleed," George predicted, and he stared down at his chest, waiting for the enormous, spreading blossom to appear.

Elaine's tousled head moved under his nose. She bit thread. "There!" she said. "All done. Is there anything else I can do for you, dear?"

Her hair brushed George's face, and his expression softened. And hardened again. "I know what you're up to," he declared, jerking away. "You're trying to make me feel guilty because you didn't have my shirt ready. Well, it won't work. I refuse to be responsible for your shortcomings."

He donned his trousers violently.

"Dear, you couldn't if you wanted," Elaine said. "Don't worry about it."

Pauline ran into the room, black eyes snapping with excitement.

"Look, mamma! Look, daddy!" She held up a tooth. "It came out. Peter pulled it. Do I get a dime?"

Elaine smiled down at her daughter. "Of course you do. Put it under your pillow tonight."

Peter appeared in the doorway, grinning broadly. "I get half," he said.

"You didn't knock," George told Pauline, frowning. "Two cents off your allowance."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Who is Doctor

What kind of baby was Dr. Spock? How did his mother influence his life? The story of America's most loved baby doctor—

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON



Little Benny, oldest of the six Spock children, was born at home. His mother, now 80, has never been in a hospital.

In a photograph of the Yale crew that made a splash by winning in the 1924 Olympics, there's a handsome young man six feet four, with a wide, warm grin, and brown hair parted and slicked like a Scott Fitzgerald hero's. He had decided to be a doctor instead of an architect, and it's rather intriguing to speculate now on what kind of buildings Benjamin Spock might have designed. It's safe to guess that none of them could have had quite so colossal and homey an impact as his book on baby and child care. Since the paperback edition was published in 1946, it has outsold any other book in this country except the Bible and some plays by an actor named Shakespeare. Around the world, mothers cry for it in sixteen languages, including Japanese and Finnish. A few months ago Spock explained to a visitor, "I don't think of myself as an author, because I think of an author as somebody who makes things up."

At the time he finished the book, he was forty-two, the father of two boys, and a New York pediatrician with years of enormously varied practical experience to draw on. He felt no qualms about sending chapters to experts in the field to get their criticism. "But I showed it to my mother with trepidation," he says.

His mother, a large, firm-minded woman as upright as a New England steeple, had brought up six children under what a family friend has described as "a tight curb rein,"

Young Benjamin McLane Spock all dressed u his first birthday picture. Dr. Spock says his bringing was "strict, careful, but not rig



Spock?

A serious consultation between doctor and patient—which both seem to enjoy equally. Dr. Spock now has a red-haired, year-old grandson, who is being brought up by guess whose book.



HAROLD CRANE

Summers find Dr. Spock and his pretty wife, Jane, ai ng off Cape Cod in their twenty-three-foot sloop, The 'u le. Younger son, John, and a friend, Mrs. John Heroy te shirt), accompany them.



w Haven, Connecticut. Spock's father, a lawyer, was as devoted e children as his wife, but it was she who was "the spokesman ur upbringing," her oldest son says.

s mother's only comment after reading *Baby and Child Care* was: y, Benny, it's really quite sensible."

r son says, "I was relieved. I took that as high praise."

has said modestly that in an era when young couples are often ated from their families, his book of common-sense advice was t as "a substitute for grandmother." Not all grandmothers take is kindly. One wrote Doctor Spock in ink flavored with bile: "You to have a great deal of influence with my daughter. I wish you d write at once and tell her to put more clothes on her child."

ock, recounting this to a visitor in his office at Cleveland's West- Reserve University Medical School, where he's been Professor of l Development since 1955, gave a great, joyous guffaw. "Can't ust see me?" he said. "Sending that poor young mother an ulti- um: 'Madam, you're to put more clothes on your child at once.'"

He was 21 years old, 6′4″ tall, and weighed 180 pounds when he rowed on the Yale crew in the 1924 Olympics. He weighs only five pounds more today.



When he thinks something is funny, especially a joke on himself, he roars with laughter, and often bends over nearly double. Seated, he winds his long legs around a chair, tilts back, and gives the impression of a man as relaxed as a cracker-barrel regular. At the age of fifty-six, he weighs only four or five pounds more than when he rowed on the Yale crew—180—but his hair is gray and crew-cut now, and his face bears no resemblance to the smooth, unlived-in face of that boy. It's lined, weathered and far more attractive, with humor, strength, compassion and an unspoiled, friendly directness. His wife told an acquaintance this year,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

Unforgettable Kitchens

INTERIORS: F

Ten pages of kitchens as glamorous as living rooms begin here. With style and grace, these kitchens demonstrate brilliantly how rooms as functio as these can be beautiful as well. They contain many individual ideas inspiring to all who plan kitchens.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor



Spacious divider has oven and counter at one side, and *(right)* holds old and amusing chicken collection.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ

DI PIETRO



The bishop and his wife enjoy quiet afternoon. Music is his hobby; home houses many records.



Living room has pewter collection and a half-round hunt table for dinners or Sunday teas. Special receptions are held here too.

"Our old weathered wood is a joy."

In their East Hampton, Long Island, summer home, Bishop Pardue, of Pittsburgh, and his wife visioned the superb effect of using weathered wood—"The kind you can't duplicate, but can find in many overlooked houses and barns." For their house, architect Alfred Scheffer selected boards and beams from two buildings over 130 years old. The wood with its pearly patina is fashioned into cabinets and work areas. Stainless-steel gas oven and cook top fit well into this peaceful mood, as do the vinyl-cork floor, and walls of muted melon color.

The divider, notable because it in no way interferes with the rhythm of the beams, faces the breakfast table—of pine—with a view of ducks flocking to a nearby lake. The serenity is due to the way this divider screens cooking from dining.

While the effect is mellow, a closer glance shows comforts for the cook—a ventilator set in above the burners, big wood chopping block, and impeccable work space. "It fits our lives, and encourages the kind of living that we enjoy," says Mrs. Pardue, summing up the philosophy of kitchens today.

Herb paper and curtains of hand-loomed Mexican cotton show fine detail everywhere.



Indoor-Outdoor



Fresh fruit, greenery, torch lights add romance to the evening meal.



The kitchen, with turquoise cabinets (surprisingly weather-resistant), charcoal ceramic tile and bright shrimp-colored utensils, is built up against the wall of the house. It faces a round fireplace that, when topped, is used as a convenient center server. Ione Thompson makes much use of her gas grill and rotisserie. Even on rainy days, steaks and chickens are grilled outdoors—to be eaten inside.

"We do our entertaining in a tropical setting."

The William Thompsons' terrace kitchen in Whittier, California, demonstrates what can be done with taste and a beneficent climate. From the matted roof that filters the sun's rays (and affords protection from rain) to the smooth floors that are perfect for evening dances, it denotes festive and gracious living.

The whole area as shown is reached from the kitchen door at one end, and is a step from the living room. Directly outside the living room is a pool with restfully splashing fountain. Ione Thompson has grown tropical plants and trimmed the area with a Hawaiian theme. Rattan furniture and straw accessories heighten the eye-appealing effect.

's a complete kitchen right indoors too. Its gas oven and refrigerator sed for salad making and baking that cannot be done outside.





Preparing for a teen luau, young Dave tends grill as 8-year-old Sue Ann helps.

A Look of Sunshine

The bright yellow kitchen of Dr. Vincent Merendino and his wife, TV actress Betsy Palmer, reflects creative lives. Their New Jersey home lies within easy distance of New York City, where he has his medical practice and she does her work. It's difficult to imagine that when the Merendinos first saw this fifty-one-year-old house last year, this airy, open room was darkly partitioned off into three small areas. But they knew the potential beauty in an old house. Walls were ripped down, pantries opened, color added. Multihued yellow tiles now abound on the center worktable, on the counter and around the oven. Appliances were selected to fit compactly into the key areas. Result: a refreshing feeling of space plus all modern conveniences. The fragrance of garlic and herbs hung in the air as Betsy made dinner. "It's no secret," she said, "that my husband and I enjoy Italian cuisine—especially the spicy Sicilian kind."



Slim-lined refrigerator has freezer below. At counter, Betsy draws up to telephone or makes market list.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ



Sparkling new gas oven is set into bulky tiled chimney where old coal stove stood.

"My favorite place is the long center worktable—a marvelous island of convenience, with four burners on either end for luxurious, lavish cooking. For our type of cooking you need room to spread out in."



Betsy Palmer's kitchen reflects her radiant personality. Here she prepares artichokes a favorite way.

Color Radiance

"It took three years to plan," says Lila Martin, in Arlington, Virginia, "and it works like a charm." Singing colors of sky blue and lilac set the theme. Husband Billy is a restaurateur with astute ideas of his own about appliances. "I'd seen one sink bottleneck work too often. So we have two." And there are two refrigerators side by side with freezers below, of the kind that never frost up. The oven is double too. A blue-ribbon kitchen, it can turn out snacks or formal dinners without a fuss.





A sense of space is here with gala island counter of white but practical plastic, where a big buffet dinner can be set out with no hint of crowding. Salads can be tossed and cakes cooled at the sparkling counters. Also seen here: Lila's planning desk, the blue vinyl floor and curtains with hard-candy designs.



"I'd change nothing."

"I have everything I want," says delighted Mrs. Martin. First specification was a "garage" for the wheeled cart; it's under the center work space. Next, the Martins wanted a kitchen to store ample silver, china and crystal, and it does, without relying on dining room or extra pantries. The third need was for space nearby where the children could play and have toy lockers. It was all solved as you see here by kitchen planner Dick Voell and late architect Horace W. Peaslee, who fitted in appliances with precision. The kitchen has polish, poise and confidence in meeting any and all social obligations.



four daughters of the house—Lila, 11; anie, 8; Michelle, 4; Kimberley, 3—have r own little table in a playroom close by. A nd sink, set diagonally between stainless ters, is seen at right. Here children can or their mother take advantage of the room to stem berries or pot prize flowers.

Why should not kitchens have the quality of fine furniture? The room you see here, lustrous with teak and sweeping in line, is the result the G. H. Hawkses worked out with designer Tage Frid. A sense of artisanship is everywhere. Mrs. Hawks' list of essentials was long, and every need was met. As a busy hostess, she asked for a ten-foot-long counter, always lighted. It extends from the refrigerator (not shown) to the high oven of silvery stainless metal. Windows light it by day, fixtures in the cabinets above by night. Another personal touch: the room has a skylight, ingeniously placed to bring in light plus a sight of sky and trees. A typical day begins when a timer starts coffee water automatically, and Mrs. Hawks sets out breakfast makings on a heated electric tray at the buffet pass-through. Each family member and guest serves himself. Breakfast ends at 8:30 and the teak-fronted dishwasher goes to work.

All through the day the kitchen functions smoothly—and stays in apple-pie order, for there is a place for everything: spices fit behind sliding panels at the rear of the counter; cutting and pastry boards slide from under the work top; supplies are shelved behind sliding doors; utensils hang on pull-out panels near the cook top. Even little things like rice bowls and chopsticks have a place, for Chinese dinners are traditional here on special family occasions.



A gracious entertainer, Mrs. Hawks always has tea service ready for visitors.





Exciting corner has new ideas worked sk fully into its plan. The furniture look exte to cart and sofa. Cart is of teak with leaves four sides that can be raised to serve four; other times it wheels and serves. An uph stered bench is comfortable for seating a converts to a bed when maid stays overnig

Modern Tempo

tr is teak pass-through has
ndsome storage for table dishes.



"Our goal was a kitchen as inviting as a sitting room." Kitchen has a deep sense of dimension to and fro.

Handsomely designed cabinets fit under counter. At far end are more counter and tray space, and under colorful storage panels the laundry. An entertaining use of fabric and handcraft makes for interest on every hand.

TEENAGE SECRE





In their rush to grow up, do teenagers see marriage as "some sort of magic that will make them grown-up overnight"?

By BETTY COE SPICER

Modern Catalina High School is part of one of Tucson, Arizona's plus-$10,0
a-year-income neighborhoods. Often called the "Blueblood High," it is jus
proud of its staff, its high scholastic standing and its supervised school activiti

Its active, alert P.T.A. has more than doubled attendance at meetings by int
ducing sharp, informed forum discussions of school problems.

So the problem recently given to one P.T.A. study group was doubly startling.
concerned an epidemic of secret high-school elopements.

From Principal R. T. Gridley and other school authorities the group learned
tails. Twenty girl students at Catalina had married in the single four-month peri
from December to April. Some were only fifteen years old. Few had parental p
mission. "At least three quarters" of the marriages were secret, across-the-bor
ceremonies performed in Mexico, sixty-five miles to the south. In most cases pare
were not being told until the girl's pregnancy—or the young couple's fright

MARRIAGE EPIDEMIC

BOB TOWERS



...lizing the seriousness of what they had done—made it impossible ... keep the secret any longer. Some such marriages perhaps are still ... admitted.

Parents in the group looked at one another with shocked eyes.

Like parents all over the country, they were aware of the trend to ...uthful marriages. And they knew that Tucson's closeness to the ...rder presented special problems. Bordertown Nogales (called ... oggie" by high-schoolers), in the state of Sonora, Mexico, has al... ys been an exciting lure for teenagers. Unchaperoned trips to ...gales were strictly forbidden by nearly all parents.

Local newspapers sometimes carried stories of narcotic smug... ng across the border. Now and then groups of teenage boys drove ... Nogales, drank too much and got into fights. There were whispers of "dare" visits by high-school boys to Nogales houses of prostitution. (Prostitution is legalized and controlled in Mexico.) One worried mother quoted her son as saying that the boys had been approached by solicitors who waited near the Tucson schools to suggest these visits.

To most parents, such stories had always seemed to involve "*other* teenagers. That small percentage of real juvenile delinquents who are as much concern to good teenagers as they are to adults."

But this outbreak of secret, across-the-border marriages among their own teenagers cast a new light on the border situation. It was now a frightening problem.

A committee was appointed by the P.T.A. members to try to find the facts in the midst of cloudy rumor. CONTINUED ON PAGE 155



Shoulders wide—yet feminine

FASHIONS to love in the SPRING

By WILHELA CUSHMAN

The hollyhock-pink coat of featherweight wool, nylon and mohair, by Hattie Carnegie.

The colors—violet, very pale grey, very pale green and pink



GARDEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISSER

Knitted suit with new importance:
hand-loomed wool, brilliant
yellow-green, by Traina Norell.

* GOLD BRACELETS AND GOLD-AND-DIAMOND PIN BY S. G. BARNETT

ebrilliant hand-loomed knit — news for spring

For spring—hand-loomed knitted wool
bound in navy blue by Traina Norell.
As timeless as it is beautiful.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



The wing sleeve is the new

FASHIONS to love in the SPRING

Coat with the wing sleeves in mint-green tweed by Pauline Trigere. Tiny pillbox hat to match.

Prints are like flower gardens

The fashion of giant flowers— a printed silk taffeta by Larry Aldrich.





Pale violet suit, linen mixture,
printed silk blouse. By Ben Zuckerman.

Suit with its own blouse — Number One fashion

The cosmopolitan checked suit with
tulip red in the blouse, by Traina Norell.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

GARDEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER

The fashion of the princess silhouette,
of a printed silk dress with its own coat
lined with print by Ben Zuckerman.

Princess-line in the newest coat



We have searched the fashion market for you and have triple-starred these five fashions, related to each other in a wardrobe that goes anywhere.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD



Think of a spring coat in a flower color—pale violet wool. Around $89.95, by Dan Millstein.

THE JOURNAL'S FIVE-STAR

Imported Scotch tweed for your important casual—by Ellen Brooks, around $120.00. Wear the skirt with sweaters or shirts; the cardigan as an extra jacket.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN

The flower-printed silk is also a dress and jacket to wear anywh from luncheon on. Beautiful under the violet coat, wonderfu all summer long. Around $69.95, by Abe Shraeder. Carry a flower-color straw bag.

The fashions on all these pages are presen you because they show you the trends of the and serve as a guide as you shop. You wi many of them in stores throughout the nation. ever, if you do not find identical styles in you shops, we believe similar ones will be ava



Warp-printed silk-taffeta dinner dress, round $59.95, by Jay Stanley. Now under the violet coat and on through summer.

WARDROBE



If you love the dress-and-jacket fashion that has the everywhere look, this pale gray Dacron-and-worsted flannel can be one of your favorite essentials.

Suitlike with its jacket, the simple dress with a thousand uses. About $55.00, by Andrew Arkin. Accessory changes, according to your color schemes, shades of white, violet, blue, yellow.



"WHEN I SEE IT IN THE JOURNAL



From Long Island to Los Angeles our readers share with us their fun in sewing (as well as their problems). Of the six young women shown here, each might be the girl next door or the woman across the street. All were "discovered" in this year's crop of reader mail.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

Vivacious Joan Zobel is a sophomore at the University of Texas. Already she has been sewing for "years." Joan loves to adapt patterns to suit her own original ideas. Here she is wearing a silk scarf print which is Vogue Design No. 9963.

... I make it for myself"

Patty Carol Powell (Mrs. Wilson Powell) is the mother of three small children and lives in Connecticut. She finds sewing relaxing after they are tucked in bed. She also finds it easy on the budget. Her polka-dot dress with new width at the shoulder is Vogue Design No. 9958.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Lovely "Dee" Gilliland (Mrs. R. A. Gilliland, Edgemont, South Dakota) is a sewing perfectionist—and doesn't mind spending hours on fine details. Her coat and dress are Vogue Design No. 209.



Petite Jean Owens (Mrs. Warren Owens, of Haddonfield, New Jersey) says that since she started sewing her fitting problems have been solved forever. Her turquoise silk print is Vogue Design No. 9949. Her sweater is trimmed with flowers from the print.

Mrs. Fred Kirchhoff, of Long Island, has two small daughters. Margaret makes her own clothes and adores to sew for her little girls. Her striped shirtwaist dress, Vogue Design No. 9967.





Shirley Howser, of Los Angeles, started sewing four years ago. Inspired by not being able to afford to buy a dress she longed for, she now considers sewing her favorite hobby. Last season, the dress that brought her the most compliments cost less than $5. Her black-and-white costume is Vogue Design No. 4096.

For Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 178 ... by Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns are sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

© Vogue



A great deal of marriage difficulty always follows when two basically immature and insecure people begin insisting on their "rights" in marriage. The most trivial detail may be magnified and used as an excuse for fighting. In this month's case from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations, Rita and Jack use picayune financial differences as weapons to perpetuate unspoken grievances. Only after counseling do they begin to comprehend that the only helpful "right" in marriage is the right to put aside one's own self-needs in the interest of understanding and pleasing the other partner. This is the way to the security and happiness they are so desperately seeking. . . . The counselor in this case was Mr. Keith Rholl. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: "It breaks my heart to live apart from Jack, but it will break my heart to live with him unless he changes. I want him to help with the housework, show me some affection, and stop behaving like a child."

HE: "Whenever Rita gets mad she runs to her parents, leaving me with an unkempt house, an unmade bed, an empty refrigerator. Last Monday I couldn't even find an egg or a slice of bacon for breakfast."

Rita tells her side: "My husband drives to work and I take the bus," said dark-haired, dark-eyed Rita indignantly. Twenty-one years old, she was of Spanish descent and of radiant Spanish beauty. "My office is two blocks—two short blocks—from the bank where Jack is an assistant cashier. Every morning he goes right past my building. Yet for six months he has refused to let me ride with him because I refuse to pay half the cost of gasoline, repairs and parking charges; he insists that is the only equitable arrangement. I offered to pay him the cost of bus fare, but he stubbornly declined that. Jack and I handle our own salary checks. We often disagree on the way to divide and spend our separate earnings.



"Last Monday morning it was pouring rain. I gave Jack every opportunity to invite me to ride downtown. I was too proud to ask. I got no invitation, even though Jack watched from the corner of his eye while I dashed around and hunted up my umbrella and rubbers. When I rushed out of the house in the downpour at seven-forty-five A.M. he was luxuriously dawdling over his shaving. An hour later, after two transfers and a five-mile trip, I arrived downtown. It was still pouring. Just as I climbed off the bus and ran for shelter, Jack shot by in his car. His back wheels splashed me from head to foot, though perhaps he didn't know it. I'm not sure he saw me.

"I was dripping and furious when I went in the office. My supervisor, a snobbish old maid who looks down on Spanish people and all other nationalities except the British and the Scandinavians, drew back her skirt as I passed her desk. That hurt my feelings, but I didn't let her see it. I loathe working for her. To tell the truth, I loathe working. When I dreamed of marriage as a little girl, I didn't see myself as a career wife. Jack picked out my present job for me right before our wedding a year ago. It was his idea—not mine—that I continue working.

"All day long I sat at my typewriter in damp clothes. By evening I had the sniffles, which was strictly Jack's fault. However, I decided to let bygones be bygones. On the way home from the bus stop I popped into a delicatessen and bought the groceries. Because he has the car, that is supposed to be Jack's job. It was a school evening—we both attend business-college CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

"When I walked into the house Jack was reading the evening paper. He didn't get up to help with my load of groceries. He didn't even say hello."

Testing time for talent

There's no such thing as a "no talent" boy or girl, says Pat Boone. "Any time you want to wipe out hard luck, just use hard work as an eraser."

PAT BOONE TALKS TO TEENAGERS

Today, as on most every other day, I pulled a batch of letters out of the mailbag and heaped 'em up on my desk at Cooga Mooga (my office). I hadn't opened many when I ran across one from a 'tween-gal named Kris, who cheerfully announces that she is "mixed up in a maze."

"There are so many things I can do and so many futures to choose from that I can't make up my mind!" she writes.

I know how she feels, investigating like mad, poking around in all the winding passages and not even minding the dead ends. It's like going through the House of Mirrors at an amusement park. You meet yourself coming and going, but you can hardly wait to take the next turn and see which one finally leads you to the happy ending.

The letter goes on: "I mean there's teaching. Teaching fascinates me (especially if I could get a nice class of senior boys for history). I like to date (tall, brunets preferred). I like sports (basketball for me, baseball for the L.A. Dodgers), singing (glee club, no solos), animals (horses and St. Bernards top priority; is there such a thing as a woman veterinarian?). I love cooking and even baby-sitting—you meet such interesting people! And, of course, writing. I'd love to be a foreign correspondent; you know, the kind that wear trench coats and solve crimes. I also love my family, even if they do take up a lot of time and almost drive me crazy sometimes. (Just kidding.)

"Really, Pat, I've read your book and your articles and I wondered if you ever had this problem. I mean I've got to make up my mind pretty soon about what to do with my life. Right now, I'm just mixed up in a maze. Can you help? Your friend, Kris."

I get the message, Kris. You're having fun in the maze, but you're beginning to realize that you can't go prancing around investigating bypaths all your life. You're about due for some decisions as to which exact turns will bring you out most happily into the big world of your future.

Was I ever there? I was. I sho 'nuff was. At fifteen, I popped around in that maze like popcorn CONTINUED ON PAGE 193



From a problem skin to "How Pretty

A year ago young Suzanne Gillespie's potentially pretty face was marred by a profusion of pimples, bumps and blackheads—a condition medically classified as *acne vulgaris*. Today, thanks to the most modern methods of treating troubled skin, Suzanne's acne is almost completely healed. Her skin continues to improve in texture and clarity. With make-up delicately applied, her complexion seems near flawless. Suzanne's prescription for beauty, as outlined by her dermatologist, is surprisingly simple. It includes *internal medication, external care* and *proper diet*.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN, *Beauty Editor*

"The pretty changes in my photographs, which are unretouched, only half express the wonderful changes that have taken place in my life," Suzanne says. "For the first time I'm comfortably self-confident. I no longer have to let the condition of my *skin* decide whether I will or won't accept social invitations. Even my wardrobe has brightened, now that I'm braver about wearing colorful things, and being noticed!"

A bonus aspect of Suzanne's successful skin clearing concerns her young brother. David is seventeen and just beginning to have a touch of skin trouble. But with a case-history sister living right in his own home, he knows what to do—what not to do.

Eating too much chocolate and constantly fussing with her face—squeezing pimples in a hopeless effort to make them disappear—were Suzanne's major wrongdoings. And she would have avoided a lot of high-school misery if she had consulted a doctor about her skin earlier. "But through my experience at least David has learned," Suzanne says philosophically. "Happily, *he* won't have to suffer the agonies of acne."

HERE ARE SUZANNE'S THREE STEPS TO A PRETTIER SKIN

First: internal medication. Up-to-date dermatologists agree that acne is fundamentally influenced by endocrine factors. Temporary overactivity of some glands is normal for young people and often corrects itself without treatment. In stubborn cases, thyroid extract or estrogenic hormone may be prescribed.

To get rid of harmful bacteria that have lodged deeply in the affected skin, an antibiotic is often prescribed. Its immediate usefulness is to help combat active infection, while the accumulative effects gradually build up lasting protection. Suzanne was told to take one antibiotic capsule after each meal for three days, then CONTINUED ON PAGE 142



Here is a candid, medical close-up of Suzanne taken on the day before she began her skin treatments. See the heavy concentration of blemishes on cheek, chin and forehead.

One year later, worlds of improvement. Blemishes are considerably reduced, angry-looking redness of skin has almost disappeared. Since this photo, Suzanne's skin has increased in clarity.



MARTIN HAGGETT

"How pretty you look!" is a phrase often directed to Suzanne these days, and, as she says, "One I thought I'd never hear." This photo shows Suzanne wearing her hypoallergenic make-up, which brightens her appearance without causing "breakouts." This photograph has not been retouched in any way.

DRESS BY MOLLIE SI
JEWELRY BY HAZEL CARN
PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER PR

You Look!"





Before, basically elegant room looks drab, with paint in bad repair and furniture poorly arranged.



HAROLD FOWLER

m now shows off its best features in a cheerful country at-
Slip covers are all washable, both the violet corduroy and the
hintz. The curtain fabric, a white-on-white stripe, is drip-dry.

A COMPLETELY NEW LOOK

. . . and it cost only $354.20

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor

This living room, which had been the gay and inviting meeting place for the family, suddenly seemed shabby and tired. Peeling paint and worn furniture gave it a cheerless, dingy air in spite of the high ceilings, beautiful woodwork and elegant proportions of the room.

Our friend, whose room this is, was afraid of the cost of redoing, but chanced upon this heavenly cotton chintz priced at $1.55 a yard. A pale blue wall color was chosen to lighten the room, and white to set off the handsome mantel and delicate woodwork around the windows. Inspired by the magical change of just slip covers and a new paint job, it wasn't long before she had planned a whole new scheme, pointing up the colors of the fabric in chair cover and rug. Bright pink velveteen complements the chintz and is used to cover another chair in the room. She made the simple white cotton draperies herself; added the big brass rosettes for elegance.

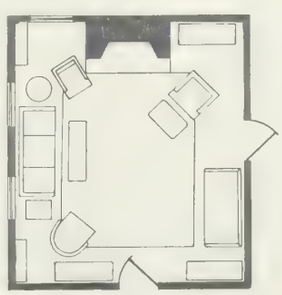
COSTS FOR OTHER WORK AND MATERIALS ARE SHOWN BELOW.

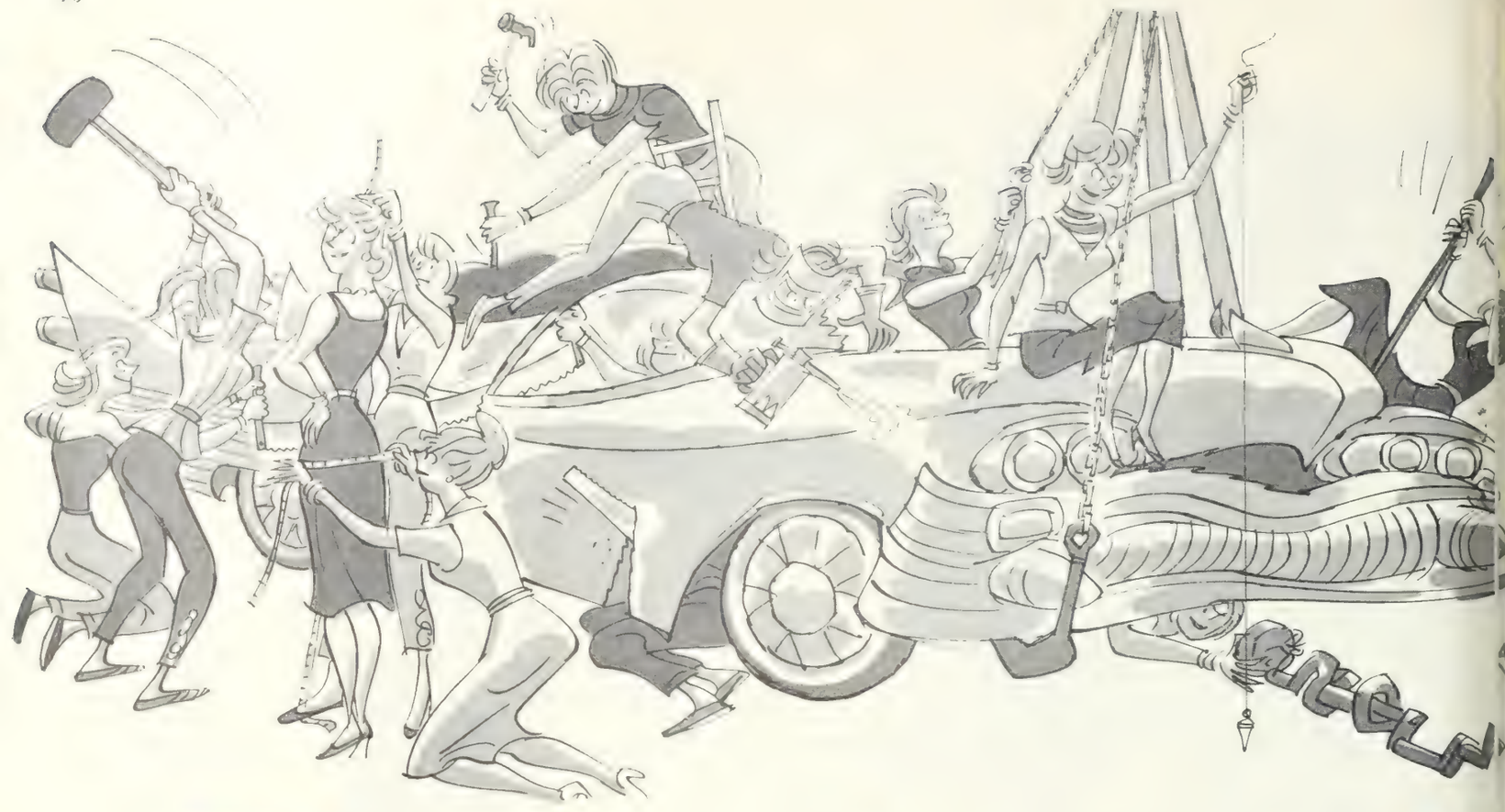
Slip covers:

Sofa $55.00
Chair and ottoman $35.00
Club chair $27.50
Tub chair (not shown) $25.00

Other:

Rug (9′ x 12′ sisal) $39.95
Lamp $12.95
Marble-topped chest (secondhand) $55.00
4 yds. pink velveteen $8.64
18 yds. white cotton $27.36
36 yds. flowered chintz $55.80
10 yds. violet corduroy $12.00





When is a dream Car!

(On guard, Detroit—the ladies are not amused!)

You men
In Detroit
Have been very
Adroit
At devising
Magnificent fins—
But
The girls had
Enough
Of your
Chromium stuff,
And so
Their rebellion
Begins!

Though not always
Mental,
The girls
Have been
Kind—
Diplomatically
Gentle,
They've hidden.
You'll find,
The talent
For mayhem
They've had
In their mind.
But
They're itching
To scrap
All the cars
You've designed.

So
Hear this,
Designers—
And you,
Engineers—
This female
Uprising
Is stripping
Your gears.
Here's the
Word
From your feminine
Jury of peers.

OPEN YOUR EARS!

A girl
Is not
An acrobat—
She wants a car
That's tall,
Not flat.
It's not
The wheel base
That concerns her—
But her own—
And so
It burns her
When
She has to
Crouch
Or hurdle—
Just to
Park
Her pelvic girdle.

Women are
Longing for
Autos that fit—
To wit:
A car
Provided with
A coffee bar,
And
One-way glass
Without a glare,
Through which
A passer
Cannot stare—
A level floor,
Electric grill
And TV
To ignore
At will—
Automatic
Window wipers—
A folding shelf
For changing diapers.
A fully stocked
Refrigerator—
And a
Soundproof
Elevator
For the children
And
Their sitters,
Whom,
Before you get
The jitters,
You can raise
From sight
And sound,
Forgetting
That they're still
Around—
Relaxing
At a button's
Touch,
When
Motherhood demands
Too much.
(And when
Another car
Comes near—
Lots of
Radar
In the
Rear.)

Anything that's
Automatic
Tends to make
A girl
Ecstatic.
Though a gadget
May confuse 'em—
Give them buttons
And they'll
Use 'em.
This is what
The survey
Shows—
Women actively
Oppose
A ration
Of automation.

They demand
Their parking rights—
Sideways!
(And with sideway lights)
In whatever place
At hand—
AU-TO-MAT-I-CAL
Planned.

A changer
Letting down
A spare
That,
Come what may,
Is always there—

An arm
That feeds
The parking meter
An
Automatic
Clutter eater.
A sympathetic
Morning heater
Anticipating
They'll be there—
And waiting
With a
Toasty chair.

A door
That moves
To swing

The seat—
The top
Pops up—
They exit
Neat.

A map
That tells them
Where they are—
A counter
Telling them
How far—
And telling it
In voices clear—
So children
In the rear
Can hear
And stop
Bedeviling
"Mommy dear."

And traffic
On a radar
Track—
With headlights
That
Can answer
Back.

The girls
INSIST—
They
Don't just
Wish—
A car
That's planned—
TRANSISTORISH.

Don't rock
Your drafting
Boards
With laughter—
The women
Know
What they
Are after—
Not
Just one more car
That's new—
But their
DREAM CAR
That's
Overdue.

The cars
You're rolling
Off your line
Are labeled
"HIS."
(For him they're fine.)
The girls
Don't want
The car
That was—
At long last
They want
One
Marked
"HERS."

So
Get to work
Men—
Try to
Sell 'em
A car
That doesn't
Underwhelm.

Detroit,
If you are
Really wise
You'll
Park your cars
And
Memorize—
Before you
Take
Another ride—
These
Memos
From the
Distaff side.



An engine oughta
Need no water
And, please,
No antifreeze.

A place
For cosmetics
That's dandy,
Ideal
Is
Right where
It's handy—
The steering wheel.

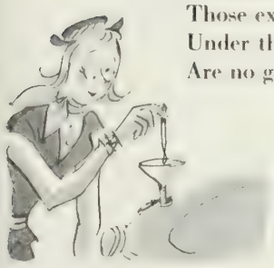


WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ABNER DEAN

Twenty-two horses
To give us
More speed
Is twenty-one more
Than it makes sense
To feed.
Those extra horses
Under the hood
Are no good.



A battery
Should have
A spare—
Another one
That wouldn't dare
To run down
While it
Idles there.



Menu

FILET OF BEEF BÉARNAISE

STRAW POTATOES AND PEAS

CARROTS WITH SEEDED GREEN GRAPES

RAINBOW FRUIT TART

"Rainbow Fruit Tart is a work of art!" Spiced pastry encloses a creamy filling, jeweled with bright fruits.

STUART HEINTER



PHILIP O. STEA

"When I Entertain"



Mrs. Rockefeller entertains at tea Lady Corea, wife of Sir Claude Corea, of the United Nations, and Mrs. Suleiman Sukkar, president of the National Council of the Y.W.C.A. of Jordan.



"My husband likes the filet of beef served medium rare, with béarnaise sauce, and crisp potatoes, green peas."

Mrs. Laurance Rockefeller tells her philosophy of entertaining to Nancy Crawford Wood

"Filet of beef with béarnaise sauce is a perennial favorite of my husband's," says Mrs. Laurance Rockefeller, "and appears on our table many times when we are entertaining. For our private dinner parties, eighteen people is usually the maximum number, and I like to keep them even smaller, if possible, so that conversation can be general. Another pet dinner-party menu includes Duckling Bigarade, and a dessert of green grapes tossed with sour cream and brown sugar. We give buffet parties only for the children—as many as thirty people or so before a dance—and they love a big hot casserole of chicken and rice, a salad of stuffed CONTINUED ON PAGE 152


PÉTE
TRES-SEC



Menu

TOMATO-MUSHROOM BISQUE
POT ROAST BONNE FEMME
MRS. APPLEYARD'S PATRICIAN POTATOES
NEW ENGLAND JOHNNYCAKE
GREEN SALAD WITH HOT BACON DRESSING
MUSTARD PICKLE
CHERRY-APPLE PIE OR
APPLESAUCE
WITH COOKIES

SET BY POUGH

Appleyard Family Favorites

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

"In the hands of an inspired cook, the most familiar foods are endlessly delicious!" says Mrs. Appleyard.

Her spicy beef pot roast, glistening with rich brown gravy, is a true masterpiece. Try her creamy casserole of potatoes, whipped with sour cream and cottage cheese; New England johnnycake, and apple-cherry pie!

In March my mother, Mrs. Appleyard, seems to give up cooking in favor of studying seed catalogues. In her winter kitchen, I find her in a sort of flowery trance, surrounded by pictures of petunias as big as Easter lilies. "Broccoli," she murmurs, "with a border of zinnias. I'm surrounding the asparagus bed with sunflowers and morning-glories. Let's plan a wonderful dinner to celebrate the vernal equinox! Or, rather, *you* plan it, darling, while I decide where to put the tomato seedlings."

Feeling runs high at our house as we try to choose the menu for this meal, which, we have decided, will consist of all the Appleyard family's *very favorite* dishes. A succulent pot roast with vegetables, that noblest of meats, wins the first prize, hands down, as main course. Mother's delicious, creamy mushroom-tomato bisque will start us off. The discussion of potatoes is vigorous; we finally decide on a casserole of mashed potatoes, fluffy as clouds inside, crusty brown on top. My son Tommy's vote is for a salad of greens tossed with hot bacon dressing. It almost goes without saying that we shall have New England johnnycake, which comes to all traditional Vermont tables this time of year, hot and buttery—when the new syrup crop is ready, it will be accompanied by a pitcher of that liquid sunshine. On the subject of dessert there are two strong factions among the children, so vehement in their preference

Appleyard Family Favorites

CONTINUED

that there is nothing for it but to have both. One group votes for apple-cherry pie, and the other for cold applesauce and cookies.

The children and I go over to mother's house early in the day to start things. In the kitchen a cloud of fragrance fills the room as Camilla and Laura lift the lid of the pot roast to add some tender, jewel-green peas. The potato casserole is approaching its moment of perfection as I peer at the cherry pie cooling in the cellarway. "Something smells good," cries Mrs. Appleyard, pausing on the kitchen threshold, "quite a few somethings! What a wonderful party!"



The lengthening days give us blue skies and sunny afternoons.

Tomato-Mushroom Bisque

8 cups canned tomatoes
1 large onion, peeled and finely chopped
6 dried red Mexican peppers, crushed
6 cloves
4 bay leaves, crumbled
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
1 tablespoon sugar
Scant ¼ teaspoon saffron
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 pound mushrooms, wiped with clean damp cloth and finely chopped
1 cup butter
1 cup chicken broth
2 tablespoons flour
¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons light cream
1 cup tiny cubes white bread, about ¼" square
2 teaspoons each salt and sugar
Good pinch baking soda

Into a 3-quart saucepan or kettle put tomatoes, onion, red peppers, cloves, bay leaves, garlic, sugar, saffron and pepper. Boil, uncovered, 10 minutes. Cover and simmer gently for 30 minutes more. Press through a strainer. Transfer to the top of a 2½-quart double boiler. Cook mushrooms in ¼ cup butter for 5 to 10 minutes; do not allow to brown. Add chicken broth and simmer until mushrooms are tender. Purée through a food mill or buzz in a blender. Make a cream sauce using 2 tablespoons butter, flour and light cream. Add mushroom purée and mix well. Half an hour before serving time, sauté cubes of bread in ½ cup butter until golden. Drain on paper toweling. Reheat tomato purée in the double boiler. Also reheat mushroom-cream sauce over low heat. When both are hot, add salt, sugar and baking soda to tomato purée. Add mushroom-cream sauce, a little at a time, beating vigorously all the while. Serve immediately. Sprinkle surface with golden croutons. Makes about 8 cups soup.

Pot Roast Bonne Femme

5-pound boneless pot roast of beef—choose from top, bottom or eye round, chuck or rump.
4 cups condensed beef consommé
8 cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon pepper
8 whole carrots, peeled or scraped
8 small whole onions, peeled
4 medium-size turnips, peeled and quartered
4 stalks celery, cut into 2" pieces
1 package frozen peas
Flour
Salt and pepper

Brown meat on all sides in a heavy kettle over high heat. Use no extra fat if there is plenty on the meat. Turn meat frequently to ensure even browning. This should take about ½ hour. Drain off all fat. Place a trivet or rack on the bottom of the kettle. The trivet should be of such height that the liquid comes about ½" up the meat. Replace meat. Add consommé, cloves, cinnamon and pepper. Cover and simmer for 3 hours. Now add carrots, onions, turnips and celery. Continue simmering for another hour, when vegetables and meat should be fork-tender. Cook frozen peas according to package directions. Add peas and liquid to meat and vegetables 2–3 minutes before the end of the last hour of cooking. Transfer meat to a large warm platter. Remove strings. Drain vegetables, reserving broth. Arrange vegetables around meat. Cover and keep warm. Skim fat from broth. Reheat and thicken with a thin flour-and-water paste. Cook 2–3 minutes. Taste for salt and pepper. (Makes about 6 cups gravy.) Glaze the meat and vegetables with some of the gravy. Serve the remainder in a gravy boat. Ample for 8 servings with plenty left for second helpings.

Mrs. Appleyard's Patrician Potatoes

4 cups freshly cooked mashed potatoes—about 6 medium-size potatoes cooked with 2 teaspoons salt
3 cups cream-style cottage cheese
¾ cup commercial sour cream
1½ tablespoons finely grated onion
2½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
Melted butter
½ cup chopped toasted almonds

Mash potatoes thoroughly—add no milk or butter. Press cottage cheese through a sieve, or buzz in a blender. Mix together warm mashed potatoes and cheese. Add sour cream, onion, salt and pepper. Mix well. Spoon into a shallow, buttered 2-quart casserole. Brush the surface with melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for ½ hour. Place under broiler for a few minutes to brown the surface lightly. Sprinkle with almonds. 8 servings.

Green Salad with Hot Bacon Dressing

2 heads Boston lettuce
12 radishes, thinly sliced
10 slices bacon
2 teaspoons sugar
½ cup red wine vinegar
½ teaspoon prepared horse-radish
¼ teaspoon pepper
12 scallions, coarsely chopped, including some of the green stems
Hard-cooked egg yolk, sieved

Wash and dry lettuce. Crisp in refrige
Just before serving time, break up lettuce i
salad bowl and add radishes. Refrigerate
you prepare dressing. Cook bacon in a s
until crisp. Remove, drain on paper towelin
crumble. To the bacon fat in the skillet add
vinegar, horse-radish and pepper. Mix wel
scallions. Heat until bubbling. Pour im
ately over lettuce and radishes. Toss well
bacon. Sprinkle with egg yolk. Makes 8 ser

Mustard Pickle

2 large cauliflowers
4 medium-size cucumbers, washed, seeded and chopped medium fine (include peel)
8 green peppers, washed, seeded and chopped medium fine
4 cups very small white pickling onions, peeled
¾ cup salt
2 quarts cold water
1 cup flour
2 cups sugar
6 tablespoons powdered mustard
1 tablespoon turmeric
2 quarts vinegar

Remove all leaves from cauliflowers. Break into small cauliflowerets and wash
Place all prepared vegetables in a large bowl. Dissolve salt in water and add to veget
Cover and allow to stand overnight in the refrigerator. The next day, transfer the con
of the bowl to a large kettle. Bring just to a boil. Remove and drain immediately. In
arate saucepan mix together flour, sugar, mustard and turmeric. Add vinegar, a littl
time, stirring to obtain a smooth, thin mixture. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly,
and stir until smooth and thick. Add vegetables and continue simmering until veget
are just heated through. Do not allow to overcook: they should be still crisp. Ladl
sterilized preserving jars. Seal at once. Store in a cool room. Makes 8 pints.

Cherry-Apple Pie

Pastry for a 2-crust 10" pie
1 one-pound can water-packed pitted red sour cherries
1 cup sugar
¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca
1 teaspoon almond extract
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
3–4 drops red food coloring
1 medium-size tart cooking apple, peeled, cored and thinly sliced

Wrap pastry in waxed paper and chill whil
make the filling. Drain and measure syrup
canned cherries. Add water to make ¾ cu
cherries and syrup into a bowl and add
tapioca, almond extract, salt, nutmeg,
coloring and sliced apple. Stir gently. I
pastry in half. Roll ⅛" thick and line pie
Fill with cherry-apple mixture. Cover comp
with remaining pastry, or make a lattice cr
you use a closed crust, be sure you have s
well-opened steam slits. Bake in a very hot
425° F., about 45 minutes or until golden.
warm. Makes 8 servings.

New England Johnnycake

1 cup flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup yellow corn meal
¼ cup melted butter
2 tablespoons dark molasses
1 egg, slightly beaten
1¼ cups milk

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt
the remaining ingredients. Beat the mixtur
smooth. Pour into a well-greased 8"-square
pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F
30 minutes, or until a cake tester comes out
Turn out upside down on a cake rack. Al
cool a minute or two. Cut into 16 square
serve immediately. Makes 16 two-inch sq

NEW SOUPS FROM 2 SOUPS



Add new exciting flavor to simple buffet suppers



Good things begin to happen when you plan a meal around a good hot soup. More time for Mother – souper suppers are so easy to fix. More fun for the family – soup tastes so good, soup feels so good, it just naturally cheers a hungry crowd.

Sometimes it's fun to make a new soup–by combining two great Campbell favorites. Try the new soups suggested here, or make up your own. There's good nutrition in Campbell's Soups – vitamins, proteins, minerals!

And when you make a new soup, you're on the way to being known for the most delicious buffet suppers in town!

Once a day . . . every day . . .
enjoy *Campbell's Soups*

NEW SOUP: **CELERY-BEAN**

1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup,
1 can Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup,
1½ soup cans water. 4 servings.

WITH IT: HOT DOGS, FRESH FRUIT





NEW SOUP: **TOMATO-VEGETABLE**

1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup,
2 cans Campbell's Vegetable Soup,
2 soup cans water. 6 to 8 servings.

WITH IT: SWISS CHEESE, RYE BREAD





NEW SOUP: **CHICKEN-MUSHROOM**

1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup,
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup,
1½ soup cans water. 4 servings.

WITH IT: APPLE-NUT SALAD, SALTINES





NEW SOUP: **VEGETABLE-NOODLE**

1 can Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup,
1 can Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup,
1½ soup cans water. 4 servings.

WITH IT: TOMATO SALAD, HOT ROLLS





NEW SOUP: **BEEF-TOMATO**

1 can Campbell's Beef Soup,
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup,
2 soup cans water. 4 to 6 servings.

WITH IT: GREEN SALAD, FRENCH BREAD



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THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

of titled pupils casually into the conversation—but Jody knew that though his words expressed concern for the well-being of the boys, his mind ran solely upon fees. His wife, Estelle, looked competent enough in the vast, outdated kitchen, with its spit large enough to roast an ox, a fireplace built to burn whole trees, and a trestle table long enough to accommodate twenty scullions—but Jody knew that Estelle's mind was not on meals, but on music. On these foundations rested Broome Abbey, an establishment of eighty small boys, ten masters and two matrons, with the addition of the headmaster's own family of twin boys of seven and a girl of five.

Jody opened the kitchen door. At the far end of the table Estelle stood absent-mindedly pouring milk onto the contents of a ready-mix cake packet. As Jody entered, she looked up.

"Jody! What made you come down?"

"I don't have to stay in bed indefinitely just because I got a crack on the head. How've you been getting on?"

There was no need to ask. Looking round, she could see a number of uneaten dishes, three burned saucepans, and evidence of several recipes attempted and abandoned.

Her eyes rested on a gap between two enormous, old-fashioned cupboards. "Estelle, what's become of the fridge?"

Estelle's face, pale, oval, Madonnalike, lost a little of its habitual calm. "It looked so terribly out of place, Jody," she pleaded.

Jody had nothing to say. Four years ago, at the age of twenty, she had answered Michael Page's appeal to leave London and come down to Broome to help to run his house. Servants, easily obtained for the school, with its modernized buildings and its up-to-date equipment, would not work for a day in Estelle's archaic kitchen, and Estelle herself, though eager and energetic, was incapable of organization. She planned meals, knitted for her husband and the children, cut out dresses for her daughter, joined every organization run by the school or the nearby village of Broome. But the meals were never cooked, the knitting and needlework never finished; committees and the needy waited in vain. Only in one sphere did she achieve proficiency: she was a brilliant pianist, and her drawing room had become the center of the musical society of the district.

Jody now lived at Broome and worked in London as one of a team of girls who visited clients in their homes and gave them the famous and expensive Hortense Beauty Treatment. She combined her two jobs—in London and at Broome—with calm, unflurried efficiency.

From time to time Jody installed laborsaving devices; Estelle, appalled by their brash modernity, threw them out again. This was the fourth; the washing machine had gone, and then the spin dryer and then the electric range.

"It looked so *wrong*, Jody," she pleaded. "It looked so terribly out of place."

Jody's eyes rested on her in amusement. "So do you," she commented.

"When you were in bed," Estelle said, "I made up my mind that it's time I stopped letting you keep this household together. I wanted to prove that I could take over."

"Well, you haven't proved it," said Jody. She took an apron and tied it round her waist. "Anything I can use for lunch?"

Estelle peered into cupboards and produced some tins.

"You've forgotten to put on your engagement ring again," she said.

Jody glanced down at her hand. "So I have. Funny; you'd think I'd remember, wouldn't you, after four months? Has Charles rung up yet?"

"He was here this morning."

"Then why on earth didn't he come up and see me?"

"The doctor was with you, so he waited. And while he was waiting, Michael came in and they—they had a talk."

"You mean they had another quarrel!"

"Yes."

Jody frowned. "Why can't Michael see that other men can be as pigheaded as he is? He knows that nobody can push Charles around."

"Yes, he knows . . . but Jody, he needs that money so badly. It isn't a loan he wants—he's offering Charles a share in the school and——"

"—— and Charles doesn't want it. All Charles wants is to save up enough to give up teaching. He's doing a lot of extra coaching—which he loathes—solely in order to be able to put money aside; he isn't doing it to give Michael a chance to enlarge the school. Charles doesn't care a hoot for the school, apart from drawing his salary every term."

"Michael knows that, but he thought he'd have one last try. And Charles got angry and went off in a rage."

Jody grinned. Charles—dark, stocky, strong and not blessed with patience—could very easily go off in a rage. He was the science master at the school. During the term, she saw him on most evenings—but now that the summer holidays were in progress, they met less frequently. He lived on his boat, Gazelle, which he kept at Marcove, a tiny harbor about three miles from the school. Science was his living, but sailing was his passion. He owned a shabby little car in which he drove to Brighton or Eastbourne or London, sometimes staying away for a night or even a weekend in order to give extra lessons. He was a brilliant teacher, but his only desire was to get out of classrooms forever. Michael wanted a partner, but Charles wanted only to be free.

Anger turns the mind out-of-doors and blocks the entrance.

PLUTARCH

Jody did not dwell on the subject. "I suppose he'll be back when he's cooled down," she said. "Did the boys go off to camp all right? Were they excited?"

"Madly."

"And Fenella?"

As usual, mention of her daughter brought a baffled look to Estelle's eyes. "She—she took it awfully badly, Jody."

"I said she would. It's the first time she's been separated from the twins. Where is she?"

"Out in the garden," Estelle told her. "She's been in a furious temper all yesterday and all today."

Jody laughed. "I'll go and fetch her in when lunch is ready," she said. "Poor little sweet. She's lonely, and she can't understand why she couldn't go camping with the boys."

She was at the sink, and Estelle stood by her drying the plates. Then, characteristically, she forgot what she was doing, put down the cloth and began to peer absent-mindedly into the saucepans that Jody had set on the stove.

"Who's still at the school?" asked Jody.

"Only the professor and Miss Bishop. And the major."

Jody glanced over her shoulder in surprise. The music professor, she knew, always stayed during the school holidays. He occupied one of the three staff cottages; being a refugee, he had no home to go to. Miss Bishop, his assistant on the staff, lived in the cottage next to his, and spent the holidays cooking and cleaning for him. But Major Miller was not a member of the staff, and had a cottage of his own, perched on the cliffs above Marcove.

"He's keeping the grounds in order while the gardeners are away," explained Estelle. "The third cottage was empty, and Michael agreed to let him live in it for three weeks."

"Cozy little colony," commented Jody. "The professor and his cello, Miss Bishop and her viola, and the major and his violin. That means music every evening, I suppose?"

"Yes. Beginning this evening," said Estelle.

"Well, I shan't be here," said Jody. "I'm going to London, to see Aunt Essie. I'll spend the night with her, and go straight to work in the morning."

"You really feel quite well again? No more of those peculiar dreams?"

Jody opened her mouth to reply, closed it again. "No more dreams," she said levelly at last.

"I'm so glad." Estelle sounded relieved. "Oh, Aunt Essie rang up while the doctor was here, and asked about you. She said she couldn't get down here to see you."

They both smiled, aware that it would take a major disaster to make their aunt overcome her dislike of Michael Page sufficiently to allow her to come to his house.

The sound of a car brought Jody back to the present. "That's Charles," she said.

She met him in the hall, and felt the peculiar satisfaction that the sight of him always brought her. He was less tall, less handsome than her brother-in-law, but he had a solidity and strength that Michael lacked. He was unusually dark, with thick black brows and a sailor's keen, deep-set eyes. They were vividly blue, and looked striking against his dark tanned face. His manner was somewhat abrupt and he was impatient of social graces.

Sometimes Jody wondered how much she loved him. She felt none of the stirrings of passion, none of the turbulence she had associated with the state of being in love—but Charles satisfied her, and she was happy in his company; that, she felt, was enough.

He saw a girl slender, rather small, not beautiful like Estelle, but with something better than beauty: a look of intelligence, of humor and of sensitiveness. Her nose was small, her mouth rather large; her greatest attraction lay in her dark, laughing, slant-set eyes.

"Better?" he asked.

"Yes." She put up her face for his kiss. "Come with me; I'm going to look for Fenella."

"What's the matter with Fenella?"

"Her life's blasted," Jody told him. "The twins went camping, and she couldn't go. She's taking it hard."

They found Fenella hunched on a tree stump near the shrubbery. She vouchsafed no reply to their greetings; she wished, she said, to be alone. No, she did not want lunch. No she did not wish to come indoors. For the moment, she would prefer not to meet her parents, who had demonstrated only too clearly that they cared only for the welfare of their sons and nothing at all for the happiness of their daughter.

"Well, that's that," said Charles as they walked away. "Time heals all, I dare say."

"You'll stay to lunch?"

"Anything you say. Will you come down to the boat afterward?"

"I can't. I'm going up to see Aunt Essie. I thought I'd take a suitcase and stay the night with her and go straight to work tomorrow morning."

"You really feel up to going back to the job?"

"Of course. What's a bump on the head?"

"Nothing . . . unless it leaves you with those peculiar notions you were airing yesterday. Sure they're gone?"

She remembered his face, white and anxious, when he had hurried over to see her after the accident. She had no desire to bring back that look to his eyes.

"They've gone," she said quietly.

She saw his relief, and realized that nothing in her recent accident had caused so much anxiety as her attempts to reconstruct its details.

"Will you drive me to the station after lunch?" she asked.

"Of course."

He took her there, and they sat on a bench on the little platform, hand in hand, saying little. The train came in, and Charles put her into an empty compartment and she was borne away. She leaned back and closed her eyes. Now, at last, she could think.

She found, to her dismay, that she did not want to think. She was afraid to look too deeply into the fog that obscured the details connected with her accident. She had come back to consciousness filled with a nameless dread, and though it had lessened, it had not gone away. She was afraid—and she did not know what she was afraid of.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



Captain Tom's Fish Bake

with Hunt's, it's a dish—instead of "just fish"

Plain-old-fish for dinner? Not when you fix it *this way*. Rich, red Hunt's Tomato Sauce, bubbling over fillets nested on a bed of green vegetables, turns fish into *company fare*. Gives it a spicy tomato twist that perks up the delicate fish and herb flavors.

And it's so easy. You make it, bake it, and serve it—all in the same dish.

The one "must" in this recipe is the Hunt's Tomato Sauce. You can use almost any kind of fish fillets, fresh or frozen. But only Hunt's has the deep tomato goodness that really *makes* this dish.

That's because Hunt's is *all tomato*. No fillers or thickening to hide the flavor. Each of its spices is blended in at the exact moment to heighten the tangy goodness of the sauce.

And then, we kettle-simmer it to a rich consistency that's *made to order* for your cooking.

Try it with meat loaf, hamburger, roasts, casseroles, leftovers. And be sure to serve Captain Tom's Fish Bake. (Once you do, you'll probably want Hunt's Tomato Sauce handy all the time!)

- 1 cup chopped onion
- ½ cup chopped celery and tops
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- 2 lbs. fish fillets*
- 1 teasp. salt
- ⅛ teasp. pepper
- ¼ cup pure vegetable oil, such as Wesson Oil
- ¾ teasp. paprika
- 2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

**Fresh or frozen fillets may be used. If frozen fillets are used, sauce will be thinner.*

Combine onion, celery and parsley. Arrange in large shallow greased baking dish. Place fish in overlapping layers over the vegetables. Season with salt and pepper.

Drizzle oil over top. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 10 minutes. Pour over Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Bake 30 to 35 minutes longer, or until fish is flaky and sauce bubbles. Baste fish frequently with sauce. Makes 6 servings.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

She reached London and made her way to her aunt's home in Knightsbridge. Clarice opened the door and led her into the drawing room, and Jody stood looking round the familiar furnishings.

The door opened, and she turned. Her aunt came into the room, and they greeted each other with genuine affection.

Lady Cleeve was about fifty, tall, thin and inexpressibly elegant. Jody had seldom seen her shaken out of her composure. She was a genuine man hater; at no time in her life had she lacked admirers, but she had only one passion: for orderliness. She loved to surround herself with beautiful things of a fragile and feminine kind, and in the type of home she had created, men had no place.

She pitied, deeply and sincerely, her married friends. They had been lured into marriage by strange biological urges, and there they were, stuck with husbands. Not for them the delicious little salads of asparagus flanked by two halves of tomato; not for them the charm of quiet evenings passed in satisfying solitude!

For her two nieces Lady Cleeve had deep affection, but Estelle exasperated her, and between herself and Michael Page there had long been open war. She had never liked him, but she had ceased to visit them since he had persuaded Jody to give up her rooms in London and go down to live at Broome.

She put her hands on Jody's shoulders and studied her.

"Darling, let me look at you," she said. "I worried about you, but Estelle said it was nothing more than a bump on the head. Does it still hurt?"

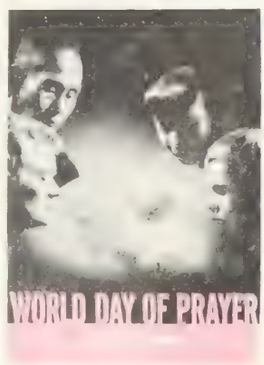
"No. It wasn't very bad."

"I've just sent Clarice out. Come into the kitchen and we'll make some tea and you shall tell me how it happened." She led the way, talking as she went. "You went to give somebody one of the usual beauty treatments, and you fell downstairs and you were found lying in a pool of blood."

"Practically no blood," Jody said. "And I didn't give the treatment because I never got to the client."

"Who was she?"

"I don't know. At least, all I know is her name and the number of the apartment. I'd given one treatment, and I had an eleven-thirty appointment with Mme. Latour at number four Dorset Court. The lift was out of order, so I must have walked upstairs. Number four



was only one flight up. I was found by the man who came to mend the lift."

"How long had you been lying there?"

"It couldn't have been long. The appointment was for eleven-thirty and the last thing I remember was arriving at Dorset Court and checking the time. It was twenty past eleven."

"I see." Lady Cleeve gave her a brief, searching glance. "Those are the facts, and you've come up here to tell me that you're still seeing things quite unconnected with lifts or staircases or clocks."

"Who told you?"

"Estelle said something about it when I telephoned this morning. Take the tray into the drawing room and then you can begin at the beginning."

She poured the tea, handed a cup to Jody and sat beside her on the sofa.

Jody hesitated. "The things I see—they're not hallucinations. If you dream things, or imagine things, you don't get the clear, vivid pictures I've got in my mind."

She stopped as Lady Cleeve raised a long, white, authoritative hand.

"Suppose you go back to where it all began. Now. You're a young woman employed by a firm of beauty specialists known as Hortense. You go out every day as a qualified member of the staff, giving treatments to rich old women. Three days ago, you looked in your little appointment book and said, 'This morning I go to Mme. le Brun and ——'"

"Mme. Latour."

"You set out with your little box of preparations—but you never get to madame's. Is that correct so far?"

Jody frowned. "I obviously got near her flat," she said, "because I was found just at the foot of the stone stairs which lead down from Mme. Latour's apartment. When I came round, I told them who I was and they rang up home, and Estelle told them where to find Michael—he was at his tailor's in town. So they got hold of him and he drove me home."

"As I picture it, you got there, felt giddy, found the lift wasn't working, got to the staircase, fainted, fell down the stairs and hit your head on the floor at the bottom."

"I've never fainted in my life."

"There's always a first time. My dear Jody, consider: You work all day at a job that keeps you on the run; you go home every night on a crowded train, standing most of the way; when you get home, you cook and clean and see that the children get to bed, and you make coffee for all those musical people who gather every night in the drawing room, and you go to bed exhausted. So one day you feel faint—what's surprising about that?"

"All right." Jody spoke calmly. "So I faint. And when I recover, I can remember nothing of my movements from the moment of arriving at the main entrance of I... Court. But instead of a blank, which I... understand, my mind's full of —— I'm ... frightened, Aunt Essie."

"*Frightened?*"

"Yes. I don't know why. Everybody ... it's natural for me to have been left wit... fused impressions. But these impre... aren't confused. They're absolutely clea...

"What did you think you saw, Jody?"

"It was a street," Jody began slowl... quiet, small street."

"A London street?"

"Yes. I'm almost sure of that. I saw a ... rather small houses—small, but not sh... not mean houses. The whole street ... trim, like the better parts of Chelsea."

"All these are only impressions. ... said ——"

"I'm coming to the clear part. There ... man. I saw him as plainly as I'm seeing ... only he wasn't as close as you are. H... some distance away, and I watched him ... ing closer."

"A young man?"

"Yes. A man of about thirty, I think. ... with red hair—the coppery kind."

"Did you watch him for long?"

"No. Because he didn't take more t... few steps, and he was pulling this ... and ——"

"*Goat?*"

"You said Estelle told you."

"I didn't think she'd got it right. L... street, man with goat . . . it didn't make ... She also said something about a door."

"Yes. A yellow door. At least"—Jod... tated, and the color rose in her cheek ... least, the top half was yellow and the ... half was black."

Lady Cleeve stared at her for a fe... ments. Then she replaced her cup on th... folded her hands on her lap and spoke th... fully. "I'm keeping an open mind, Jod... what you're telling me sounds ——"

"Crazy. Don't I know? I *know* it all s... fantastic—but I also know that I *saw* it. ... *real*."

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AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

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"...o you." Lady Cleeve picked up Jody's for...tten cup of tea, passed it to her and spo... calmly. "I know that you wouldn't bu... up situations out of nothing. But you we... unconscious for about forty minutes, I un...stand, and I think it's only natural that you should have been left with a lot of fus... and picturesque impressions. And if ou... work had something to do with it—which I'm ...ure it has—you would be left with a fantas...or two on your mind."

"...antasy?"

"...ut because you believe that you saw so...thing real, telling you that you didn't do...t help you. So we'll telephone for a taxi an... we'll go to Dorset Court and we'll drive rig... round the block looking for ——"

"...he yellow door?"

"...es. If we find the yellow door, I'll swallow... he man and the goat," Lady Cleeve told her... "Shall we do that?"

...dy's face answered for her; she was on her fee... and at the telephone, ringing up for a taxi.

...t there was no yellow door. They left the taxi... and walked round the four streets that enc...osed the great, modern block of apartments. The streets were wide, busy, traffic-fill...; the buildings along them were offices or br...antly lit shops. There were side streets, an... they walked down them—but even the side streets were broad and busy. There was no ...uiet street with a row of small houses. ...nd there was no yellow-and-black door.

...oing back to work after her three days' abs..., Jody determined to put the accident out of...er mind. But less than a week later she ha... occasion to remember.

...e was at Broome, and when she had prepa...d the dinner she went into the drawing ro... to tidy it, for after dinner there was to be ...usic. The string trio: Professor Joichim, M... Bishop and her cousin, Major Miller, we... to play one of the professor's new compo...ions. They would come, as usual, about nin... o'clock, and Jody would make coffee for th... before going up to bed. She seldom stay...d to listen; she liked music, but not the pr...essor's kind of music, which seemed to her to ...ve no recognizable form or tune. Music cri...s on the serious newspapers, however, we... beginning to accord his works great respect.

...e professor had come to the school from H...rogate, where he had founded the small an... struggling Joichim Conservatoire. Arriving unheralded and uninvited, he had asked Mi...ael to give him a place, however humble, o... the music staff. The school's head music m...ter had just been fatally injured in a car cr...h, and although it was generally supposed th... the vacant post would go to Miss Bishop, M...ael realized that Professor Joichim would m...e a far greater impression on parents.

...o the professor was appointed. Miss B...op's position had become awkward. Certa... of her appointment as head of the music s..., she had asked the headmaster if he w...ld consider appointing in a junior capa...ty a cousin of hers named Major Miller. Sh... had often spoken of him, and so everybo...y knew him to be about forty, handsome, w...ld-traveled and a first-class violinist.

...o written answer came from the major, bu... a week after Miss Bishop had posted her pr...posal he arrived by sea, sailing into Marc... in a trim little boat named Ballerina. He m...le his way up to the school, only to learn th... there was no post for him.

...hat was more than a year ago, but the m...or was still at Broome, as familiar a figure as...ny member of the staff. He played the violi... with the trio, and did a number of useful th...s about the school and its grounds.

...dy liked him, but certain things about hi... seemed inconsistent. Having come in appa...ent haste to take a junior post, he had st...ed on with no post at all. If he had needed m...ey, how could he have lived for the past ye... and more without earning any? In his descr...ptions of his travels, she noted discrepanc... of dates and events. What seemed strangest of all was the fact that though he showed t...ard Miss Bishop no trace of rancor for her p...mature summons, her attitude toward him w... one of unvarying coolness. Jody had once put these points before Charles, and he had laughed at her.

"What are you worrying about?" he had asked. "He's handy about the place, and everybody likes him."

"But if he can live without working, why did he consider a junior post and ——"

"Music. He likes to play his fiddle, and now he's a member of the trio and gets all the music he wants. What're you trying to do? Find a sinister reason for all this?"

"No. Not sinister. Just sensible. Once I heard them quarreling."

"They're related—let them have rows if they want to," he said lightly.

Between Miss Bishop and the professor all was friendly. His childlike blue eyes peered shortsightedly round to find her whenever she left him for long. She did his shopping, saw to his linen and generally mothered him. They made an odd pair: he was tall and thin and stooping, and her figure was like an old drawing of a trapeze artist—small waist, billowing hips and bosom, and hair arranged in a loose, old-fashioned style over her brow. Like the professor, she was about fifty; like him, she looked a good deal more.

Tonight the drawing room had an intimate air. Estelle sat listening, silent and absorbed, and the trio played. Jody waited for an interval and then carried in the coffee. The professor came across to speak to her, his mild blue eyes beaming with pleasure.

"What is this they tell me?" he asked, in his stumbling English. "You haf fallen somewhere?"

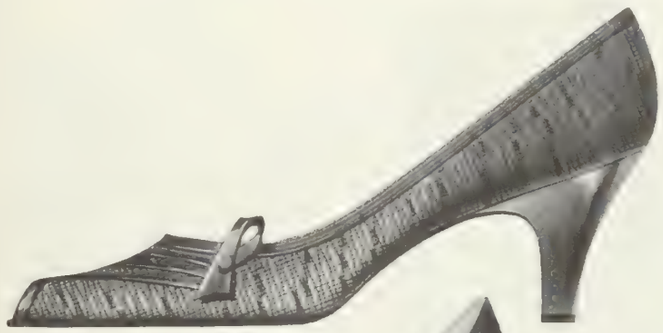
"It was nothing," Jody told him. " I fell down some stairs."

"Ah!" The sound was soft, distressed, sympathetic. "I do not hear before; I was away at my conservatoire, playing to them my last composition. You are quite, quite well now?"

"Quite, thank you. Wasn't that a new composition you were playing just now?"

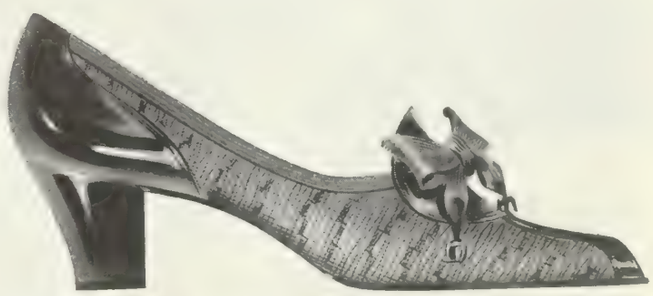
"New, yes. Now I am finishing a *muñeira*."

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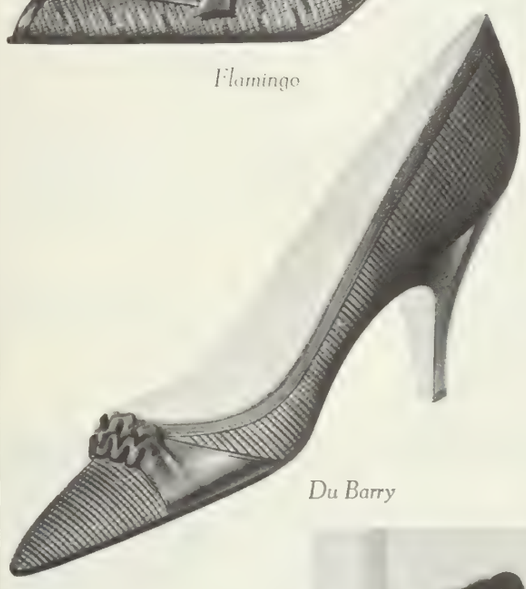


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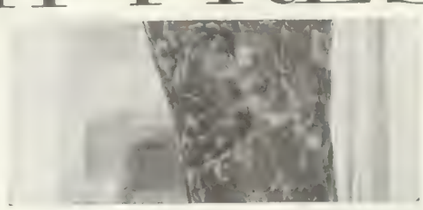
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"Spanish dance," Miss Bishop explained, in her pleasant but abrupt way. "Spanish dance, popular in Galicia. Compound duple time, ta, ta ra-ta ra-ta ta ta. Interesting. The professor thinks the boys will enjoy it next term."

Jody felt that the boys would have been much happier with a percussion band, but did not say so.

"You're looking much better," went on Miss Bishop. "Lost that peaked look. Trouble with falls is that you can't say how long the effects are going to last. What happened, exactly?"

"It sounds rather silly," said Jody. "I was found at the bottom of a flight of stairs."

"Absurd part of it," observed Miss Bishop, "is that I was up in London that morning, seeing the school printers. If only your sister had remembered when they rang her up, I could have hopped into a taxi and been with you in two shakes. Pity."

"The, headmaster was in town," explained Jody. "He brought me home. Professor, some more coffee?"

"No, thank you," said the professor. "Thank you, but it is time that we play again, I think."

He carried his cup to the tray, a signal that the interval was over. Jody gathered the empty cups and carried the tray to the kitchen. As she walked across the hall, she caught the telephone's shrill summons. She picked up the receiver and heard her aunt's voice.

"Is that you, Jody?"

"Yes, Aunt Essie."

"It may be nothing; absolutely nothing." Lady Cleeve sounded slightly bewildered. "I may be making an absolute fool of myself—and of you. But I had to ring you up and tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"Well, I've just got back from London Airport; I went to see a friend off to America. On the airport coach I sat next to a woman whose two friends were sitting behind us. She spent the entire time talking to them, and
can't help overhearing somebody's conve
tion if most of it is being screamed into y
ear. She was talking about another wo
called Nancy," went on Lady Cleeve. "
suddenly one of her friends from the seat
hind said, 'Oh, by the way, how's the goat
ting on?'"

"The—the goat?" echoed Jody.

"Yes. Don't interrupt, just listen.
woman next to me said 'What goat?' and
other woman said, 'Don't tell me that Nan
got a goat!' And the first woman said 'Yes'
the other woman said 'You're joking! I di
know anyone could keep a goat successf
right in the middle of London.' I gathered
Nancy—whoever Nancy is—has a large
den that stretches much farther than yo
think just by looking at her house. It
down as far as Waverley Square."

"Waverley Square?"

"You don't know where it is? Neither di
So I looked it up. It's two streets away fi
Dorset Court. It can't just be coincide
Jody."

"But I couldn't have ——"

"—— seen a goat in Waverley Squar
you weren't in Waverley Square? Why not
sume that you had a sort of blackout
wandered for five or ten minutes?
cross the road at the entrance to Dorset C
and you walk up that main street and then
turn into Waverley Place."

"No, Aunt Essie."

"How do you know? Get your treatm
done in a hurry tomorrow morning, have
early lunch with me, and after lunch
both go to Waverley Square and see if th
a yellow door. If there is, there's your
planation."

"Do you think it would make me feel
better to know I'd been wandering round
streets in a daze?"

"It would make *me* feel better. A black
isn't pleasant, but it's something you can
with. Nameless fears are something
again—far more unpleasant. Come with
tomorrow and we'll find your yellow d
and then all those fears of yours will vani

But Jody, after all, lunched alone. I
Cleeve telephoned during the morning;
would have to give up the expedition to
verley Square. Would Jody wait, or go alo

Jody went alone. Getting off the bus o
site the largest of the four entrances to Dc
Court, she stood for a moment looking at
great block of flats, fighting an inexplic
panic that welled up and threatened to en
her. She had got out of the bus on that m
ing not so long ago, and she had walked u
the entrance . . . and then?

She crossed the road and walked d
Waverley Place. The distance was not gr
barely five minutes elapsed before she reac
the corner and turned into Waverley Squ

She saw at once that it was not the stree
had seen, or imagined she had seen. On
sides stood tall houses; near the place
which she was standing green branches c
hung a high wall behind which childr
voices sounded, bringing a comfortable
gestion of safe, enclosed gardens. There
nothing here that she could dread—and
was certainly not the street she had com
seek. This was a sober square, even a n
square; nobody would have presume
paint any of these dignified doorways
frivolous shade of yellow.

She turned to go back to the bus st
and then froze in her tracks. From the c
side of the wall, loud and prolonged an
sistent, came the bleat of a goat.

Jody's next movements were automatic
walked forward and came to a low, wo
door in the wall. She pushed it open, ent
the garden and stood staring at a small, w
tethered goat.

She was in a long, narrow garden. Imm
ately before her was the row of low, sir
storied houses to which the gardens belon
beyond, towering, she saw the massive si
ture of Dorset Court. Staring at the en
row of windows, she realized that from or
them she could have seen this goat. This c
have been the house to which the goat wa
ing led; she was looking at the side of it
faced the garden, but if she walked roun

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ont, perhaps there would be a yellow-
lack door.
Something moved. Jody turned and, with
ing abruptness, came back to the pres-
he was trespassing in a stranger's gar-
Vorse, she had blundered into what she
aw to be a kindergarten: ten or more
children seated in a semicircle round a
in, elderly woman who had risen from
air and was now bearing down on Jody
utrage written plainly upon her face.
dy eyed her uneasily. Beyond her, she
see the pupils' heads turned in her direc-
n aged gardener paused in his weeding
ked a watery but suspicious glance on
baby, lying against embroidered pil-
n something too regal to be termed a
rested wide blue eyes on the intruder.
tall woman halted before Jody. "May I
what you are doing here?"
struggled to pull herself together.
orry. It was a mistake. I only wanted to
t ——"
u are not a friend of Lady Wigram's?"
he elderly woman abruptly.
dy Wigram? No, I'm afraid not. But,
, I heard the goat and ——"
haps you will kindly explain it to Lady
n," suggested the woman coldly. "She
ing now."
turned. A woman of about thirty—
pretty, plump and with an expression of
ood humor—had come out of the house.
ttle boys detached themselves from the
children and ran to meet her, and she
to pet them and to shoo them back to

**t in clanging fights and desper-
marches only is heroism to be
oked for, but on every railroad
idge and fireproof building that
going up today. On freight trains,
the decks of vessels, in cattle
rds, in mines, on lumber rafts,
ong the firemen and the police-
n, the demand for courage is
cessant and the supply never
ls.** **WILLIAM JAMES**

laces. Then she had come up to Jody
s looking at her with a faint smile.
sorry to have burst in so rudely," Jody
I was out there in Waverley Square,
eard the goat. I didn't mean to trespass,
ut I had a rather special reason for
g to see it."
Wigram laughed. "It sounds intri-
She turned to the elderly woman. "It's
t, Miss Bond. Please go on with the

lt it my duty to make inquiries," said
ond, directing a stern look at Jody. She
stiff bow and went back to her pupils,
dy Wigram looked at Jody.
n't you come into the house?" she
"I have to go out in about twenty min-
t perhaps you could explain about the

on't stay, thank you," said Jody. "I
sed, and it's more than kind of you to
me—but I have a job and I ought to be
back to it. If you would allow me to
his evening ——"
free from six to seven. Could you
hen?"
. Thank you," said Jody. "There'll be
tell you the whole story—but it won't
very sensible."
had turned and were walking toward
e.
l you know Betsy before we got her?"
. But . . . I saw a goat when . . . you
aunt rang up last night, and ——"
's the previous owner of Betsy?"
, no. She lives in Knightsbridge—the
t house in the district, and I don't think
could fit ——" She stopped. "It's a
involved story," she ended.
!"—Lady Wigram had opened the gar-
or, but was obviously interested and
nt to let Jody go—"you *have* seen Betsy
?"
on't know. That's what I hope to find
night. I think I saw her about a week ago when I went to give a beauty treatment to somebody living in Dorset Court. I was on my way to Mme. Latour's flat, and I must have seen the goat from a window nearby and ——"

Her voice faltered and died away. On Lady Wigram's face there had appeared suddenly an odd expression. Friendliness, warmth, interest had vanished. The look on her face was only too plain: she thought Jody a liar.

There was a short, dreadful silence, during which Jody burned with bewilderment and humiliation. Then Lady Wigram opened the door wide.

"Good-by, Miss ——"

"Hern. I ——"

"Good-by, Miss Hern. I'm so sorry I shan't be at home this evening; I've just remembered an engagement."

The words were followed by the sound of the door closing. Jody was outside, in Waverley Square, engulfed in shame. She had no means of knowing what had changed Lady Wigram's attitude; one moment she had been speaking with laughing familiarity—and the next, had stared with disbelief.

On an impulse, Jody crossed over to a telephone kiosk and rang up Estelle: she would, she said, stay with her aunt tonight and go home tomorrow, Saturday morning.

When she got to the house in Knightsbridge that evening, Lady Cleeve was out. Clarice, leading Jody to the drawing room, said that she would be in soon, and offered to make tea. Jody refused, and sat alone in the quiet, restful room and found the events of the past week rushing back at her with almost overwhelming force.

She was afraid. And now she knew that the fear had its roots in the things she had remembered, and which others said that she had imagined: the man, the goat, the yellow-and-black door. This morning she had been happy; this evening she was in her aunt's drawing room trembling and wringing her hands like a heroine in a melodrama. It was absurd. No, it was not absurd; it was dangerous. She would have to forget. Man, goat, door; from this moment, she swore to herself, she would leave them where they were: in the dark places of her mind. There must be no more looking back. The decision taken, she felt better.

She got up as she heard sounds on the steps, and went to open the door to save her aunt the trouble of using her key.

She had uttered the first word of greeting when she saw that it was not her aunt who stood on the steps. It was the man who had been leading the goat.

For a few blank seconds she could only stare, panic gripping her. She put out a hand to grope for the door, and saw the man take a step forward. She made a desperate effort to thrust him from her; and then she was falling, falling. She knew, as blackness closed round her, that she was falling into his arms.

She opened her eyes to find herself lying on the drawing-room sofa. Two people were bending over her: Lady Cleeve, and the man who had been standing on the steps. In the background hovered Clarice, wide-eyed with worry. For some moments nobody spoke, then Lady Cleeve's voice came anxiously.

"How do you feel, Jody?"

Jody sat up slowly. She looked up at the man. She had remembered him as angry-looking, and he was frowning now, watching her with brown, intent eyes. Once more Lady Cleeve spoke, this time in bewilderment.

"Do you two know each other?"

It was the man who answered. "I don't think so." He straightened, and his bulk seemed to fill the room. He was over six feet tall, and broad-shouldered, and his hands and feet looked enormous. "I was just about to ring the bell when the door opened and ——"

"I thought it was you," Jody told her aunt.

"Why should that make you faint?" Lady Cleeve paused. "Jody, you don't mean that he's—that he's the man you ——"

"Yes," said Jody.

The stranger looked from one to the other. "I've never been thought handsome, but I've never realized that my appearance could frighten a girl into fainting."

"It's all rather involved," broke in Lady Cleeve, "and we'd better begin at the beginning." She sat down, and spoke in her usual calm way. "Since you were coming to visit me," she began, "I presume that you know who I am." As his embarrassed air proved that he did not, she told him, and he bowed.

"I'm sorry to have come without warning in this way," he said. "I came looking for Miss Hern."

"This is my niece, Joanna Hern."

He looked at Jody. "You told my sister this afternoon that your aunt lived in a very small house in Knightsbridge—a house too small to hold a goat. I took a chance and came to this one."

"I went to Waverley Square after lunch," Jody explained to her aunt. "And I heard a goat bleat. It was in a garden near where I was standing, and before I knew what I was doing I'd walked in."

The strange young man took up the tale. "And you talked to my sister, and here I am," he said.

"And may I ask who you are?" inquired Lady Cleeve.

"I'm sorry. Huntley. Desmond Huntley. Lieutenant commander, Royal Navy, on a month's leave after service in the East, and staying with my sister in Waverley Mews." He hesitated. "If it isn't asking too much, perhaps you'd tell me why I frightened your niece?"

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"I think it would be better," said Lady Cleeve, "to begin at the beginning."

In a few sentences, she told him of Jody's accident and subsequent conviction that she had seen a man and a goat. She told him of the conversation overheard in the airline coach—and then Desmond Huntley took up the tale.

"Nancy is my sister, Lady Wigram," he explained. "She's got two little boys, and a baby of six months. The baby was ordered goat's milk, and when I came home on leave about ten days ago, I told her I'd see whether I could induce a goat to come and live in town, and I found one—name of Betsy." He looked at Jody. "And you must have seen me the day I installed it."

"You were pulling the goat along—but there was a yellow door ——"

"That's my sister's front door."

"But it was black and yellow."

There was a momentary look of bewilderment on his face, and then he put his head back, laughing.

"You're quite right—it was black and yellow," he said at last, sobering. "My sister was painting it. She does a lot of amateur decorating, but she can only do the upper half of the doors while the children are around. When they've gone to bed, she does the lower half." He looked at Jody. "Where were you when you saw me with the goat?"

"I don't know." She paused for a moment and then looked directly at him. "Will you tell me what I said or did this afternoon to offend your sister?"

"Offend?" repeated Lady Cleeve in surprise.

He hesitated, and seemed to be choosing his words carefully. "Something you said made her feel that you weren't as—as frank as you appeared to be."

"But what did I say?"

"You told her that you saw the goat from a window near Mme. Latour's flat."

"Why should that upset her?"

"Because she knows Mme. Latour, and visits her frequently. And she knows that her flat is on the other side of the building, quite away from any windows overlooking Waverley Mews. So for a moment my sister lost her nerve and remembered that wicked people sometimes use charming young girls to get into gardens and kidnap babies. Her own baby was in the garden, to say nothing of half a dozen children belonging to neighbors of high degree; they were all in her charge and so ——"

"—— and so she pushed me out," finished Jody. "But I *was* going to Mme. Latour's and I *was* found at the bottom of her staircase."

He frowned. He was sitting forward in a chair, his attitude easy and relaxed. Something in his air, however, told the two women that he was turning something over in his mind.

"It would be interesting," he said at last, "to know just what happened that morning."

"You mean that if she wasn't near Mme. Latour's flat, where was she?" asked Lady Cleeve.

"Something like that," he said. "You wouldn't," he asked them, "care to drive round with me to Dorset Court and try to relate time and place?"

"I don't quite understand," Jody said.

"It's perfectly simple." Desmond smiled. "You know what time you got to Dorset Court that morning. You know what time you were found at the bottom of the stairs. It would be interesting to see how far you could have got in between." He glanced at his watch. "There's time before dinner."

"I won't go, thank you," Lady Cleeve said.

He looked at Jody. "How about it?"

She hesitated, then she heard her aunt's dry tones. "You'd better go, Jody, and get the thing cleared up if you can." *And get this overlarge man removed*, her glance added.

"Your aunt," Desmond told Jody as he put her into his car, "is rather formidable."

"She doesn't like men very much."

He glanced at her engagement ring. "And does she give your fiancé the fish-eye when he comes to see you?"

Jody smiled. "I don't live here. I live with my sister at a place called Broome, in Sussex. My brother-in-law is the headmaster of the boys' school there, and my fiancé's the science master."

"Wouldn't you rather live nearer London?"

"In winter, perhaps," acknowledged Jody. "This is a nice car," she commented.

He grinned. "I brought Betsy to town in the back seat. Incidentally"—he paused at the traffic lights and glanced at Jody—"my sister wants to apologize. She said that the moment you'd gone she was sorry she'd had a moment's doubt about you. You were too obviously all right to have had sinister intentions—and besides, your story was so lame."

"Why did you follow it up?" Jody asked curiously.

"Because she told me you were the most attractive girl she'd ever seen," he answered calmly.

ON WAITING FOR THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

By NORMAN LEVINE

The rain stopped.
The all-night street light was on.
I heard the first train go by in
the hollow.
It was still and dark.
Then a bird sang somewhere near
And another one answered
And in between it was still and
dark.

It was a Thursday morning the
end of March
And the birds were singing
As I suppose they do every
morning
Only never have I heard them
as sharp and clear.
I sat in the next room by a table
Trying to read a book by Camus.
And listening
To the short cry, now regular,
sear high-pitched through
From the other side of the wall.

I sat there and listened to the
suffering in a human voice,
And watched the sky become a
lighter blue
Until the houses stopped being
black, and I could see windows.
And then, out of nowhere, a small
black toy thing, a bird
Fell against the blue sky, caught
the telephone wire
Outside my window, balanced
itself, and broke into song.

She found nothing to say to this. There was silence until they reached Dorset Court and Desmond had drawn up before the great block of flats. He walked round to help her out, and together they went toward the rather ornate north entrance. Then Jody halted.

"Not this way," she said.

"But this is the entrance which leads to Mme. Latour's flat. I'll take you there now, and I'll prove to you that you couldn't possibly have seen me or the goat from that side of the block—not unless you were looking through several intervening flats. Come on."

He took her arm and led her toward the short flight of steps that led to the north entrance—and then he felt her resisting.

"I didn't come this way. I'm absolutely certain I didn't," she said.

Something in her voice halted him. "If all this is bothering you," he said slowly at last, "we'll skip it. You sound frightened."

"I'm not frightened. At least ——"

"I'm sorry I've upset you," he said. "But I was interested in the story my sister told me, and wanted to know exactly what lay behind your desire to see the goat. And having found out, it seemed to me that there are one or two loose strings to tie up. But since we left your aunt's house, you've changed. You've got a scared look in your eyes—and if that's what playing about with loose threads is going to do for you, we'll just cut them and go back and pick up your aunt and go out to dinner somewhere, if you'll both come, and we'll give up this idea of poking into the past. Agreed?"

Jody, opening her mouth to give a heartfelt agreement, found to her dismay that no words came. Instead, she stared at Desmond, and the look in her eyes made him reach out and take her hand in a firm clasp.

"Jody." He spoke earnestly. "There's nothing to be frightened about. Nothing. Don't—please don't look like that. We'll drop the whole thing, now and forever. Yes?"

"No." The word was out before she could stop it. "I'll have to go in—just to get rid of this feeling of fear. I suppose it's like having a swimming accident—if you don't go into the water straightway and overcome your fear, you're left with it all your life."

"What exactly are you afraid of?"

"I don't know. I only know it's connected—or was connected—with what I saw: you and the goat."

"And the connection between yourself and myself is in there, inside Dorset Court, and so you're scared to go in."

"Yes. But I want to go in. If you'd forgive me for being stupid, and if you'd be patient and take me in and—and let me hang on to you if this panic comes on, I'll"—her eyes, wide and clear, stared into his—"I'll be grateful to you as long as I live."

He had taken her other hand; now the two lay in his own, and he looked down at them.

"See those?" he said. "My vast paws and your absurd little ones? Hang on—and don't let go."

Then they were walking once more toward the building.

"Now," said Desmond, when they had entered the hall, "pay attention. You say that Mme. Latour's on *that* side, and I say she's on *this*." They were in the lift, and he pressed the first-floor button. "It's only one flight," he said. "Now we're on Mme. Latour's floor—and here, at the end of this little corridor, is Mme. Latour's flat. There."

He stopped before a door. Jody stared at the number upon it, and opened her mouth to speak. Desmond put up a hand.

"Don't say anything yet," he ordered. "Come here. You see where you are? You're standing in a corridor a few yards long and there's one flat and one flat only before you: Mme. Latour's. And in the corridor—observe—is one window and one window only. Look out of it and what do you see?"

Jody looked out.

"You see?" he asked. "Not a sign of Waverley Mews."

"I didn't need to look," she said. "Because I was never here. This flat is number seven."

"You said Mme. Latour's."

"I know I did. But I must have made a mistake, because I thought her flat was number ——" She stopped, and fear flickered in her eyes. "I've—I've forgotten."

"It would be easy to check, wouldn't it? You must have her letter—or did she telephone and ask for an appointment?"

"She wrote."

"If we're going to clear this up, it's important to know which number you went to. Come on back to the car; you can direct me to your office."

The caretaker let them in, and Jody led Desmond to the desk she used. She walked to a filing cabinet, drew out a file, found a letter and stood staring at it.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's number four!"

He took the letter from her and looked at it. "Seven," he said.

"That's a four!"

"It's like a four, but it isn't a four. Because why? Because Mme. Latour is a Frenchwoman, and the French, for reasons of their own, insist on making ones look like sevens—they put a little dash through them. Then, just to make it more difficult, they mak sevens look like fours. When they use a pe like Mme. Latour's, the whole thing gets ou of hand."

She was staring at him. "And so that why ——"

"That's why," he said. "Come on. Th time, we're going to number four, and I thin we shall prove three things: one, that it's a co ner flat, at the end of a short corridor; two that from the window of the corridor, as yo waited for somebody to open the door, ye would have had a grandstand view of me tr ing to get the goat along to its new hom three—well, if the door opened and you sa something that frightened you ——" H paused and looked down at her, trying t weigh up her reactions. "You don't rememb *anything?*"

"Nothing."

They drove to Dorset Court once more, a this time Desmond led her to the south e trance. They went up a single flight in the li and then they got out and found themselv in a corridor which corresponded in eve detail to that leading to Mme. Latour's apar ment. Only the view was different. From th window she could see clearly the quiet litt road, the trim houses, the yellow door.

"You see?" came Desmond's voice quietl "You'd ring the bell, and as you waited f somebody to answer it, you'd turn natural to look out the window. And you'd see n trying to get Betsy along. And after that . well, what? If the door opened and somethi frightened you, wouldn't you turn and r back along this corridor and make for t stairs? You go down them faster than y meant to, and they find you at the bottom, u conscious."

"But ——"

"Wait a minute. All we have to do now is ring the bell of number four and see wheth Frankenstein answers the door. If he doesn and if somebody normal-looking answers we merely ask whether you called on them the morning of . . . what date was it?"

"Tuesday the fifteenth."

The questions were soon answered. Nu ber four was empty. A new tenant was shor to move in.

When Desmond inquired at the recepti desk, the clerk remembered that the previc tenants, a Mr. and Mrs. Grierson, had left something of a hurry. They had been call away urgently, he said, and had left the bui ing at about one o'clock, less than an ho after Mrs. Grierson had come down to t him that they were leaving. He had sent t stairs for their luggage. Mrs. Grierson h left in a taxi; Mr. Grierson, she said, had go on ahead to his bank. Their address —— Y here it was. Very difficult to pronounce; son where in Kenya. Desmond asked:

"What date did they leave?"

The clerk consulted the ledger once mc "The tenants left," he said, "on the morn of Tuesday the fifteenth."

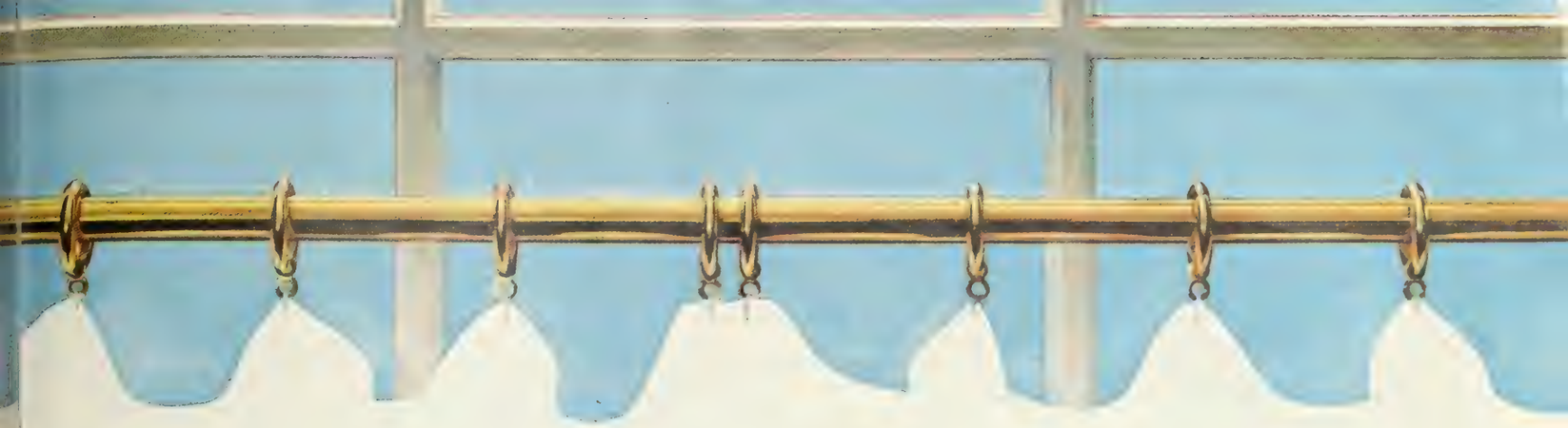
It was, argued Desmond, taking Jody's a and moving her out of earshot of the clerk was pure coincidence. People didn't take th furnished apartments forever. They moved they moved out.

"Which was the coincidence?" she ask "My going to see them about an hour bef they left, or my being found at the bottom their stairs about an hour before they le Or the fact that I was left with a feeling panic after seeing them? Because you kn something? I'm certain that I did see them."

"You could have. You go to the wrong You ring the bell. This Grierson answers sees a pretty girl on his doorstep and says does something to frighten you. Being a se ble girl, you run for it. He feels fairly cert that you'll lodge a complaint downstairs, he alerts his wife and they pack up and p off. Not because they fear your complain itself, but because the fellow was probably of the maniacs you read about who'd been for similar offenses before. Won't you acc that as a sound reconstruction?"

"I'll have to." Jody moved away from counter. "Investigation over—but thank all the same."

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

He followed her outside. "I'm sorry. I hoped it would kill that bogey."

"Oh—but it *has!*"

"You mean you're not frightened any more?" he asked.

"Perhaps I am," she said. "But if the fear's still there, then fear is a much less strong emotion than curiosity. You've removed panic and left me feeling like the girl reporter who didn't get her scoop."

"I'm curious, too," he said. He stopped. A man had come down the steps of the main entrance and was hurrying toward the car.

"Ah—I'm not too late," he said. "The reception clerk told me that you had been making inquiries about Mr. and Mrs. Grierson. I am Mr. Kennedy, the reception manager, and I came out to ask whether you were by any chance friends of theirs."

"We didn't even know their names," explained Desmond, "until we checked up on apartment number four. This lady"—he indicated Jody—"had a slight accident on the morning the Griersons left, and doesn't remember much about what happened—but we thought that she might have gone by mistake to number four. Since the Griersons have left, there doesn't seem much hope of clearing up the point."

"I see." Mr. Kennedy stared at them out of keen, hard, intelligent little black eyes. "I'm sorry we haven't been able to help you. We knew very little about them. In fact, I would not have come out here to see you if I had not been able to add one small item of information to the little the clerk gave you."

"What is it?" asked Jody.

"It doesn't amount to much," confessed Mr. Kennedy, "but you might be helped by knowing that Mrs. Grierson's name is Laurie. She is young and remarkably handsome; she has naturally fair hair."

"Well, that ought to help," said Desmond dryly. "She's a blonde and they call her Laurie. Is Mr. Grierson a blond too?"

"That," said Mr. Kennedy, "I cannot tell you. The apartment was taken by Mrs. Grierson, for—she said—her husband and herself. She entertained a great deal, and from time to time"—he glanced apologetically at Jody—"there were evidences that somebody had stayed in the apartment for a night or two. But no one on the staff can state who the elusive Mr. Grierson was, or what he looked like. All this, of course, was known to the Reception Department; we did not intend to renew the lease when it came to an end."

"She was a blonde, and she was called Laurie, and any one of several visiting gentlemen could have been her husband—right?" asked Desmond.

"It doesn't sound much," said Mr. Kennedy regretfully, "but it may help you. I hope it does."

There was an odd note in his voice, and Jody stared at him. "Are you anxious to find them too?"

"Anxious? Perhaps. I would find it interesting," said Mr. Kennedy, "to discover why there was a small trace of blood on the drawing-room carpet of number four."

He gave a slight bow, and without further speech turned and walked away.

Desmond spoke thoughtfully. "Well, what exactly do you make of all that?"

"Obviously, it was my blood. Obviously, Mr. Grierson dragged me into the drawing room and attacked me. Then I escaped—and fell downstairs. When I recovered, I remembered the man and the goat, and naturally thought that the goat had butted me down the stairs—and all my life, when I see a goat, or a red-haired man, I shall give a loud scream and faint."

He grinned at her. "All right," he said. "Where do we go now?"

"We follow the yellow brick road."

"And where does that lead us?" he wanted to know.

"Nobody knows. But there's supposed to be a wizard at the end of it, and he might be able to tell us something."

"And along this yellow brick road, we find Laurie?"

"We might."

Desmond started the engine and the car moved smoothly out into the road. "Anyhow, I've enjoyed it and I hope you'll let me go on trying to work something out."

"You said you had time on your hands. But I haven't. I do two jobs—one here in London, and the other at home in Broome."

"Nancy's husband has a cottage in Sussex and is always trying to induce her to go and spend a few weeks in it," Desmond told her. "If she did, I could see something of you—and try to solve one more mystery."

"What mystery?"

"Whether your fiancé knows what a prize he's drawn."

He brought the car to a halt outside her aunt's house and turned to look at her. "When do I see you again?"

"I'm sorry," said Jody, "but ——"

"Look." His tone was reasonable. "You can't just throw me out of your life. I don't want to upset your fiancé or your family, but couldn't you explain to them that we're trying to find out how you got hurt that morning? We found a clue—don't you want to follow it up?"

"I don't think there's the smallest hope of ever finding the Griersons."

"Don't you want to try?"

"How could we begin?" she asked at last. "I'm busy all day and busy every evening. You're on leave and you ought to be making the most of it having fun."

"This is fun. What about that yellow brick road you talked about?"

He came round to help her out of the car and stood waiting for her answer.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm grateful—more grateful than I can say—but ——"

"No detective work?"

"I'm afraid not."

"And that means that you and Betsy and I were brought together for nothing?" He was in the car once more, and he switched on the engine. "You think Fate takes all that trouble—for nothing?"

"Good-by," said Jody.

"Nonsense," said Desmond Huntley, and drove away.

Jody gave her aunt a full account of what had happened, telling the story in serial form as they went from the drawing room to the dining room and then, dinner over, back to the drawing room once more. At the end of the story, Lady Cleeve sat silent and thoughtful, pouring out the coffee and turning over the new developments in her mind.

"It's very hard," she said, "to see you as the heroine of a melodrama. You're not at all the kind of girl who fits into anything spectacular, you know. You could have lived here with me, and you elected to go down to Estelle's and turn yourself into a *Hausfrau*. You could have met some extremely eligible men in town, but you preferred to accept the first science master who proposed to you. And there," she ended, "is where I think the real trouble lies."

"I don't understand."

"Well, let me enlighten you. For four years you've been leading a completely unnatural life—that is, you've been living Estelle's life, and her husband's life, and not your own. And now you've got engaged to a man who won't make you happy."

"Charles is all right."

"If you marry him, you'll spend your life sitting on the quay at Marcove with his lunch or his dinner in a little basket, waiting for him to bring his boat into harbor." She paused. "Does he talk about a home for you when you marry? No. All he wants is a bigger and better boat."

"I like sailing. I like sailing with him."

"When you're married to him, you'll have as much of it as you want. It won't work, Jody. He's a man with no desire for a settled home—and you're a girl who needs one. The life he's offering you isn't the life you want, and I think that, subconsciously, you know it. But because you refuse to face it, you're running into trouble of the psychological kind."

"I didn't imagine all this, Aunt Essie. It *happened*."

Lady Cleeve made no answer. She was thinking of Desmond Huntley. He and Jody had gone out as strangers, and in less than an hour had seemed to have got on to easy, friendly terms. But Jody was the faithful kind; she had chosen her science master and she would stick to him. It was a pity.

"If you take my advice," she said, "you'll keep this evening's little adventure to yourself."

"I won't tell Estelle or Michael, but I'll have to tell Charles."

"If you do, you'll make him angry—and you'll worry him. Keep it between yourself and Lieutenant Commander Huntley."

She was amazed at her own subtlety. There was nothing so cozy as a secret shared. This massive young naval man, with his rugged look, his quiet, relaxed, easy manner, was the kind of husband she had sketched in her mind for Jody—but Jody had not waited for him. Jody had met Charles Vaughan, whose idea of a courtship seemed to lie in keeping her waiting for hours on the quay at Marcove for him to bring his boat into harbor, and then helping him to clean it and cooking his meals. Things had gone far too smoothly for him, and there was a great deal of satisfaction in trying to make them more difficult. Soon, perhaps, there would be two yachtsmen coming into Marcove with eyes searching the shore for Jody's small figure. It was a situation which met with her entire approval.

Keeping Estelle and Michael in ignorance, Jody found when she returned to Broome on Saturday morning, was easy. Both were out for the day.

She packed a basket of food and went across to Miss Bishop's cottage to see if she could beg a lift to Marcove. There was no sign of her or the car, however, and Jody decided that she would walk. When she reached Marcove, she stood on the clifftop and looked down at the tiny harbor below. Gazelle was not there. The school's two dinghies bobbed between two fishing boats; on Ballerina's deck she could see the major, and although she could not hear him, she knew that he was singing, for he sang most of the time.

She walked down to the harbor. Looking out to sea, she saw Gazelle coming in, and stood watching her dance her way to the shore. She could see Charles busy with the ropes, and understood how stifling he found the long hours spent in classrooms.

The major, from Ballerina's deck, turned a professional glance on the rapidly approaching Gazelle. "You should be out with hi Jody," he said. "Wonderful day for a sa Take you myself, if you'll come. *As we go ro ing, over the rolling, over the rolling sea,*" caroled.

Jody looked at him with a smile. She h never, she thought, met a Jack-of-all-trad until the major had come to Broome. Once soldier, now a first-class sailor. A good mu cian, an expert gardener, a handy carpent He seemed to have traveled everywhere a seen everything, and he was as adaptable a chameleon: neat and serious in Estelle's dra ing room, playing the professor's intric compositions, and now in patched blue tro sers and faded blue shirt, gay and carefree a filling the air with music-hall memories.

"*'Twas a June afternoon, and a sentimenta coon*
Stood alone in the shadow of the trees,"

he sang, and broke off once more. "Miss you after the practice the other night. Y didn't fall down any more flights of stairs? that is, if you really did fall."

"You think someone pushed me?"

"No, not pushed. But I said to myself wh I heard about it, 'Funny thing that; s scores of people come scores of croppers do scores of flights of stairs, but never saw end up with a bump on the back of the he Never. Sprained arm, yes; broken leg, may scraped elbow, perhaps; all-over bruises, c tainly.' You have any bruises?"

Jody hesitated, and depression crept o her. He was taking the sunshine out of the d "No," she said at last.

"Well, who said you fell downstairs? A body see you go down?"

"No."

"A chap comes to mend the lift and s you lying at the foot of the stairs and says himself, 'Hello, young lady fallen downsta And he tells that to the management and t take it for a fact. Myself, I think you di fall down those stairs. Myself, I think you a nice little maidenly swoon at the bottom them and in falling gave your head a wh on the concrete. That way, no bumps, bruises, no fractures. See what I mean?"

"Yes."

She turned to watch Charles coming in, her mind was full of the major's theory. I was right, if she had fainted before going the stairs, the Griersons—Laurie and her h band—could be ruled out. There was noth to show that she had ever been to their ap ment. There was no reason to suppose that accident had any connection with their hur departure from Dorset Court.

Looking at last night's events in this c air, and with the major's sensible words in ears, Mr. Kennedy and his mysterious h and his talk of blood and blondes seeme ridiculous, so ludicrous that she felt he growing hot with shame for having ta them for a moment seriously.

She stepped aboard Gazelle. Charles t her chin and dropped a light kiss on mouth.

"Long time no see," he said. "Why did stay up in town last night?"

What had she been about to say before major brought her back to her senses? *W met the man with the goat, and he thinks Mr. Grierson chased me down the stairs, then he and his wife—she's a natural blonde awfully attractive—packed up and fle Kenya, leaving blood on the drawing-room pet.*

"I stayed to dinner with Aunt Essie," said.

"Clear soup, steamed sole and coffee."

"Quite right."

"That woman —— What's in the bask he broke off to ask.

"What did you want in the basket?"

"Cold beef sandwiches with plenty of tard; a chicken bone to chew on; a hun cheese, Stilton for preference; and any that's going, cherries for choice."

"I read your mind."

When they had eaten, Charles stret himself along the deck and rested his hea Jody's lap and gave a sigh of pleasure.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

WILD WHITE BEACH PLUM

By DIONIS COFFIN RIGGS

Smooth lawns
That lead down to the harbor,
Box hedges swathed
In winter clothes of burlap.
Tulips, bright along the inner wall,
Against white-painted houses.
But someone has left,
Beside the gate,
A wild, white beach plum
blooming.

Trimmed grass
Around the gravestones,
Myrtle and arborvitae,
Geraniums in earthen pots,
And hothouse flowers
In jars half-filled with water.
But someone has left,
Beside an old gray stone,
A wild, white beach plum
growing.



Veal Victoire . . . easy yet epicurean, with herbs and the full, natural flavor of Del Monte Peas

Special-occasion flavor goes hand in hand with everyday convenience in this savory combination—you cook veal with tender, tempting DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas, liquid and all!

And isn't it pleasant to find so much garden flavor in peas already perfectly cooked and ready for you to enjoy? That's the DEL MONTE blend—the tastiest, tenderest peas of all the most flavorful sizes, packed together. You get the sweetness of the smaller peas with the richness of the larger, the way you do in fresh peas.

No two ways about it, DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas are in a class by themselves. Taste them!

VEAL VICTOIRE

- 1½ lb. veal steak (¾" thick) or cutlets or chops to serve 4
- 3 tablesp. butter or margarine
- ½ small onion, chopped
- 2 teasp. minced parsley
- ¼ teasp. each: crumbled thyme, crumbled rosemary, garlic salt
- Dash of pepper
- ¼ cup pimiento strips
- 1 teasp. grated lemon peel
- 1 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand *Early Garden* Peas
- 1 tablesp. cornstarch
- 2 tablesp. water
- 1 teasp. lemon juice

Brown meat on both sides in the butter. Add onion; sauté till onion is tender. Sprinkle parsley, thyme, rosemary, garlic salt, pepper, pimiento and lemon peel over meat, and pour on liquid from peas. Cover; simmer till meat is tender, about 30 min. At serving time add peas and heat, covered, till peas are hot. Thicken with cornstarch mixed with water; stir in lemon juice, serve immediately. Serves 4.

Del Monte® Peas





An urgent message to parents about...

POLIO

Take a long hard look at this picture.

Though next summer's polio season may seem a long way off, remember it takes months to build up a child's resistance to polio.

If "shots" against this disease are started now, you may spare yourself needless worry later on. If your child has had no "shots," go to your physician or clinic as soon as possible.

Any time around three months of age, the first of these essential polio injections can be given. The second injection is given a month later—and the third one, about seven months after the second injection.

And if you have a youngster who has had all three "shots," ask his physician when a fourth, or booster dose, should be given.

This protection can be given alone or in a combined vaccine which protects against polio, whooping cough, tetanus and diphtheria.

What about your own polio protection? You, too, should be vaccinated. When polio does strike an adult, it is usually severe.

Vaccine is plentiful throughout our country. And it's the only defense we have against paralytic polio.

Strike your blow against polio today!

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTCARD

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Metropolitan Life

INSURANCE COMPANY©

A MUTUAL COMPANY

Metropolitan Life (Dept. A)
1 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Please send me the free booklet, *"ABC's of Childhood Disease,"* 3-60-J

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Street

City & Zone State

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

"This is the life—isn't it?"

"Does it bring in any money?"

"This time next year we'll be living on yours. Do you love me?"

She smiled down at him. "I think so. Couldn't we live on your money too?"

"We'll be doing that—quite literally. I'm buying Ballerina. At least, I think so. The major wants to sell her."

"Have you ——"

"—— come to a definite agreement? No. But I'm taking her across to St. Malo the day after tomorrow; trial trip. If I like the way she behaves, I'll buy her. Then we could get married and live on her for the rest of the summer."

Jody, examining this proposal, felt that it lacked something, both in matter and in manner. In the silence that followed, she recalled some of her brother-in-law's more high-handed actions and wondered whether she and Estelle were too easygoing; they both, she reflected, let their men get away with a great deal.

He drew her down beside him and put his arms round her. "One day," he said musingly, "one day we'll get away from classrooms and kitchens, and ——"

"—— out to sea?"

"Why not? Wouldn't you like to live on Ballerina?"

"Would there be room for the children?"

He peered at her. "You mean you want to produce a brood of infants?"

"A quartet. Don't you want a family?"

"Dunno. Babies falling over themselves all over the deck?"

"It's more than a possibility, once we're married."

"Let's sail," he said suddenly.

"So long as we get back early," said Jody. "Estelle and Michael and Fenella were out for the day—I'd like to have a nice dinner waiting for them."

Charles said nothing. They had fought this battle before, and he had lost. Sitting hunched against the railing, he took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and lit one.

"What," he inquired coldly after a time Estelle going to do when you marry You've spent enough time running M house for him."

"If I hadn't wanted to run the house you think I would have done it for so lo

"Yes, I do. I think you're the self-sacrifi type."

"Then you're wrong. If I'd thought it to ——"

"For Pete's sake don't start it all again begged. He took her chin in his hand and and rubbed his nose gently against hers. going sailing; are you coming?"

"No."

"Have it your own way. What time do want me to show up for dinner?"

"About eight, if you can."

He did not come, and Jody was not prised. They had agreed early in their ass tion that, given perfect conditions at sea body could be expected to leave them an tend purposeless functions on land. In sp his absence, dinner was very gay. Michae Estelle had driven almost all day, and had lunch and tea with friends. Best o Michael had bought Fenella a very small and this was now erected in the gallery, a it—or half in it—was Fenella's mattress on the mattress lay Fenella, not yet asleep blissfully happy in the thought of being camp of her own.

She was still awake when Jody wen stairs. "I'm sleeping in a camp," she cr "Can I have my breakfast in the tent to row?"

"Why not? If you're camping, you're ing."

She sat cross-legged on the blanket M had spread outside the tent, and glanced letters she had picked up from the hall and not yet had time to read.

"Read them to me," commanded Fene

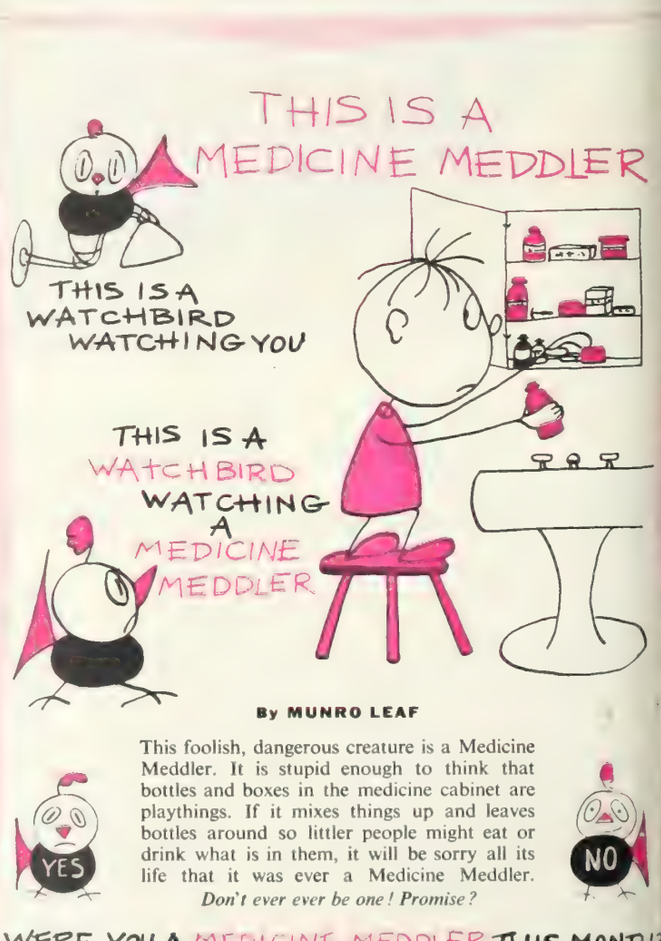
"There's nothing to read. A bill, a and an invitation."

"An' what's in the parcel?"

"A pair of earrings I sent to be mende

"Oh. Then tell me a story."

"In camp," said Jody firmly, "people tell people stories."



is seemed sense to Fenella. She lay down
, and presently the toes ceased to wriggle
ecame still. Jody stripped the wrapping
the package, and gently unrolled the
paper. But it was not a pair of earrings
dropped into her palm. For some mo-
s she sat motionless, looking at the tiny
t she was holding.
t more than an inch in height, beautifully
d and colored, it was a miniature of the
named Betsy.

dy Cleeve found that to scheme was one
; to become entangled in the schemes was
another. So a week later, driven by cir-
tances beyond her control, she paid a
o Broome.
dy greeted her aunt with undisguised as-
nment. "This is a great surprise—but a
one," she said, kissing her. "Have you
to lunch?"
o," Lady Cleeve told her. "I'm on my
ome; I spent the night with poor old
ed Eaton at Eastbourne. But that wasn't
I came to talk about." She folded her
on her lap and regarded her niece
ly. "Jody, you've got to do something
this young man."
is . . . young man?"
is naval man you produced from no-
. I can't, I really cannot stand any more
. My dear girl, the man has all but taken
sidence. He calls daily, he sits in my
ng room and completely ignores polite
or broad hints. He's impervious to
. I sit waiting for him to go away, and he
ds not to notice; he merely goes on
g as though I were entranced by his
any. You must, you really must put a
o it."
it ——"
e only reason for it, of course, is that
oping to meet you again. He won't come
here, because most unfortunately I told
n the first evening that I had advised
say nothing of your having met him."
used. "Did you say anything?"
."
long silence ensued. Jody, staring at the
carefully counted from middle C to the
ve it . . . seven notes. Seven goats. Seven
presentations of Betsy, all in wood, all
ainted. One a day, beginning last Satur-
o word; simply a goat.
hat can I do?"
u can come up tomorrow, confront him
e appears and tell him with my compli-
to go away and stay away."
t ——"
re's Estelle. I can't discuss it any more.
e to my car when I leave."
elle came in a moment later, slim and
in a wide-skirted cotton dress. She kissed
nt and sat beside her on the sofa.
so sorry Michael couldn't come in
ne," she began. "He had an appoint-
with a parent."
titled one, of course?"
nt Essie!" protested Jody. "You're be-
it harsh, aren't you?"
's coming," said Estelle, her eyes on the
w. "And he's bringing the parent with
m."
heard footsteps in the hall, and tried
pose her countenance, but the smile
on her lips—for the woman he was
ng in was Lady Wigram.

elle"—Michael spoke in the voice he
d for parents: slow, calm, casual—
s Lady Wigram."
come and sit down," said Estelle. "This
unt, Lady Cleeve, and this is my sister-
——."
!" Lady Wigram, having bowed to
dy aunt, was now standing before Jody,
g delighted. "How nice to see you
u've met before?" asked Michael.
ss Hern came into my garden to see my
Lady Wigram told him. "Wasn't it odd
e should have seen it without knowing
it was?"
y odd indeed," said Michael.
d wasn't it extraordinary that my
r should have found her at Lady
's house?"
raordinary," said Michael.

"My husband and I own a cottage down here in Sussex—about six miles away," went on Lady Wigram. "We don't often use it, because we have so much to do in London, but my brother is home on leave—he's in the navy. I suppose your sister-in-law told you?"

"No. No, she didn't mention it," said Michael.

"He's persuaded me to come and spend the rest of the summer at the cottage. He's got a boat, and he's going to do a lot of sailing." She turned to Estelle. "When we're settled, I do hope you'll all come to see us. And then we can arrange all the details about when the boys are to come." And then she had made her farewells and was being escorted by her host and hostess to the car.

"What did I tell you?" said Lady Cleeve, when the door had closed behind them. "This lieutenant commander is a resourceful young man. Incidentally, how is Charles?"

"He went across to St. Malo; he's trying out a new boat. He should be back soon."

They walked in silence to the front door; the car circled to meet them; the chauffeur assisted his passenger in. Lady Cleeve settled herself against the cushions and then leaned out to say a last word to Jody.

"I don't think the young man will be troubling me again. I pass him over to Estelle, with my love. Don't let Michael bully you. Good-by." She was borne away.

Jody, making a detour to avoid meeting Estelle and Michael, ran straight into them round the corner of the house, and complied meekly with her brother-in-law's request to accompany them to the house.

"Don't you," he asked when they were once more indoors, "owe us some sort of explanation?"

"Of course she doesn't," said Estelle. "Don't be so pompous. But Jody, you pig, fancy not telling me."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

SWIFT'S
Meats for Babies
$25,000
"Protein Age" SWEEPSTAKES



Imagine how wonderful it would be to win one of Swift's big cash prizes! Think of the many things all that money could buy for your baby! Or you may win one of 490 other exciting prizes!

It's easy! And here's a little game to make it fun. On the jars pictured in this ad, four of the labels aren't correct. But TWO labels are correct—just as they appear on your store's shelf.

See if you can identify the two *correct* labels by number, as they appear in this ad. (See spaces for answers below.)

P.S. The Protein Age is the time of your baby's most rapid growth. It's the first year of life, when the complete, high-quality protein of meat does most to give your baby a healthy start. It's the time to trust *Swift*, the meat *specialist!*



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Cash prizes to help you buy everything baby needs! Every winner receives a famous Cosco Nylon Playpen! ($24.95 Value)

FIRST PRIZE!
$3,000.00 in cash AND a Cosco Nylon Playpen!

Second Prize
$2,000.00 in cash AND a Cosco Nylon Playpen!

Third Through Tenth Prizes
Each . . . $1,000.00 in cash AND a Cosco Nylon Playpen!

Next 490 Prizes
Each...Cosco Nylon Playpen!

I believe the two correct Swift's labels pictured in this ad are:

No. ☐ No. ☐

(It is not necessary to identify the correct labels to enter the Sweepstakes)

Nothing To Buy! Enter Now!

Sweepstakes Rules

1. Write your name and address on the entry blank in this ad or on entry blanks available at your favorite food store. Or, if you prefer, use one side of a post card. Mail to: SWIFT'S "PROTEIN AGE" SWEEPSTAKES, Box 5133, Chicago 77, Illinois.

2. Entries must be postmarked before midnight April 16 and received no later than midnight April 20. All winners will be notified by mail promptly upon completion of the drawing. List of winners will be mailed on request.

3. Winners will be selected by drawing from the total of all names received within the designated time limits. The drawings will be conducted under full legal supervision of a nationally known company.

4. This Sweepstakes void in Wisconsin, Florida, Nebraska, New Jersey, and any other state or locality where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Otherwise, all persons in the United States, its territories and possessions may enter except employees of Swift & Company, its advertising agencies, and their families.

Mail to:
SWIFT'S "PROTEIN AGE" SWEEPSTAKES
Box 5133, Chicago 77, Illinois

Please enter my name and address in Swift's "Protein Age" Sweepstakes.

NAME_____
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ZONE____STATE_____



Big-appetite sandwich: Kraft DeLuxe Slices, mayonnaise, mustard, teamed with ham and pickles

MORE CHEESE FLAVOR PER BITE!

HIGH PROTEIN POWER PER SLICE!



Pan-fry Kraft DeLuxe cheese sandwiches in melted Parkay Margarine for a great family lunch

Kraft DeLuxe Slices

give you extra goodness

Sure you can buy cheaper cheese slices than Kraft's. But not with the extra rich cheese flavor that comes from the truly fine natural cheeses Kraft uses.

And Kraft's are big, full-ounce slices that pack important protein power into every sandwich you make. What's more, only Kraft can use the special method that makes these slices taste so extra good and separate so beautifully. That's why they're called Kraft DeLuxe Slices.



KRAFT AMERICAN • OLD ENGLISH Brand • SWISS • BRICK

PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESES

NTINUED FROM PAGE 109

ld you please tell us what happened?"
chael.
told the story of her aunt's informa-
d her subsequent visit to Waverley
She told them of her entry into the
and Desmond Huntley's visit to her
ouse that evening.
er subsequent visit to Dorset Court
smond Huntley she said nothing. She
l time to ponder, and had concluded
visit had been a mistake. Mr. Kennedy
n melodramatic, and she had been
to allow herself to set out on a road
ld lead nowhere.
el turned in wonder to his wife. "She
vn some stairs, she's told it would be
forget the whole thing—and what
do? She goes roaming round London
for goats. She walks into a total
's garden, and then she gets involved
aval fellow with too much time on his
nd now ——"
you've got two new pupils," Estelle
d him. "What are you complaining

much of this did you tell Charles?"
n't tell him anything."
, don't." Michael spoke in his most
nanner. "If you want to preserve the
en keep quiet. I'll keep an eye on this
fellow, and if he shows any signs of
bove himself, I'll deal with him."
's coming to live in the cottage with
er," pointed out Estelle, "they're
o come here, and Charles will have to
no he is."
:," said Michael reasonably, "I don't
actly how Lady Wigram came to de-
she'd send her two sons here. If she
uenced by her brother, and if her
is fixing the school angle with a view
g Jody at closer quarters, we don't
worry about it yet—or worry Charles
yet. I want the two boys, and I won't
if we start a movement to keep Lady
s brother off the premises. Jody's old
to deal with anybody who tries to
ices. If she wants any help, she can
me—but if we make a start by getting
back up, I can say good-by to the
. Does that make sense?"
ight make sense, but it also makes
bit difficult for Jody, doesn't it?"
telle. "She's engaged to Charles."
el began to speak, thought better of
alked out of the room. Estelle's eyes
oughtfully on her sister.
ve been odd lately. Is everything all

did not answer for a time. She was
by the piano, absently picking out an
one finger. Her expression was sober,
rooding.
ing much," she said. "Just a sort of
I've got that Charles and Michael
around."
ael wasn't pushing you around just
was just suggesting that we needn't
uble halfway, that's all. What's really
you is that Charles has gone off to
."
been before, and he'll go again, and I
to go. It's just that he doesn't seem to
h thought to anything but sailing, and
nd his hope of getting out of the
profession and living in the open. He
ce asked me what I'd like to do. And
stood here just now and calmly
out what we were all going to do,
once asking me what I thought of
d Huntley. There's no danger of my
anything at all about him—but it's
e asked."

sat on the arm of a chair and spoke
ully. "You've known Charles since
fourteen; you ought to have come to
conclusions about him before now—
agreed to marry him and now's the
lear up any doubts you may have."
aid nothing. Sitting on alone when
ad gone, her thoughts went to Des-
untley. He would be living nearby,
ould be a visitor; perhaps a frequent
Lady Cleeve had testified to his stay-
rs. Deep down, she felt the stirrings of fear. Desmond's interest lay, she felt sure, only partly in herself. He was home on leave, he had time to spare, and he had touched the fringes of a mystery; she could not blame him for wanting to probe further.

She was recalled to the present when the telephone rang. To her astonishment, her aunt's voice came to her ears.

"I've just got home. Can you come?" There was something strained in her aunt's voice, and Jody's heart began to beat fast.

"Has something happened?"

"Yes," said Lady Cleeve.

"What ——"

There was no point in finishing the question. Lady Cleeve had rung off.

An hour and a half later, Jody stood in the drawing room of the house at Knightsbridge and looked slowly round her. The scene was one of devastation. Chairs and sofas had been pushed aside, drawers pulled out and their contents scattered. Ornaments lay on the carpet, books lay in heaps.

Jody drew a long breath. "What's missing, Aunt Essie?"

AND BE NOT THERE

By RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT

To dream, and be not there . . .
Nor time nor space
Permitting that loved face
My sight to share.
Only with eyelids tight,
And then but dim,
To sense her flashing limb
In rhythmic flight.
Only with stoppered ears
To hear her note,
Tenuous and remote
But lovely beyond tears.
Only to smooth that hair—
That sun-bright skein—
Within my errant brain:
This is despair—
To dream, and be not there!

"Everything," answered Lady Cleeve, "that related to you."

Jody, in a fog of bewilderment, waited for her aunt to speak again, and presently Lady Cleeve walked across the room and lifted a sheaf of papers from the littered desk.

"You see these?" she asked. "They all relate to you and Estelle. Copies of your father's will and your mother's will. School bills. Bills incurred by you both after you'd left school. In the safe were details of the stocks you and Estelle hold. Everything connected with Estelle is still where it was. Everything to do with you has vanished."

"But"—Jody frowned—"are you absolutely certain that ——"

"I didn't realize it at first, of course; when I saw that the silver and ornaments were intact, I thought they had been looking for money. I didn't have much in the house, but what there was was untouched. No jewels were missing. If I'd been a woman with a shady past I would have thought that somebody was looking for an incriminating letter of some kind; having no complications of that kind to worry me, I began to wonder exactly which papers had gone. And you can see for yourself; everything with your name on it. Vanished."

Jody turned to study the older woman. "You came home and found everything like this?"

"Yes."

"But—but weren't you frightened? You were alone, and they might have been hiding somewhere."

"I used to think that people who heard thieves in the night and seized a poker and went looking for them were rather brave—but now I know that they were simply acting from instinct. I wasn't frightened. I was just sick with anger. I walked into every room, searching, hoping to find whoever it was who had done it. I didn't even have the poker. I had my bare hands, and a horrible, primitive desire to use them."

"Aren't you going to ring up the police?"

Lady Cleeve hesitated. "Once I've called in the police, they'll begin questioning you. From here they'll go down to Broome and then we shall have real trouble."

"You needn't go on," said Jody. "I know. If any scandal threatened the school, Michael would never forgive me. Nor would Estelle."

"And that's why I didn't call the police. Once they began to probe, who knows where they'd stop? Before we knew where we were, they would have been harking back to your accident and trying to prove that this was in some way connected with it."

"Well, isn't it?" asked Jody.

"What do you mean?"

"What else could it be? There's no mystery about any of us—or there wasn't until I fell down those stairs at Dorset Court."

"But why should they come to this house to look for papers connected with you? Why wouldn't they go down to Broome, where you live?"

Jody raised frightened eyes to her aunt's. "Perhaps they will," she said.

Lady Cleeve's gaze went round the room. "They had a whole night and a whole morning to find what they were looking for. They had time to look slowly and systematically. So why all this mess—have you stopped to think why?"

"They must have come this morning and done the job in a hurry."

"Perhaps. But I don't think they were in a hurry. I think—I think they left the place like this on purpose, to frighten somebody. And as I don't think they have any interest in me, they can only have done it to frighten you."

"Because I—because I went back to Dorset Court and found out that I'd called at the wrong flat?"

"What else?"

In silence they began to set the house to rights again; in silence they made tea; they drank it saying little, each absorbed in thought. But when Jody announced her intention of staying the night, her aunt would not hear of it.

"No. I've been thinking it over," she said. "It's quite obvious that nobody's interested in anything of mine. Go home and say nothing, and let me know at once if trouble follows you down to Estelle's."

"But I can't let you sleep in the house alone!"

"You're going home," said Lady Cleeve firmly, "and you're going to put this out of your mind, if you can, and go on with your life as though nothing had happened."

Jody went home. When she got there, she found cars assembled in the drive, and brought her mind with difficulty to the present. Cars: concert; audience. Memory returning, she felt sorry for the audience, for tonight the professor's longest and, in Jody's opinion, most dreary work was to be performed: Variations on a Theme by Bach.

Miss Bishop, in the drawing room, made a swift count and took the result to Jody. "Thirty-five," she told her. "Quite a good number, don't you think?" She handed Jody a cash box. "That's the collection I took at the door for charity."

"What do I do with late-comers?"

"Oh, I don't think any more people will come," said Miss Bishop, on her way out. "I'm sure you can close the front door now."

Jody, going out a few moments later to close it, found herself brought up abruptly by a massive form, and looked up. "Oh," she said.
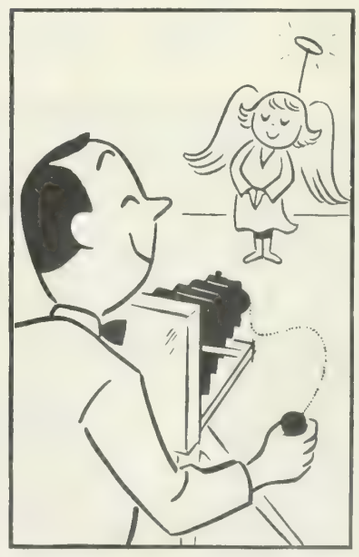
Desmond Huntley smiled at her, and proffered a small green ticket. "My sister couldn't come, and sends her apologies," he said. "I've come instead."

"Ah," said Jody.

"You're very talkative tonight."







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whatever you need—



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"I was wondering where I could find you a seat," she said coldly.

She was glad to see him lose a little of his confidence. Through the open door of the drawing room could be seen the audience, sober and intent. The trio, bows poised, awaited the professor's signal, and then the music began.

"All seats full," Desmond said, satisfaction in his voice.

"I can find room for you," said Jody. "There's a chair there, between Mrs. Birks and General Beddington."

He followed her, whispering hoarse appeals as he came. "Look, I only came to —— I mean, I'm not —— You see, this isn't quite my kind of music, and ——"

Bending, whispering, apologizing, she waved him along the row to the vacant seat, and stood watching his stumbling progress. He knocked the vicar's wife's handbag off her lap, plunged to retrieve it and caused a minor earthquake in the row in front. Proceeding, he stood upon the vicar's foot, mumbled an apology, brought an angry series of *Sh-h's* from the disturbed listeners, and fell awkwardly into the seat allotted to him.

Satisfied, Jody went back to the kitchen and prepared coffee. That would teach people to flood the mailbags with goats.

He came to her, pale and wild-eyed, in the interval. She was behind a large table in the hall, serving coffee and biscuits, and he pushed his way slowly to her side.

He looked round and spoke cautiously. "How much does one have to pay to get out?"

"You're not musical?"

"That's just it; I am. Do you have much of this kind of thing?"

"Haven't you heard of Professor Joichim's String Trio?"

"Is that who they were? Is the professor the cellist? Yes, of course he is," he answered himself. "And the violinist is the fellow who owns Ballerina. Versatile, isn't he?"

Michael, who missed nothing, was walking into the hall and toward the coffee table. "I think," he said at once to Desmond, "you must be Lady Wigram's brother."

"Yes. How d'you do?"

"You must meet my wife; she's just coming. Estelle," he went on, as she came up, "this is the fellow who was responsible for Jody's goat complex. Lieutenant Commander Huntley—my wife."

"You gave us a lot of trouble, Commander Huntley," said Estelle. "We thought you were hallucinations."

Michael's glance flickered calculatingly over Desmond's bulky form. "Pity Charles isn't here; he would have liked to meet you. Charles," he added easily, "is my sister's fiancé."

FIGHT HEART DISEASE · GIVE HEART FUND

"I've missed him twice." Desmond's tone sounded almost genuinely regretful. "He wasn't down at Marcove this morning, when I was making arrangements to leave my boat there."

"You're leaving your boat there?" inquired Michael politely.

"Yes. When I can make arrangements for her. Cheaper than Newhaven, and nearer to this cottage of my sister's."

"I see."

There was a slight pause. Michael, a very tall man, had to look up an inch or two, but the eyes of the two men met for a long and unmoving moment. Then there was a stir, and the sound of instruments being tuned, and Michael spoke.

"Back to business, I think," he said.

The hall was emptying. Jody waited for Desmond to follow the last stragglers into the drawing room, only to find that he was stacking cups and saucers.

"Will you please put those things down?" she requested. "You're a member of the audience and ——"

"I was. I quit. Where's the kitchen?"

He made four journeys to and fro, and then took off his jacket and turned up his sleeves.

"Please," protested Jody, "will you ——"

"No, I won't. If I wash, you'll have to dry, and then I shall be able to talk to you—and I want to talk very seriously to you."

"If you're trying to make me start off on a wild-goose chase looking for somebody called Laurie," said Jody, "I'm afraid you'll be wasting your time."

"I never waste time. Look at me now."

She looked at him. Elbow-deep in suds, he was handling the slippery china with surprising skill. He looked completely at home.

"The person I'd really like to see," he told Jody, "is your fiancé. Did you tell him about Laurie?"

"No," she said reluctantly.

"I needn't have asked. If you'd told him, he wouldn't be at St. Malo."

"Look, Lieutenant Commander ——"

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated in sheer astonishment. "Haven't we progressed beyond that stage? What's a Christian name between friends? It doesn't mean anything—it's just a way round awkward phrases like Lieutenant Commander Huntley. You were saying?"

"I was saying that there's no reason why you shouldn't go on spending your time building up a slight accident into something important, but ——"

"I don't understand you," he said. "You or your family. Letting well alone is a fine principle, and I'm all for it. But when things aren't well, when there are circumstances about that accident of yours that cry to heaven to be investigated ——"

"—— then we'll still leave well alone," she ended.

"I see." He took a pile of crockery from the table and placed it in the sink. "But hasn't you told them that we found a lead, that we had a good chance of finding out ——"

"No. All I told my sister and my brother-in-law was that I'd traced you and the goat. Can imagine how it sounds in cold blood: the goat with the goat turned up and we found the people whose flat I went to by mistake fled to Kenya, and one of them was a bride and there was blood on the carpet. If one of your friends or relations came to you with a story like that," she said, "would you take it seriously?"

"It would depend who told the story," he told her. "If a sane, coolheaded girl like you said anything, I'd give it my attention." He placed the last piece of china on the drainboard and dried his hands thoughtfully. "But as far as you and your sister and brother-in-law and fiancé are concerned, we leave it just where it is?"

"Does it matter much?" asked Jody.

Something in her voice checked him. He was about to answer. He took her arm and turned her slowly to the light.

"Something's happened since I last saw you," he said slowly. "You're keeping something back. What is it?"

"Somebody broke into my aunt's place and ransacked it."

He stared at her. "Thieves?"

"The maid was away, and my aunt spent the night with a friend. When she got home she found that someone had entered the house—with a key; they didn't break in, and they didn't steal anything except papers—every paper concerning me. That's all."

"When did this happen?"

"Last night or this morning."

"And"—his voice was incredulous—"you said nothing about it to your brother-in-law?"

"No. Can't you see why? No, perhaps you can't; you didn't see my aunt's house looking as I saw it today. Everything thrown about, her lovely things ——" Her voice trem-

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nd e paused to steady it. "That's what hap-
ene to her, and that's what might happen to
Este . And I think it happened because you
nd went to Dorset Court and asked ques-
ion: And I'm frightened. I don't think I'm
righ ned for myself, but I'm frightened of
nvo ng other people—people I love. You
lon' now what this school means to Michael.
He b ght it ten years ago as a dying concern,
nd 's built it up all by himself, and you can
ee at would happen if the police came
oun How could Charles go on getting jobs
s a utor if people got to know we were
nixe up with the police?"

"' ixed up with the police.' . . . You make
nem ound like undesirables who've got to be
ept ay at all costs. Jody, don't you want to
now hat really happened?"

He answer came unwillingly at last. "For
nyse—entirely for myself—I'd like to know.
ut' ere's no way of finding out without
ragg g other people in, and so I'm going to
eave ings as they are."

He aid no more. Presently he went away
nd e went slowly upstairs to her room.
he pt badly. Going down to prepare
reak st, she found the drawing room in dis-
rder nd tidied it; the task took longer than
he a cipated, and she had to snatch a hasty
reak st and hurry away to the bus stop. She
ause in the hall to extract the letters from
he b , take her own mail and drop the rest
n th all table. Then she was hurrying along
he la that led to the crossroads.

Th wo letters, thrust hastily into her hand-
ag, mained there, forgotten, until she had
t g he bus and was waiting for the train.
he t k them out and glanced at them; one
as a ceipt, the other a plain envelope with
typ address and a London postmark.

She pened it in the train. The message was
tef, d typewritten. It read:

"Co e Alone. Merlin Bar. Marble Arch.
th P.M."

To / was the 28th.

Th ughout the day she worked automati-
lly, e same question shuttling to and fro in her mind: to go, or not to go. And at five minutes to seven she found herself at Marble Arch, outside the Merlin Bar.

Inside, she glanced round. Nobody seemed to be taking any interest in her arrival. She saw a vacant stool, threaded her way toward it, and perched herself on its scarlet, slippery leather surface.

She ordered sherry, and noted that she was not the only woman who had come unattended. Escorts came in, waved over intervening heads and joined the women they had come to meet; new groups entered, others broke up and dispersed—and Jody sat unregarded.

Then she looked up and saw Desmond Huntley. Jody stared at him, her mind seething with conjecture. The Merlin Bar was not a place that would attract him. If he was here, it was because he—like herself—had been told to come.

The next moment he had turned and seen her.

Only astonishment showed for the first few seconds on his face. He stared at her across the restless groups that separated them, and shouldered his way to her side. "What in heaven's name are you doing here?"

"I got a letter telling me to come. An anonymous letter. Just a typed message, telling me to come—alone."

"You must be out of your mind," he said.

"Did you get a letter too?"

"Yes. But that was different," he told her. "You ——"

They stared at each other—a long, level, measuring gaze. But before Jody could voice the questions that sprang to her lips, something drew her eyes from his face. Standing just inside one of the entrances was a woman: young, fair, slender. Even if her beauty had not set her apart, she would have been conspicuous in that company. In that room of bleached heads and imitation furs and paste jewelry, her honey-colored hair, subdued make-up and unadorned dress drew all eyes.

"And that," Desmond said slowly, "must be Laurie."

Jody got down from the high stool. She had no clear idea what she meant to do, but she wanted to reach the woman standing in the doorway. She took a step forward, and found Desmond's hand gripping her arm and holding her prisoner.

"Stay where you are," he said.

"Let me go! I want to talk to her."

"I'll do the talking—if it *is* Laurie. You'll stay here," said Desmond grimly. "You're going to keep out of this."

He was too late. The woman had turned. A man had opened the great plate-glass door and was ushering her outside. He led her to a large black car, handed her in, took his place beside her and drove away.

They had gone—but not before the two watching them had recognized the man who had made so brief an appearance.

"Our friend Mr. Kennedy," Desmond said.

Anger and disappointment welled up in Jody. "If you'd let me go to her ——" she began.

"We're getting out of here," he said. "Come on."

They did not speak until they had reached his car, parked on a quiet side street. He put her in, and they drove the few hundred yards that separated them from the park and entered its gates. Then he pulled up, switched off the engine and turned to confront her.

"Now," he said. "What do you mean by taking a crazy risk like that?"

"What were you doing there?"

"Exactly what you were. Answering an anonymous summons."

For an instant doubt leaped into her mind. She reminded herself of how little she knew about this man seated beside her.He had been anxious to form a company of two, advancing upon this unknown path they had named the yellow brick road. But he had appeared on the stroke of seven at the Merlin Bar—and the woman called Laurie had entered only a few seconds after him.

"You don't believe me," he challenged her.

"I think I do," said Jody steadily, "but ——"

"But you're not sure. Thank God," he said fervently, "that you're really learning—at last. Thank God you're looking for reasons—and for traps."

"I only hesitated because ——"

"—— because for a moment you had doubts about me. And why not? We met in peculiar circumstances and you knew—you still know—nothing whatsoever about me. But try and bring yourself to trust me. We both got

FROM OUR COVER



Vogue Design No. 9966. *"Easy to Make" one-piece dress, cummerbund and petticoat; 10–18 (31–38). 75 cents. Version shown requires 4⅞ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size14.*

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"PET"—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copr., 1960, Pet Milk Co.

anonymous letters—and now we've got to try and decide why they, whoever they are, wanted us to go to the Merlin Bar."

"Could Laurie have sent the message?"

"Why send it and make no effort to see if we were there? She came in; she went out. End of scene."

"She went there to meet ——"

"Kennedy. Yes."

"Could he have driven her round to Dorset Court?"

"After leaving the Merlin? We can find out."

He switched on the engine, and in silence they drove to the block of flats. The clerk on duty was the one who had answered their questions about the tenants of number four. Could they, asked Desmond, speak to Mr. Kennedy?

There was at first a little confusion, but when the clerk understood the inquiry, he dealt with it clearly and intelligently. Nobody called Kennedy, he told them, had ever worked in the Reception Department or in any other capacity at Dorset Court.

On the following day Jody lunched with her aunt. She found the house restored to its former immaculateness and its owner her normal, poised self.

"Why couldn't you come to dinner with me tonight, as I asked you?" Lady Cleeve asked. "Lunch gives us no time to chat."

"I wanted to get home in good time. Estelle and Michael and I are going down to Marcove after dinner to arrange about a berth for Desmond's boat."

"I see. How much," inquired Lady Cleeve, "do Estelle and her husband know about him—and you?"

Jody laughed. "Everything's all right. When Charles comes back, he and Desmond Huntley and I are going to look into every detail of that accident of mine and really face facts instead of trying to dodge them. The accident, and the Griersons, and Laurie and the mysterious Mr. Kennedy . . . and an anonymous letter and a visit to a place called the Merlin Bar."

Lady Cleeve listened to the details in silence. Jody thought she turned pale, but she did not interrupt the story. When Jody had done, she sat looking at her for a few moments.

"You're not frightened?" she asked at last.

"No. I'm tired of nibbling at the edge of a puzzle. If I get a chance to bite off a bit more, I'm going to take it. Flanked, of course, by Charles and Desmond. Would you like to run into either of them when they were in a fighting mood?"

"Frankly, no. Jody . . . be careful."

"Of course!" Jody came round the table and dropped a kiss on her aunt's cheek. "Of course I'll be careful."

As always, when she sat between Estelle and Michael at the long gleaming table in the dining room and looked at her brother-in-law's handsome head silhouetted against the lovely windows, Jody felt a sense of pleasure and pride.

Tonight, Desmond Huntley sat opposite her instead of Charles. Michael, who could at dinner be withdrawn, depressed or brooding, according to the day's effect upon him, tonight elected to be friendly.

"How long have you been running the school?" asked Desmond.

"Ten and a half years," Michael told him. "I always liked the place. The school itself was once an abbey."

"And according to one bright pupil's essay," said Estelle, "it dissolved in 1536. All that didn't dissolve were the four walls."

"That was when this house was built—on the foundations of an older one," said Michael. "They used a lot of stone from the dissolved abbey. Then the abbey rose again as a priests' college, and in time fell into disrepair again, and was eventually rebuilt and turned into a school. I don't suppose I would have bought it if my wife hadn't fallen in love with this house."

Desmond was looking across the lawns. "Why are those three cottages so close to the house?" he asked.

"Wartime erections. I'm growing a few trees to keep them out of sight, but as you see, trees have a hard job to get a start here; we're so exposed that the young ones either get blown down or uprooted. The major's giving his mind to the problem."

"How long has he been here?" asked Desmond.

"About a year," Michael told him. "He seems to be getting a bit restless again; he's like the trees: can't get his roots down. Jody, that was a nice dinner. But if my guess is correct, we're not going to get out to Marcove. Rain."

She looked out with an unexpectedly sharp feeling of disappointment creeping over her. She had been looking forward to going, she hardly knew why.

"So what?" asked Michael. "Game of bridge?"

Desmond looked at Estelle. "Perhaps you'd play for us."

They went into the drawing room. Estelle played, at first for the others and then, forgetting them, for herself. Michael rose and wandered away to his study, and Jody and Desmond sat on in their deep chairs, saying nothing, listening or half listening to the music.

When the rain stopped, it was too late to go to Marcove. Desmond took his leave, and Jody walked out into the hall to see him off. The door, as always on summer evenir stood open, and in the half-light the sod lawns looked black.

"It looks like an abbey now," he said.

"It always does in this light. It's nice ghosty."

"You like ghosts?"

"Ghosts of monks; yes. One of them's s posed to walk up and down the terrace the other side of the building."

"Let's look. He might have come out sniff the nice washed air."

She laughed, and they walked by wet pa across to the school and through an archv to its far side. Here all was open, treeless, posed, and at intervals could be heard thunder of surf. The wind was still rising, Jody's hair was blown wildly round her fa

"No monk," she said, "would want to w in this."

They turned to face the wind, and fou their way back to the archway; then they sto to regain their breath.

"Storm?" she asked.

"Yes. Hang on to me, and we'll make the front door again. No we won't," he c rected himself, "we'll wait for this showe stop."

The shower did not stop for some time, neither of them was in a hurry; both were joying the wild weather. In time the rain sened to a light fall; laughing, hand in ha they chose a moment between gusts of w and ran toward the house. Then he s good-by to her and drove away, and locked the front door and walked slowly stairs. Then she paused, wondering if her were deceiving her, for she felt sure that had heard the sound of a car's engine start

Her first thought was that Desmond returned, failed to see her and was g

Pessimism is only cowardice reduced to a system. JOHN BAILEY

away again. But as she turned once mor the window she saw, moving very slowly, outline of a car—and it was not Desmond'

The next few moments were never clea her mind. She was running downstairs; had opened the front door and was spee across the grass, as she or Estelle had sp hundred times to stop Michael's car, Charles', to give a forgotten message or h in a forgotten article. A short cut took ther a point farther down the drive; if they s lucky, they reached it seconds before the

She was too late. As she emerged, pant from the bushes bordering the drive, the went by. Its speed had quickened, anc lights were on. A moment, and it had vanis round another corner.

But she had seen, in that moment, what had come to see. The man in the car was Kennedy.

"You're absolutely certain?" asked D mond.

"Absolutely. When the car had gone, I back to the house and knocked on Este door. I think they thought I was out of mind. I was wet, and I must have loo crazy."

"And they didn't know anything ab him?"

"Not a thing. I said I'd seen a man ca Kennedy driving away. They waited; were both quite blank-looking and I'm c certain neither of them had the slightest who or what I was talking about."

"And then?"

"And then Michael looked at his watch saw what the time was and realized that I walking about, wet, in their bedroom tal about people in cars, when it was obvious anybody, whether I knew them or not, c have been calling on the professor or the m or Miss Bishop. I went away feeling I'd be fool not to have waited until the morn but—but I'm certain that I wasn't mista about the man in the car. It was Mr. K nedy."

CONTINUED ON PAGE





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Peas by Stokely-Van Camp

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

They were lunching together; she had telephoned during the morning and they had met in order to talk over the new development.

"When I decided to become a detective," said Desmond, "I imagined myself sifting the evidence for six seconds and then coming out with a masterly piece of deduction."

"So did I."

"But what can anybody do with evidence of this kind? I didn't notice anything beyond the fact that Kennedy was short and fat and out of condition. He said he was a reception manager and that's what he looked like. I suppose I ought to have taken a closer look when he started throwing out hints about blood—but how was anybody to know that he wasn't a reception manager and had nothing to do with Dorset Court and knew perfectly well where to find Laurie and ——"

"Not necessarily. Why couldn't he have sent those anonymous letters himself? He gets us to the Merlin Bar and we see him with Laurie; that might have been his way of letting us know that he'd found her."

"All right; so he's found her. So who steals papers from your aunt's flat? And why does Kennedy drive away from the school at midnight?"

"The next thing is to ask the professor and the major and Miss Bishop if they know a man called Kennedy," said Jody. "They're coming over tonight for a practice. Why don't you come? I could ask them and you could watch to see if any of them tried to be evasive."

Desmond looked apprehensive. "They'd be playing that music again, wouldn't they?"

"Yes. It's good music."

"It's murder. But I'll come. And we'll ask the trio if they know Kennedy."

They got home that night to find Miss Bishop alone in the drawing room. "We all had an early dinner," she said, "and then I came over to get this last piece of music copied out for the professor."

"I saw Mr. Kennedy driving away from the cottages last night," said Jody. "I had no idea he knew anybody down here. Was it you he had been to see?"

Miss Bishop, pen poised, raised her sensible brown eyes to Jody's. She seemed to hesitate before speaking, but her answer was calm enough.

"Mr. Kennedy? I don't think I know anybody called Kennedy," she said. "Certainly nobody came to see me last night."

She seemed about to say more, but the door opened and the major entered, in one hand his violin case and in the other a large basket of vegetables. Having put down the violin, he followed Jody out to the kitchen.

"You don't," she asked, "happen to know anybody called Kennedy?"

When she had had more experience as an investigator, she reflected, she would know better than to put a leading question to somebody who had his back turned toward her and who had ample time, before opening the kitchen door, to conceal any emotions the question might have raised.

"Kennedy? Kennedy?" The major turned from the door and, head on one side, considered the question. "Yes. Know two Kennedys, as a matter of fact. One out in Rhodesia; nice chap. Married a French girl. C. W. Kennedy, he was. That the one you mean?"

"Well, I thought I saw a Mr. Kennedy driving away last night and ——"

"Couldn't have been C. W. Know for a fact he's still out there. Only other Kennedy I know is old Freddy Kennedy, who runs a sort of fruit farm down in Kent."

"I only thought that perhaps Mr. Kennedy—the Mr. Kennedy I know—had been visiting you last night."

"Visiting me? Not me," said the major. "Well, I'll leave you; I know you're anxious to get dinner ready."

The professor arrived at the same time as Michael and Estelle and Fenella, who had been out.

"Sorry we're late, Jody." Estelle turned to smile at Desmond. "We did an afternoon's shopping, and then we went to call on your sister," she told him.

"If I'd known, Jody and I would have looked in on our way back," he said.

"He's staying to dinner, Estelle. Is that all right?" asked Jody.

"That's lovely." Estelle turned him toward the door. "Go with the professor to the drawing room and when Jody and I are ready, we'll come in and then we can all have a drink."

"I like that 'Jody and I' touch," commented Jody, when they had gone. "You made it sound as though you really worked."

"Well, give me a job."

"You can make the salad."

Estelle began the preparations, forgot what she was doing and sat on the edge of the table to talk.

"I like those Wigrams, Jody. Nancy was asking me about you. She said you're the first girl she's ever seen her brother take a real interest in, and she wishes he'd met you sooner." She paused. "In a way, so do I. Oh, and Charles rang up."

"What did he say?"

"He said the weather reports are good, and he's coming back with the Cadmans to Newhaven."

"Why Newhaven?"

"That's where they keep their boat. He's bought it."

"Bought it?" echoed Jody in surpri
"Not Ballerina?"

"No. He'll sail Ballerina back to Marc
when he's fixed up all the business with
Cadmans."

"I see. When does he expect to get back

"With luck, he says, the day after tom
row, early in the morning. . . . Didn't you g
me a job to do?"

"The salad."

When Jody went, some time later, to
drawing room, Estelle was seated at the pia
and playing softly, preparations for dinner
gotten. Jody walked up to her and lea
against the instrument, listening and watch
the beautiful hands moving on the keyboa

"Nice," said Jody at last. "Debussy?"

"Yes. But I meant to help you."

"It's all done. Where's everybody?"

"The professor's with Miss Bishop in
study," Estelle told her. "The major w
back to fetch his music. Michael and Desm
walked over to look at the cottages—and h
they come."

"And Fenella?"

"Fenella? Oh!" Estelle rose and gazed
tractedly round the room. "She went to hid
I was supposed to count twenty and then
and find her."

A wild shriek from Fenella and a serie
Indian war cries from Miss Bishop indica
that somebody else had been found for

ONE'S OWN CHILD IN A RECITAL

By VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER

Amid the sparrows, flash of wings—
Among the starlings, one lark sings

game. The door burst open and Fe
rushed into the room, followed by
Bishop, and the two circled the sofa at
speed.

"Hey!" Michael caught his daughter u
his arms. "Hey there. Time for Miss Bisho
have a drink. Where's the professor?"

"He's trying over a piece of music in
study," said Miss Bishop. "I don't thin
wants a drink."

"He won't refuse a brandy," said Mic
pouring it out and handing the glass to J

Jody carried it to the study and Miss Bi
went with her. The professor, cello bet
his knees and the sheet of music laid on a
by his side, was plucking softly at the st
and peering shortsightedly at the notes.

"Brandy—from the headmaster," s
Jody, handing him the glass.

"Oh! How kind! That is so kind!" the
fessor waved the glass gently under his
"Ah! It is good!"

"Come and have it with the rest of us i
drawing room," urged Jody.

The professor, unwilling, protesting,
shepherded to the door. As Miss B
walked ahead, Jody found time to ask
question. She had to ask it more than
when at last he understood what she w
to know, he told her that he knew no
nedys. He said that he had not heard the
before, asked how it was spelled, and th
that he had once met some English
called Kendy. On the other hand, he mig
mistaking them for a German family h
once met; they were called Kondi. No, n
so stupid; the Kondis were not German
They were ——

With relief, Jody entered the drawing
and the professor was claimed by Estelle.
mond drew her to the window, where he
speak to her without being overheard
others.

CONTINUED ON PAG



UNBU...beggar child of mystery

Nothing is known about Unbu. In India, names have a meaning and her name means "love" but she has never had any. She was found in a small village down on the plains in Coonoor, South India, in the early morning, with a coconut shell which she used for begging in her hands. She was sobbing and no one knew how she came to the village. She had evidently been dropped there deliberately by someone during the night, as she had not been there the day before.

She explained the long gash in the side of her head by saying she was torn by the claws of a dog which had knocked her down to take the few scraps of food someone had put in her coconut shell. She shook her head when asked about her mother and father and said she never had any.

She did not know the place she came from but said it was big. She seemed to think she had always been on the streets alone. She had never eaten a regular meal, just scraps put in her shell or some cooked rice or vegetable she bought for a few annas (an anna is worth about two U. S. pennies) when she was lucky enough to be given any. She had never been in a house, she always slept on the streets, and her stomach always hurt.

There are thousands of little Unbus in India—hungry, sick, homeless and friendless. CCF cares for as many as funds permit in CCF affiliated orphanages. In Calcutta alone, thousands live on the streets with families staking out bits of the curb. Here they sit, sleep, wash their clothing, cook their skimpy messes over a fire made from the shreds of dung picked up from the tracks of the skinny sacred wandering cows.

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New More natural protection . . . for the woman who wants to feel free as ... can as air! In new formula Mum, Bristol-Myers gives you a way to stop or ithout "stopping up" pores. Remarkable new Mum does *not* depend on um um salts. It contains *no* harsh chemicals. Instead Mum works with *hexa-lor hene.* So gentle, yet it destroys the active *cause* of odor more effectively.



New formula Mum lets your skin "breathe" freely, naturally. Nature never intended the pores of the skin to be "stopped up." Yet all other leading deodorants "smother" the normal "breathing out" action of the pores (Illustration A). But new formula Mum stops odor without "stopping up" pores (Illustration B).



Protects you every minute of the day! Even when you're on the go from morning to midnight, new Mum cream keeps on working—doesn't let you down. Effective as it is, new Mum is so safe for normal skin even a "beginning" teen-ager can use it daily. Mum is gentle to delicate underarm tissue—won't cause redness, itching or irritation.

So much softer, fluffier, whiter, new Mum is a pleasure to use. It vanishes the moment you smooth it on. Won't harm delicate fabrics—even cashmere or chiffon.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

"I asked your brother-in-law to show me those three cottages; I thought I might be able to see footprints—and see where they led. But whoever came last night walked unswervingly along the paths."

"From what I've seen of Mr. Kennedy," said Jody thoughtfully, "he wouldn't be so obliging as to strew clues around. But whether his footprints were there or not—he was."

Fenella scrambled by, her game with Miss Bishop renewed. The two went out of the room and were heard chasing each other round and round the hall.

"Jody—dinner, I think," said Estelle.

"One more drink," said Michael.

Jody smiled at him as she went to the door. "I'm going to see to the dinner, but there's heaps of time."

"I'm coming with you," said Desmond. "I'm the best disher-upper in the county."

They went toward the kitchen. "Tell me again," said Jody, "about the footprints that you were looking for."

Her words and her steps came to an abrupt halt. Leaning against one of the long windows stood Miss Bishop. One hand was held against her heart, and her face was deathly white.

"What is it? What is it, Miss Bishop?" Jody put an arm round her shoulders and attempted to lead her toward the drawing room, only to find Miss Bishop resisting strongly.

"No . . . no!" The words came in a gasp. "I'm . . . I'll be . . . right. I ——"

Jody supported the stout, sh form as well as she could, and in moments, to her relief, saw a color return to the ashen cheek

"If you'll—if you'll let me g the kitchen with you while I —

Between them, they supporte to the kitchen and put her into a Jody knelt beside her, holdin trembling hands and chafing gently. Gradually the trem ceased. Then Miss Bishop drew breath, looked from one to the and spoke shakily.

"Thank you. I was very fool was forgetting my years." She wavering smile. "Please," she Jody, "go on with whatever to do. I'll sit here quietly."

"But I can't leave you and —

"Please! It's just what I need, Bishop said. "Please just go though I were not here."

Estelle's voice was heard and Miss Bishop turned to Jod eyes full of appeal. "You wo anything, will you?" she whis

"Of course I won't."

Estelle came in and sniffed. "L I'm starving," she said. "Oh- Bishop! The professor's been for you."

"I'll go to him. I've been get Jody's way, I'm afraid."

She went out, and the othe to the dining room. Michael w ing for them, and Jody saw h resting speculatively upon h then moving to Desmond. S able to guess the trend of his th by the fact that he mono Desmond for the rest of the e He gave him little chance to anybody else, took him off study to look at hunting prin dinner, and when the momen for Desmond to leave, accom him to the door and saw him

"I like him," said Estelle, as rejoined his wife and sister-i the hall.

"You do? So does somebod said Michael.

Jody, already halfway up th threw him a smile and went o room.

Estelle came in later to sa night and to return a necklace borrowed.

"Miss Bishop had a sort o Jody told her. "She played to hide-and-seek with Fenella."

"Was that why she was si the kitchen?"

"Yes. If you see Fenella t talk her into another hide-a session, you might tactfully off."

"I will. Poor old Bishop. S like to feel she's past a rom yawned luxuriously and wen door. "Michael was out tod had three lots of parents round the school."

"Any probables?"

"Two, with luck. The third didn't listen to a word I s didn't look at a thing I poi and then she went away and bring her husband. But I Michael missed her."

"Why?"

"Because he would have it. Very attractive—and a blonde. I had a good loo wasn't a bleached job."

She was closing the doo her before Jody spoke. "W her name?"

"She was a Mrs. Griers Estelle.

For the first time in her knew what it was to lie



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ughout the night. She reached the office at once telephoned to Desmond Huntley. I've got to see you," she said. "It's terribly ortant. It's about Laurie. She came to the ool."

She . . . *what?*" His tone was incredulous. She came yesterday. Desmond, I'd like to about it, if you're free."

Any time, anyplace."

I can't be there before six. Do you know little road that runs off Regent Street be- n a big travel agent and a sort of fur ? There's a little coffee bar halfway down d it's always quiet in the evenings."

Six o'clock, coffee bar in unknown road een unknown travel agent and unknown tore. I'll be there."

nd when Jody was making her way there, aw Mr. Kennedy, stepping out of a taxi. dy did not know that she had moved, but ound herself on the opposite side of the , facing a shabby shop whose window d as a mirror and gave her a view of Mr. edy's actions. He did not, as she ex- d, pay off the taxi; instead, he said a word e driver, lit a cigarette, offered one to the and then began to pace slowly to and fro. He vas meeting somebody, and he had ar- at the rendezvous first.

dy turned, and with deliberate steps ed the street. She came up behind him poke his name.

swung round. The movement was swift, st catlike, and she knew that she had him unawares—but there was not more

Man is only called upon to act in the present. GOETHE

a flicker of expression in his eyes before became the hard little black stones she mbered.

iss Hern!" He gave her a slight bow, miled. "This is a very pleasant surprise."

like to talk to you, please," said Jody.

gave her a brief, measuring glance, and hing in her bearing seemed to decide

e shall talk—but not here," he said. He her arm and led her to the taxi, gave a ion and handed her in.

ew minutes later, they were seated upon ools at the Merlin Bar. "It was there"— nodded toward the doors—"that Mrs. on came in."

nd I came in a car and I took her away— ou saw me."

d you send me that anonymous letter?" ked.

ook his drink from a waiter, and poured coffee out of its tiny plated pot. e were two letters, were there not?"

you know that, you must have written

t necessarily." His black eyes rested atively upon her. "Have you become a ve?"

idn't want to. When you pretended to reception manager and came out to out Mrs. Grierson, I hadn't the least to get mixed up in anything to do with r with you. But there's a point beyond it's just silly to ignore signs."

d there's a point," said Mr. Kennedy "beyond which it's just silly not to."

on't understand you."

spoke slowly and soberly. "I will be with you, Miss Hern. When I spoke to d to Lieutenant Commander Huntley, because I did not know either of you. I, I would have said nothing."

you did say something, and you did ose anonymous letters, and you did go o the school. Nobody can look on in- ly while people make sinister moves all them. Especially when the moves in- friends and relations."

u are referring to Lieutenant Com- r Huntley?"

referring to my aunt, Lady Cleeve. n't look like a housebreaker, Mr. Ken- but somebody entered her house in sbridge and ——"

"But nothing was stolen," Mr. Kennedy stated calmly.

She stared at him, anger rising slowly and showing in her cheeks. "Then it was you?"

"I—and others." He twisted himself round to face her, and spoke abruptly. "Look, Miss Hern, I will tell you why I acted as I did—and then your mind will be set at rest. First: it was necessary for me to find Laurie. I was at Dorset Court, inquiring for her—and I learned that two young people had also been making inquiries. People who inquire for the Lauries of this world do so because they are her friends and wish to find her—or because they are not her friends and wish to find her. So I went out and spoke to you. And I made certain investigations in order to assure myself that you had had no previous connection with her."

"But when you came here to the Merlin ——"

"I had already located Laurie," he told her. "But I still could not be certain whether you and the lieutenant commander knew her or not. She came in—and it was quite clear that neither of you had ever seen her before. And so I regretted my action, and I resolved that in future my dealings with Laurie would not involve you."

"But your visit to the school—was that connected with Laurie?"

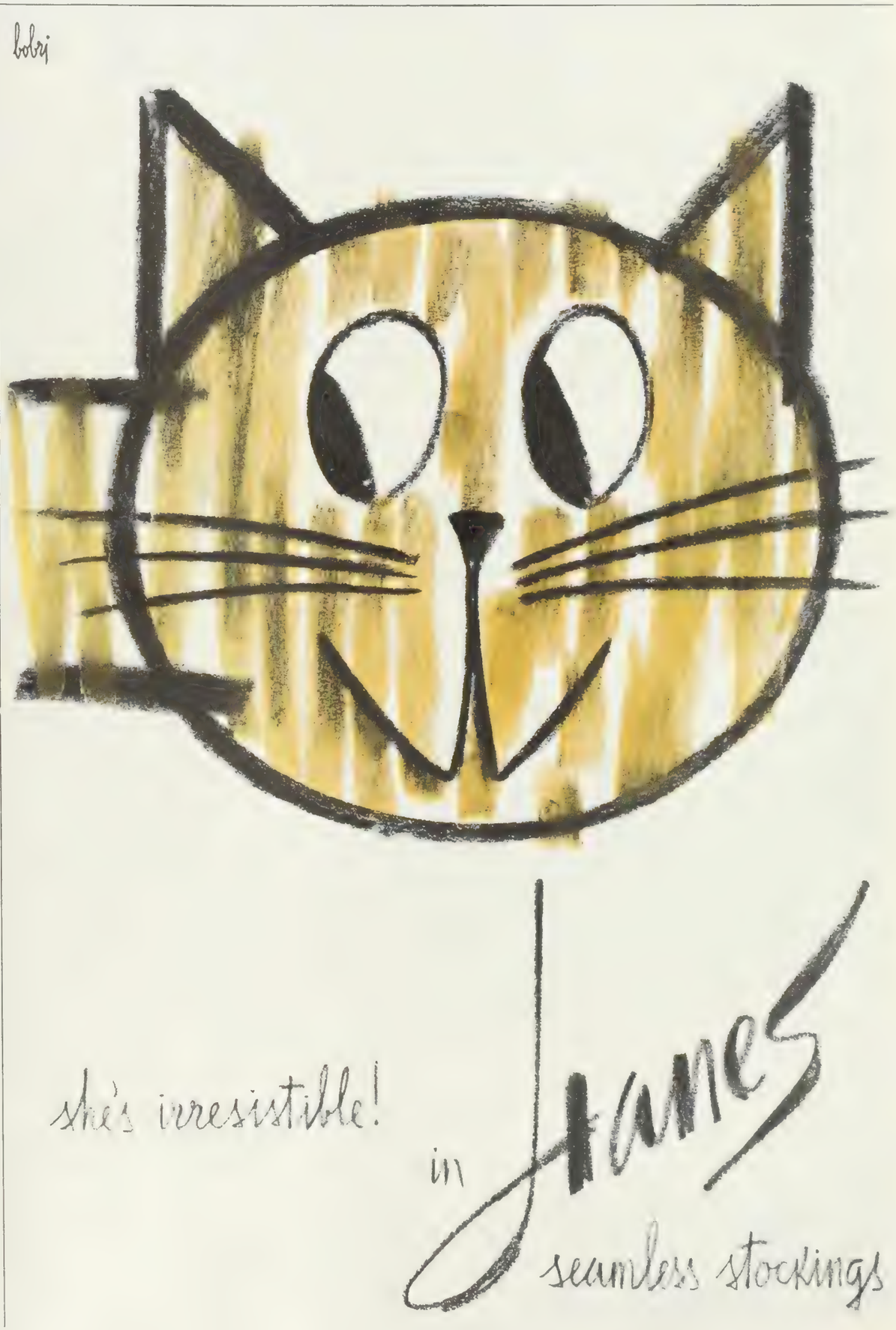
"The one place I would not look for Laurie," he said, "would be in Sussex."

"But she was there. She was at the school yesterday."

Instantly she regretted the words. For Mr. Kennedy, one moment casual, smooth, paternal, had the next instant frozen into immobility and was staring at her out of eyes that had suddenly become terrifying. "You are mistaken."

"I'm not mistaken."

Mr. Kennedy sat for one moment more in the curiously still pose. "You will forgive me," he said quietly to Jody, "but I have remembered an important appointment.



Perhaps you will allow me to drop you wherever you wish to go?"

"I'm going to see Lady Cleeve," she said. "If you wouldn't mind calling a taxi for me —"

He put her into a taxi and himself gave Lady Cleeve's address; she was being driven away without any knowledge of why the mention of Laurie's visit to the school should have brought to an abrupt termination her talk with Mr. Kennedy. She leaned forward and spoke to the driver—and then the taxi had turned and was taking her to the coffee bar at which she had arranged to meet Desmond Huntley.

He was waiting at the door. "I'm late; I'm sorry," she brought out breathlessly. "I couldn't help it, but . . . we've got to hurry. Where's your car?"

"Just there." He was leading her to it, putting her in without words and hurrying round to take his place at the wheel.

"Can you drive as fast as possible?"

"If you'll give me sensible directions. What's the hurry?"

She told him. By the time they had drawn near to the mews at which she had seen Mr. Kennedy, Desmond was in command of the situation.

"You think he'll go back?"

"I'm sure he will. He was waiting to meet somebody."

"That's a long time ago."

"No, it isn't. We weren't long at the Merlin. Why are you stopping?"

"Because here he comes," said Desmond.

Jody stared. Mr. Kennedy was stepping out of a taxi, looking this way and that. He turned, and Jody felt Desmond jerk her back from the window.

"Nobody's there to meet him," she whispered.

"Wait," said Desmond. "He's just making sure that you're not around again, that's all."

They looked cautiously. Mr. Kennedy had walked to the house at the end of the row and given a sign. From the small archway that led to the side door, Jody saw a man emerge and walk forward to join him.

It was her brother-in-law, Michael Page.

It seemed a long time before Jody heard Desmond's voice. "You're trembling."

She felt his hands on her shoulders, steadying her, and she was grateful, for once again they were watching, as they had watched before, Mr. Kennedy driving away with someone they had recognized, leaving them puzzled and helpless.

"There's no reason to look like that," Desmond said gently, after a time. "Your brother-in-law was probably the next on the list for an anonymous letter from our friend Kennedy."

"Could it have been . . . because of me? Desmond, I'm frightened."

"I can see you are," he said gently. "But aren't you reading too much into this?"

"You and I agreed to try to find out what it was that I'd got involved in. Now I find that it involves another member of my family. What do I do? Go home and wait for Michael to explain what he was doing with Kennedy?"

"Wait." His calm voice stopped her. "All we do is drive down to Broome and ask him for a straight answer to a straight question: what he was doing in Kennedy's company. But first, we'll go somewhere and I'll put a good, strong drink into you."

"What I'd like is to—to go to Aunt Essie's and have some strong coffee."

It was Lady Cleeve who answered the door, and something in her white, strained look made Jody reach out and take her hands in a firm grasp.

"Aunt Essie—what's the matter?" She moved her aunt gently aside, came in with Desmond and signaled to him to close the door behind them. "What's happened, Aunt Essie?"

"Nothing." Lady Cleeve's voice was quiet, but it was clear that she was struggling for self-control. "Nothing has happened." She paused.

Jody's eyes were on a large, open envelope that lay on the table beside her aunt, some papers half out of it. She picked it up. "These . . . came back?" she asked slowly.

"Yes."

"Kennedy?" asked Desmond.

"Yes," said Lady Cleeve. "When you rang the bell, I thought—I wondered if he had come back."

"He said something to frighten you," said Jody.

"Yes." Lady Cleeve's eyes rested quietly upon her. "He told me that you are in danger."

There was a long, breathless silence. It was broken by Lady Cleeve's deliberately quiet voice.

"He brought the papers and returned them to me with apologies. He told me that Jody is in danger—grave danger—and that I must take her abroad with me for a little while. That was all." She turned suddenly and spoke in a voice very different from the calm, cold one she had been using. "Jody, you will come, won't you?"

"No," said Jody.

"If you'll listen to good advice, Jody," Desmond said, "you'll go away with your aunt."

"The only reason he wants me out of the way," said Jody, "is because I've begun to frighten him. I don't know how, but I've got in his way. And he doesn't want me in his way."

"And doesn't that put you in danger?" asked Desmond.

"Please listen to me," Jody said quietly. "I don't want anything to happen to me. But if I go away with Aunt Essie, I shall go quite slowly and quite quietly crazy. I shall wake up in the night screaming—and all the screams will be questions. Who is Mr. Kennedy, and why? Who is Laurie, and why? Who—and why? Why—and who?"

"You've made your point," said Desmond. "You won't go away, and that's crazy too. And now I'm going to take you home and we're going to talk to your brother-in-law."

They drove home in silence, and Jody leaned back and gave herself up to the feeling of moving swiftly, silently toward—what? She didn't know—but seated beside Desmond, she knew that she was traveling, at last, without fear. The struggle was over. She knew at last that her state of mind during the past few days had been caused only partly by the inexplicable events that had followed her accident. Beyond, below, there had been the knowledge that she had come to a turning point in her life.

She heard Desmond's voice. "Good weather," he pointed out. "That means that Charles will be back."

"He's due tomorrow morning."

"I'm sorry," said Desmond at last.

She made no reply. After a brief silence, he began to speak in a slow, almost absent tone.

"I'm sorry," he said, "because from the very first I had a feeling—about you and me. Perhaps when a girl begins by falling into your arms, you begin at the wrong end—but it wasn't only that. It was a feeling that you and I . . . fitted. There were no preliminaries, and no need for any. I didn't even have to ask myself if I was in love with you. I just was; finish. Nobody seemed to have any real connection with us—perhaps because Betsy had linked us together and given us a tie that shut everyone else out. I loved you, and I didn't even worry that things couldn't go on for long as they were. The world had to come back. Charles had to come back. But I'm sorry."

"So am I," said Jody quietly.

For a moment she thought that he had not heard. Then she found the car drawing off the road and coming to a halt. He switched off the engine and turned to look at her.

"Say that again," he said slowly.

"I said I'm sorry."

"Sorry that—that Charles is coming back?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You mean—you mean you ——"

"Yes," said Jody.

He sat without moving for a few moments, and then he drew a long, difficult breath. "You know what you're saying?"

"Yes." She gave a tremulous laugh. "I'm only thankful that you—that you said it first."

He put a hand under her chin and raised her face until he looked into her eyes. "I said I loved you," he told her slowly. "Do you know what I meant? Do you understand how I feel? Do you know that every moment of the day I think about you? Do you know that I go to sleep at night with you in my mind, and wake up in the morning remembering you, what you look like, what you sound like? Do you know what I've been longing to do?"

He put his arms round her and drew her close. His lips came down on hers, and stayed there, warm and firm and seeking. He kissed her mouth, her eyes; his lips strayed round her face, and came to rest once more upon her mouth. She closed her eyes and let peace and warmth steal over her, and then her arms went up and clasped themselves round his neck, to draw him closer.

"Jody," he whispered. "Are you sure—quite, quite sure?"

"Quite sure," she said.

They drew away from each other.

"I—I love you," he said slowly. "I love you so much, Jody. I hate the feeling that I've taken you away from another man, but ——"

"There was never anything like this," she said, "between Charles and myself."

It was almost midnight when they reached the house. Desmond walked with her to the front door and stood looking down at her.

"Jody—won't you think over what your aunt said?"

"I'm not going away, Desmond. I'm not frightened of Mr. Kennedy."

He said nothing more. She stood watching him as he drove away, and then she turned and went slowly into the house, closing the front door behind her and drawing the heavy bolts.

She turned and went slowly toward the staircase, her mind full of love and thankfulness. Desmond—large, awkward, strong, gentle ——

She heard a cautious knock, and turned with a smile. He had forgotten to say something—or he had returned to feel her close to him once more, as she longed to feel him.

She walked to the door and drew back the bolts and opened it, the smile still on her lips. On the threshold stood the woman called Laurie.

Laurie was the first to speak. "You know who I am? Our friend Mr. Kennedy has spoken to you about me?"

Jody did not reply for a moment. She w
studying the woman standing before her, a
finding her as beautiful as on the evening s
had seen her at the Merlin Bar. The light fr
the hall shone on her, making her lo
younger, less hard than she had looked th
evening. Her skin, Jody saw, was like
hair—natural, untouched and of silken beau

"We can't talk here," she said quiet
"Won't you ——"

"No. I am not coming in. I have only co
to say something to you."

"What is it?"

"You must go away—at once," Laurie sa

Her voice was quiet, but it held such dea
menace that Jody's hands crept up her ar
until she seemed to be hugging herself i
curious attitude of protection.

"If you tell me why ——" she began he
tatingly.

"I will tell you nothing—except to go. Sh
I tell you what will happen if you do not g

There was a short, deadly silence, out
which Jody heard her own voice. "If I sa
will go, can't you tell me what happened t
morning? Nothing was my fault. The wh
thing was a mistake. I'd never heard of yo
didn't mean to go to number four. But I
go there—and what happened to me?" Jod
voice was urgent. "Nothing's worse than
knowing—nothing."

Laurie studied her curiously. "Very wel
shall tell you what happened to you on t
morning. It will not take long. You came to
building. You were seen; you were rec
nized."

"By whom?"

"Wait. I said that I would tell you, an
will." Laurie's voice was mocking. "You
be ——"

There was a sharp, cracking noise and
words became a low gurgling sound. Jo
numb with terror, saw the woman standing
front of her sway, put out groping hands
then fall in a heap at her feet.

Staring down at her, Jody could h
sounds—screams, loud and repeated,
footsteps, and then voices. From upst
came Estelle. From the garage came Mich
running swiftly. From the cottages came
major, stumbling in his haste; behind him,
professor, groping blindly without his glas
and fumbling with the cord of his dress
gown; Miss Bishop, still fully dressed. T
came and stood round Jody, but the scre
went on and on—and then Michael raise
hand and Jody felt the sting of it as it str
hard at her cheek, and the screaming stop
abruptly and she realized that it had b
coming from herself.

She felt Estelle's arms round her, and
Michael stooping to look at the woman l
at their feet. Then he straightened and loo
slowly round the circle of faces.

"She's dead."

The professor spoke slowly. "Then it w
shot. I was asleep, but . . . I have awake
before to that sound. I could not mistake
He pressed his hands together in a curi
kneading gesture, and looked at Michael.

"Nobody must touch her." Michael's v
was calm. "The police will have to see her
as she is." He was at the telephone, dial
and they waited in silence as the words,
credible in the quiet, dim hall, were spok
accident, fatal; woman shot dead;
through the back.

Estelle's eyes, wide and unbelieving, re
on her husband as he put down the receiv

"Murder," she breathed. "Oh,
chael ——"

"It's all right." He spoke steadily, but
face was ghastly. "It's all right. The po
will be here in a little while."

The next few hours passed, for Jody,
dream. In the hall, the police asked quest
and noted down the answers. Jody told
story. She tried to recall the words Laurie
spoken, and her own replies. She had beer
the verge of learning something—but La
had died with a name on her lips, killed
bullet that came out of the dark.

Michael had been in London, he said.
had returned late. He had put away his
and was walking toward the house whe

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

heard the shot, and came round the corner of the house to see a woman falling.

Miss Bishop had been reading, and had gone into the kitchen to make herself a hot drink. She had been pouring it out when she heard the shot; she had dropped the saucepan and broken the cup—and come running.

The major had fallen asleep in his chair. He had been awakened, he said, not by the shot but by the sound of the professor running out of his house. He had followed him, and they had heard Miss Bishop coming out of her cottage and calling to them, but they had not waited to answer her. The professor could only repeat that the sound of the shot had awakened him.

At about half past four, Jody went into the kitchen to make some coffee. She heard the door open, and turned to see Michael coming in, and at the sight of his face she felt her heart give a leap of fear. He looked deathly pale, and his strong figure seemed to sag. He walked across the room and stood looking down unseeingly at the water heating on the stove.

"Did you"—Jody hesitated—"did you tell the police you'd seen Kennedy?"

"Who told you I'd seen Kennedy?"

"Desmond and I saw you."

"He told me that you were in danger. And I told him I hadn't the slightest influence with you and wouldn't be able to induce you to go away. And so he went to see Lady Cleeve. And I," he ended slowly, "I went to see Laurie."

"You . . . went to see her!"

"I went to try and see her," he amended. "The address Kennedy gave me was in Brook Street. I went there. A woman came to the door and said that a Mrs. Grierson had been staying there, but had left that day. Then I went into a café and bought some sandwiches and ate them in the car on the way home. It doesn't make a very convincing story for the police."

He walked to the door and then looked back at her.

"I'm sorry about the beginning of all this," he said. "You wanted to talk—but nobody would listen. I wish to heaven ——" He stopped and then spoke more quietly. "Charles is on his way back. The police checked. He left St. Malo about sixteen hours ago and he ought to make Newhaven this morning."

"The police checked? But—but why?"

"Because Laurie was shot with his gun. They found it on the grass between here and the cottages. So the police checked—and found that if Charles had fired the shot, he would have had to do it from the middle of the Channel, because that's where he was."

"But Charles doesn't keep the gun ——"

"Here? I know that. Somebody took it off Gazelle. And the only person who goes regularly between here and Marcove is the major."

"Michael ——" She stopped. He had gone out and closed the door behind him.

Jody, left alone, went on performing mechanically tasks that were normal and everyday and entirely unconnected with mystery and death and horror. She forced herself to concentrate on what she was doing. She was making coffee; so many people, so many measures; so many cups; get out the coffee sugar, heat milk for those who like it, fill the cream jug. Get out some glasses and the brandy; people would need it. Miss Bishop looked ill, the major looked exhausted, the professor looked dazed.

And then the door opened and Estelle was standing in the doorway, swaying. Jody led her to a chair and placed her in it and poured a cup of hot coffee.

"Drink that," she ordered. "You're faint, and no wonder. Go on—drink it."

"Michael," brought out Estelle in a choked voice. "They've taken him away—the police. They've taken him away. In a car. With the major. They've taken them both, and Miss Bishop ——"

"Taken all three?"

"No. Miss Bishop has—I think she's fainted. The professor's looking after her and I came—I came ——"

"Drink that coffee—do you hear?" Jody said. She poured a liberal amount of brandy into the hot liquid. "Before you say another word—drink that."

With shaking hands, Estelle lifted the cup. She finished it, and put down the cup.

"Now," said Jody. "Can you tell me what happened?"

"The police told me they wouldn't want me any more. Or Miss Bishop, or the professor. But they would have to take away the major and—and Michael."

"For what?"

"For—for further questioning. And Michael left a message for you. Go to Marcove, Michael says, and intercept Charles. Tell him what's happened. Jody"—her voice was agonized—"what'll they do to Michael? They—they arrested him, Jody."

Once more Jody succeeded in calming her. She led Estelle upstairs and made her lie down, saw that Fenella still slept and went down to the drawing room.

Miss Bishop was unconscious, lying in an untidy heap beside the fireplace. Beside her knelt the professor, holding one of her hands and muttering soft, meaningless phrases in German. He relinquished his charge with open relief to Jody, and hurried hither and thither obeying orders, bringing brandy, pushing up the sofa and helping to lift onto it the reviving Miss Bishop.

She lay quietly, her eyes on Jody. When she spoke at last, it was in a voice almost dead with despair.

"They—they took him away," she said, and Jody knew that she did not mean Michael.

"Only for questioning." Jody put all the comfort she could into the words.

"It's no use." Miss Bishop's voice was calm. "They know. He tried to hide it from them, but they knew. They knew before he told them."

"What did they know?"

"That my cousin had been in prison. They knew. When he came to the school, I didn't



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know. He had been in prison for—for two years. False pretenses, he said. He wanted to stay at the school and he said he wouldn't give any trouble."

The professor's gentle, admonishing voice broke into the tumbling sentences. "You must not speak any more," he said. His long white hand reached out and patted Miss Bishop's shoulder. "Close your eyes and be patient and this thing will come the right way soon."

Miss Bishop's eyes closed; her breathing became slow and heavy, but Jody sat on unmoving. Her mind felt dull; only one thing came back with more and more force and clarity: her need to see, to speak to Desmond. She wanted him. She longed for his presence, longed to hear his voice, longed to feel his hands on her own. In all her life she could not remember yearning for anything with this singleness and intensity.

She looked up to find Estelle coming into the room. She was fully dressed, and to Jody's relief quiet and calm.

"As soon as you feel it's reasonable time," she told Jody, "I'm going to drive to Nancy Wigram's. I want to leave Fenella with her for today."

"That is a good idea," said the professor. "Why do you not stay there yourself?"

"No. I want to be near my husband, if they—if they'll let me. But I'll have to take the car," she told him, "and Jody has to go to Marcove. If you could let her use your car ——"

"If I may offer myself, I shall be happy to drive you," the professor told Jody.

When sorrow reaches its climax,
joy is not far away.

YUGOSLAV PROVERB

Jody, remembering his appalling driving and longing to refuse, changed her mind and said nothing. For a short while, at any rate, she reflected, fears for her own safety would drive out all other thoughts.

She went out into the hall, and to the telephone. It was not, now, too early to speak to Desmond. She heard Lady Wigram's voice, and apologized for the early call. She said nothing of the night's happenings, stating simply that Estelle was anxious to bring Fenella over and leave her for the day. And finally she asked was Desmond up? She would like a word with him.

"Desmond?" His sister sounded surprised. "Desmond isn't here. He rang up and said he'd decided to spend the night at his club."

"Rang up? What time?"

"I can't quite remember. It was late," recalled Lady Wigram. "It was just before midnight, I think."

"He didn't say ——"

"He didn't say any more than that. I was just going to ask you if you knew where he'd gone off to."

"No. No, I don't," said Jody.

She put down the receiver and stood still. He had not gone home. He had left her, and he had gone straight to call his sister. He had gone—where?—without a word. He had kissed her—and he had gone away.

She heard the professor's voice, and saw him at the front door. "I am ready," he told her. "My car is here."

Jody, not as a rule a nervous passenger, found herself alternately clenching her fists tightly in her lap and clinging to the stuffing that protruded from the cushions. This proving an inadequate support, she braced her feet against imaginary brakes, and pressed them as oncoming traffic bore down upon them and missed them by inches. The professor stared straight ahead, lips compressed, his knuckles white with the tenseness of his grip on the steering wheel.

He did not speak until they were nearing the cove. Then: "You think," he asked, "that already Charles will be here?"

"I don't know. If he isn't, he'll be near. When I see him, I'll take Gazelle out and meet him."

"But why should you go to meet him?"

"I'm going to stop him from going to Newhaven."

"Gazelle is not too big for you to take?"

"No. I can manage."

"You cannot go alone." The professor's voice quavered. "If you wish to go out to Charles, I shall come with you."

Jody knew what the offer must have cost him. His fear of boats, of the sea was well known. She saw that even the possibility of venturing on the water had made him as pale as death.

"It's very kind of you," she said firmly, "but I'll manage by myself. I know how you hate the sea. I'll be all right."

"No. Other days, yes. But today you have received a shock," said the professor. "Today is different."

But when they reached Marcove and stood at the clifftop looking down at the little harbor, the day did not look different from other days. All trace of the recent storm had gone; the water was as calm as it had been on countless other summer mornings when she had come down here with Charles, to sail with him or to see him off.

Shading her eyes, Jody let them move along the surface of the sea, looking for Ballerina's familiar lines.

"There she is."

She began to walk down the steep slope, and the professor stumbled along by her side. When they reached Gazelle, she glanced at him and saw that he was white with fear.

"You mustn't come with me," she said firmly. "I shall be quite all right by myself."

"No. I am very afraid," he confessed, "but I shall come. Please do not notice me; I shall not give you trouble. But if I let you go alone, I shall not feel that I am doing what is right."

"We should reach Ballerina in half an hour—Charles will see us and come to meet us. The sea's dead calm."

Dead . . . and calm. Dead, like the woman who had fallen at her feet on the steps. Calm,



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like Laurie, lying in a mortuary. The sea's calm would be succeeded by movement—but Laurie would still be dead . . . dead, forever unmoving.

Her mind went to Desmond, and once more the longing for him swept over her. With an effort, she brought her mind to the professor, and helped him aboard and prepared to take Gazelle to sea.

She would see Charles—and she would have to tell him not only the terrible news of the night that was just gone, but the whole of the events leading up to it. She would tell him about Desmond, and of her feelings for Desmond.

She glanced at the professor, and was relieved to find that he was no longer crouching fearfully against the rail. He was standing and watching, as she was watching, the approach of Ballerina. The two boats neared each other; she could see Charles busy with ropes, and she waited for his attention to become disengaged so that she could call to him. Far away were isolated fishing boats. Beyond them, a large liner moved lazily; nearer at hand, a small naval patrol vessel sped swiftly, leaving a lacy white train trailing in the water.

Jody took a firm grip on the helm, waiting for Charles' order.

And then she felt the grip of two hands closing over her throat.

The sea vanished, and became the sky. Her hands, torn from the wheel, waved wildly, helplessly, and then fastened on the hands that gripped her, and she tore and clawed at them and knew that she could not move them. Their grip was tightening . . . tightening ——

Thought ceased, and instinct took its place. Her feet, lifted off the deck, flailed and found something against which to press. The hands were jerked away, and she was falling—and then for one moment she lay and saw the professor's face swooping down, his hands, like talons, tensed to grip once more.

The professor, and his long, white hands. The professor, with blue eyes no longer mild, but hard with the hardness and glaze of china. The professor's fingers round her throat, pressing, pressing ——

Once more she had torn herself free, only to be brought down with brutal force on the deck. She fought, and knew that the struggle would be brief; Charles was near, but not near enough. Air . . . there was no air. There was no sky.

She made a last desperate effort to free herself—and then she saw that the darkness was moving and breaking up and parting as a shape, large and growing larger, appeared between Gazelle and the sun, hung for an instant over the little ship and then swept by. Gazelle, left rocking wildly in a boiling sea, plunged, dipped and then heeled over, and a cry from Jody ended in a gasp as she was hurled into the sea.

As she hit the water and went under, she knew that she was safe from the professor. Kicking her way to the surface, she told herself that Charles had chosen the swiftest, the surest way to save her: he had driven Ballerina into Gazelle.

And then, surfacing, she shook the water from her eyes and realized that Ballerina was nowhere to be seen. Close to her, Gazelle lay on her side, her sails trailing in the sea. Some distance beyond, the professor was struggling desperately in the water. And turning in a half circle of bubbling white froth was the naval patrol vessel—and as it bore down upon them Jody over its wake saw Ballerina, and upon Ballerina's deck Charles.

Charles, watching. Charles, listening to her cries and disregarding them. Charles, motionless upon the deck of Ballerina, watching dispassionately the professor fighting for life a rope's length away.

As she began to swim toward the professor, a man dived from the naval vessel, swimming strongly toward Jody. He reached her, put out a strong arm and gathered her to him and held her, but she twisted herself out of his hold.

"Desmond—the professor! He can't swim! He ——"

"It's all right, Jody. Charles is near and ——"

"No!" The sound was a wail of despair. "No, he—he isn't going to ——"

She saw Desmond turn in the water and look back. The professor was no longer struggling.

"Go to him—I'm all right. Oh, go to him," Jody begged.

She saw Desmond swimming away from her, swimming strongly and swiftly, but she knew that he would not be able to reach the professor in time. And Charles, who had been near, who could have saved him—Charles had watched and had done nothing. He had watched a man ——

She half swam, half drifted to Gazelle and hung there, her eyes closed. When she opened them, there was no sign of the professor. Desmond, after a time, swam back to her. She saw the patrol vessel coming nearer; she saw Ballerina moving away, not in the direction of Newhaven, not in the direction of Marcove, but out to sea.

She was in Desmond's arms. So much she knew, but no more.

NEXT MONTH

"I'm in the big, big league, Ginny," he said. "I meet a lot of people and I don't think there are more than three or four who wouldn't change with me in one minute."

The Weldons had been married ten years and Ginny, at thirty, was prettier than ever. They had three children, a beautiful suburban home and an income of $23,500. Suddenly, unexpectedly, three things happened and Ben and Ginny Weldon realized their marriage faced a crisis. More than a crisis!

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It was very quiet in the room. It was a strange room, and Jody was glad, for familiar things brought to her mind memories which she could not yet face.

"If you would rather hear some of it at some other time ——" began Mr. Kennedy.

"No."

"I brought you here because I felt that we could talk better alone. The others know all there is to know, but you were not well enough to ——"

"Please go on."

"I shall never forgive myself," he said, "for not having told you who I was. But it seemed to me then that what I did was right."

Jody waited.

"I was acting in the dark," went on Mr. Kennedy. "You and Huntley came to Dorset Court. I was there from the C.I.D. to see if the man we'd placed there had learned anything. The Griersons had left no trace, and nothing more had been learned about them. Then I saw two young people who had come inquiring about a woman with a shady record in more than one country. You might have been straight—but I had to be sure."

"And so you searched my aunt's house for ——"

"Yes. That told us little, but when I located Laurie, I decided to make sure about you. You and the lieutenant commander both came to the Merlin, and I arranged to meet Laurie there. Two police officers kept you under observation when she came in, and from their report it was clear that you had had no previous connection with her. And then . . . I began to worry about you."

He paused, and pushed toward her the drink she had put down on the desk.

"When you went that morning to Dorset Court, the professor was there. On his visits to his conservatoire at Harrogate, he always called at Dorset Court—number four. He saw in what direction you were going, and he realized that by some extraordinary error you were going to number four. He had at all costs to stop you. He crept up behind you as you looked through the window in the corridor, and he hit you. Then he carried you into the apartment and ——"

"So that was my blood on the carpet."

"Yes. You were there for only a few moments, while he discussed what should be done with you. Then you were carried to the foot of the stairs and left there. The manager reported the matter to the police in a purely routine way—but when I saw the report, I went to Dorset Court. By that time the Griersons had vanished, and so had our link with an international gang of smugglers."

"Smugglers?"

"Yes. They operated," said Mr. Kennedy, "on the grand scale. Watches. Hundreds, thousands of watches pouring in from the Continent and finding their way into this country—undetected. We didn't know how they came in. All we knew at first was that they were distributed from the Joichim Conservatoire at Harrogate."

"Laurie ——"

"She had been working in France, living with one of the members of the organization. He was caught by the French police, and convicted, and Laurie crossed the Channel. And so, for the first time, we had a tie-up between the Continental gang and the gang here in England. Laurie went straight up to Harrogate, and that was when the Joichim Conservatoire first came to our notice. But for some time we couldn't get any further.

"Then one day," went on Mr. Kennedy, "there was a car smash in Sussex, and two men were killed—two men who had been working for the professor. Their deaths left him without two key men—and he decided to take the place of one of them, the man who had been the music master at Broome Abbey.

"He brought Laurie as far as London, and put her into a flat in Dorset Court, with strict orders that she was never on any pretext whatsoever to venture into Sussex. She agreed, and she stuck to the agreement—until you came into the picture. You came by accident, and you brought disaster."

"I don't ——"

"You don't yet see why. I shall tell you. Number four Dorset Court had become a link in the chain that stretched from Harrogate to Broome, and your accident forced the professor to give up the apartment; he was afraid that an investigation might take place and bring him too close to the police. The apartment was vacated, and Laurie was left homeless. And . . . she decided to go south.

"I didn't know she had called at the school until I spoke to you at the Merlin after you had seen me at the rendezvous that I had made with your brother-in-law."

"Why did you ——"

"Why did I want to see him? I sent for your brother-in-law because Miss Bishop had gone to the police with some important information."

"Miss Bishop!"

"She played a game of hide-and-seek with your little niece, Fenella. Miss Bishop found Fenella in the professor's empty cello case. Little girls playing a game are not very careful how they handle things; the case had been subjected to some rather rough treatment, and when Miss Bishop found Fenella, she also found the resting place of several hundred matches."

"And that is why she ——"

"—— was taken ill? Yes. When she recovered, she went first to her cousin, Major Miller, certain that he had something to do with what was going on. The major denied all knowledge of the matter and Miss Bishop decided to tell the police. When I heard her story, I telephoned your brother-in-law, but before I could see him I saw you, and learned that Laurie had visited the school. And when I heard that, I knew that you were the reason for her going there, and I knew that she would do at nothing to get you out of the way."

"But—but *why? Why?*"

"Please be patient; you will learn in a moment. Miss Bishop's discovery told the police nothing that they had not known before. We already knew that the professor was the head of the organization, receiving the watches and carrying them up to Harrogate. What we didn't know for certain was: who was bringing them to Broome? The night before Miss Bishop saw the cello case, I had been down to have a talk with Major Miller. My visit frightened him, Miss Bishop's discovery frightened him still more, and so the next time he went to Marcove, he brought back the gun that Charles Vaughan had left on Gazelle."

"But he ——"

"No, he didn't shoot Laurie. When Laurie knocked on your door, the major was asleep in his chair. But the professor was awake. He went out of the cottage and saw, through the uncurtained window of the major's sitting room, that the major was asleep. He went in and took the gun, and what woke the major was the sound of the shot.

"With Laurie's death," resumed Mr. Kennedy after a time, "we knew that the professor was finished. But we wanted him to lead us to the man who had brought the supplies into the country. We had to have more than theories—we had to have proof."

Jody's eyes were fixed unseeingly on the neat papers on the desk.

"As I told you, two people died in that car smash. The music master, and one other. That other was a man vital to the organization, because he was the man responsible for getting the goods into England. He had to be a splendid seaman. He had to own a boat and he had to sail out in all seasons and in all weathers to meet, off Newhaven, the cross-Channel steamer—the Newhaven-Dieppe steamer. On the steamer, a man would come up on deck, identify the little boat, and with apparent carelessness throw overboard a bundle of what looked like rubbish. And if anyone happened to be sailing by, why should they be suspicious if they saw a man in a small boat picking up something from the sea? You can understand, can you not, the importance of this man to the professor? Without him, the organization could not operate.

"I think that at first the professor must have considered approaching the major. But the major was a weak man—and the organization had no use for weak men. And so the professor . . . went to Charles Vaughan."

The little clock on the desk ticked in the silence. Jody did not move.

"He invited Charles to the flat in Dorset Court—and Charles and Laurie met. She fell in love with him, and he—he loved you, but men are only men, and as you saw, she was beautiful.

"And then, by an extraordinary turn of fate, you went to the apartment on a day when he was there. The professor knew that if you went to number four and rang the bell, the door would be opened by your fiancé.

"So the professor acted—and in the confusion that followed, Laurie learned that Charles was engaged to you. She was sick of London, sick of the organization, sick of the professor. She wanted only one thing: Charles Vaughan. And so she ignored the professor's warning, and she went to Sussex, and that is why she died.

"Afterward, the professor went out with you to meet Charles Vaughan and then he decided to kill you." He paused, went on slowly, "I didn't think of the sea approach. It was Huntley who thought of that. When you took him to Lady Cleeve's and she told you about my visit, he knew that she was keeping something back. So when he left you, he drove straight back to London and roused your aunt from her bed and asked for the truth—and she told him all that I had told her. And what I had told her was that it was almost certain that the professor's accomplice was Charles Vaughan.

"Huntley got hold of a naval friend of his who commands a fast patrol boat. They went on an unofficial trip. Before he went, he told Lady Cleeve to get in touch with me and tell me what he was doing, and when I knew, I went out on a police launch and got aboard

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135



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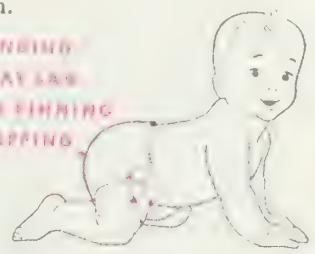
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

the patrol boat. Huntley didn't want me. His idea was to contact Charles Vaughan on Ballerina and give him a chance to get out—if he wanted to. But . . . that wasn't quite how things worked out. I leave you to imagine what I felt when we neared Gazelle and saw ——" Once again he stopped. Silence fell, and it was a long time before Jody broke it.

"Ballerina ——" she began.

" —— was found and brought home by the naval authorities," said Mr. Kennedy. "There was nobody aboard her." His voice deepened. "Perhaps it was as well, Jody. There was not much for Charles Vaughan to come home to."

Italy was hot, Spain an inferno. Lady Cleeve, who liked always to be cool, bore the discomfort for her niece's sake, but she was greatly and openly relieved when Jody, at the end of August, proposed returning home.

"But we haven't been to Granada," pointed out her aunt conscientiously. "Or Córdoba."

"I know. Let's go home," said Jody.

They arrived on the day before Jody's birthday.

"Stay with me and have it here," begged her aunt.

So Jody stayed at the house in Knightsbridge.

When she awoke next morning, the table in her room was gay with brightly colored parcels. There were boxes of flowers, there were letters and telegrams. Gifts from Estelle and Michael and the children, a posy from the major, a hand-knitted scarf from Miss Bishop.

But there was nothing from Desmond Huntley.

She went up to her room before lunch, having waited in vain for a sign. Standing in the middle of the room, she pressed her hands together and told herself that the navy was a busy life, and ——

She heard her aunt's footsteps and went to the door. Lady Cleeve stood on the threshold, on her face a look difficult for Jody to analyze.

"Somebody wants to see you," she told Jody.

Jody's heart leaped. "Downstairs?"

"Outside. He says you're to look out of the window."

The window opened onto the street. Jody walked to it and looked out.

Down in the heart of Knightsbridge, a small and attentive crowd watched a very large man trying to lead a very small, very white and reluctant goat up to the little house. The goat wore a huge pink bow round its neck and round its middle was a pink sash on which was emblazoned the words Betsy II.

"Happy birthday." He wagged a finger at Betsy. "For you. Shall I bring her up?"

Jody waited until she could speak steadily. "No. I'm coming down," she said.

WHO IS DOCTOR SPOCK?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

"Somehow I never quite realize that Ben is famous. When you've known somebody from the time he was young, you don't think of him as a public figure."

Spock was a Yale student when he met the beautiful black-haired seventeen-year-old Jane Cheney at Black Point, Connecticut, where her family owned a summer home. They waltzed in a moonlit gazebo, and he proposed the next night. "I've never had any trouble making up my mind about things," he says now, "even when I only knew by instinct."

Jane, whose family owned the Cheney silk mills, was equally positive. They were married in 1927, and their first years in New York, while Spock finished medical school and interned, were cheerfully sparse. A friend remembers, "Jane was the only girl in our crowd who was doing all her husband's laundry, and she told us, 'Ben's so wonderful—he only expects me to iron the parts of his shirts that show.'"

Spock, a superb dancer, and a man who has always been ingenious in getting what he wants, formed the Don't Tread on Me Club, or Dr. Spock's Dancing Academy, which met regularly in a hired hall, with an orchestra, at $1.50 a couple. In between, their friends often danced to a phonograph in the Spocks' big one-room basement apartment at 170th Street, with the curtained-off bed at one end.

When their first son, Michael, was born, in 1933, Spock had already interned in medicine and pediatrics, and was finishing a year's psychiatric residency at New York Hospital. Discussing himself as a new father, he now remarks wryly, "Jane says I was pretty rigid, but I thought of myself as sort of enlightened from the start."

His wife says, "First he was a little stricter than I was. Then for a while perhaps he was a little too permissive."

It must have been during this latter phase when an observer walking a dog in Central Park saw the small Michael sitting placidly in a large mud puddle, while his father waited beside him in a stance of I'll-be-patient-if-it-kills-me. An ex-Yale roommate remembers going to the Spocks' for cocktails about that time. "As a bachelor, I of course had clear ideas on how a child should be brought up. Michael was allowed to wander around among the guests, and when he picked up an empty glass and acted as if he were drinking, I took a pretty dim view. I thought to myself, 'If Ben lets his own child do that, he won't have much of a future as a child specialist.' Well, that shows you how much *I* knew." Bachelor or not, he noticed that Spock was much more easy and companionable with his young son than most other fathers. The two went sled riding and roller skating, and they built a raised platform around the wall in the boy's playroom, for the electric train, so that it even went over the bed. They also built a runway along the baseboard for Michael's pet white mice, but this was less successful. When Michael decided sadly that the mice weren't at all friendly, his father whisked them off to the lab at New York Hospital, where he was a staff pediatrician.

A colleague of those days said, "Nothing was ever too much trouble for Ben. Once I saw him spend twenty minutes teaching a nervous young mother how to read a thermometer. There was another woman who came to the clinic who drove the rest of us crazy, because she yak-yakked on and on, about her child. But Ben would sit patiently and let her spill out everything on her mind. He said, 'I *like* them to talk. It helps both of us.'"

Spock had started private practice in 1933, renting space in an obstetrician's office, and it took him two years to make expenses. A pediatrician who shared an office with him in the early 1940's said, "Ben spent so much time discussing psychological aspects with the parents that he always ran late on appointments. But even under pressure, he never lost his humor. One patient came in with a rambunctious three-year-old, and she was expecting another child. I heard Spock tell the nurse, 'Be especially kind to her. She has a touch of pregnancy.'"

When the city's Department of Health launched a training program for its staff in child psychology, Spock, as their consultant in pediatrics, talked to doctors, nurses and social workers. "He got a list made of the questions young mothers asked oftenest. It was a broad training laboratory, and I think it made him more flexible, more inclined to trust mothers' instincts." This same doctor said, "In meetings, if there was a deadlock, suddenly that laugh of Ben's would crash through the tension, and in no time he'd have the holdouts won over."

> Goodness is the only investment that never fails.
>
> THOREAU

In the accounts of his zooming success and his crammed schedule, there's a trace of "the shoemaker's children go barefoot." Spock almost never got home before his son's bedtime. His wife remembers, "Mike and I would often go with him in the car on his Sunday calls, and Mike would play on the sidewalk while Ben was inside seeing a patient. Sometimes that was the only way Ben could be with Mike all week long."

When his younger son, John, was born, in 1944, Spock was then stationed in Washington, a lieutenant commander in the Navy, doing psychiatric work with severe disciplinary cases. "As soon as I got word that Jane was in labor, I caught the next train for New York, and I got there in time." The setback came when he dashed eagerly into the sixth-floor nursery of New York Hospital, to look at his brand-new son close to. As a staff pediatrician he'd been going into and out of that room for years. But now the head nurse advanced implacably. "Get out!" she said. "You're not a doctor now—you're a father. Get *out*!" Spock says that as he slunk out of there, to go and peer distantly at his son from the other side of the glass partition, "I realized just how useless fathers are made to feel."

It was because he had first been turned down by the Navy—he'd had a bad back and three sieges of pneumonia—that he decided he had time to write the book on child care, which Donald Geddes of Pocket Books had requested. The idea of a 25-cent paperback edition that could reach more mothers appealed to him as a real public service. He started it in the summer of 1943, vacationing in the Adirondacks, and dictated to his wife to give it an easy, informal tone. "We worked three hours every afternoon and every evening," she says. "I took it down straight on the typewriter, because he dictated slowly in those days. And I triple-spaced, to leave room for corrections."

Back in New York, they went on with it four evenings a week, continuing after Spock was inducted, belatedly, into the Navy and assigned for a while to nearby St. Albans Hospital. His wife had worked with a doctor in Presbyterian Hospital, taking genetic studies of entire families, and this training made her especially helpful in doing research for the book in medical libraries. She also checked on formula tables, and as her husband has written in Acknowledgments, "contributed endless time, work, patience, much of the practicality in the detailed directions in the book, and wonderful judgment."

At least one expert who read chapters of the manuscript criticized the writing style as "too slangy." Spock, who was determined to keep it natural, ignored this, but accepted other suggestions gratefully.

When his Navy orders came to leave for the West Coast, he turned down the publishers' pleadings to let them get the index done by an editorial professional. He thought he'd have a better idea of what things mothers would look for, as indeed he did. On a troop train going from New York to San Francisco, with a beer party roaring nonstop at the other end of his Pullman, Lieutenant Commander Spock sat with a lapful of galleys sliding around like oversize spaghetti, and patiently indexed 1500 entries: Adenoids . . . Aggressiveness . . . Biting Humans . . . Bubbling . . . Buntings—and on down to Weaning . . . Working Mothers . . . Worms . . . Zweiback.

One of the advance copies of the book went to a young friend of the Spocks' who was in a West Coast maternity hospital with a just-born daughter. Her obstetrician picked up the book from her bedside table and stared at the jacket: THE COMMON SENSE BOOK OF BABY AND CHILD CARE, by Benjamin Spock, M.D. "Who's Spock? What's this thing?" he asked. He leafed through it briskly, then said in a respectful tone, "I looked up green stool in the index as a test case, and it's there all right. Three kinds. This guy Spock seems to have done a good job. I guess you can trust him."

In the entire history of publishing, there has probably never been such overwhelming trust placed in an author. The country was ripe for Spock, literally, mentally, emotionally. The postwar baby boom was already on, and young parents were ready for a new, nonrigid

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technique of bringing up baby. The pendulum had swung, perhaps too fast and far, from Doctor Watson's stern edicts of the twenties, in his book *Infant and Child Care*, which featured such flinty commands as, "Never kiss your child. Never hold it on your lap. Never rock its carriage."

Watson and his sort had browbeaten parents, but Spock reassured them, from his now-famous opening sentence, "*You know more than you think you do.*" An anxious, quivering mother could begin to breathe more easily, reading, "Don't be overawed by what the experts say. . . . We know for a fact that the natural loving care that kindly parents give to their children is a hundred times more valuable. . . ."

The book was an instant success, and reporters came flocking to get the views of the new authority on child care. There is a story that may be apocryphal, about a lady feature writer who called on the celebrated new author early one evening, at the Spock apartment. The interview was somewhat colored by the sounds of a baby screaming bloody murder—Spock's younger son. Every time a fresh scream rose piercingly, daddy's forehead was wet with perspiration. When the talk got around to children climbing out of their cribs at night, the interviewer asked, "Do you have that problem with your own child, doctor?" Spock said yes. "And what do you do about it, doctor?" It is alleged that Spock said casually, "I tie a tennis net over the top of the crib."

He doesn't agree with the charge sometimes leveled: that his book encourages parents to let children get away with too much. To back up his case, he pointed out, "My own children were brought up strictly, in that they're polite and considerate. From the time the boys were very young, people who came to the house would remark on what delightful companions Mike and John were—interesting to talk to. And I think they are. They call me Ben, and I have arguments about that with European friends who don't approve of it, but I like it."

His face split into a rueful grin, as he mentioned that every now and then somebody tells him, "There's a perfectly *horrible* child down the street from us, and the mother says she's bringing it up entirely by your book." He said, "People can read into it what they want to find. Even in the original edition, there was much emphasis on controls. I didn't want to encourage permissiveness, but to relax rigidity."

In the new, much enlarged paperback edition (50 cents) which came out in 1957, he has added a great deal more on discipline, and on the rights of parents. He wrote, "Nowadays there seems to be more chance of a conscientious parent's getting into trouble with permissiveness than with strictness."

He is frankly resentful of the theory that he veered too much toward permissiveness, at first, because he himself was brought up too rigidly. "It was a strict, careful upbringing, but not rigid." He feels that it's proof of his parents' interest in their children's welfare and education, that five out of the six Spock offspring—four girls, two boys—went into either teaching or psychiatry. He agrees that as the oldest child, he probably got the brunt of a strictness that eased as his younger brothers and sisters came along. Asked if it was a loving, affectionate family, he said carefully, "There was complete solidarity. And my parents devoted their lives to their children. They felt that that's what you did. It was the natural thing."

He was born in May, 1903, and christened Benjamin McLane Spock. His father, a descendant of Hudson River Dutch settlers, was general counsel for the New Haven Railroad, a great admirer of Calvin Coolidge, and is said to have resembled him. (Mr. Spock died 28 years ago.) His oldest son said, "It's interesting, when I talk to my sisters, to find how differently we saw our father. I would have described him as 'deliberate, grave, fair-minded.' But my sisters remember him as 'darling, delightful.'"

Spock's parents hardly ever went out in the evenings when the children were young, and he mentioned that although his mother adored playing cards, "She wouldn't indulge herself and play until all her children were grown. She was a strong-minded woman, and still is."

The elder Mrs. Spock, now in her eighties, "has been leading the doctors a merry chase," her son explained. "She refuses to take their medicines, and she refuses to go to a hospital because she's never been in one yet. All her children were born at home."

They were also doctored at home, in a do-it-yourself way, whenever possible. His mother bought a medical book, and looked up symptoms briskly. "Once she took three of us to the doctor and informed him she'd checked with the book and thought we had malaria." The doctor was openly skeptical of the idea. "So mother took us to a lab for a blood test and by golly, it turned out we *had* malaria."

The Spocks lived in a pleasant, unelaborate house on Cold Spring Street, and schoolmates remember the atmosphere there as "friendly but not relaxing." One said, "There was always a big pot of oatmeal on the stove, and



"Junior will be so pleased. He's been looking everywhere for them."

I think that's the reason Ben's never advocated shoving oatmeal down baby's gullet."

The children slept on an unheated screened porch, and their education was sometimes even more Spartan. "My mother had a theory children shouldn't go to school till they were seven," Spock said. "I don't know where she arrived at that idea, but it's interesting that some modern educators think along the same line, at least to the extent that they don't believe children should be drilled intensively their first year in school. The summer I was seven, when we were at Cushings Island in Maine, mother decided to tutor me, in preparation. Maybe she'd begun to have qualms. I remember that after one coaching session, she grabbed me by the hair and shook me and said, 'How can you be so stupid?'" He added gently, "She wasn't really cut out to be a teacher."

The next two years, his schooling consisted of lessons with the governess of a small friend. "She taught five or six of us, but I'm not at all sure she'd had any teaching training. I remember she gave us long-division problems. I was eight, and when she told us about the trial divisor, I thought I was finished. I felt utter hopelessness."

Things improved considerably when he was installed in the third grade of Worthington Hooker Grammar School. "Suddenly I was part of a big class, twenty or thirty children, and I enjoyed the feeling that I was one of a team, and for an unassertive character, that seemed to me a triumph."

Asked about a report that until Andover he was "timid and running away from things," Spock looked rather hurt. "I don't think Chunky Robbins, who lived next door to us, would have called me timid." He thought for a while. "I was shy. I wasn't a scrapper. One time when I was around nine a group of older toughs came by and yelled, 'Who ya lookin' at?'" Spock, who is a brilliant mimic, thrust out his jaw belligerently. His high forehead seemed to come down and bulge threateningly over slitted eyes. His long, slender fingers balled themselves into thuggish fists. "'Wanna fight?' When I heard that, I took off and ran for two miles without stopping."

His long-legged runs for the glory of the Andover team were on a more affirmative plane, but he still felt behind in some ways. "I'd listen to other boys talking about how they took a girl out on the town, to dinner, then on to another place dancing, and I'd think, 'Is that possible?' I couldn't imagine any boy having that much money to spend. And I couldn't imagine any nice girl being allowed to go."

When he entered Yale, in 1921, "I was no great shakes at first, from a social viewpoint. I remember watching Stuart Symington—he was an upperclassman then—and marveling how smooth he was, what a man of the world. I envied him. But when I made the crew, that led to a feeling of success that was heady. I developed more assurance."

To earn spending money for football games and proms, he worked every summer at a camp for crippled children, as a counselor. "When I saw the doctors there, and what they did for the children, I wanted to be like them. And you could say I went into medicine to be a pediatrician."

Another summer job had no such influence on his future, but it toughened his muscles. He worked on a railroad section gang in Canada,

AT LONG LAST

By KAY OWENS

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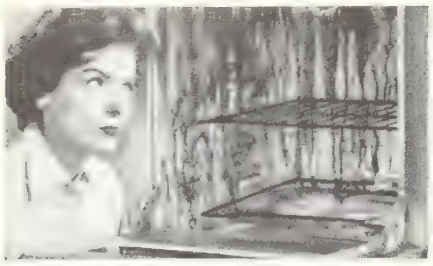
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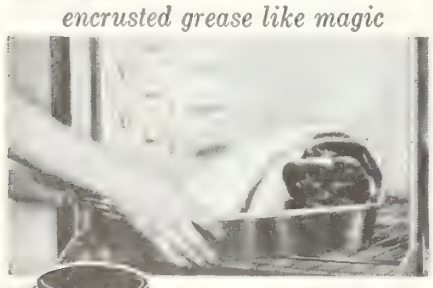
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in marshy inland muskeg country, and slept in boxcars in makeshift wooden bunks. "We worked for thirty cents an hour and paid the railroad a dollar a day for board. And we weren't paid when it rained, so I averaged eleven dollars net a week."

Most of the men were new immigrants, and Spock had been hired with the understanding that he would teach these co-workers English every evening. But after working a twelve-hour day, the men didn't seem to feel a burning desire for knowledge, and their tutor was in no shape to press the point.

As a Yale freshman, his own burning desire had been to live at school "in a room of my own," but his parents insisted on his eating and sleeping at home. He cites this as an example of "our family solidarity, and my parents' belief in not spending money unnecessarily."

After he made the crew, in his sophomore year, he convinced his father that he had to eat at the training table, "or I wouldn't be strong enough. And I finally got a room at school." He also became a member of the most coveted senior society, Keys. A classmate, recalling Mrs. Spock's strict supervision, said, "I always had the feeling Ben was able to cope with the situation."

Another remembers gratefully that Mrs. Spock was "extraordinarily motherly" and let him park his visiting girls there for prom weekends. The girls themselves were less grateful, because they weren't allowed to sleep in the morning after a dance. "Breakfast was at a set hour, and everybody had to be there." Spock, who was already passionately fond of dancing, seemed ebullient and fresh as a long-stemmed daisy on these mornings after. He wasn't, as yet, much of a scholar. His average grade was C plus.

A crewmate who took the trip to Paris in 1924, when Yale rowed to victory on the Seine, said, "Ben didn't stay on with us afterward. But I don't know whether it was because of his not wanting to spend the money, or his parents thinking he wasn't old enough to be loose in Paris."

Observers describe the lanky New Englander as "a perfectly beautiful oar," one of the best Yale ever produced.

Spock says modestly a lot of the credit should go to their coach, Ed Leader, a burly rough-diamond type who had come to Yale from a West Coast college. Spock's clearest memory of that Paris trip is Leader lecturing them daily against temptation. "He always wound up, 'And whatever you do, stay away from *women*.'"

Most of the crew followed instructions meekly, in the week before the event, with naps every day after lunch. But their captain, a dignified young man named James Stillman Rockefeller, now president of the First National City Bank, had been bitten by love on the boat going over to France, and used to sneak out during naptime to meet the girl, Nancy Carnegie, whom he later married. Mrs. Carnegie chaperoned the couple, and their outings were highly respectable. "But one day Rockefeller was late getting back," Spock recounts gleefully. "The rest of us had leaped up from our naps and were already sitting out front in an open-top bathtublike bus. But where was our captain? Suddenly we spotted him down the street, saying good-by to Nancy, while Mrs. Carnegie sat in the taxicab waiting. Our coach took one look and let out a bellow. 'Rockefeller!' he roared. 'You ought to be ashamed. What kind of a thing is this for a captain of the crew—standin' on a street corner talkin' to a woman.'"

Back home, Spock himself was talkin' to a woman—very freely. Jane Cheney was then in Bryn Mawr, and she had been doing volunteer work in a child-guidance clinic in Hartford. Spock remembers that soon after they were engaged, she told him about some interesting psychological theories. "Jane said she'd heard that the first two years of a child's life were the most important in forming his personality. And I told her, '*That* is absolute nonsense.'"

Considering the way his own thinking veered later, it seems probable that his fiancée's influence was potent. After two years of Yale Medical School, Spock told his father it was too distracting to study in New Haven—"I don't know if father really swallowed that line"—and announced he'd like to finish his training at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. He then added hurriedly that he wanted to get married and take Jane along to New York. "Father asked me, 'But what would you live on?' and I was just trying to get up my nerve to say 'On you, father,' when mother rushed to my support. She convinced father that if Jane and I knew our own minds, we should be encouraged and helped to get married and not have to wait." He pointed out that this proves his mother wasn't a possessive, domineering parent.

Spock graduated at the top of his class at Columbia, but he thinks an important part of his education was gleaned on the subway. "In those days, before Medical Center was built, we traveled all over the city to various classes, and we'd have bull sessions en route, about politics and modern psychology and so on. I'd thought psychology was the stupidest course I had in Yale—it *was* a stupid course—but now I began to get an idea of the possibilities. And it was quite an eye-opener for me to learn that Coolidge wasn't necessarily the greatest President, as my father had assured me." (As a sign of emancipation, Spock voted for Al Smith in 1928.)

In spite of these revelations, he was still pulled by tradition and, at times, almost Victorian convention. He astounded a friend who had invited the young Spocks for a Long Island weekend by insisting that his wife wear long black stockings when she went in swimming. "That was 1929 or 1930," their ex-host recalls. "And Jane was the only girl on the entire beach in black stockings. I was embarrassed for her, but I must say she did it very matter-of-factly. If Ben wanted her to do it, that was enough."

> The shortest way to do anything is to do only one thing at a time.
>
> MARTIN LUTHER

By the time the young intern finished his year in pediatrics (at New York Nursery and Children's Hospital), he was convinced that the ramrod techniques of bringing up children needed a drastic reshaping. He spent the year in psychiatric residency. "Those were painful learning years," he said. "I was convinced there was some connection, but the problem was to apply this psychiatric knowledge when I started practice."

Spock, his wife, and many other people close to him at that period, think that an educational psychologist named Caroline Zachry, whom he met at the Psychoanalytic Institute when they were both taking a seminar course, had the broadest, deepest influence on his thinking. (She was director of child guidance for New York City schools at the time of her death in the mid-forties.) One of the group says now, "She was a wonderful woman with great vision and insight, and Ben sat at her feet like a disciple. It was an exciting time, with a brilliant crop of youngsters all exploding with new ideas. Margaret Mead and Lawrence Frank were two of them."

Spock, with his infectious enthusiasm, and his gift for putting complicated ideas into direct, simple words, was one of the trail blazers who could make listeners catch fire. When the Progressive Education Association asked Caroline Zachry to head up a training center, the Institute of Personality Development, for professions concerned with children, she and Spock did most of the lecturing; he talked to teachers on emotional psychology. Another of his extracurricular jobs was physician to a private girls' school. "I learned a tremendous amount then about how much a good teacher knows about a child. She sees a child against the background of a whole class, as a pediatrician never does. They'd come to me for consultations, but they taught me so much, over the years."

All this experience was grist for his book later, but the actual roots of it, so far as writing went, were in a fifty-page pamphlet he collaborated on with a psychiatrist: *Psychological Aspects of Pediatric Practice*, which appeared in the Practitioner's Library of Medicine and Surgery. His collaborator says, "Ben was a slow starter, and then he put on a last-minute spurt for deadline. I remember he wanted to include a discussion of the Oedipus complex, and I said no, pediatricians weren't ready for that, but he went ahead and did it anyway, and did it so simply and well. We were pleased because a doctor who read the article said, 'It's fine—it's earthy.'"

Spock's down-to-earth style is oddly at variance with the rather attenuated-sounding research he did when he first left pediatric practice, the year after his book appeared. He became associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Minnesota, and joined the staffs of the Rochester Child Health Institute and the Mayo Clinic. He explains seriously that one of the research projects was to study newborn babies' features, to determine which sex they were. (It occurred to one listener that there's a quicker way to find out.) Another project was to study babies during their first three days, and try to gauge their temperament from physical traits. "The data was never worked over carefully, but enough to show we weren't hitting the nail on the head." He sounded much more enthusiastic telling how Michael, in Rochester High School, became state swimming champion in the backstroke.

Some of his colleagues claim that Spock isn't at his best in research, that he's apt to get carried away on thin evidence, and that his real value and brilliance lie in interpreting the findings and educating the public. One said, "He's done more for parent education than anybody else in the last thirty-five years."

In 1951, Spock went to the University of Pittsburgh Medical School to organize a training program in child psychiatry and child development. He feels that he accomplished what he set out to do there, but he felt hamstrung by the endless administrative work the job entailed. As an antidote, he appeared, without fee, on a television series beamed at mothers from Pittsburgh's small, lively, educational station WQED. He had already turned down at least seven lucrative television offers, but after he moved to Western Reserve, in Cleveland, he accepted a weekly half-hour show on a national network which ran for a year. A manufacturer of baby foods was the sponsor for half the shows, and on those Spock received a fee of $750. On alternate weeks, when the program was sustaining, the network paid him $500. It was called simply *Dr. Spock*, over his spirited protests. "He thought it sounded too self-advertising, I think," a network official has said. If Spock didn't get his way on the name, he made sure that the show itself was never a solo act. Each week he had parents as guest panelists, mostly mothers but sometimes fathers, with offpsring ranging from a few weeks old on up. "We had a nurse standing waiting in stocking feet, ready to grab a baby out of camera range when it screamed or spit up or worse," an ex-producer says. "A sitter presided over a play area for the older kids and suddenly the sound effects would include a loud crash of blocks, or thuds, shrieks and lamentations. Once five kids started throwing ice cream at each other, and a father went into shock."

This man, who remains a fervent admirer of Spock, thinks the doctor was "a natural" and that he did a wonderful job of drawing out the guests to give their views on such problems as Personality Differences in Children of Same Family, Toilet Training, and Adolescents' Dating. But viewers kept writing to complain, "We don't want to hear what those others think. We want to hear Doctor Spock."

The program appeared on Sunday afternoons, but was filmed ahead on a weekday in a Cleveland studio. The producer says, "Spock wanted to have his weekends free to spend with his family." Spock, hearing this remark, snorted. It evidently came under the heading of what he calls "syrupy." He says, "That wasn't the only reason. I wanted

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

weekends free for selfish reasons too." His newest enthusiasm is fancy ice skating: he goes to a nearby rink on winter Sunday mornings. His wife says her ankles wobble on skates, so she spends that time playing tennis at an indoor court.

One weekend a month the Spocks get together with their son Michael, who is designing natural-history displays for museums (he taught during his last year as a student), and his wife Judy, and an exuberant, reddish-haired grandson born in the spring of 1959. Talking about his new role of grandfather, Spock stretched out his legs, tilted back in his chair, and said expansively, "I find it very satisfying." His daughter-in-law put Daniel on solid foods when he was six weeks old, as prescribed in a book grandpa wrote. "I wish they lived nearer so I could baby-sit oftener," Spock said rather wistfully.

The most absorbing passion of his life, on weekends and vacations, is sailing. Spring and fall, he and his wife and fifteen-year-old John head for nearby Pymatuning Lake almost every weekend in their station wagon, with a fifteen-foot keel boat and dinghy on a trailer cart wagging behind. Summers, they sail around Cape Cod, in a twenty-three-foot aluminum sloop christened The Turtle, "the cheapest boat three people could squeeze into and cruise," its owner says. Evenings on the boat, they read aloud; last summer it was Thurber's *My Years With Ross*.

Spock and John, who wants to be an architect, have built two eight-foot dinghies in the basement of their Cleveland Heights house, and their next project is a Sailfish. "You're likely to be dumped over at any moment on a Sailfish," Spock said. "So of course John thinks that's more interesting than an ordinary boat." He went on, "Jane and I have the usual husband-and-wife discussions on whether the weather is good enough to go sailing. The wife says, 'Dear, it looks as if there's a storm coming up. Why don't we just stay here where we're all so comfortable?' And he says, 'Dear, it's bound to clear any minute, so why don't we just get started?'"

His wife told an acquaintance, "I know when Ben retires, he'll want to retire on a boat, but I haven't quite faced that thought yet."

For a man who lives happily out of a duffel bag on board The Turtle, Spock takes lively pleasure and pride in their attractive stucco house. The big living room gives a feeling of airy space and freshness, with pale yellow walls spiked with brilliant modern paintings. "Ben doesn't like abstracts and I do, but I think he's coming around," his wife says. "Whatever I do to the house, he's really interested, and goes over everything with me. I wanted geranium red for the upholstery of these two chairs, and Ben wanted an orangey color. On our last trip to New York, Ben went in and out of fabric places with me, and when we found this geranium velvet, he agreed right away." Later she said thoughtfully, "Ben's sweet and outgoing in so many ways, but on some things he's stubborn, and he has terrific drive. He drives himself too much."

When you see Spock loping from one building to another at Western Reserve, he seems to be tacking with the wind. He usually gets to the hospital by 8 A.M., and has a full-time teaching schedule, with at least one evening seminar a week, and other meetings. "I teach family relationships, and doctor-and-patient relationships and child development. I came here because I think it's the most exciting medical school in the country, with whose basic principles I agree." He's especially enthusiastic about Western Reserve's system of having medical students work with patients from the first, instead of waiting until the third year. "The traditional curriculum encourages a new student to view the patient as a collection of cells depersonalized. And as a result, some of them never quite adjust to seeing their patients as human beings." Long before the current public howl for doctors more like the kindly old-fashioned G.P., Spock was stressing, in lectures, the need "to inspire the student to a discriminating sympathy with the patient." Now he's helping to put it into practice.

He turns down at least 500 lecture offers a year, and seldom accepts speaking dates now. An address he gave in Toronto in 1954, at the International Congress on Preventive Psychiatry, contained a few remarks that went off like giant firecrackers and are still discussed with rumbling resentment by some fellow experts. What Spock was saying, in essence, was that he thought some forms of parent education were harmful: "I mean particularly any approaches, however kindly, which leave parents feeling more guilty, and any approaches that increase parents' belief that experts know better than parents."

One listener said afterward, "It sounded as if Spock thought he was the only authority who knew how to tell parents anything."

A layman, reading the few offending paragraphs in the context of a long, essentially constructive speech, is struck by their saneness and humility. But the bitterness they aroused, partly because they were snatched up and bannered by newspapers in the spirit of Expert Bites Experts, must have dismayed Spock. He isn't a firebrand by nature; being an immensely likable, innately courteous man,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

NEXT MONTH

Can a Wife Be Too Comforting?

If your outlook on life is always smilingly sunny; if you work at practicing patience, reassurance, sweetness and light, you may be making Lynn's mistake. You may be sending your husband straight into the melancholy arms of another Margaret. "Can This Marriage Be Saved?", a regular JOURNAL counseling service.

They Call Him "The Governor"

"Surely our people know what is happening in the world today, don't they?" worries Adlai Stevenson. "I must tell them the truth as I see it. I can't lie—I've never lied in a campaign and I'm not going to begin now!" To his attractive daughter-in-law "the Gov is the most wonderful grandfather you could imagine." To a great many Democrats he is still the best man they've got. Margaret Parton reports upon her recent visit in "Adlai Stevenson."

One Emergency That Warns Before it Strikes

"My wife got this sudden awful pain, Doctor. She was lifting a basket of clothes when it hit her. I heard her scream clear out in back and was so scared I put her in the car and got her here as fast as I could." The doctor, by operating immediately, saved her life. As Dr. Schauffler explains in "Tell Me, Doctor," her condition was bizarre, but not so rare as one might suppose.

Should She Believe in the Strange Cornishman's Love?

Or was Connan TreMellyn's proposal to his daughter's governess part of the evil that brooded over the ancient manor? Not since *Rebecca*, by Daphne du Maurier, has so absorbing a *Jane Eyre* kind of novel come into our hands by a new author, writing under the nom de plume of Victoria Holt. "Mistress of Mellyn" is a haunting, sure-to-be-talked-about serial.

The Air Belongs to All the People

Since television channels are limited in number, our Government grants broadcasting rights to stations on the assumption that they will serve the public interest. Are *your* child's needs being considered by the programs aimed at him? Or do you belong to that growing multitude of deeply concerned parents? Dr. Spock makes some wise suggestions in his famous page of advice.

Also, "Complete Wedding for $500"; a springtime bonus from our Fashion, Beauty, and Food departments; "Two Women in the Life of Winston Churchill," with marvelous photographs; "Cottons With a Brilliant Future"; Pat Boone's own page; stories; recipes; and much, much more

IN THE APRIL JOURNAL

Why settle for automatic defrosting?

FRIGIDAIRE GUARANTEES FOODKEEPING WITHOUT FROST

in the only 1960 Refrigerators proved FROST-PROOF in over 200,000 homes!

Not just automatic defrosting! No frost at all! None in the freezer section. None in the refrigerator. Frost is stopped before it starts.

No messy defrosting! No pans to empty! No freezer walls to scrape. No frozen-together packages. No prying-out of ice trays. No frosted-in ice cubes.

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Roll-to-You Shelves! Whisper-quiet. All aluminum. Removable. They bring you all-usable storage space.

New "Flowing Cold" Meat Tender. Keeps most fresh meats up to 7 days.

New Magnetic Door Seal. Gives a better, tighter seal all around on both doors.

Choose from 4 beautiful new 1960 models. Most in 5 Colors or White.



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Proof from over 200,000 homes!

There is only one genuine FROST-PROOF Refrigerator-Freezer that has been proved in over 200,000 homes. It is made only by Frigidaire. Why risk a substitute, when you can buy proved Foodkeeping without Frost —*guaranteed* by Frigidaire!

*The exclusive FROST-PROOF system will prevent build-up of frost inside the Frigidaire FROST-PROOF Refrigerator-Freezer. Without any cost to owner or user, at any time within one year from date of delivery, Frigidaire will make all necessary adjustments to the FROST-PROOF Refrigerator-Freezer to prevent accumulation of frost.

Feel like a Queen with Foodkeeping without Frost... guaranteed.*

First and only from Frigidaire. Thrill to the new 1960 beauty of the Sculptured Sheer Look! It's for *your* kitchen! Model FPI-13T-60 shown above in Sunny Yellow.

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ADVANCED APPLIANCES DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

he is hypersensitive to glares, and to the idea that he'd set himself up as a holier-than-thou. At the same time, he must say what he believes, and go right on saying it. In a later speech to an audience of professionals concerned with parent education, he said, "I got myself into trouble last summer. . . . I guess I am running the same risk again today." But he tried to make even clearer that he included himself as a target: "I confess that one of the ways that I've learned what's dubious is by practicing it myself at one time or another. The first thing I would question is those long lists of the ideal qualities that parents are meant to have . . . love that is wholehearted and unlimited, understanding, patience not only at the beginning of the day but through the afternoon into the evening, companionship, etc. . . . These *are* the things that children need, at least in reasonable amounts from their parents. . . . But it seems to me an entirely different matter to push such lists at parents. We overwhelm parents by making them think they ought to be superhuman."

He thinks that fear and guilt breed uncertainty, "and people who are too uncertain can't be good parents." Discussing this recently, he said, "I think it's harder for parents to be sure of the verities now. It was still a relatively stable period in my childhood, but the upheaval since then has come from three or four directions. Suddenly nutritionists were bringing out revolutionary new ideas on vitamins and so on. And educators were explaining that children *like* to learn, that they learn more by *doing* than by parrot recitals of facts, and they learn better if you get them to cooperate, instead of pushing too hard. There came the startling discoveries of Freud. On top of all these radical new theories, there was the discovery of the hydrogen bomb, and a rising barometer of anxiety all over the world. It's no wonder parents worry."

When young mothers write him, "You sound as if you thought I could do it. . . . You aren't scolding and you talk as if I had sense. . . . You make me feel reassured," the recipient of these letters is beamish. "I love this kind of fan mail," he said, "I lap it up."

The Spocks go to the symphony on Thursday nights, see friends Friday or Saturday, and keep most week nights free for his work. He writes two or three nights a week, until almost midnight. Then he and his wife read in bed until 1 A.M., and are up at 7. Spock says he rewrites so much he uses up an eraser a night, "and every morning the floor is covered with shredded stubs."

At this rate, it took him years to complete the revised, longer version of the book. The publisher says, "He told us he wasn't an author and we'd just have to wait until he could fit it into his schedule with his real work." They waited, prayerfully.

> I like a Highland friend who will stand by me, not only when I am in the right, but when I am a little in the wrong.
>
> SIR WALTER SCOTT

So far, the paperback edition, old and new versions, has sold 12,000,000 copies. The hard-cover book, published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, has sold around 200,000. When a reporter asked rather nervously if Spock would mind giving even a general idea of the money he'd made on his books, Spock said promptly, "I'll give you all the figures you want, and I'd be glad if you'd publish them. A lot of people seem to think that just because my book has sold in the millions, I'm a millionaire, and that I'm a tightwad because we live relatively simply." Counting all foreign rights, he has averaged $17,500 a year from publishers over the past twelve years. At least two thirds of this is from the paperback edition, whose publisher says, "Ben's pretty sharp about money, but with him money is never the first consideration."

Spock was strongly against including advertising in the new edition of his book. When his lawyer told him there was no legal way to prevent it, he wrote the publisher and said, in effect, "Either I see every word of advertising copy before it appears, or I'll raise the biggest stink you ever smelled." He now has the right to approve all ads, and as a result burbling superlatives have been pretty well scratched.

Most of the people who've had dealings with Spock mention his stubborn persistence: "When he wants something, he never gives up."

On top of this a visitor was rather surprised to have Spock say sunnily, "People have told me I don't assert myself enough. But I tell them not to worry, that I've done what I wanted and gone where I wanted to go."

His reputation has gone so far that it sometimes gets in other doctors' hair, or gives them a psychosomatic pain in the neck. This was summed up in a cartoon in the A.M.A. Journal, showing an irate doctor addressing a young mother:

"Let's get one thing straight. Am I your pediatrician or is Dr. Spock?"

Spock, speaking to pediatricians at a banquet, told them apologetically he was afraid they must find it a nuisance when patients quote him as authority from on high. "They gave a roar of agreement," he says with a grin. "But afterward quite a few of them came up and told me my book helped them and helped their patients. I was pleased to hear it."

He had a different kind of testimonial a few years ago, when 100 Vassar students, taking a course in child care and using guess-what as a textbook, filed prettily into the school's amphitheater to hear what their professor had announced as "a little talk by a visiting doctor." As an eyewitness described it later, "There they sat, a hundred pairs of pink bare knees in Bermuda shorts, waiting politely. Then the professor said, 'Now I want to introduce our guest, Dr. Benjamin Spock.' At that, there was a stunned hush—you could have heard a safety pin drop. Then the whole class let out a squeal the likes of which you've never heard before. I guess Spock hadn't either. He turned absolutely scarlet. But he's not the man to let down a hundred young girls who may someday be somebody's mother. For forty minutes he acted all over that platform. He was baby, father, mother—the works. He was the greatest one-man show those girls had ever seen, and they adored him. I think he got quite a kick out of it."

"HOW PRETTY YOU LOOK!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

to skip two weeks, then resume the three-day schedule, following this pattern throughout.

Her doctor also prescribed vitamin A to improve the fundamental quality of her skin, and also to build general body resistance to infection. Again, specific amounts were prescribed for Suzanne. Self-medication should be avoided.

Effectiveness of and tolerance to vitamins, as well as drugs, vary with each individual. Suzanne's doctor stressed the importance of her returning for regular checkups, so that he could determine her progress with the medication. In this way he could increase or decrease dosage whenever a change might be indicated.

Next, the right diet! With the exception of eating too much chocolate, Suzanne followed a general diet that was perfectly sound. For this reason, her doctor did not set up any rigid rules.

"Naturally," he says, "Suzanne had to learn not to eat the foods which aggravate acne. *Chocolate, nuts, bacon, rich sauces and gravies, fried and greasy foods are real offenders.* When a patient already *is* eating sensibly, however, we doctors don't feel justified in handing her a strict diet just for the sake of prescribing something. Suzanne's only real eating error was all that chocolate!

"In the old days my office was filled with diet lists. But I've long since discarded them in favor of just talking over good food habits with each patient. Young people with acne are often tense to begin with. Inflicting unnecessary rules and restrictions only increases the tension.

"I've known some youngsters who were so *overly* conscientious about cutting out foods—some essential for good nutrition—that they became anemic. In such a run-down condition, their skin got worse, not better. Knowing which foods should be avoided and using common sense about a well-balanced diet are the important things."

Suzanne adds, "I'd say the biggest improvement in my diet, aside from cutting out chocolate, is that I'm now eating a good breakfast. Fruit juice, cereal, toast and milk. I used to run out of the house in the morning after having no more than a hastily gulped glass of milk and a bite of toast. By lunchtime I was starved, and easily tempted by all sorts of rich, filling foods. Nowadays I'm not ravenous at lunchtime, and fresh fruit has become a favorite midday dessert."

Third step: external care. Vitally important to any person who wishes to clear up acne is the simple business of keeping skin immaculately clean. Suzanne's doctor recommended using a soap substitute. This is a bland, neutral product intended especially for problem skins. Sometimes abrasive soaps or soaps containing an antiseptic are advisable.

With the soap substitute and water as hot as she can comfortably stand it, Suzanne washes her face four times a day. She *gently* rubs her face and neck (using a clean, soft facecloth), then rinses with clear warm water, and follows with a splash of cold water to close pores. Afterward she pats her skin dry with a clean towel. (Harsh rubbing is irritating to infected skin and should be avoided.)

On occasions when blemishes reached the "breaking point" Suzanne was told she could help, provided she applied pressure gently and carefully. To do this, she uses sterile cotton wrung out in clear hot water to press against the pimple at the sides. When matter is released, she then gently dries the area, and covers it with a healing lotion. Absolutely out, however, is picking or squeezing before the areas come to a head, since to do so only spreads infection.

Two skin lotions for healing purposes were prescribed for Suzanne. One is a tinted lotion which she can wear, unnoticed, during the day. The other is a white lotion (lotio alba in a strength suited to Suzanne's needs) reserved for use before bedtime. Both lotions have an astringent effect, dry out excessive oiliness and perform a mild and beneficial peeling of the skin.

Daily exposure to an ultraviolet sun lamp was also prescribed for its tonic and healing effect. Suzanne takes her "sun" after dinner each evening, being careful to follow her doctor's directions about exposure time. (Extra caution must be used to avoid being burned.)

Outside of using lipstick and the tinted lotion, Suzanne keeps her face make-up free most of the time. For special occasions, she has found she can wear hypoallergenic cosmetics without breaking out. These preparations include a wide variety of make-up from eye shadow to powder base, to rouge and lipstick.

With justifiable optimism, Suzanne's doctor declares, "Her complexion problems will soon be a thing of the past!" And the *patient* patient adds, "I've never been happier!"

HAPPY ENDING FOR ALL

Though Suzanne suffered agonies over her complexion, there are other people with much more severe acne. Fortunately, for them, there are stronger treatments which can be used in addition to those described for Suzanne. One is the use of wet-sulphur packs to heal tough stubborn cases. Another, which skin specialists assure us is perfectly safe when skillfully performed by a qualified doctor, is the use of X rays. A leading dermatologist says, "In selected cases, when milder methods fail to help a bad case of acne, X-ray treatment is often the only answer to healing—the only guard against disfiguring scars." So for *all* acne patients there is help as well as hope.

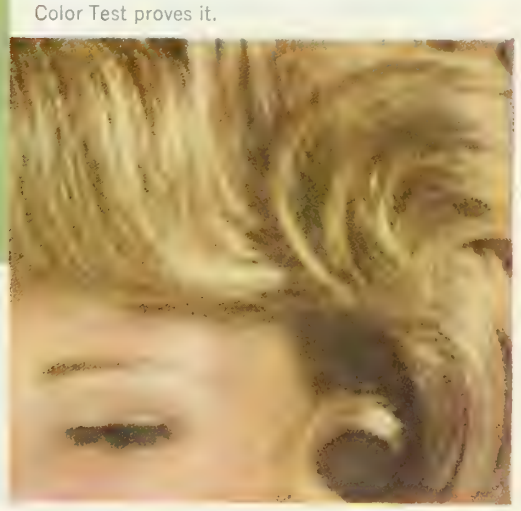




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The first home hair color that lets you try the shade on a lock of your own before you apply it all. Free strand tester in each box assures the exact shade you want* and the Ogilvie label promises you the loveliest hair of your lifetime. Ogilvie Magic Color conditions as it colors, gives new radiance and softness. Try it today to cover gray, or brighten a fading shade. $1.50. Or for beautiful hair color temporarily, try one of the 6 new shades of Ogilvie Magic Rinse.



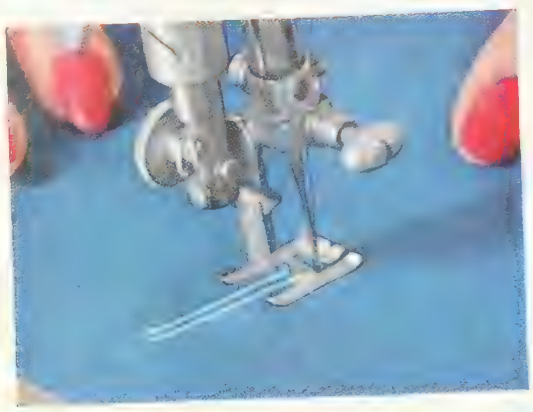
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Hours of "handwork" done in minutes on the SLANT-O-MATIC machine



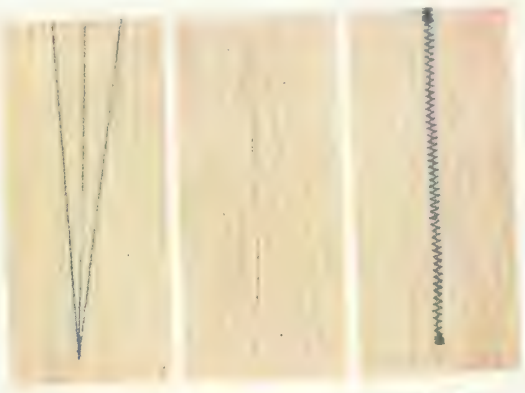
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Interfacing—1 minute a dart! Tailoring secret: for interfacing dart *without bulk*, cut away material, pin to sheer backing. Sew with zigzag stitch.





Attach binding to hem—3 minutes! Professional touch: attach binding to skirt hem with narrow zigzag stitch that "gives" so thread doesn't draw and break. (Same technique keeps long seams, like draperies, from pulling and puckering!)



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SINGER has a machine for every purse and purpose. Prices start at $59.50 for the SPARTAN* model. Budget Plan available.

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JACK KENNEDY: DEMOCRATIC DYNAMO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

freckle-faced boy. During the war he was a lieutenant in charge of a PT boat and was awarded the Navy and Marine Corps medal for "extremely heroic conduct." He likes to keep a golf club in his office to swing when he's tense, and on the wall facing the desk is a stunning sailfish almost ten feet long that he caught on his honeymoon at Acapulco. There are three pictures of his child and eleven of his wife, from girlhood on, around the room, and a lot of sharp cartoons about his political activities. His secretaries are allowed to keep a coffeepot going and take off their shoes if they want to, but are expected to work late whenever the need arises. The door to his office is always open, and he is readily available to his friends and to the press—if they can catch up with him.

He has been in Congress for thirteen years, six of which he spent in the House before coming to the Senate in 1953. When he first entered the House in 1947 he was mistaken for a page boy, and when he took his place in the Senate he excited the envy of his colleagues because of his thick swatch of hair. But when first session wound up, his fellow senators went on the record with compliments for his patience and forbearance" and his "studious propensities."

His wife, Jacqueline, is younger than he is, twenty-nine this year, with the looks of a chic model, a fine education here and abroad, the talents of an artist, and a wifely wish both to help her husband achieve his goals and to see that he gets some of the simpler pleasures of life. Like her husband, she was born with a large monogrammed silver spoon in her mouth and grew up in a big family by whom such delights as seashore houses, boats, horses, servants and travel were taken for granted as necessary adjuncts to wholesome, well-rounded living—but, unlike Jack, she has reflective quietness and would prefer a calm, well-ordered life to a whirl of activity.

After a two-year courtship which she describes as "erratic, but serene" when he was a freshman senator and she was working on a Washington paper, she and Jack were married in 1953. Old friends of both brought them together and have been very pleased with the results: Jack, they say, is infinitely more relaxed, and Jacqueline is more down to earth. "Being the wife of a politician is a dog's life, but Jacqueline sees the purpose of it and enjoys it," they report. "She's turned her artistic talents toward housekeeping, and while she has enough personal interests to keep her busy when Jack's working or campaigning, they're not so consuming that she isn't completely receptive to him when he's with her."

They have one child: blond, curly-haired and sweet-talking Caroline Kennedy, a three-year-old beauty who, if her parents get what they want, will be the first toddler to claim the White House nursery as her very own.

And there is no question that this is what both Kennedys—not to mention all the other Kennedys—want. Unlike many suspected candidates, Jack Kennedy has been neither backward nor bashful about his ambitions. Ever since 1956 he has been using 90 per cent of his spare time and all his spare money campaigning for this year's presidential nomination. One of his staff estimates that during the past few years he has made more than 1000 speeches, garnered invitations for 10,000 more, and it is a recorded fact that he has visited all these fifty united states at least once and many of them several times in his ceaseless traveling from coast to coast and island to pole. "How many people he's met I despair of counting—it's millions," the staffer said. "Jack's good at remembering faces, not so good at names, and indefatigable when it comes to meeting and greeting."

As well as talking publicly to civic groups, students, women's clubs and party get-togethers, there have also been private talks with party officials and potential convention delegates. The timing of an official announcement of candidacy is a tricky thing, but as Kennedy admitted to friends for some time before his formal announcement in January: "The opportunity is there, and if pursuing it vigorously will help—well, I don't like to see things go by default."

Behind him and around him others have been pursuing it for him vigorously too. Jacqueline has been out campaigning with him about a fourth of the time, and, although she still resists making speeches and winces when she is called "Jackie," she is getting quite adept at living out of one small suitcase, eating tepid lunches and smiling at strangers. She has not the stamina Jack has, and she cannot bear to be away from Caroline very long, so while Jack's span is five days on the road at a time, hers is three. "Campaigning took some getting used to," she says, "but it's about the only way I can see Jack these days."

There is also a more or less official campaign staff who handle invitations to speak, requests for information, and traveling arrangements. This group numbers about four men and as many secretaries, and for a year now they have occupied an office some distance from Kennedy's Senate office, but connected by direct phone. Pro-tem head of this preconvention office is lawyer Stephen E. Smith, sister Jean Kennedy's husband, while its chief decoration is a gigantic strategy map of the United States stuck with the proper varicolored pins to show, not only where Kennedy has been but, so far as is possible, where he is going.

And then there is the unofficial campaign staff, ready to swing into action at a moment's notice: the Kennedy family, who turned out in such force for Jack's first senatorial campaign that reporters declared his theme song was "All of Us—Why Not Take All of Us?" Robert F. Kennedy, Jack's next younger brother and recently resigned chief counsel for the Senate labor-rackets committee, is the head of this group, for, as well as being a doer in his own right, he is Jack's best friend, chief political confidant, and was the manager of his brother's Senate campaign. His cohorts include another brother—young Teddy, fresh out of the University of Virginia law school—sisters Eunice, Jean, Patricia and their respective husbands, and last, but not least, their father, the Honorable Joseph Patrick Kennedy, one-time ambassador to Britain, and their mother, Rose Kennedy, whose good looks are still such that at casual glance it is hard to tell her from her attractive daughters. At Christmastime the brothers and sisters chipped in to get Jack a specially equipped plane for his cross-country campaigns.

But for all this support, strategy and investment, Kennedy has no sense that victory will automatically be his. He is much more confident of being able to win if nominated—his vote-getting record in Massachusetts is astonishing—than he is of prying the nomination out of the party leaders who, when all is said and done, control the party's choice. For he suffers one political handicap that vim and vigor have little influence upon: he is a Roman Catholic, and the only time a Catholic was nominated for the presidency he was roundly defeated.

There are those who think the temper and the tolerance of the nation have changed since then. Today governors of three major states—California, Pennsylvania and Ohio—are members of the Roman Catholic Church, as is the mayor of New York City; but political bosses have long memories, like to bet on a sure thing, and do not like trouble. So, although thirty-two years have passed since the Al Smith campaign, there is now almost as vigorous a "stop Kennedy" movement in the Democratic Party as there is a "for Kennedy" movement.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

NEXT MONTH

"You are going to a strange house"—the young man dropped his lighthearted tone as he looked at Martha's hand—"a house full of shadows."

That would be Mount Mellyn, Martha knew, and an involuntary shiver shook her composure. Small omen it was, nothing to prepare her for the months ahead. For she had never before known murderers and, being only twenty-four, had little experience with love, and none with men whose love for her might cost her life itself.

This new book is written in the grand tradition of the English novel. To be serialized in five parts,

THE MISTRESS OF MELLYN

By VICTORIA HOLT

begins in the April JOURNAL



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MY CONSTIPATION WORRIES ARE OVER!

Doctors recommend Milk of Magnesia—the gentle laxative-antacid that gives complete but carefree relief.

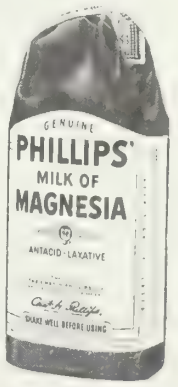
THOUSANDS of doctors—general practitioners, pediatricians, obstetricians and surgeons, coast to coast, were asked: "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia for your patients?" The overwhelming majority replied: "Yes!"

Yes, doctors consider Milk of Magnesia effective and gentle enough even for infants, maternity and surgical patients. And no wonder!

As a laxative, Phillips' works leisurely, thoroughly but comfortably, never forces the system.

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No single-purpose laxative can give such complete, yet gentle relief! Ask *your* doctor! No home should be without Phillips' Milk of Magnesia!



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

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"AVON CALLING," at your home means a pleasant visit with your Avon Representative who will show you Avon's Cream Sachets and other delightful cosmetics.

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RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

AVON COSMETICS FOR ALL THE FAMILY ARE BROUGHT TO YOUR HOME BY YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145

Without denying his faith, Kennedy has tried to meet the challenge head on by stating that he adheres firmly to the American policy of the separation of church and state, but the religious issue continues to dominate discussion about his qualifications. It does not, however, haunt Kennedy himself. "It never hurt me in Massachusetts," he says, shrugging. And he has put his party on notice that if he wins his primary fights he and his followers cannot be bought off by the vice-presidential nomination. What does bring up one of his rare flashes of temper, however, is the antagonism to him shown by the liberal Democrats led by Mrs. Roosevelt. The former First Lady has criticized Kennedy several times on the grounds he was not among the Democrats seeking to censure McCarthy. Using the title of the Senator's book "Profiles of Courage" as a springboard, she epigrammed that the senator knew what courage was—but was not independent enough to have it.

Publicly, Kennedy has attempted to ignore her sharpness, but he agrees with many liberals that he is not one of their ilk. "I have never been comfortable with the A. D. A.," he has said, referring to the Americans for Democratic Action, a group in which Mrs. Roosevelt and other New Dealers play a prominent role. He also is aware that, just as he has inherited some of his father's fortune, he has also inherited some of his father's enemies. The senior Kennedy held several important New Deal positions, but he was no New Dealer. His work forming the Securities and Exchange Commission and in Lend-Lease was admired, but he was recalled as ambassador to London for criticizing the British war effort and thereafter ignored.

But Jack Kennedy is a hard man to daunt. He is used to criticism and thrives on competition, which he takes as his natural environment. He grew up that way: the brainy, bouncy Kennedy family was reared to compete fiercely with one another physically and mentally, but to close ranks when outside interference was threatened.

Until after World War II, the political dreams of the family were centered on Joseph Patrick Kennedy, the eldest, while Jack, the next in line, was considered the intellectual—the shy, retiring one who would rather read than talk, study than socialize. Both accepted their roles and enjoyed them: Jack looked up admiringly to Joe, competed with him largely to enhance his brother's victories and was never aware that in accepting his brother as his leader he was laying the foundation for a life that would fulfill Joe's youthful dreams, rather than his own.

For Jack's youthful dream was to be a writer, and until he was almost thirty he was satisfied with it. In college it was his senior thesis that was submitted to a publisher to become subsequently a best-seller book ("Why England Slept"—a study of England's prewar lack of preparedness). And it was Joe who, as a senior, was appointed a delegate to the Democratic National Convention (and who voted for Farley against Roosevelt). But the war intervened in both boys' dreams: friendly, extroverted Joe died a hero's death, blown up with his plane after he volunteered to help destroy German rocket bases, and his family, who have a warm, romantic love for one another, encouraged Jack's feeling that he must pick up the torch his brother had been forced to lay down.

Jack's memoir about his brother, written about this time, reveals the depth of this feeling. Here is not only Jack's love for his brother, but also his respect for his brother's goals and his brother's personality. Some of the phrases, for instance, could be used to describe Jack today: the "amazing intensity" Joe brought to everything; the sensation he gave "even when still of a force of motion visibly restrained, rooted in enthusiasm and in exceptional stamina"; and the "slight detachment" from others which served as a protective shell.

But such words could not have described Jack then. After only four months with Hearst, he was a restless and bored newspaperman. He had been sent to both the Potsdam conference and the San Francisco conference, but as what? a reporter, not a participant, and it galled him. He came from a family who did things, not just recorded their happenings. As well as his father and Joe, there had been Kennedys who had been ward leaders and state senators: on his mother's side, he had been named for Mayor John Fitzgerald of Boston, his grandfather, best known as "Honey Fitz" because of his melodious rendering of "Sweet Adeline."

"This is too passive for me," Jack told newsman Charles Bartlett in 1945 as he paced around his father's library in Palm Beach. "I want to go into politics."

His father helped him plan the strategy. Soon he had an apartment on Beacon Hill in Boston, an office staffed with imported friends, and the following spring he ran for the House of Representatives and won.

From 1947 to 1952 he served as a congressman, but his House activities were not distinguished. A lot of the time he was ill with malaria or away on speaking trips throughout Massachusetts. It was soon rumored that what he now wanted was a Senate seat, and in 1952 he filed to run against Henry Cabot Lodge.

Did he even then have his eye on the White House? It is likely. His father had once hoped to be President and doubtless there was considerable discussion at home about it, for the senior Kennedys liked to bring up political subjects for dinner-table debate. A safer route to the White House might have been to aim for the governorship—the Senate has produced few Presidents—but family ambition demanded first that Jack lick Lodge, whose famous grandfather had licked Grandfather Fitzgerald in his race for the Senate.

So Jack ran for the Senate in 1952 and won with a family-style campaign the like of which this country has never seen before—or since. While Jack roared through the state in a battered sedan on a split-second schedule with a



Background for color:
A quick-in-the-making dress
that doesn't look that way at all!
Mollie chooses Vogue's
"Very Easy to Make"
Design No. 9832, and for
it a pale beige rayon and silk.
She adds a bright turquoise
scarf at the waistline. The
dress costs her less than $5.00.

For back view, sizes and price, see page 193





On a sunny day the coat
is every bit as pretty. Here
Mollie adds a beige veil,
short white gloves.

Both Mollie's new coat and
dress will be pretty with black,
beige or navy accessories.
Here she chooses black . . .
and adds a bright blue ribbon
to her pin.

SPRING FASHION $'s

POLKA-DOT JACKET DRESS (from February)	$24.95
BLUE JERSEY COAT	25.00
BEIGE DRESS TO MAKE	4.60
BEIGE VEIL	2.00
TOTAL	$56.55

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

Color . . . is a sure sign of spring. Mollie Farnham chooses blue—perfect, she thinks, for her second and important investment, a coat. Typically Barbara J., it's as practical as it is pretty. The coat is waterproofed, and weather—fair or rainy—makes not a difference at all.

With two major investments behind her (a navy-and-white polka-dot jacket dress from last month), Mollie makes two smaller additions. They cost a minimum of fashion $'s, but with them she finds (only because of careful planning beforehand) she is all ready for spring! By BET HART

Mollie doesn't worry about a spring shower the first day she wears her new coat. The fabric, wool jersey, is waterproofed and sheds the rain. The collar and pockets are accented with four rows of stitching. Price of coat, $25.00.



husky friend to ward off overexcited bobby-soxers, his mother and three sisters rang doorbells in Boston and held kaffeeklatsches and get-togethers. Finally came a series of thirty-eight elegant teas in thirty-eight Massachusetts cities to which admission was by engraved invitation only. When the bill was in, the campaign had cost more than $300,000, but they considered it worth it: family honor was assuaged, and John Fitzgerald Kennedy was in the U.S. Senate, while Henry Cabot Lodge II was out.

The Kennedys could afford it. For when Joe Kennedy discovered back in the 'twenties—he was a movie magnate then—that he was making more money than a man could spend without devoting all his time to it, he set up a family trust fund for his children that would give each of them $1,000,000 when he or she was twenty-one. And then, to keep its management from being a lifework or a burden to any of them, he set up a central office to manage it—an office which today includes twenty-odd tax experts, bookkeepers and accountants.

The present size of the fund, and the individual incomes (probably about $70,000 annually) derived from it, is today one of the few secrets which the candid Kennedys keep to themselves. For though it is obvious that they enjoy the freedom from discomfort and involuntary drudgery that money can bring, and the gifts they give to their favorite charities, they hate to admit they are rich.

Jack, for instance, prides himself on the fact that his Senate check of $22,500 is banked separately and his household-running expenses are budgeted to keep within it. His private income is spent largely on his campaigns, but when he says he and Jacqueline live strictly on his salary he must, of mathematical necessity, be excluding several costly items from the family budget—perhaps the $70,000 which they paid for their handsome red-brick Georgetown house, the lengthy telephone calls he makes to his wife when he is away, and the airplane trips they make to the Cape.

For the Kennedys live in a strange mixture of simplicity and luxury. They do not give large parties, drink a lot, or collect knick-knacks, gadgets or jewels. Jacqueline's favorite dinner party is six people, "a colleague of Jack's, a newspaperman, so there can be some real conversation," and her favorite menu is "red meat, salad and ice cream—what Jack likes." She and Jack take an occasional daiquiri and an occasional smoke (he likes a cigar), but they so completely ignore the Washington party life that they believe "nobody" goes to parties there because "everybody" is as busy as they themselves are. Before Jack was campaigning as strenuously as he is now, they might go to New York to see the ballet (her favorite entertainment) or around the corner to a Western or Civil War movie (his favorite). They also buy lots of books and art objects. Jack is one of those people who are never without a book—he reads while tubbing, shaving, dressing, eating and just walking around—and Jacqueline is a collector of fine furniture, art books and art materials.

They both also love the seashore, and especially their small clapboard house at Hyannis Port on Nantucket Sound. It is just behind the big family house where Jack spent his summers as a boy and next door to the house where Bob and Ethel Kennedy summer with their now seven children, and during the summer most of the Kennedys spend as much time there as they can.

In Washington, their live-in servants include a cook, and a governess for Caroline, plus a daily maid who comes in and a gardener who comes by. The governess accompanies them to Hyannis Port, where a family butler is their chief servant, and when Jacqueline goes to Newport to visit her parents, the governess also goes along. "I am the housekeeper," says Jacqueline. "I work out all the menus, see that both houses are ready for ten—or no one, as the case may be—and stay prepared to join Jack at a moment's notice wherever he wants me."

When they are out on the road together, they take things as they come. Jacqueline, who began by taking "simply everything," now takes only three dresses, for morning, afternoon and evening, and one hat (for church), a traveling iron and a sewing kit. The evening dress usually has sleeves—"It's chilly in those halls"—but the pearls she wears with it are likely to be real. At seven Jack is up and she is awake; he is usually due to attend somewhere a breakfast of businessmen, to which she may or may not go. There are morning meetings which they attend together afterward and then a lunch, to which she goes unless there is a separate ladies' lunch. In the afternoons they may visit the nearest college—"Jack hates to skip a college"—or go through a factory. About 5:30 they get a chance to rest, and then there is a dinner. "It sounds endless, and it is, but it is also exhilarating. The first two days were the hardest—then I got into the rhythm of it," Jacqueline says. As well as the bands, the crowds and the applause, she also enjoys Jack's asides to her about the background of the communities they visit, and his speeches. "He's no cracker-barrel speaker, but the reception he gets with his serious talks is wonderful. Once I counted the references he made in a single speech—to Byron, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Tennyson and de Gaulle. I think people have an appreciation of his excellence—but he's not Olympian. He loves people." Their public day ends about eleven at night when Jack and his two or three traveling companions go into conference on this day's results and tomorrow's arrangements. Jack is the boss, the accountant, the decision maker—"There is a point in your life, finally, when you know your judgment is the only judgment for you," he says. He may listen to historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.—"He's my friend, and I respect his help, just as I do the help I get from other professors at Harvard"—or talk strategy with Abraham Ribicoff, governor of Connecticut, or make plans with Bob—"He's my right-hand man"—or go to his father when things go wrong—"He's always an optimist." But finally Jack Kennedy relies on Jack Kennedy. This makes him enemies, as well as friends, of course, and he knows it. (When Senator Lyndon Johnson said to him, "I'll get even with you at the convention," Jack laughed and said, "You'll have to get in line, Lyndon.") In crowds, however, his calm assurance, coupled with his warming smile, can be electric, and, as a *New York Times* commentator (James Reston) said once: "The effect he has on women voters is almost naughty." "I depend on the women in a campaign," Jack says. "They are the ones willing to hazard an effort without expecting any immediate return. They are more willing to commit themselves to an issue or a candidate than men—they are less committed to a straight party ticket."

As a bachelor Jack paid such little attention to household matters that an old friend says he didn't know "a slip cover from a curtain," and when he was asked to dinner, "he usually asked 'What's doing?' before he accepted." He has become much more discerning, however, and is now particularly impressed with the flexibility of his wife's studied and excellent taste. When they decorated their Georgetown house, for instance, Jacqueline spent months studying French antiques before she bought the Empire pieces that now give the place such a delightful mixture of beauty and comfort—but she would have none of them at Hyannis Port. There she surrounded her mother-in-law's nice collection of colorful old glass with early American pine, cozy chintz couches, and bright yellow-cushioned wicker chairs. "She's very efficient," Jack says.

She is not credited, however, with Jack's changed appearance. Before their marriage he was tousled, rumpled, and as often as not his coat did not go with his trousers. Today, however, his clothes are tailor-made, perfectly fitting, perfectly pressed, and he prefers a single-breasted blue pin stripe to the tweedy things he once wore. "It was his brother-in-law who brought him around to the tailor," a friend reports. "Jacqueline has never tried suggesting anything to Jack, but her sister's husband was so elegantly dressed Jack was impressed."

Jacqueline's clothes are only rarely bought from Paris *couturiers*, but they have that look, partly because she designs many of them herself, and partly because she frequents a small French dressmaker in Washington. Her sports clothes are vivid and informal: she likes bright-colored fancy pants at the Cape with contrasting shirts and scuffed sandals. And she shares one of Jack's more casual characteristics—her hair falls loosely around her face without benefit of professional care.

Relaxed though she appears, and casual, she is not at heart an easygoing sort of person; and until she faced them squarely, it was a struggle for her to accept cheerfully the stresses Jack's devotion to public life put upon their marriage. In 1956, for instance, she attended the Democratic convention in Chicago, despite the fact that she was seven months pregnant. But she stayed with Jack's sister, Eunice, and the only time she saw Jack was when he passed by their box on the convention floor. When the convention was over, he flew to the Riviera to see his father and discuss with him the loss of the vice-presidential nomination, while Jacqueline went up to Newport to visit her own parents. Four days later she suffered a miscarriage, and Jack, summoned by telephone, rushed to her side. She was in critical condition for about a week, and when she was out of danger Jack left again—this time to go off to campaign for the Stevenson-Kefauver ticket.

For a while thereafter she was depressed and came as near to feeling sorry for herself as her basically sturdy nature would permit her. But out of the suffering of that fall came her present philosophy of marriage and the strength to make it work. Until then she had described her life as "very lonely"—today, instead, she talks about the pleasure she gets in being with Jack on his campaigns, how often she flies here and there to meet him, and how much time at home with her and Caroline he manages to squeeze into his busy schedule.

When she was asked, "What is marriage?" she answered: "You do what your husband wants you to do." And then in her breathless, soft voice she added: "My life revolves around my husband, his life is my life. It is up to me to make his home a haven, a refuge, to arrange it so that he can see as much of me, and his child, as possible—but never to let the arrangements ruffle him, never let him see that it is work."

It was a hot summer day at Hyannis Port when we sat talking. Outside the blue refreshment of Nantucket Sound beckoned. Upstairs Caroline was taking her nap. And in Washington, Jack was pushing the labor bill through the Senate committee. Earlier in the week she had been down to see him; the following weekend it was expected he would be able to fly up. Meanwhile, in their Georgetown home, the maid was packing Jack's bag for a fast flight to San Francisco, and the cook was tidying up the remains of the lunch she had sent to the Hill office for the Senator to eat at his desk.

"Our way of living takes forethought and planning," Jacqueline went on, "but I want to

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When's the last time you had a good time?

You'll look better and feel better in a...

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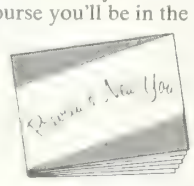
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Are you too tired to see your friends at the end of the day? Is your figure keeping you in hiding? Do you hate to try on a new dress? You need a Spencer!

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foundations and bras designed individually for you

Among the real issues of 1960 are:

How to end or alter the burdensome arms race, where Soviet gains already threaten our very existence;

How to maintain freedom and order in the newly emerging nations;

How to rebuild the stature of American science and education;

How to prevent the collapse of our farm economy and the decay of our cities;

How to achieve, without further inflation or unemployment, expanded economic growth benefiting all Americans; and

How to give direction to our traditional moral purpose, awakening every American to the dangers and opportunities that confront us.

—from the campaign announcement of Senator Kennedy



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4 ounces 60¢

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

The softness and lustre of your hair depends upon the care it receives. Frequent use of one of the Three Breck Shampoos will bring out the natural beauty and lustre of your hair. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, yet its gentle action is not drying to the hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition – the correct shampoo to bring out the lustre and beauty of your hair.

The Three Breck Shampoos, available wherever cosmetics are sold, are color marked to help you select the correct type.

■ *Red for Dry Hair* ■ *Yellow for Oily Hair* ■ *Blue for Normal Hair*

JOY THE BRECK SUNDAY SHOWCASE, A SERIES OF DRAMATIC PROGRAMS, OVER THE NBC TELEVISION NETWORK

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

take such good care of my husband that whatever he is doing he can do it better because he has me. Not be pulled away from it. How awful that would be. His work is so important. And so exciting."

Then, leaning forward a little, she said with some asperity, "People say I know nothing about politics. And in a way it's true. Certainly my husband knows much, much more. But you learn an enormous amount just being around politicians. You get interested first in the personalities and then you get drawn into the work they are doing. And soon you are sharing it, something of it—and then the more you share with your husband, the richer your life."

When she was a child growing up in a Park Avenue apartment, spending her summers on Long Island, she never dreamed of being a senator's wife. Her sheltered, gilded world was bounded by the proper girls' school she attended in uniform, by her mother's treats to children's concerts and art museums. She was taught to play the piano—"but it didn't take"—and to dance—"I loved that. All my allowance went on ballet books for years." In the summers she learned to ride, to sail. Her mother was Janet Lee, of Long Island, her father was handsome Jack Bouvier, from whom Jacqueline inherited her long lashes, the smudges under her eyes, her cameo features. He had a seat on the Stock Exchange and was gay, rich, and proud of his aristocratic French lineage. Sometimes at dinner they spoke only French and if she or her sister, Caroline, forgot and spoke English, they had to forfeit a penny.

When Jacqueline was about ten, her parents were divorced, and a few years later her mother remarried, and she and Caroline went to live in McLean, Virginia, with her stepfather, Hugh D. Auchincloss, and his two children by a previous marriage. Jacqueline now went to a girls' school in Washington, and her summers were spent at Newport on the vast, but relaxed, Auchincloss dairy farm of seventy-five acres. Then, at fifteen, she was sent to boarding school at Farmington, Connecticut, not too far from Wallingford where, some years before, Jack had studied at Choate. "It was the kind of school that made you greedy for learning," Jacqueline says. "Every subject was interesting and exciting." After Farmington came Vassar, but after her second year there she joined the Smith College group for a year of study in France at Grenoble and the Sorbonne. In Paris she lived with a French family, friends of her own family, who had a girl her own age, and when she returned that fall the dormitory life of a girls' college seemed too isolated, too young for her to return to. So she lived at home in McLean and graduated at George Washington University instead. "That was wonderful in many ways. I got to know my new brother and sister that year. It is a tribute to my mother that, though our family is steps and halfs, we don't feel like it. We are very close."

After her degree, she wanted a newspaper job, and when the only one open was that of inquiring reporter she took it. It was sheer agony for her at first—"stopping perfect strangers to ask them silly questions, while the photographer bobbed around between us." But she not only stood up to the job; she conquered it. She learned photography so that she could go out alone; she sharpened up the questions so that people wanted to answer them; and she switched from street interviews to acquaintances—men at the garage where she kept her red convertible, waitresses in restaurants where she ate, people she knew from the university. Soon she was not only able to use her camera well, but she was also able to develop her own pictures and handle all her own copy. By the end of a year you would never have thought of her as a girl sheltered by riches, a debutante expected to confine her attentions to her partners at New York's Assembly dances. She was a person with a mind and a world of her own.

She first met Jack Kennedy when she was just back from the Sorbonne, and they were placed next to each other at a small Washington dinner. She was twenty then, and he thirty-four, and she had that kind of offbeat humor he liked, while he had a directness—"some people think he is too direct"—of conversation that drew her out of her shyness. For six months afterward, however, she didn't see him: she returned to Europe briefly, and he went off campaigning. Then, during her last year at George Washington University they started to go out together. "We knew, both of us, I think, it was serious, but we didn't talk about it then. We went to movies or saw Bob and Ethel, and when he was campaigning he'd call me from a pay phone with a great clinking of coins." When he returned in January of 1953, victorious, to Washington as senator and she was working, they began to see each other a lot, and by June they were engaged. Originally they intended their wedding to be a "small, family affair" (which was something of a contradiction in terms to begin with), but in no time it had snowballed into a regal gala with 800 guests inside the church and thousands outside, and all the big and little Auchinclosses and Kennedys in attendance. And then they went to Acapulco, Mexico, for three weeks of absolutely no politicking at all.

When they returned to Washington, they first bought a large, elegant country house in McLean, and for a while lived as country squires. But though on the surface their life seemed halcyon ("Could you move that flowering tree, please," Jack said to the caretaker. "I'd like to see it easily from the breakfast-room window."—"Well, it would cost a mint," said the caretaker—"I didn't ask you what it would cost. I'd like it moved.") it was not so glittering as it looked. Ever since he had played football at Harvard, Jack had had a back injury that was so bad that he was rejected twice by the Army and taken finally by the Navy after a show of physical abilities. His activities after his PT boat was cut in two by a submarine did not help: he rescued three men from drowning, walk



YOU'LL PURR TOO! when you feel the softness and lightness of Paradise Kittens/Kitten-ettes, now in three wonderful heel heights. From $16 to $18. For store nearest you, write Brauer Bros. Shoe Co., Saint Louis, Missouri.

miles over coral reefs to secure native help, and caught what rest he could on the damp, spiky terrain of the Solomon Islands. Add to this his campaign travels, and the games of touch football that were considered vital among the Kennedy family (the celebration game the day before his wedding was so rough that he had difficulty kneeling before the altar), and it is not surprising to learn that a metal plate put over his spine after the war had never healed over. "You could look in and see it," a friend said. By 1954 he had to admit he was in pain: he added an extra-long couch to his office so he could lie down to work, and when the Senate session was over he went by private plane to Hyannis Port to spend the summer resting.

That fall it was agreed that, despite the fact that physicians told his family his chances of living through it were not certain, he must undergo surgery—on his back and in the kidney area. He had always been stoic; his family said they could tell whether he was ill only by looking at him, not by listening to him—but now a friend heard him admit he was suffering: "He said he'd take the chance of dying, he couldn't stand the pain any more."

He went into the New York Hospital for Special Surgery in October, 1954, and after the organic operation, never precisely described, double fusion was performed on his spine. For three months he stayed in the hospital and twice his family was called to his bedside because he was thought to be dying. But by Christmas he was out of danger entirely, and Jacqueline was able to take him by ambulance to the airport and then by private plane to his father's house in Palm Beach. He was then supposed to rest for several months, but he couldn't do it. "Doing nothing," he says, "is the hardest work." So instead he began working on an idea he had had for some time—a collection of stories about senators who had stood up for their principles. The Library of Congress, which says he is the Senate's more frequent book borrower, shipped him down the reference works he needed, his aides assisted him in the research, and first he dictated the copy and then he lay on the beach working it over by hand. "He wrote it because he wanted people to stop using the word 'politician' derogatorily," Jacqueline says. "He wanted to show how fine and admirable politicians often are." The result was the book "Profiles in Courage," which won a 1957 Pulitzer prize, was a best seller, and earned him more than $70,000. (The title was not so rewarding: out of it came, among others, the crack at Kennedy, "He has more profile than courage.")

Since the operation, Kennedy says he is completely free of pain, and the only concession he now makes to his fused spine is to ask for a bedboard to sleep on wherever he goes. He has taken up golf, once in a while plays touch football, and he has not had a bout of malaria for years. Today he has regular hospital checkups, takes a rest before official dinners (this also avoids the cocktail hour) and considers himself in "perfect health."

"I don't have an organized philosophy of life," he told me. "I just have my family and my work. I subscribe to the Greek idea of the 'full use of your powers along the ideas of excellence,' and I love politics. Other ways of living to me are challenge without substance—the way to function is by doing. Politics has for me what every other work has, and then some: it's interesting, worth while, useful, a means of doing things of tremendous importance.

"And in politics the center of action is the presidency. The force of events, our increasing population, our position in the world all make it so. Right now, running for the presidency demands an exacting course and a great effort; it's a tough, high climb. But, well ——"

He broke off and smiled—that smile of his, with its disarming mixture of confidence and modesty. The end of his sentence was too obvious to need to be said: Jack Kennedy thinks that a chance at being the President of the United States is worth all the effort he can muster. END

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Until the male carries a handbag, the sexes will never be on an even footing.

It may not be possible to build a better mousetrap, but in this day of the well-stocked kitchen it certainly is possible to build a better mouse.

He is fifteen and he came home from a party and exclaimed, "I'm through with girls. Boy, did I meet a sweet one tonight!"

Driving to the family home on a recent holiday, the children said they were able to tell every house where the mother had chosen to cook the traditional dinner instead of being taken out: the kitchen windows were all steamed up.

A friend who owns an open sports car says she waves to almost everyone she meets because she'd rather be known as a flirt than a snob.

He's one of those men who, if given a shoestring, would own a shoe factory in no time.

Children who take after their parents may be driving too fast.

Try this truism on for size: The only way to help people be what they want to be is to accept them as they are.

One indication that the male is really more conceited than the female is that no one anywhere has ever heard a woman boast of being self-made.

Like a young horse, a young man has many potential lives: he may ride into battle, jog through the world alone, become an overburdened work horse, or trot happily through life with an understanding mate who pulls half (or more than half) of the load.

It is possible to tell when a hot-water bottle has been filled by a man: it always contains hot air.

A very young girl was taken out to have lunch. After she finished eating she climbed down from her chair and, with a napkin, began to clean up some crumbs on the floor. Amusedly a gentleman at the next table watched, then remarked, "Some unattached bachelor may take note of this."

The girl who lets her intellect show through is certain to be admired by a man; the girl with a happy disposition is sure to put him at ease; the girl he cannot win is guaranteed to have his adoration; but she who can cook and lets him sample her cooking is the one certain to win a marriage proposal.

No girl should wear her best frock at the following times:

When her mother has advised her to wear another.

When the occasion calls for a simple one.

When a man is dating her for the first time.

When a man is observing her cook a meal.



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Betty Crocker



Spiral Caramel Frosting!



Dandy-Candy Frosting! Chocolatey-good fudge frosting you make in minutes. Fill and frost cake. Draw fork across top; repeat design at right angles to first pattern. Trim with candy.



Birthday Frosting!

"When I Entertain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

tomatoes, and ice cream and cake for dessert. Couldn't be easier!"

Mrs. Rockefeller, as chairman of the Y.W.C.A.'s World Service Council, entertains frequently at small luncheons for visiting staff and volunteers of Y.W.C.A.'s overseas. "We try to work across cultural barriers and through the Y.W.C.A. promote understanding among peoples of different countries," she says. A typical luncheon menu at the Rockefellers' might include Quiche Lorraine, served in wedges, as first course. Then a veal casserole, served with rice, and a platter of hot buttered green vegetables, whatever is in season. Orange soufflé makes a light, delicate dessert.

Filet of Beef

Two 2½-pound filets mignon, larded by your butcher
Salt and pepper
½ cup Burgundy if you like
Water cress to garnish

Broil *filets* on lowest rack at hottest broil for 15 minutes, turning 3 times. Remove larding fat and string. Drain off all drippings. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in a slow oven, 250° F., for about 25 minutes for a rare steak. Five minutes before serving, place under broiler again and broil, turning frequently for even browning. If you like, pour Burgundy over beef in pan. Remove beef to a wooden board. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Slice ¾" thick. Arrange on warm platter and pour drippings over meat. Garnish with water cress. Serve with straw potatoes and green peas. A 2½-pound *filet* will yield eight to ten ¾" slices. Makes 8 servings.

Béarnaise Sauce

6 shallots or 3 tablespoons onion, peeled and chopped fine
1 cup tarragon vinegar
2 teaspoons fresh parsley or 1 teaspoon dried, chopped fine
2 teaspoons fresh tarragon or 1 teaspoon dried, chopped fine
8 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 cup soft butter
Salt and pepper
Cayenne

Put first 4 ingredients into a saucepan. Simmer, uncovered, until the liquid is reduced to about 6 tablespoons. Strain through cheesecloth. Place yolks in top of a double boiler over *just-simmering water*. Add the strained liquid a little at a time, beating constantly. Continue beating and add the butter, 1 tablespoon at a time, making sure each tablespoon disappears before adding the next. Never let water boil. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a tiny pinch of cayenne. Makes 3 cups sauce.

Carrots with Seeded Green Grapes

1 cup butter
2 teaspoons fresh chervil or 1 teaspoon dried, chopped fine
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
Pinch of celery salt
12 carrots
2 teaspoons dried basil or 12 leaves fresh
3 cups seeded green grapes
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Salt and pepper

Melt butter in a saucepan and add chervil, garlic powder and a good pinch celery salt. Let stand. Scrape carrots and cut into strips about ⅛" square and 3" long. Cook until crisp-tender in boiling salted water to which you have added the basil. Remove from the heat immediately and add the grapes. Let stand 3 minutes—no longer, or the grapes will become bleached. Remove basil if you used fresh. Drain off all water. Add lemon juice and butter mixture. Shake the pan. Salt and pepper. Makes 8 servings.

Rainbow Fruit Tart

PASTRY
2 cups flour
½ cup superfine sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
Rind of 1 lemon, grated
¾ cup butter
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten

FILLING
1 cup heavy cream
¼ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla
Strawberries, hulled
Orange sections
Black grapes, seeded
Green grapes, seeded

GLAZE
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons arrowroot or cornstarch
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Red food coloring

For pastry, sift flour, sugar and cinnamon. Add grated lemon rind and mix well. Using 2 knives or a pastry blender, cut the butter into the flour mixture until it resembles fine crumbs. Add egg yolks and mix until pastry forms a ball. You may have to use your hands. Knead in the bowl 1–2 minutes. Wrap in waxed paper and chill for 1 hour. Now roll out ⅛" to ¼" thick on a lightly floured board and line a 10" pie plate. Handle quickly being careful not to stretch the pastry. Crimp the edge, but be sure pastry does not overhang the plate. Chill for another hour. Prick well over bottom and sides. Put waxed paper in pastry shell and fill ½" deep with dry rice or beans. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for exactly 5 minutes. Remove from oven and lift out waxed paper and rice. Reduce oven heat to 350° F.; replace pie plate and bake 12 minutes, or until just golden. Cool in pie dish on a wire rack.

FILLING: Whip heavy cream, sugar and vanilla until thick and glossy. Spread evenly in the bottom of the *cold* pie shell. Arrange fruit on top of the cream. Carefully spoon the glaze over the fruit. Keep in a cool place until serving time—do not refrigerate.

GLAZE: Heat 1 cup water and sugar in a saucepan until simmering. Mix arrowroot or corn-starch with 2 tablespoons water and lemon juice to form a smooth paste. Add to the water-sugar mixture. Cook and stir until smooth, thickened and *clear*. Tint pale pink. Cool. Makes 8 servings; cut them small—this pie is very rich.

Duckling Bigarade

3 4–4½-pound ducklings, dressed and quartered
6 oranges
3 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
3 cups chicken broth
3 cups fresh orange juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup cold water
Orange sections

Roast ducklings in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½–2 hours, depending on weight and youth of birds. Turn frequently and prick skin very frequently to make sure all fat gets out. After first ½ hour of roasting, place partly squeezed orange halves on each piece of duckling. Save the juice for use later. Remove orange halves ½ hour before the end of roasting. About the same time start to make the sauce. Put the sugar and vinegar into a saucepan and cook until the mixture caramelizes. Do not allow to burn. Add chicken broth, orange juice, lemon juice, grated orange rind, salt and pepper. Mix well and keep warm over low heat. When duckling is fork-tender, remove from oven and drain on paper towels. Place skin side down in a clean baking pan and pour hot sauce over duckling. Return pan to moderate oven, 350° F., for 5 minutes and baste once. Drain sauce back into saucepan. Keep duckling warm. Mix cornstarch with cold water and add to the sauce. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Arrange duckling on a large platter and spoon some of the sauce over each piece. Garnish with orange sections. Serve the remaining sauce in a sauceboat. Makes 12 servings duckling and 5 cups sauce.

Green Grapes and Sour Cream

6 cups seedless green grapes, stemmed
1 cup commercial sour cream
½ cup dark brown sugar

Wash grapes and dry well. Chill 2–3 hours. Add the sour cream and toss the mixture with two spoons. Serve with about 1 tablespoon brown sugar sprinkled over each portion. Makes 8 servings—about ¾ cup each portion.

Quiche Lorraine

Pastry for a 9″ pie shell
½ pound bacon
4 eggs
1¾ cups light cream
1 teaspoon salt
Pinch white pepper
Pinch cayenne
½ pound Swiss cheese, grated

Line a 9″ pie plate with pastry. Crimp the edge to form a standing rim. Chill while you prepare the filling. Cook the bacon until crisp and drain on paper toweling. Crumble into small pieces. Beat the eggs slightly and add the light cream, salt, white pepper and cayenne. Mix well. Arrange crumbled bacon in pastry-lined pan. Add Swiss cheese to form the next layer. Pour egg-cream mixture over the cheese. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 35 to 45 minutes, or until a silver knife comes out clean from the center of the mixture. Remove from the oven and allow to cool 7–10 minutes on a cake rack before cutting. Makes 8 servings—for appetizer course.

Veal Casserole

4 pounds veal cutlet, cut into 1″ cubes
About ¾ cup butter
2 large onions, peeled and chopped
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
2½ cups chicken broth
½ cup tomato paste
1 whole bay leaf, crumbled
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon fresh parsley (1½ teaspoons dried), finely chopped
1 teaspoon orégano
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons flour
Cold water
½ cup heavy cream
30 button mushrooms, wiped clean

Heat 2 tablespoons butter in a skillet and sauté the veal, a little at a time, until brown all over. Add more butter as needed. Drain veal on paper towels and transfer to a 3½-quart casserole (or divide between 2 smaller ones). In the same skillet sauté the onions and garlic in about 2 tablespoons butter until golden. Add chicken broth, tomato paste, bay leaf, salt, parsley, orégano and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Mix the flour to a smooth paste with a little cold water and add to the skillet. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Pour over veal. Cover tightly and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour and 45 minutes, or until fork-tender. Uncover for the last ½ hour. When tender, add heavy cream and stir gently. Keep warm. Sauté the mushrooms in 4 tablespoons butter until golden. Add to the casserole just before serving. Makes 8 servings.

Orange Soufflé

½ cup butter
¾ cup flour
1½ cups milk
1½ teaspoons grated orange rind
1 teaspoon orange extract
6 egg yolks
¾ cup sugar
3 oranges, cut into sections
8 egg whites

ORANGE CUSTARD
2 cups milk
4 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
½ teaspoon orange extract
8 egg yolks, slightly beaten

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour and mix well. Gradually add milk, orange rind and extract. Cook and stir until mixture becomes very thick. Remove from heat. Beat together egg yolks and sugar until lemon-colored. Add to the sauce a little at a time, beating constantly. Cook and stir over low heat 4–5 minutes. Cool thoroughly. Butter and flour an 8-cup soufflé dish. Arrange orange sections over the bottom. Beat egg whites until very stiff but not dry. Carefully fold egg whites into cold sauce mixture a little at a time, making sure no specks of egg white are visible. Turn into soufflé dish. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10 minutes. Raise the heat to 450° F. for 15 minutes, then lower the heat to 350° F. and bake 30–35 minutes more, or until set. The soufflé is done when the mixture is firm to the touch and brown. Serve immediately with orange custard and/or whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

ORANGE CUSTARD: Put first 4 ingredients into the top of a double boiler. Heat slowly. Add warm milk mixture a little at a time to the yolks, beating constantly. Return mixture to double boiler over just-simmering water. Cook and stir just until thickened. Serve warm in a sauce bowl with the orange soufflé. Makes about 3½ cups.

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Pudding Cheesecake

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the tart-sweet smoothness of
Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding—
the mellow tang of
Borden's Cream Cheese—
the crunchiness of
graham cracker crust!

"BUSY-DAY" LEMON CHEESECAKE

1 large (8-oz.) package Borden's cream cheese • 2 cups whole milk
1 package Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding
1 8-inch graham cracker crust

Stir cream cheese until very soft, blend in ½ cup milk. Add remaining milk and the pudding mix. Beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. (Do not overbeat.) Pour at once into graham cracker crust. Sprinkle graham cracker crumbs lightly over top. Chill about one hour. Serve to 8 delighted people—a real party dessert so easily—thanks to Jell-O *Instant* Pudding and Borden's Cream Cheese.

P. S. It takes the special qualities of *Jell-O Instant* Pudding to make this luscious cheesecake. Cooked pudding will not give satisfactory results with this recipe.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

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TEENAGE SECRET MARRIAGE EPIDEMIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

Catalina High P.T.A. president Lucille ...etter, mother of two daughters; Mrs. Jack ...'Hara, who has three sons currently attend...ng the school; brisk Dorothy Graham, mother ...f four were among its members.

How far had the marriage epidemic spread? ...ould there be *more* than twenty of the ...agically too-young marriages? Were there ...oungsters so frightened by what they had ...one that they did not dare reveal their secret ...o anyone? Was there a "conspiracy of ...lence"?

"Finding answers turned out to be like ...ghting a fog," one mother says. "Exactly ...ow many secret marriages were there? There ...asn't any way of telling. And were the mar...ages legal?"

Teenagers talked to one another about it. ...ne boy reported that after *he* married, no ...eek went by without some other boy's ask...g, "How do you go about getting married in ...ogales?" But only a few talked freely to ...dults.

"It was a crazy thing to do," admitted one ...irl whose brief, secret marriage ended in ...ivorce. "We'd been going together and we ...ought we were in love. We heard (I guess ...very teenage kid in town hears) that it was ...asy and quick to get married in Nogales and ...obody at home had to know about it. It ...ounded exciting. We left a school dance and ...rove down. After we got across the border ...e didn't know where to go. We went into a ...ar and asked a bartender. He said his ...rother-in-law was a judge and he'd take care ...f everything. He did. We lied about our ...ges. He knew, but he didn't care. It cost us ...bout twenty dollars—all we had."

Fifteen-year-old Karen and Tom, just ...rned sixteen, were willing to tell their story ...ecause, "It might make other kids think ...rice and that would be a good idea."

They had been going steady for a year. ...hinking that they were getting "too serious ...o young," their parents persuaded them to ...op going steady and date other people. It ...dn't work. "We didn't want to date other ...eople," Karen says. "We just wanted to be ...gether." But they accepted restrictions set ...by their parents—only one date a week, ...ouble dates only. Plans were made to send ...aren away to school in another city.

Reluctantly, their parents allowed them to ...tend the junior prom and the traditional all-...ght party that follows it. "We checked and ...und that both dance and party were going ...be well chaperoned," Tom's mother says. ...he children had been so good about accept...g our dating rules. We let them go. You ...ve to trust your children a little!"

With the threat of separation hanging over ...m, Tom and Karen eluded the chaperons ...d went home (they knew their parents were ...) to change from their party clothes. They ...ve to Nogales. Once across the border, they ...d no idea what to do next. A cab driver ...ed that for them. He could take them to ...ace where they could get married.

...e drove them for a long time through ...row dark streets. "Four dollars' worth," ...n remembers. It was a lot because Nogales ... small city and cab fares are low. They ...dered if they might be driving in circles. ...lly they stopped.

"The place where we were married had a ...e front," Karen remembers, "with gold ...rs on the window in a sort of arch. We ... to find it again months later, but we ...r could."

...ey filled out forms printed in Spanish. ..."didn't understand much of it." They lied ...t their ages.

...ooking at them it is hard to see how any...ould be fooled. Karen is childishly slight, ...as a child is pretty. That night she wore ...ess slippers, Bermuda shorts and a pink ...er. She looked fifteen years old. Tom is ...nd wide-shouldered. He will be a big man one day. But at sixteen he still retains the unmistakable gangly, not-quite-finished look of the adolescent.)

The ceremony was in Spanish. The cab driver acted as interpreter. "It cost thirty dollars, about all I had, including cab fare back to the border," Tom says.

On the drive back to Tucson they began to feel scared about telling their parents what they had done. It was as if they hadn't really thought about this part of it before. "We won't tell them for a while," they decided. "Unless we get pregnant." Or unless Karen really was sent away to school.

Karen felt one other, smaller regret: "I wish I'd been married in a pretty dress. I wish we'd had the kind of wedding it's nice to remember."

The pattern of the secret marriages varied very little, the committee found. "It was like a jigsaw puzzle, the pieces all fitting together to make a picture." A school dance—generally during a holiday season. Permission to stay out later than usual. Availability of a car. The excitement of "being in love." The intimacy of a going-steady relationship. And the memory of hearing from friends, "It's easy to get married in Nogales."

After that came the exciting sixty-five-mile drive through the night, the intriguing foreignness of the city across the border, the helpful bartender or cab driver, fees that came to "about all I had" (reports ranged from $20 to $50)—and the secret that was going to be awfully hard for two youngsters to tell parents who had trusted them.

Parents who found their fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds involved in these secret marriages didn't want to talk about it. "We'd like to help," they told members of the committee. "We don't want to see any more misguided youngsters drawn into this mess. But ——"

(One teenager's startling comment: "They don't want to talk because they think there's something dirty about teenage marriages. They're afraid it's contagious—the more talk, the more marriages.")

The reaction of most parents was to protect their children. "Don't they face enough problems already, being married at their age? Fifteen-year-old girls pregnant, sixteen-year-old boys being forced to leave school and find jobs without even finishing their education!"

Some parents refused to accept such a hasty, ill-considered marriage, and separated the young couple. They wanted to keep this quiet too.

There was bitterness of another sort in one mother's statement: "Gossips are always eager to say, 'Oh, those kids *had* to get married or they wouldn't have done it that way.' We don't want our children hurt by that kind of gossip. So we would rather not talk."

Parents had other reasons for not wanting to talk: "We can't be sure that our children haven't broken the law—that they aren't subject to court action."

Mothers spoke of rumored "reprisal" threats made against anyone who talked. They were too fantastic for real belief, but they added a note of fear.

The members of the committee had not wanted to hurt or embarrass anyone. They simply wanted to find a way to stop the too-young marriage epidemic. They had meant to keep their investigations confidential until they were complete, then study the findings carefully before deciding on a plan of action. But suddenly they found their quiet study not only public, but explosively controversial.

A youth conference was being held in Tucson. A question about the border problem was addressed to Arizona Governor Paul Fannin: "If the stories about youthful drinking, narcotics, vice and 'quickie' marriages are true, don't you think something should be done to keep unescorted teenagers from crossing the border?"

"I certainly do," said Governor Fannin, and went on to deplore the fact that such things were so easily available to our teenagers. He also deplored the fact that teenagers were so ready to take advantage of them.

Newspapers picked up the story. MEXICAN MARRIAGE MILL LURING TUCSON YOUNGSTERS, headlined the *Tucson Daily Citizen*.

People who had not heard rumors of the situation were shocked to read about it. Did anyone know exactly how many Tucson teenagers had been married in Nogales? The news report brought up a new question. How many of the marriages were performed by qualified officials and how many were performed by "wildcatters"—unscrupulous operators selling black-market marriages that were not marriages at all?

Pima County Attorney Harry Ackerman has had "At least twenty-five phone calls about these Nogales marriages from teenagers or their parents in the past months. Most of them are probably not legal," in his opinion. "They are void, or subject to annulment."

Intent had a lot to do with it. "If a couple's intent was to evade Arizona's marriage laws (including age requirements) by leaving the state, then their marriage is void."

Most of the teenage marriages seemed to fall into this category.

Mr. Ackerman suggested as most ministers and guidance counselors did, that if the marriage was to be accepted, the young couple should be remarried in the United States. If it was not to be accepted, he recommended legal annulment or divorce proceedings. "It is an advantage to have a judicial declaration on record, for the sake of a possible future marriage."

In Nogales, Mexican officials denied that a "marriage mill" existed there. They pointed out that Mexico's marriage laws are even stricter than Arizona's. Without consent of their parents, a couple must be twenty-one years of age before they can be married there. (Arizona's laws say the girl must be eighteen, the man twenty-one.)

For several days the "marriage mill" story was argued in the newspapers with increasingly divided opinions.

"It's a good thing to have it out in the open," one mother said flatly. "We should know the truth, even if it does embarrass some people."

Her words were echoed (privately) by a prominent Tucsonian. "The border creates a bad situation with our teenagers," he said. "You don't cure a bad situation by keeping it hidden. Teenage kids probably shouldn't be allowed to cross the border without their parents. Parents aren't facing up to their responsibilities when they don't keep track of their children's activities."

Others felt that the situation was "*very* delicate." Talk of closing the border might seriously damage the long-term friendly relationship between Arizona and Sonora. "How do you think the Mexicans would feel if we said we didn't consider their country a proper place for our teenagers to go?"

("But why should they *want* our youngsters down there alone if they get into trouble?" a committee member asked. "I can't believe that they do.")

"Both Arizona and Sonora spend millions of dollars advertising the tourist attractions of the border," a Tucson businessman said frankly. "Who wants to put up barriers to tourist travel after you've invited it? Tourist income is important to the development of this area—important on both sides of the border."

Recently San Diego, California, had established control of juveniles at the nearby Tijuana border crossing, long a local source of trouble. Was Tucson's answer a law closing the Arizona border to all teenagers not accompanied by an adult relative?

"Controlling juveniles at the border is probably a good answer," Mr. Ackerman says. "It would help solve not only the teenage marriages but a lot of other things that affect our teenagers as well—liquor, and drugs, and

Why So Many Early Marriages?

"Teenagers have to do what 'the gang' does. If the gang is getting married at fifteen, that's what they all want to do."

"Children just can't wait to grow up these days," one mother says sadly. "They think marriage is some sort of magic that will make them grown-up overnight."

A teenage bride tries to explain: "When you're fifteen you feel so confused and alone. You think if you get married you won't be alone, you'll *have* somebody. It looks easier to stand on four feet than on just two."

"Parents are too obsessed with chasing the almighty dollar and keeping up with the Joneses to look after their kids. Kids need the security of discipline. They need it most of all when they're sure they need it least—when they're teenagers."

"These days we *give* our children too much—money, freedom, cars—everything but the thing they need most: a sense of responsibility. Do we fail to give them that because we have lost it ourselves?"

The Reverend William Hobbs, of Tucson's First Methodist Church, takes a thoughtful view: "It may be that these youngsters think they are doing the right thing when they marry, not the wrong. They may think, 'I've been taught that it is wrong to have sexual intercourse outside marriage. But if I get married it will be all right.' They are confused about the moralities of marriage. As parents we must do a better teaching job."

Asked "Why keep the marriages secret?" teenagers replied:

"Parents wouldn't let you do it if you told them, would they? Most of the time you think a parent is nothing but a killjoy, always wanting to spoil your fun."

"Just to *have* a secret. Because it's exciting to have such a big secret."

"Most of the kids think that if a couple stays married for three months parents can't have the marriage annulled. So they keep it secret until the three months are up."

prostitution." He adds, "Arizona has always had good relations with Mexico. I've got a lot of good friends down there myself. But the problem does have to be solved. With more and more transportation available to juveniles all the time, it's going to do nothing but increase."

The Reverend William Hobbs, of Tucson's First Methodist Church, felt: "The border presents a problem with our teenagers, there is no question about that. And the too-young marriages are as serious an aspect as the problem has. I have under counseling now three or four young couples who married in Nogales. Each year I remarry about the same number who have decided to reconfirm vows made perhaps too casually.

"We need border controls," Mr. Hobbs goes on. "But we, as parents, can't count on making a border policeman a stand-in for our conscience. We owe it to our children to teach them personal standards of integrity so that they can handle whatever happens to them—from an auto accident to deciding the right time and place to get married. If we allow our children complete freedom before they are ready for it, we must be prepared to take the consequences."

In mentioning auto accidents, he pointed out another compelling reason for keeping unescorted teenagers away from the border. Though the Nogales highway is wide and well engineered for safety, its fatal-accident rate is so high that it has become known as *El Camino del Muerte*, the Road of Death. Drunken driving is blamed in many cases.

Rabbi Bilgray, of Temple Emanu El, "would not oppose some sort of juvenile-control law at the border. But it should be tempered and intelligent control that tries to make the juvenile see *why* we are doing it. It must not be just another law on the books—so harsh a law that it will not be enforced."

At first other high schools in the city had said that they would like to join Catalina's parents' group in studying the youthful marriage problem. Now they changed their minds. "We feel that the percentage of married students in our schools is too small to present a major problem."

"Maybe the percentage *is* small," one embittered parent said. "But it gets a whole lot bigger if your own son or daughter is part of it!"

"I can't believe that Catalina is alone in this secret teenage marriage thing," a committee member said firmly.

Many Tucsonians felt that Catalina was "greatly to be commended for not turning its back on the situation, but bringing it out into the open and recognizing that it *is* a problem."

"Not really the schools' problem, either," said Mrs. Retter, "but ours, as parents."

Dr. Robert Morrow, superintendent of Tucson schools, saw the rash of teenage marriages as "A matter for concern, certainly, but no cause for panic. Even one or two student marriages present a problem if the children go into marriage without their parents' consent and without realizing what they are doing. But I do not believe that Tucson's high-school marriage rate is unusual. I don't think we have many secret marriages."

The number of acknowledged married students currently attending the four city high schools: Tucson High, with an enrollment of 2300, had four married girls and one married couple. Of Pueblo High's 1800 students there were three married girls, two married boys and two who had just dropped out of school. Rincon High (2400 enrollment) duplicated Pueblo High's figures. Of Catalina's 2500 students, the official figures were seven married girls, five married boys and one couple.

(Of these figures one student said positively, "I think they are mistaken. I know of at least twenty-five marriages. And ten more that are planned.")

Why were there more student marriages at Catalina than at the other high schools?

Dr. Morrow thought it was a matter of economic location. "There are more kids with money at Catalina than at some of the other schools. Fewer students are required to work at jobs; they have more time on their hands. More boys have cars. More families in that area can afford to support children who marry, so that they can stay on in school."

As to a juvenile-control law at the border: "It may have merit if it is carefully worked out between states on both sides of the border. Good neighborliness should not be lost."

The committee went to Nogales, Sonora, to talk to Mr. T. Leonhardy, the American consul.

Mr. Leonhardy said that Nogales officials were eager to co-operate in preventing a "marriage mill" in their city. They did not feel that one existed. "Nogales is a clean city. Not like some of the other border cities."

Any Mexican official who knowingly married an underage couple would be removed from office. (A Tucson newspaper said that two had already been removed.) But it was not always possible for an official to tell when a couple lied about their ages. Some teenagers looked more mature than their years. At least one couple had produced statements of parental consent which later turned out to be forged. Some brought witnesses to aid them with false statements.

But Nogales officials assured Mr. Leonhardy that they would be doubly vigilant. They would not issue tourist permits ("Which foreigners *must* have to be legally married in Mexico") to young couples whose age they had the slightest suspicion about.

"They said they would send any such couples here to the consulate to talk to me," Mr. Leonhardy said. "They are doing just that." He added with a smile, "Several times I've been awakened at night with requests for information on how to get married in Nogales. I tell such couples that it is just as easy to get married on the Arizona side of the border."

What about the "wildcatters"—the illegal operators selling black-market marriages?

If such operators existed and could be caught, they would be prosecuted, Mr. Leonhardy said. Wherever you found such people—on whichever side of the border—they were criminals. Nogales authorities wanted them in operation no more than Tucson parents did.

"Bring me proof, documentary proof, of illegal marriages performed in Nogales and I will be happy to go to the governor—Governor Alvaro Obregon, of Sonora—with it. He has already assured me of his co-operation."

But documentary proof would not be easy to find. Parents had already spoken of their fears of exposing their children to public embarrassment or possible legal penalties. The investigation seemed to have come to a halt.

It had accomplished one thing. The publicity in Tucson and the increased vigilance in Nogales appeared to have halted across-the-border marriages of Tucson teenagers.

"Only temporarily, I'm afraid," one mother worried. "People forget. We need a permanent solution." (In the harsher words of one county official, "As soon as the heat is off, the same unscrupulous wildcatters could be right back at the old stand, selling the kids anything they think they want.")

Suggestions were made. Teenagers who wanted to cross the border unescorted might be required to carry permission cards signed by parent or guardian and notarized at the nearest consulate. "That would emphasize parental responsibility," said Mrs. Graham.

"Perhaps it would help if Tucson newspapers published records of all marriages of Tucsonians taking place in Nogales," Mrs. Retter said. "Removing the secrecy would make the idea less appealing to kids."

Juvenile controls at the border still seemed the best answer.

The committee found that some members of the Arizona state legislature had considered the matter of a bill designed to stop teenage traffic across the border two years ago.

"We found it was unconstitutional for a state to pass a law governing an international border," says Mr. Ackerman, who was a member of the legislature at the time. "Only the Federal Government can pass such a law."

Then from San Diego, California, came news reports that promised real help. Far from being alone in its teenage border problems, Tucson was sharing them with cities and towns all the way from California to Texas. And the problems were being investigated by the United States Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency.

"Legislation to close the entire border to unescorted teenagers is a possibility," announced Missouri Senator Thomas C. Hennings, chairman of the subcommittee, after conducting personal investigations in the San Diego-Tijuana area. "It is a matter for the entire subcommittee, of course, but evidence is overwhelming that something should be done. And it won't be just hand wringing."

California was urging a law barring teenagers from crossing the border unaccompanied by an adult relative.

Tucson's small, independent committee had its own plan of action under way:

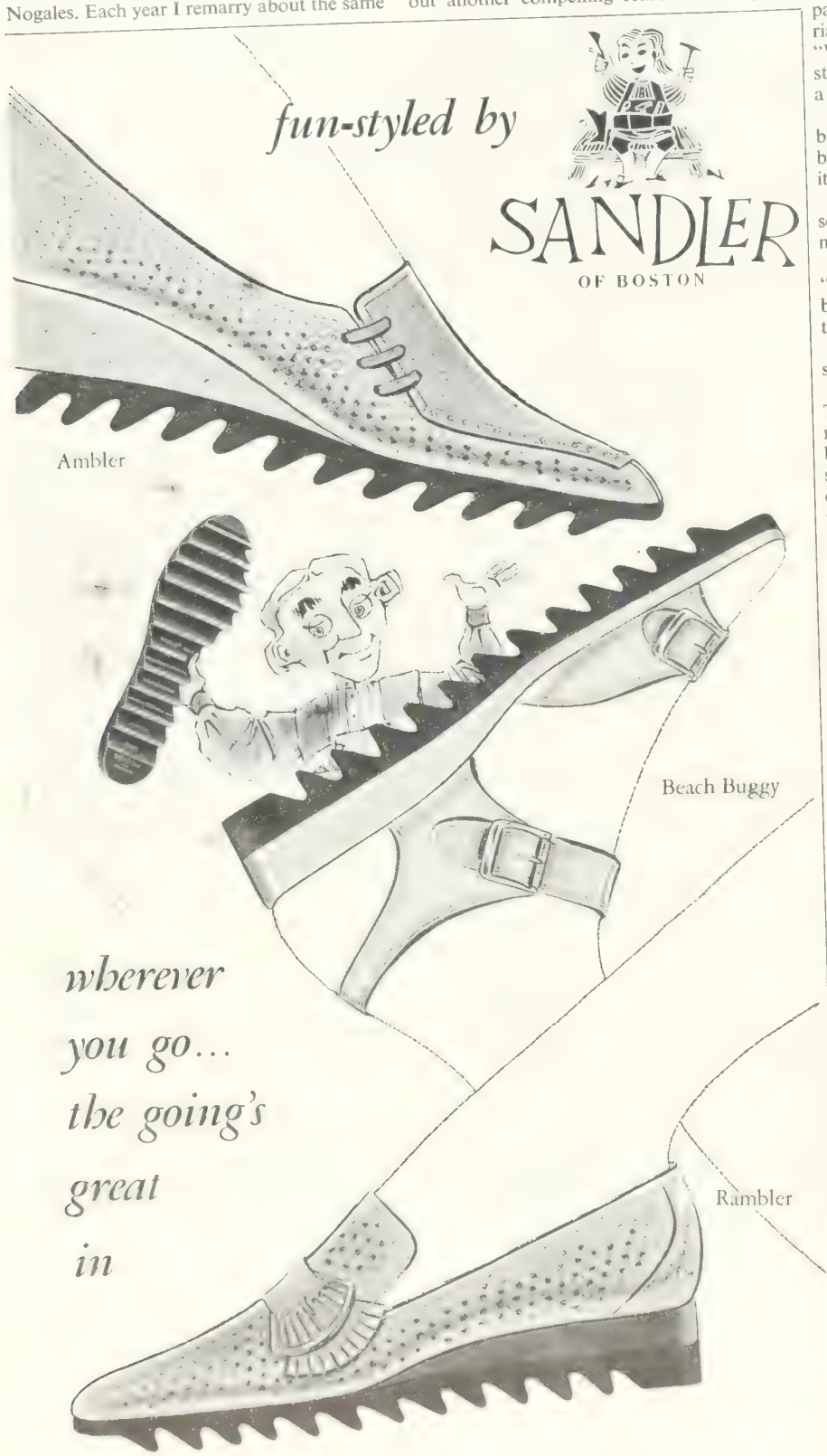
Contact Senator Hennings and his staff committee.

Co-ordinate its work with that of groups in other Arizona towns.

Push for more education in "the realities of marriage" via Family Living courses in the Tucson schools.

Work toward better understanding and communication between parents and teenagers.

(An eighteen-year-old boy has a clue to offer here. "Parents should behave like parents," he says. "Fathers should be fathers, not pals!")



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"At Catalina High School a group of our teenagers is drawing up a teenage code of behavior," says P.T.A. president Mrs. Retter. "Parents are working on a code for parents." She smiles. "On second thought, maybe it should be the other way round?"

What chance for success do these hasty, too-young marriages have?

"The odds are long against them," says one counselor with many years of guidance work behind him. "Kids of fifteen and sixteen just haven't lived long enough to understand the adjustments that marriage demands. They aren't mature enough. The first baby—together with the hard work and the sense of being tied down that a baby means—brings realization."

If you asked one seventeen-year-old deserted wife, or another just turned twenty who has a two-year-old baby to support, you would not get an encouraging answer.

A sixteen-year-old husband who has had to leave school and take a trainee's job that barely supports his sixteen-year-old wife and their two-month-old baby might not be too hopeful either.

Sixteen-year-old Tom and fifteen-year-old Karen are determined to make a success of their marriage. Their chances look better than most. They have one important thing the counselor says it takes to make such a very young marriage succeed: "Good, understanding parents on both sides."

"These days you don't throw your children out to fend for themselves if they do something you don't like," Tom's mother says. "Their marriage happened much too early, but it was something that would have happened four or five years from now anyway. I have to admit that Karen is probably just the girl I would have chosen for Tom four or five years from now."

Together with their families they worked out a plan. Tom would finish school. Karen, too, if possible. To do this they would need—and have—financial help from their parents. But they would help themselves too. Tom would work at a part-time job. They would live with his family and Karen would learn how to cook and keep house.

It worked very well. (Though Tom's younger brother was heard to mutter with twelve-year-old disgust, "Mom, does he have to kiss her *all* the time?") But early one morning a white-faced, frightened Tom woke his mother. "It's Karen," he said. "She's got a terrible pain!" Rushed to the hospital, fifteen-year-old Karen lost her expected baby.

"We were all desperately worried," Tom's mother says. "They were so young to take a blow like this. They were looking forward to the baby so eagerly. But they came through their loss. They were shaken and unhappy, but they were not crushed."

The families made another joint decision. It would be better for Karen to return to school than to stay home and brood over her loss.

"We're proud of the way they are handling things," says Tom's mother. "They both have part-time jobs now. They say they prefer not to be completely dependent. Karen does her share of the housework and she is learning to be quite a good cook. They study together and their grades in school are higher than ever before. They had fallen way off during the year that they were going steady."

Karen and Tom would like to postpone having a family until after they finish school.

"We have lots of time. We'll be better parents if we finish our education first."

"I know that our marriage wouldn't have worked without the help our families are giving us," Karen says honestly.

She is equally honest when teenage schoolmates ask her advice about getting married immediately. "Wait until you're through school," she tells them. So does Tom.

Is she sorry that she did not wait? Karen pauses for a long moment.

"Tom and I are together," she says then. "We are so happy. I *can't* say I'm sorry. Except for one reason. A big reason."

What is it?

"If either of us had had any real idea how much our marriage was going to shock and hurt our parents, I think we would have waited. I think a lot of kids would wait if some way could be found to get that across to them. You don't realize all the things parents do for you. If they have always given you everything, you take it all for granted. You don't think that giving is going to stop if you get married. But lots of times it does."

Karen is especially happy about one thing. When she and Tom repeated their vows at a quiet ceremony on this side of the border she wore a pretty dress. "And it was the kind of wedding it's nice to remember." END

TO ELLA: WHEN WE WERE TWELVE YEARS OLD

By WILLIAM STAFFORD

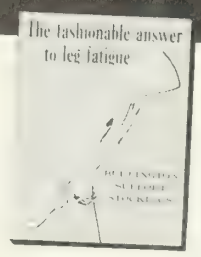
Tired that day we were; we found
honey in an old tree.
Small we were, tired and small.
No one remembers but me—

Honey there in the broken branch,
honey found in the wild;
you looking out over bending grass,
and looking far, for a child—

Far to a land all curved and
green,
a place the wind blew from,
a poured-out land all honey-
smooth—
a land that never did come.



Both stockings in this photograph are unretouched—but only one is a Burlington Support Stocking.



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THE DUKE AND THE GIRL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

out of the ordinary. Just another bride, pretty as a picture, served up in a soufflé of white tulle. "Miss Dawn Compton, a former friend of the Duke of Winfield, marries."

"Nice for her," said Mathilda. "But what?"

"I checked up, as a matter of interest. Twenty of this season's brides have been launched with some similar label—friend of the duke's. What's going on? Is he all that romantically inclined? There's an article in it, and you are the girl to do it. Day in the country do you good. Interview. Something light and humorous to lighten the solid maternity of the October number."

"Darn," said Norma Pimm. "I wanted that assignment badly. You get all the best ones these days. Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love gets a girl out of the office into the autumn sunshine."

"Nonsense. It's sheer ability," said Mathilda, grinning.

Norma was tied to a column on health problems. She had been in love with Bill for years. She sighed, inserted a sheet into her typewriter and typed the headline angrily: THE FIRST MONTH, and away ahead of her stretched the dreary other eight.

"Go on. Wallow in aspic," she said over her shoulder. "Some people have all the luck. There may even be champagne."

One pictures a duke surrounded with a certain splendor, and although the weeds on the drive did not lead one to look for very much, Mathilda confidently expected the front door to be opened by a butler. A small, malevolent old woman appeared and, looking her up and down, said, "Another friend of the duke's, I suppose," and sniffed.

"No. A reporter from Mothers' Monthly," said Mathilda pleasantly. "I have an appointment."

"They all have appointments. Come in. All this coming and going, not like the good old days. It takes it out of you!"

Something had certainly taken it out of her, thought Mathilda, for a flatter old woman she had never seen. She must have been all of a hundred, or even a hundred and fifty, and obviously getting more disagreeable as time went on.

She flung a door open and said, "Another of them," and departed. Mathilda found herself facing a long, lean young man wearing corduroy trousers and a green pull-over from which the elbows had long since departed. The duke, presumably. He was younger than she expected. She had looked for someone with a beard. He looked at her as though she, too, was not quite what he had been expecting.

"Do come in. I'm sorry it's so cold in here, and so untidy. I'll light the fire. Truth to tell, I had forgotten you were coming today. Stupid of me."

He knelt by the open grate and struggled with a lot of damp wood; she watched him, thinking he looked much more like a don than the gay Lothario he evidently was. He must possess hidden charm which did not, as they said in the office, have instant impact. She looked about her. Family portraits, suits of mail, halberds and visors—and, hanging from the high gallery, old battle honors. He certainly had the lot, and she told herself it would not be difficult to do an amusing piece on this setup.

"Now I'll make you some coffee," said the duke. He did something at a side table with a pan and an electric kettle. The result was awful, but at least it was hot. Mathilda warmed her hands gratefully on the cup. The duke sat down opposite her, his gentle face a cameo against the carved stone of the fireplace. "It was extremely good of you to come, though I don't imagine I have anything of the slightest interest to tell you. The place has gone to ruin, I'm afraid, and it's difficult to know what to do for the best. You must tell me the sort of things you want to know and I shall do what I can."

Naturally he thought it was historical facts she was after, and she had to go carefully. A girl can't go barging straight into a man's love life without any preliminaries. She asked some intelligent questions about the architecture, the gardens, the date of the tower, and the plumbing, and so worked round to the domesticities.

"And staff?" You always asked about staff on these occasions.

"Staff?" said the duke, obviously taken aback. "Oh yes, staff. There isn't any of what you could actually call staff—these days, you know. That old lady you saw used to be my mother's maid. She lives in the lodge. I inherited her with the place; also Campion the butler. Aged eighty. They don't *work*, of course. They just sort of go with the place. As a matter of fact, I have to look after them. Unfortunately we were never taught the sort of things that are useful in life as it is today. Cooking, and so forth."

A sinister rumbling and rattling came from the wainscot.

"Mice," said the duke, with a sad smile. "Ancestral mice. I inherited them with the place too."

He got up. "I say, look at the time! One o'clock. I should offer you some lunch, after you've come all this way, but do you know, I am not at all sure there *is* anything." He looked about him vaguely as if half hoping to locate a poached egg on toast somewhere around.

"That's all right. I brought lunch with me," said Mathilda. She was a practical girl who did not take risks, and although the aspic-and-champagne idea had been a nice one, she had not counted on it. "Perhaps you'll join me?" she said.

He brightened. "If you have a spare sandwich ——"

Mathilda was a seasoned traveler. She did not rely on sandwiches. She had a barbecued chicken, some tomatoes, rolls and a Camembert cheese. The duke gazed at these things as one might who, opening Tutankhamen's tomb, finds unlooked-for treasure therein.

"There is one thing I can provide," he said. He came back with a dusty bottle. A long, slender-necked bottle that seemed to be full of sun.

"I have coffee," said Mathilda quickly as he moved toward the table.

"You think of everything. I can't imagine how you do it," said the duke. "Shall we draw the couch to the fire? We might be a bit warmer."

"Do you know, I believe I was quite hungry," said the duke.

The same idea had struck Mathilda. Fed, he was much easier to interview, and as they finished her excellent coffee she got down to brass tacks.

"Quite honestly, it's the romance angle we are interested in," she said. "Have you never thought of marriage?"

A charming smile crept over his face and he helped himself to the second chicken leg absent-mindedly.

"Marriage? Indeed, I have thought a great deal of it. Though not strictly in the manner I infer you mean."

"One gathers you have many lady friends," said Mathilda, going warily.

"I don't mind telling you, in confidence. It was an idea that suddenly came to me. Not all my ideas," said the duke, "are much good, but this one was."

He settled himself comfortably, crossing his long, thin legs at the ankles. Mathilda had a sudden vision of him in stone, lying in a cathedral, his feet on a lion to show he had died far from home. He was exactly the type for it.

"You see, death duties took everything there was in the kitty," said the duke, "and this place, as you see, needs a great deal done to it. I had to raise money. I could not leave the place. Campion and Jeannie are too old to be on their own here. I have to support them in the circumstances to which they have become accustomed."

"But I thought the Welfare State ——"

"It provides the bread," said the duke simply. "But they are accustomed to jam. So I tried first one thing, then another, and nothing came of it, so I suddenly went in for matrimony."

"I see," said Mathilda, who didn't. "Do go on. It's fascinating."

"You think so? How nice! Well, strange as it may seem to you, there are a lot of people afoot today with tons of money but little knowledge of what can be done with it. People who are, to my mind, quite needlessly aware of their mereness, and anxious to appear to move in what they consider the right circles."

His approach was, Mathilda realized, the oblique one. There was nothing for it but to nod and wait until the ball fell on the green.

"Of course it required tact. Quite considerable tact. And good staff work. I approached sundry parents with my suggestion, and after that I never looked back. They handed me on to one another. Their co-operation was wonderful. Though my fees are high, I could have made them higher and got away with it. No one ever demurred. It is a most extraordinary thing, but do you know that to dine with me in town, go dancing—say, twice—and spend a not very comfortable weekend here, heavily chaperoned, is of inestimable social benefit to a girl? We have had no failures. The last one, Dawn Compton, has done very well indeed for herself."

"So I saw," said Mathilda.

"I charge an over-all fee, and that includes a letter of congratulation which is frequently displayed at the wedding, and a small wedding present—I usually find something suitable in the attics. I would like to take you round the attics."

"I would love to see them."

"I expect, like many other people, you consider all this most undignified," said the duke. "But today who of us can afford dignity? I have half a dozen people hanging on me one way and another. They have their rights. I have only my obligations. And it's no worse than my Aunt Agatha, who in the good old days presented any number of young women from The Potteries at court for a round sum. Her need was not nearly as great as mine."

He looked around sadly.

"Of course if I were better at these things I would tidy the place up and open it to the public the way everyone else does—sell souvenirs, give teas, and so on."

"That is what you ought to do," said Mathilda. "There is any amount of money to be made that way. A restaurant in the old coach house . . . small tables with candles on them; it wouldn't take any time at all."

"It might not take *you* any time at all," said the duke sadly. "I don't have any talents that way. I am busy on a book about historical drama and it takes all the time I have. Though women appear to be able to conduct two professions at the same time, quite successfully, and even produce children in their spare moments, I have yet to come across the man who can cope on this scale. And now, would you care to see round? Better put on your coat. There is some rather ghastly ormolu and a great variety of works of art, as well as a gazebo in which one of the Georges is generally supposed to have done something or other rather peculiar."

By the time the tour was over, Mathilda's notebook was full and she knew that she had the material for a humorous article full of impact, and that the inside story of the duke's girl friends was a rare scoop. Surely she should not scruple to use it. He had said it was confidential, but he had not asked her to promise anything, nor was there anything in writing.

"It has been such a pleasant day," said the duke. "I wish I thought we might meet again sometime. I would very much like to see your article before it's published, if I may."

"I'll send you a copy," she said.

A querulous voice from the background called, "David! David! Have you got those sleeping pills from the chemist for me yet? You know very well I ——"

"Oh, dear. I've left undone something I ought to have done," said the duke. "I must go. Good-by. It's been so nice."

When she got to the turn in the drive he had not gone. He was standing looking after her, the moldering pile of his ancestral home looming behind him like an animal about to swallow him.

"What was he like?" asked Miss Pimm.

Mathilda said slowly, "A nice guy."

Bill twisted around in his swivel chair and stared at her angrily. "What do you mean, you can't do it? You've been at it for more than ten days. What's come over you, girl?"

She said, "It isn't funny, Bill. I thought it was at the start—and I tried, but I can't do it."

"All right. Give me your notes and I'll have someone else ——"

She said sharply, "No."

"What do you mean—'No'? Those notes were made on our time, and they belong to us."

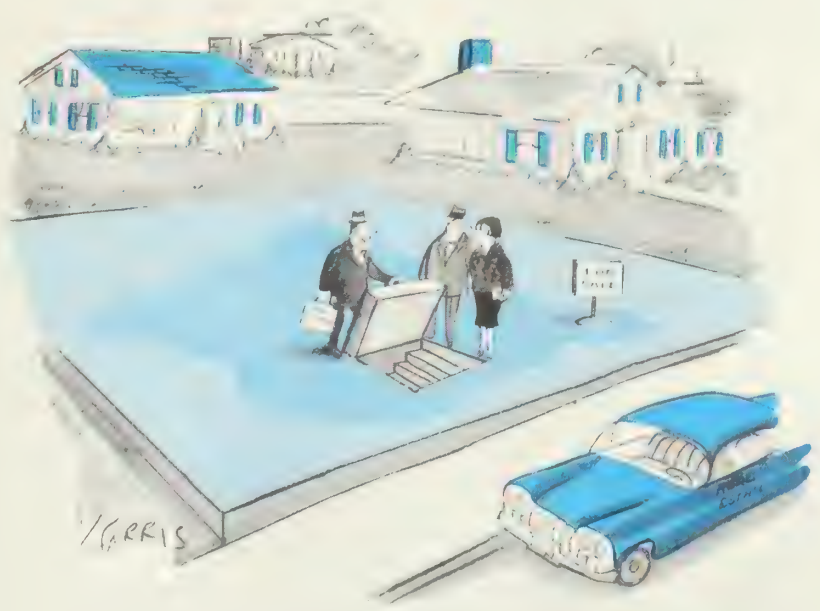
She said slowly, "No. They belong to David. I'm going to give them back to him."

"So that's it, is it? David! Well, at least we know where we are at last. You're nothing but a little social climber—swept off your feet by a swell, are you? Show you a bit of luxury, and you lose what head you ever had."

The last sight she had of Bill was of his furious face, glaring up at her from his desk, not understanding why it was she laughed and laughed. And in that moment she had a swift vision of how Bill would look when the breakfast bacon was not to his liking.

The front door of Winfield House stood open, so she walked in. The duke was in the big hall, dressed as before, only the holes in his elbows were rather larger.

"Do you know," he said without preliminaries, as if she had been there all the time, "I am beginning to think you are absolutely right and that if I work hard, I might have the



"Here's a terrific value—a combination house and bomb shelter."

place ready to open in spring. In spring, it is very beautiful here. The daffodils are absolutely wonderful. Miles of them."

"We could sell them for two shillings a bunch," said Mathilda, also as if she had been there all the time. "We could make flower and vegetable stalls under the arches round the courtyard."

"An excellent scheme. Later there are tulips, and after that ——" He broke off and stared at her. "Did you say 'we'?"

"I did. I've been given the sack. Will you give me a job? I have a sudden passion to lead an outdoor life."

He put down the pile of books he had been collecting and came and stood beside her.

"You aren't fooling me? You mean it?"

"Let's have some lunch and talk it over."

He said regretfully, "I'm afraid there isn't ——"

"I've brought it with me."

"This is too good to be true," said the duke, and she wondered if he meant the hot soup in a vacuum jug, cold ham and biscuits and cheese, but apparently he did not. "All this last ten days I have done nothing but think about you. It has never happened to me before. Girls have just come and gone, and no doubt many of them were a lot more beautiful than you are, but they did not appear so to me. I could not do a stroke on my book."

"And I could not do a stroke on my article. I flogged Pegasus," said Mathilda solemnly, "but he would not start."

A cascade of mice rattled behind the wainscot.

"Remind me to get some traps," said the duke. "I say, let me do that. I'm afraid the wood is damp again."

Mathilda knelt on the wide stone hearth and fed the reluctant flame with pages of her notebook until it flared up, gilding her face.

"What's all that?" asked the duke.

"A good laugh," said Mathilda. "Snappy. With lots of impact."

He knelt beside her, trying to read the words before the blaze took them. "All your notes! Are you sure you don't need them?"

"Quite sure," she told him. She leaned her cheek for a moment against his convenient shoulder.

"How wonderful. I shall never have to have any more lady friends," said the duke. "Mathilda! Not a name I have ever been greatly addicted to, and now it seems to me the most beautiful name in the world."

A COUNTRY TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

did not repeat her question, but, climbing the smooth-worn path across the fence, for a moment shaded her eyes with her hand against the light, then seated herself where she stood, her hands folded round her knees. From far away her frock, catching the sun, would now be visible like a golden flower in the green. He sat down in the shade of the trees, where his eyes could rest on her form. The air here at the edge of the wood was clear and warm, the light full and timeless, the stubble fields breathed a generous sweetness. A pale-blue moth came and settled upon a sun-baked stone beside her.

He did not want to break up their happy hour in the wood, and remained silent for a while.

"I was thinking," he said at last, "of the old people who lived here before us, and who cleared and broke and plowed this land. They will have had to begin their work over and over again. In very old days they had bears and wolves to fight, then Wendish pirates and invaders and then, later again, hard and unsparing masters. But were they to rise from their graves, on a harvest day like this, and to look out over the fields and meadows before us, they might still consider that it had been worth their while."

"Oh, yes," she said and looked up toward the blue sky and the clouds. "And they will," she added, "have had real fine hunting, with those bears and those wolves." Her voice was as clear as a bird's, with a faint ring of the island dialect, like a melody, to it. She talked as if she played.

"And they might then, today," he said, "forget the wrongs done them."

"Oh, yes," she said once more. "It is all a long time ago." She smiled a little to herself. "Now you are thinking of a peasant," she said, "since you talk of wrongs."

"Yes," said he, "I was thinking of a peasant."

"And why," she asked, "are you digging your old peasants out of the mold to bring them with us into the wood today?"

"I might tell you why," he said, but sat on silent.

"You are a clever, wise, learned man, Eitel," she said. "Your land is better worked and looked after than the land of your neighbors. People talk about you and your reforms and inventions. The king himself has said that he would there were more like you in his country. You give more thought to your peasants' welfare than to your own. You have been away for years in foreign countries to study new farming systems and how to make their lot easier and happier to them. And yet you speak as if you were in debt to them even now."

"I may be in debt to them even now."

"I remember," she said thoughtfully, "that one day when we two were children and were walking together in the wood—just like now—you began telling me of the wrongs done, in old times, to the peasants in Denmark. I was older than you, but you spoke so gravely that I forgot my dolls for your tales. I almost believed, then, that the Lord God must have decided to create our whole world over again, and that you must be one of the angels whom He had chosen to assist Him in the task."

"You were the angel, I think," he said, and smiled a little, "who had the patience to listen to the fantasies of a lonely boy."

They sat in silence for a while, thinking of the time of which they were talking.

"Today," she said, "I know a little more about the world, and I do not think that it is going to be created over again—not in our time. I do not know, either, that one must think it unjust that there are both noblemen and peasants on the earth, any more than that there are both pretty and plain people upon it. May I not brush my own hair without grieving for the sake of the women who have thin, dull hair?"

He looked at her long silky ringlets, and called to mind the many times that he had loosened them and wound them round his fingers.

"But to you," she went on, "it is as if it were all your fault that there are poverty and distress in the world. It is as if you were tied with a rope to those old peasants of whom you talk."

"Yes, I may be tied to them with a rope," he said.

She sat silent for a long time, her hands round her knees. "If I had been a peasant's wife," she said low and happily, "you would not have taken me."

He did not answer her. He was seized and transported, as often before, by the fact of her nature's being so entirely without shame. She blushed easily, with joy or pride, but never with guilt. And that, he reflected, was why he found peace with her as with no other human being. He had heard and read, and he knew from his own experience, that a man's love of a woman never for a long time outlives possession. But he had been the lover of this young lady, his neighbor's wife, for two years. Her little daughter, up at her husband's house to which the wood belonged, was his. And his desire and his tenderness were stronger today than two years ago, so strong that he had to hold himself back so as not to draw her to him or to kneel down before her and kiss her hands in sweet, wild gratitude. It would be the same, he felt, were they to live to old age. And it was not by her beauty or her gentleness that she did hold this happy and painful power over him. It was because she knew not shame nor remorse, nor rancor. After a while he also reflected that in her last words to him she had spoken the truth.

"You," he said at length in a changed voice, low as her own, "you have never wronged the people whose lives were in your hand. Your family, your fathers have lived in good understanding with the peasants on their land, as with the land itself."

"My family and my fathers were like others, I think," said she. "Papa had such a temper! When he had taken something into his head, it would have to be done; he did not worry much whether it was reasonable or not."

"But the name of your fathers," said Eitel, "has not been loathed by the people who served you. Your harvesters have sung while they reaped their fields."

She thought the matter over. "Have you got the barley in, with you?" she asked.

"Yes, it is in," he answered, "except for a little in the lower field and a bit in 'Mylady's Paddock.'"

"It would not make much difference to you, I do not think," she said after a moment, "whether they sang or not while they reaped for you. That is what I have been wondering about [illegible]

studies? It has made you a stranger among your equals. You do not take much pity on your friends, be they ever so unfortunate in cards or in love. And if you sell them a horse, you will know what price to ask, and stick to it. But when you are trading with a peasant you will feel, I think, that you must give him the whole horse for nothing. And for all that, there is no great affection for the peasants in your heart.

"Those old men," she continued slowly, "those old lords of the land whom you cannot forget—maybe they took more pleasure in having their servants about them than you do. They felt that those people belonged to them; they made merry with them and were pleased and proud when they were comelier or shrewder than the servants of their neighbors. But you, Eitel, you do not want your own valet to touch you—you dress and undress without him; you ride about without a groom; you go out with your gun and your dog all alone. Why, when that old tenant of yours, to whom you forgave his lease, wanted to kiss your hand, you would not let him do so, and I had to give him mine to kiss, so as not to let him go away empty! It is not out of love for your peasants that you rack your brain and allow yourself no rest. It is out of love for something else. And what that is I know not."

FAME: climbing a greasy pole for $10 and ruining trousers worth $15.

JOSH BILLINGS

"Nay, you are mistaken," said he. "I love this land of mine, every acre of it. In foreign countries, in the big towns there, I have been sick with longing for this very soil and air of mine."

"I know," said she, "that you love your land as if it were your wife. But you are not the less lonely for that. And I wonder, Eitel," she added with a vague mockery or pity in her voice, "I wonder whether in all your life you have really loved any human being except just me."

At her words he looked back searchingly into the past. She herself, he reflected, wherever she had been had found something to love.

"Nay," he said once more after a while, "I have indeed loved very deeply a human being—a long, long time ago. But at the same time you are right. It is not out of love for my servants or my peasants that I do, as you say, rack my brain and allow myself no rest. It is out of love for something else. And the name of that thing is justice."

"Justice," she repeated wonderingly and became silent. "Eitel," she said at last, "we two need not worry ourselves about justice. Fate is just, God is just. Surely He will judge and retribute, without our assistance. And we human beings may leave off judging one another."

"And yet," he said, "we human beings take upon ourselves to judge one another. Yet we take upon ourselves to sentence one another to death.

"Did you ever know," he asked after a pause, "that my father had a man put to death?"

"Your father?" she asked. "Had a man put to death?"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a peasant."

"I believe that they told me so," she said, "when I was a little girl."

"They told you so, Ulrikke," he said. "They told an old story, a nursery tale, to a little girl. But to me it was a different tale, for my own father was in it."

"It seems to me that I remember your father," said she, "and that he set me on his knee and played with me. And yet that can hardly be. But Mama has talked about him many times, and has told me that he was a handsome, gallant, gay gentleman. A very fine horseman and afraid of nothing—like you."

"My father died before I was born," he said. "That, to me, has seemed to mean that he did, from the very beginning, wish to give all that was his into my hands."

"You need not grieve at that," she said.

"I need not grieve at that," he repeated slowly. "You are thinking of his land and of his fortune. That inheritance of mine has been growing with me myself, during my minority. But he left me more. His own guilt and that of his fathers, that dark shadow which they cast wherever they walked—that, too, is an inheritance which may also have been growing until today."

"Until today?" she asked.

He caught the vague echo of resentment in her voice—their happy day together darkened by ancient incomprehensible shadows. His heart ached a little at it.

"Listen," he said. "I have never spoken to you of my father. Today if you would hear me, I should like to speak of him.

"I have never seen his face or heard his voice, yet in my small world when I was a child he was ever with me. His portrait on the wall showed the face of a handsome, gallant, gay gentleman, and the people round me have talked to me of him as your mother did to you for who speaks ill to a child of his dead father? How did it then happen that this dead father came to his child a dark figure looming over the little boy, wrapped in a black cloak of guilt, gloom and shame, formidable? Yet I was never afraid of him. It does, I believe, happen like that with children: the grown-up people will tell them of a troll or hobgoblin, and the child will become familiar with the troll and will, in its own way, make it belong to him. In the peaceful house, filled with gentle women, my father and I belonged to each other, and if he was formidable I was formidable as well.

"As I grew older," he continued, "and of my own or by the hand of my tutor began to think and reason more abstractly, my idea of a moral order of the world, of right and wrong and of justice, all grouped themselves round his figure as if they did indeed come to me through him. It was then that I realized the nature of our partnership. He had a claim on me: there was something that I must do for him; he required me to pay his debt.

"As then I read the story of Orestes, I reflected how much easier was his task than mine, since he had a virtuous father to revenge. As I was taught my catechism, the words that stuck in my mind were these, 'I am in my father and my father is in me.'

"In the end, five years ago, when I was eighteen and his land and fortune were given into my hands, when I was known to the world no longer as Master Eitel but by the name of my fathers, it became clear to me what I had to do. So I made up my mind to go to foreign countries, there to study how to make the lot of the people on my land happier.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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Kaneohe Bay, Oahu, photographed by Tom Hollyman for Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu

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"This is what I have thought of, Ulrikke," he continued. "The Christian religion will tell us of our duty toward our brothers and our neighbors, the people living round us today. It bids us take up the cause of the abandoned, the destitute and the downtrodden among them. It was first preached by artisans and fishermen.

"But there is another kind of religion which speaks not of brothers or neighbors but of fathers and sons. It proclaims our duty toward the past, and it bids us take up the cause of the dead. To that religion the nobleman is priest. And for this reason are we noblemen and bear old names, for this reason is the land given into our hands: that the past, and the dead, may put their trust in us. My brother or my neighbor, after all, if I strike him may return the blow, and the oppressed around us, if too hard tried, may rebel. But if we are not there, who will look after the past? And who will then be abandoned and destitute and in very truth downtrodden as the dead? For this reason do I bear my father's old name, which has been known in the country for many centuries, that my dead father in his grave, who can trust in no one else, may trust in me.

"To cut away from the past," he said very slowly, as if to himself, "to annihilate it, is the vilest of all breaches of the laws of the cosmos. It is ingratitude, and running away from your debt. It is suicide: you are annihilating yourself in it. I have heard it said, or have read somewhere," he added and smiled a little, "that a thing is not true until it is twenty-five years old—almost my own age. I shall not, at the moment when I have become, truthfully, what I am, in cutting off my roots, turn myself into a shadow, into nothingness.

"You tell me," he went on, "that it is not out of love for my people that I am working, and you are right. For in this I am doing the work of my father. I will him to be able to speak someday to the man he wronged, 'Now your death has been paid for, Linnert.' I have been told—a very long time ago, and I do not remember by whom—that for eleven years, the last eleven years of my father's life, the peasants on his land did not speak his name, but in speaking of him used other names, of their own invention. I will them to name him again, someday, as they say, 'The son of this man dealt fairly with us and was just to us.'

"There can be," he said after a while, "there can be no lawful love between me and them while they do still fear and distrust my father in me. And I cannot allow them to touch me while I still know them to be shrinking from his blood within my veins. When I have paid off my father's debt, it will be time for me to stretch out my hand and let them kiss it."

"I do not think, though," said Ulrikke, "that any of the families round here are afraid of your father's name or of his blood. If you had not gone away to foreign countries, while we were both so young, I think that Papa and Mama would have been well pleased to have you and me marry. I was told that they did indeed talk about it, even before you were born."

He sat silent, once more checked in his course of thought by her mysterious lightheartedness. Her words brought him back to Germany and to the time, five years ago, when letters from home had informed him that she was married. Until that hour he had felt sure that he and she belonged to each other, and had been too simple to know or to reckon with the forces which had stepped in and had carried her off. Later on, after his return to Denmark, he had understood. Her mother, a beauty and *bel-esprit* of European fame, at this time had had her eyes opened to the fact that her daughter was nineteen years and sweet and graceful, and in haste—in jealousy, or in a fit of wild motherly tenderness, and in order to save that daughter from her own tempest-tossed career—had married off the maiden to an old man. Now, for a few moments, he called to mind those dark nights in which, from his wet, burning pillow, he had stormed against the gods, and had seen the playmate of his childhood as the central figure in a classic group: the white-robed virgin upon the sacrificial altar of a nonhuman power.

But she, who had been the dedicated victim of his picture, today sat in the wood, and talked of their disaster as if it had been the tragedy of a hero and a heroine in a book. For a long time he remained silent, with the ring of her voice in his ear.

"And what was now," she asked, "the story of your father and the peasant? I do not quite remember it. You might tell it to me."

"I have never told it to anyone," he answered.

"Who, then, told it to you yourself?" she asked again.

He searched his mind and was surprised to find that he could not answer her question.

"I do not remember," he said, "that it was ever told to me. I must have heard it when I was a very young child."

"But it has been in your thoughts all your life," said she. "It is time that I should hear it, here in the wood."

It took him some time to fetch up a recollection which was stored so deep down in his being. When at last he spoke, his words came slowly, and more than once in the course of his tale he had to stop to collect his thoughts.

"There was," he began, "on my father's land a peasant named Linnert. He came of a very old peasant family, which had always belonged to us, and it is believed that many hundred years ago the farmstead of his people had stood where our house does today stand, and that the foundations of it were still existing deep down in the ground. Through the ages these peasants had all been handsome, ingenious and deep, and many tales were told about their extraordinary physical strength. For these reasons my own people had been proud of them—such as you said just now that the old lords of the land would be proud of their peasants—yet none of them had ever been in service in our house. This Linnert was born the same year as my father, and since my father had no brothers or sisters, the peasant boy was taken on as a playfellow to him.

"Now," he went on slowly, "in telling you this tale of mine I can give you no explanation why things in it happened the way they did. I have tried to find an explanation. I have been wondering if there might be found, deep down, some reason for the happenings. I have imagined that there might be a woman at the bottom of them. For the maidens of that old peasant stock were cow-eyed and red-lipped, as its young men were hardy and chaste, and my father was a lusty youth, and might well have cast his eye upon a pretty girl on his own estate. But I have found nothing of the kind, nothing at all. I can only, in going through my story, state that things happened in this way—that it was so.

"There was at that time," he took up his account, "south of the manor house and overlooked by its windows, a stretch of grassland



on which the peasants' cattle were wont to graze together with my father's. Later on, the peasants ceased to bring their cattle there, and my father had the land included into the park.

"Now one summer the rain failed, the grazing dried up, and the peasants suffered much loss. My father himself had to take home his young stock to feed it in the byre, and upon this occasion his cowmen by mistake took with them a small black bull calf that belonged to Linnert. Linnert on the next day walked up to the manor and claimed his calf back. My father, when it was reported to him, laughed. Linnert, he declared, was a clever fellow, to charge his master's cowmen with theft, and so increase his stock. He would have to be rewarded for his inventiveness. So my father had a fine big calf brought from his own byre and handed over to Linnert. Here, he made his people tell him, he had his calf back. But the peasant refused to take it, declaring that it was not his, and remained standing by the byre all day waiting for his own calf.

"Next morning my father had a fine young bullock led down to Linnert's lot and once more made his cowmen tell the peasant that here he had his calf back. But it fell out as the first time. Linnert came back with the bullock on a rope. 'This fat young bullock is not mine,' he said. 'There shall be justice on earth. My small calf was not half so big, nor half so handsome. Give me back the small black bull calf of mine.' And just as the day before, he remained standing in the farmyard till late in the evening, waiting for his calf.

"My father by that time had a very magnificent full-grown bull, which he had bought at a high price in Holstein, but the animal was vicious and had gored a cowman to death. His neighbors had warned him that he would have to part with it, but he had answered them that he did still have people on his land who could manage a bull. Now he bade three men—for a lesser number dared not take on the job—to lead the bull down to Linnert's byre, and sent a message with them. 'If this

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Woman's 'Difficult Days' and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?


Valda Sherman

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

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It's wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop,* the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

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COLORADO

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COLORADO SPRINGS	Kaufman's
COLORADO SPRINGS	May—D & F
COLORADO SPRINGS	Whetstone Shoe Store
DENVER	May D & F (Downtown & University Hills)

IDAHO

BOISE	Falk's Idaho Department Store

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS	Johnson's

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO	Rouse's Shoes
ALBUQUERQUE	Given Bros. (both stores)
HOBBS	Given Bros.
ROSWELL	Lester's Shoes

OREGON

ALBANY	Miller's Dept. Store
COQUILLE	Lorenz Department Store
EUGENE	Miller's Dept. Store
EUGENE	Nickles Shoe Store
KLAMATH FALLS	Bogatay's Shoes
MEDFORD	Johnston & Stewart Shoes
PORTLAND	Knight Shoe Company
PORTLAND	Nordstrom's (all stores)
ROSEBURG	Gimre's Shoes
SALEM	Arbuckle's Shoes
THE DALLES	William's Idaho Department Store

UTAH

OGDEN	Swanson's Shoes
SALT LAKE CITY	McKendrick's, Inc.

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN	Earle Morgan
BELLEVUE	Nordstrom's
BELLINGHAM	Atkin's
BELLINGHAM	Atkins Shoes
PASCO	Ells Shoes
SEATTLE	Nordstrom's (all stores)
SHELTON	Lumberman's Mercantile
SPOKANE	Hill's Shoe Store
SPOKANE	The Crescent
TACOMA	Lloyd-Friesen, Inc.
TACOMA	Nordstrom's (all stores)
VANCOUVER	Hadley's
WALLA WALLA	Seil's Smart Shoes
YAKIMA	Lloyd-Friesen
YAKIMA	Miller's Department Store

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ALBERTA

CALGARY	Amantea Shoes Ltd.
CALGARY	Hudson's Bay Co.
EDMONTON	Sample Shoe Store Ltd.
RED DEER	Maurice Shoes Ltd.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

CRANBROOK	Regal Shoes Ltd.
REVELSTOKE	Revelstoke Co-op Society
VANCOUVER	Ingledew's Ltd. (Downtown & Oakridge)
VICTORIA	Ingledew's Ltd.

MANITOBA

WINNIPEG	Blond's Shoe Salon

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he had the peasant told, 'is your own animal, which I have unlawfully taken from you, it is hereby returned to you with my apology. But if it is not yours, and if you yourself are such a great man as to know that there shall be justice on earth, surely you will be great enough to bring it back to me on Sunday evening.' For Sunday was my father's birthday, and as was his custom he was giving a dinner party to ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood. And he thought it not impossible that Linnert might indeed bring home the bull before the eyes of his guests.

"All these things happened in the month of August, and for a week the weather had been exceptionally hot and sultry.

"Already on Saturday morning, while my father was being powdered, the people in the farmyard cried out loudly, 'Here comes Linnert riding on the Holstein bull!' My father ran to the window to see a sight, the like of which he had never seen, for Linnert came through the farmyard gate and up the courtyard, astride the bull as if he had been a hack. The bull was covered with dust and froth, his sides went in and out like a pair of bellows, and blood ran from his nose. But Linnert sat up straight on his back, his head high. He reined up his mount in front of the tall stone stair just as my father came out of the front door, his head only half powdered.

"'You are the bonny horseman,' my father cried, 'and I shall have you rechristened, for a peasant's name no longer befits you, but you will have to be named after him who brought the wild bull of Crete alive to Peloponnesus!' He took a step down the stair and added, 'But why do you come today? I bade you come tomorrow, when I should have had all the fine people of the isle here to see you.' 'I thought,' Linnert answered, 'that when your bull and I had got you to look at us, we needed no more people.' My father went down the last steps. 'Then this is like one of our earliest games,' he said, 'and I shall drink a cup of wine with you, Linnert, and have you take home the silver cup filled with rigsdalers.' 'And one of our last games, I think,' said Linnert. And with that he did indeed turn the bull and make him walk down the courtyard to the byre door. My father had his powdering finished.

"But one hour later the cowherd came up from the byre and reported that the bull had died. As the herd had set him in his stall, the blood had run thicker from his nose, he had sunk on his knees, and a little later he had laid his head on the floor. And then he had died.

"'And what is Linnert doing,' my father asked, 'for whom I have been waiting here to drink with him?' The cowman answered that Linnert, just like the other day, was waiting in the farmyard.

"My father had Linnert brought before him.

"'You have ridden a bull to death,' he said. 'It is a deed of which people will be talking for a hundred years to come. If now he is your own bull, it is all your own affair, and the meat and the hide will be yours. But if the bull was mine, you will have to pay me for him. To whom of us, now, did the bull belong?' 'It was not my bull,' Linnert answered, 'and I did not come up here to get a bull, but to have justice.' 'You shame me, Linnert,' said my father, 'for I thought that in you I had not only a strong man, but a shrewd one. But here you tell me that I have given you more than your due, and yet you go on asking me for what I cannot give you, seeing that it is not to be found on earth. Now I ask you again, for the last time: To whom of us did the bull belong?' Linnert answered, 'That big bull was yours, and it is the small black bull calf that is mine.' 'Have it your own way,' said my father. 'You have then killed my best bull on me, and you will have to pay for it. And since you are so keen on riding, you shall ride once more today.'

"The timber mare, which had not been used for many years, was still standing in front of the barn. My father had Linnert lifted onto it. It was a hot day, and in the course of the afternoon it grew still hotter. When the shadow of the barn reached the timber mare, my father had it dragged out into the sun."

Eitel for a moment stopped in his tale. "My father," he repeated, "had it dragged out of the shadow into the sun.

"It was the habit of my father," he again took up the story, "in the afternoon to go for a ride in the fields. As this afternoon he passed the timber mare and the man upon it, he pulled up his horse. 'Say the word, Linnert,' he said. 'When you call to mind that the bull was yours, my men will take you down.' Linnert answered not a word, and my father lifted his hat to him and rode out of the yard.

"Once more, as my father came back from his ride, he stopped by the timber mare. 'Have you had enough, Linnert?' he asked. 'Yes, I believe that I have had enough,' the peasant answered. At that my father had him lifted off the timber mare.

"'Are you then,' he asked him, 'going down on your knees to kiss my hand and thank me for my mercy?' 'Nay, not that,' answered Linnert. 'My small black calf I could touch and smell, but I smell no mercy on your hand.' At that same moment the clock on the stable struck six strokes. 'Then set him up again,' said my father, 'and let him sit until he splits in two.'

"As now the dusk fell," Eitel continued, "my father looked out of the window and saw that the peasant had fallen upon his face on the plank. 'Go, Per,' he said to his valet, 'and have Linnert taken down.' The valet returned. 'They have taken down Linnert,' he said. 'He is dead.'

"It was found that the bull had gored Linnert and broken two of his ribs. There was blood standing under the timber mare.

"This matter became known and talked about, and it caused my father some trouble. For things were no longer, in his days, what they had been in the days of my grandfather or my great-grandfather, when the masters could do as it pleased them with their servants. A complaint was put before the king himself. But my father had not known that the man



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had been gored by the bull. And so in the end no more was done about it."

"That is how it happened," said Eitel. "I have told you the story you wished to hear."

Both the young people were silent for a while. "But that story," said Ulrikke, "happened many years before you were born."

"Yes," said Eitel. "It happened ten years before I was born."

"How is it then," she asked, "that you come to think of it today?"

"I can tell you that too," said he. "I have come to think of it today because this morning I was told that the grandson of the peasant Linnert had been sentenced to death for the double murder of a keeper and his boy, and is to have his head cut off in Maribo tomorrow, at noon."

She shuddered slightly at the gruesome news. "Alas, poor creature," said she. "But what," she asked after a moment, "has that got to do with your father and the peasant?"

"I shall go on with my story," said Eitel, "and tell you what it has got to do with my father and the peasant.

"As you know," he said, "my mother was gentle and kind to everyone. She had, I believe, been grieving over this matter, although it happened ten years before she was married to my father. It came to pass about the time when I was born that Linnert's daughter was left a widow with a babe at her breast, for the peasants, as you know, marry young, and Linnert by the time of his death had been married for ten years. My mother then may have bethought herself of the old story. For she sent for the peasant woman who, like

A nation is Nature's roundabout way of producing six or seven great men. NIETZSCHE

herself, was nineteen years old, and took her on as a nurse to her own child. I have been told that my mother's lady friends did warn her, fearing that Lone might have kept her own father's death in mind, and now might be hard to my father's child. But my mother answered them that she thought too well of human nature to fear any such thing. If that was finely spoken, it was a fine thing as well that her trust was never betrayed. I told you, just now, that in my life I had loved one human being besides you. It was of this woman, of Lone, that I was thinking."

"Is she still alive?" Ulrikke asked. "And is it for her sake—poor woman—that you grieve today?"

"Yes," he answered, "as far as I know she is still alive. She stayed with us until I was seven years old, and they took on a tutor for me. Then she married our parish clerk, and later on she went with him to Fünen. Yes, it is for her sake, too, that I grieve today.

"For in telling you of Lone," he went on, "I am, as I said just now, only going on with my story. Lone was well treated in our house, she had fine clothes and a pretty room next to the housekeeper, and among all the servants she was my mother's favorite. And Lone repaid my mother's kindness according to her means. Those two young widows, the mistress and the servant woman, were, I believe, truly devoted to each other. When my mother died, Lone, they say, did not speak a word for a week, so deep was her sorrow. My mother's friends by that time had had to take back their words of misgiving about the peasant woman: when I grew up so strong, they now said, it was Lone's milk that I had to thank for it, it was Linnert's strength that she was passing on to the child she nursed, and I, too, might come to ride home a bull someday! I have not thought of Lone for a long time; today I have thought of her. She was always with me, since my mother was too delicate to have me about her, and I have seen her in my mind like a big hen covering me with her warm wings, sitting by my bedside when I was ill and concocting strange sweet and bitter medicines for me, and I have remembered the songs that she sang and the fairy tales that she told me. For in her family they all had a gift for poetry, and the young men made up ballads, as the old women preserved the myths and legends of the isle."

"We ought to be grateful to Lone then, you and I," Ulrikke said gently.

"Yes, we may well be so," said Eitel, "you and I. But there is one more character in the story, and he has no reason to be grateful to anyone. Those happy years of mine were not happy to Lone's own son."

"Her own son?" she asked.

"Yes," said he, "the one who is to end his life tomorrow at Maribo. I have known little about him. Lone can never have spoken his name to me; he was named after her own father: Linnert. Today I have asked people about him, and have found out more. Lone, I was told, sent him away, a long way off. She was loyal to her duties, and may have feared that the nearness of her own child might make her less zealous in fulfilling them. While he was still a child, he became shepherd boy on a farm of which they tell me that the farmhands were starved and eaten up by vermin. When he grew up he was apprenticed to a keeper at another place, and that was the ruin of him, for there he learned to handle a gun, and so took to poaching. I was told that he was ever a wild boy, given to drink and brawls. And now in the end he has become a manslayer and has forfeited his life.

"It is because of this boy that I have today dug the old peasants out of their graves and brought them with us into the wood. Or they may themselves have risen from the grave and have come with us, because this my milk brother is so soon to join them there.

"You once believed, you tell me," he said with a faint smile, "that the Lord God, were He to create a juster world, might deign to choose me to assist Him. But it looks to me now as if the Lord God, through all this, has meant to impress on me that an injustice once done can never again be rightened. My

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1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/4 cups dates, cut in pieces
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1/2 cup water
1/2 cup butter
1 cup (6 oz. pkg.) Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Morsels
2 unbeaten eggs
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup milk
1 cup chopped walnuts

Sift flour with soda and salt. Combine dates, brown sugar, water, butter in large saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until dates soften. Remove from heat. Stir in Chocolate Morsels; beat in eggs. Add dry ingredients alternately with orange juice and milk. Blend thoroughly after each addition. Stir in walnuts. Bake in well-greased 15x10x1-inch jelly roll pan at 350°F. for 25 to 30 min. Cool; spread with glaze. Cut in bars.

Orange Glaze

1 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 tbs. soft butter
1 to 2 tsp. grated orange rind
2 to 3 tbs. cream

Combine sugar, butter and orange rind. Blend in cream until of spreading consistency.

*Adapted by Ann Pillsbury

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THE FLAVORS YOU LOVE—NESTLÉ'S MAKES BEST!

mother wished to righten an injustice when she took Linnert's daughter into her house and made the peasant woman her friend, but all the good she did thereby was to take away the very mother's milk from that woman's own child. I myself have dreamt that with my own life and my own blood—a nobler blood, in spite of all—I might wash away the blood that ran under the timber mare. But it has all come to this: that more of that same blood will be running at Maribo tomorrow. All my life I have felt my father to be a prisoner in the chains of guilt and hate, and I have believed that the moment would come when I would hear him say to me, 'It was well that you set me loose.' But when, now, will these words be spoken?"

"Oh, Eitel," said Ulrikke, "we cannot tell. There may be another justice than ours, which in the end will set all things right."

"Think you so?" he said, and after a moment: "Listen now. This morning a rumor spread that the prisoner had escaped from prison. I thought then that he might look me up, to lay his curse on me and on my father's memory. If he had come—if he comes tonight—can I comfort him with the words with which you try to comfort me: 'There may be another justice than ours, which in the end will set all things right'?"

Once more there was a long silence. In the midst of it, suddenly, the quick persistent little tap of a woodpecker was heard in a tree close by.

"I know the one of whom you are speaking," said Ulrikke.

He tore himself from his train of thought. "You know him?" he asked in surprise.

"Aye," she said. "Once upon a time we were friends. I was a girl of thirteen, and it was to our keeper at home that he was apprenticed. I now understand that it must have been the same boy, for his name was Linnert. I was alone at home that summer; Mama was in Weimar. He and I were often together in the wood. We searched for birds' nests, and he taught me to imitate the cuckoo so that I could call it to me, and to troat to a buck. Nobody knew of it. I remember that I once tucked up my skirts and walked with him hand in hand down the brook, all the way from where it runs into the wood to where it comes out of it. He was strong and light of movement, and he had the thickest, softest hair. Once," she went on, her voice clear and happy at the memory, "he fell down from a tall tree and scratched his face, because he would not let go a wood pigeon's nest and eggs that I had wanted to get. We walked down to the brook, so that he could wash off the blood, and there, all of a sudden, he dropped down as if he were dead. I sat with his head in my lap, there in the wood."

She sat sunk in her own thoughts, gazing into the distance.

> We endeavor to make a merit of faults that we are unwilling to correct.
>
> LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

"I gave him a kiss," she said, "when he woke up. His skin was as smooth as my own. I said to him, 'You must never cut off your hair, and you must never grow a beard.'"

It was as if in her words she had held a flower to her face. A queer little pang of jealousy was in the sweet smell of it. He looked at her, took in her person and poise. A hundred kisses he had had from those red lips. Well, twelve years ago the lost, bleeding boy had had one too. Tomorrow the head which had lain in her lap was to be cut off by the executioner; he would lift it up to the crowd to see by that pretty hair which was never to be cut off.

"When I imagined," he said, "that the hour was to come when I might say, 'Now your death has been paid for, Linnert,' I was thinking of the man whom my father killed. I have known nothing till today of young Linnert. I tell myself, now, that that hour will never come, but that, instead, this boy will be passing sentence on me."

She turned toward him, gave him in one single movement her whole face, the dark smiling eyes and the trembling lips.

"On you!" she cried. "When I love you!"

She sank from the fence into his embrace, like a flower turned by the wind. They lay breast to breast, and the moment closed over their heads like a wave of the sea, washing away past and future. She lightly put two fingers under his chin and lifted up his face.

"Oh, you upholder of the past!" she said. "Soon, soon all these things round us will be things of the past. Soon, soon I shall be poor old Great-grandmother Ulrikke, who is now in the churchyard, but who did once meet her lover in the wood. Did her lover love her there?"

"Did he love her there?" he whispered down into her hair. "Paradise, to him, was in her arms!"

"Alas," she whispered back against his collarbone. There was a laughter and a sign in the whisper. In such a way smiled and sighed the famous beauties of that great world which was hers by birthright, but which she had never known, because she was a flower grown up in the shade. In her lover's arms, in jest, she mimicked those heroines whom her mother worshiped and imitated.

"Why does my heart sigh?" he asked.

"Alas," she whispered once more. "Paradise! People like you will never go to paradise. You will only be happy in hell."

Now it was he who tenderly forced her face up. "What do you mean, sweet?" he asked.

She looked him in the eyes solemnly and archly. "Oh, yes," she whispered as before, "there you would be at peace to forget all about your justice. For there nothing can become any worse than it is. And there nobody will be any worse off than you yourself."

Once more she laid her face on his shoulder. He would have spoken, but her nearness, the light weight of her body against his own, overthrew his reasoning. The silent forest depths all around him, and her own deep silence so close to his heart, became one to him, and unresistingly he let himself sink into them.

A while after she said, "I must go," and did up her hair.

She had insisted on giving suck herself to her youngest child, her lover's daughter, and now the child was drawing her back to it by invisible bonds.

As she put in her comb she said, "You know that Mama is staying with us?"

He said, "I shall walk with you as far as the forest gate."

They walked together, happily, without words. By the forest gate she turned round to him. "Remember," she said, commandingly and imploringly, her eyes at the moment of parting filled with tears, "you are to live."

He, who remained leaning on the gate in the deep green shade, let his gaze follow the white figure as it walked on lightly and grew smaller. *Is she thinking of me at all?* he wondered.

The great park of the house joined the wood; the tall forest trees gradually withdrew to give place to lawns, shrubs, gravel paths and flower beds. The mistress of the garden followed the path leading to the house.

Afternoon sun and shade shared the garden between them. Crimson and purple asters glowed in the beds. Two gardener's boys were raking the paths; the old head gardener himself from a distance caught sight of his lady, took off his cap and approached to show her a big scarlet-and-yellow dahlia, which he himself had forced and now wanted to name after her. She praised the flower and fastened it in her fichu. By the big garden stair her small son freed himself from the hand of his nurse and ran to meet her. As she lifted him up he grasped at the bright flower at her breast. She teased the child with the flower, brushing his face with it and holding it up out of his reach. When he sulked she pressed him to her, patted his cheek and pulled his hair. But she did not kiss him; her lips still belonged to the wood. She handed him over to his nurse, and hastened on, impatient in her errand.



As an hour later she entered her mother's rooms she found the curtains drawn, tables and chairs covered with a multitude of scattered garments, and her mother herself in violent agitation pacing the floor like a lioness in her cage. For a moment the older woman stared, as if horrified, at the younger. Immediately after she hurried toward her, broke down altogether and wailed low. Ulrikke looked round the room for the cause of her mother's despair. The lovely Sibylla had put on a long, floating riding habit of black velvet with a short coat of green cloth to it, and had not been able to button the coat.

"Oh, Rikke," the mother cried out, "I have grown old."

In a sudden fierce movement she turned to her own image in the long, dim looking glass within the darkened room. The curls of the image were tousled and its face was swollen with weeping. Accusingly the woman of flesh and blood cried out to it in a low hoarse voice, "I was lovely once!"

Ulrikke in general would find words of comfort when her mother bewailed the loss of her great beauty. Today she said nothing, but only clasped the doleful figure in her arms, holding her so close that she could not again gaze into the glass.

"If I had grown thin!" Sibylla moaned on her daughter's breast. "If I had become a skeleton, a skull, a *memento mori* to the trivial crowd, who refuse to think of time or eternity! Then I should still be an inspiring figure to them! And upon my entrance into a ballroom I should still strike sparks from them all: epigrams, poems, heroic deeds—and oh, passion as well. I should at least inspire them with horror, Rikke, and I should expect to inspire horror. But I am fat!"

The fatal word, actually pronounced, struck her dumb for a few moments.

"It is not death," she again took up her theme, this time speaking slowly and solemnly, "it is not death which I do personify to them. It is dissolution and decomposition. There is an odious abundance of this body, which was once so perfect in its proportions. There is too much of these arms, these hips, these thighs—of this bosom! Rikke, my bosom makes people laugh!

"If a human being had done this to me," she cried out suddenly, "I should have had my revenge; I should have had the men who adored me stand up to revenge such cruelty. For picture to yourself what it means: to take a young woman—happy, innocent, trustful—and slowly, slowly to draw out her teeth and her hair, dim her eyes, distort her body, crack her skin and her voice, and then to exhibit her to the world as if all naked—'*Voilà la belle Hélène!*' It is not right! It is not just! There is no justice on earth!"

The aging *lionne* had drawn the curtains of her window, because powder and rouge no longer sufficed to hide the decay of her loveliness. She, who had loved sunlight and candlelight and the light of surprise and adoration in all human eyes that met her own, now like a hunted animal fled from all light, took cover in a dark room, and within the darkness raved about a future among the blind.

In her daughter's arms she still held herself back, a hard-tightened knot. She felt the warmth and strength of the young body so close to her own, shut her eyes and groped for a way out of her misery. Her friends, other ladies of her own age, did find comfort, she knew, in the youth and happiness of their daughters. Could she possibly do the same thing? The answer came immediately: No. She divined that Ulrikke had a lover, and before today she had wondered whether the harmony of a youthful idyll might have power to turn her mind from the disharmony of her own stormy, insecure affairs of the heart. The answer, now as before, came immediately: No. In growing distress she asked herself whether this incapacity might be her punishment because five years ago she had deliberately sold the girl's happiness for a short postponement of her own death sentence.

And would I then, she asked in her heart, *have forgone my respite of five years?* Once more the answer came inappealably: No. *If today*, she said to herself, *things were what they then were, I should do as I then did. I could do nothing else. So help me God, I could not!* The old nursery tale of the vampire which gets a new lease of life by drinking the blood of young creatures ran in her mind. Bewildered by the idea, she lifted her daughter's hand and set her teeth in one of the slim fingers, then, horror-struck, dropped the hand. She opened big glassy eyes, eyes which had once been sung by great poets, and stared at Ulrikke.

"Oh, you know not," she whispered, "what it is to have been loved with passion, with the proudest that a man has got in him! And then in the end to be loved out of pity. You too," she added, her stiff gaze still on her daughter's face, "you too do love me out of pity!"

Ulrikke went on gently caressing her. Across her mind, like shadows of clouds across a sheet of water, ran the shadows of that woe and fear that seemed to darken the lives of all human beings. In her mother's wild lament at her breast she heard an echo of her small daughter's furious weeping an hour ago, of her lover's melancholy monologue in the wood, and at last of the bitter loneliness, far away, of her doomed playmate. All, all of them seemed to grieve and fear. Was there so much to grieve at and to fear in the world? Was death ever sad and fearful? For the first time in her life she realized that she, too, was to die. But though to the others death seemed to look like a dark bottomless sea, to her herself, she imagined, it would be a shallow water into which she might wade, her skirts tucked up, with a serene face.

What a goose I am, she thought, *to give myself up to such silly fancies!*

"Oh, what a goose you are, my little Mama," she said, loosening her arms from her mother's form. "You are just as lovely now, when you look like the goddess Juno, as ever you were when you were as slim as a reed! Come, your stays are too tightly laced, let me undo them for you and set you loose!"

As if all the lines of the elder woman's face had been held together by that same silk cord which her daughter was now undoing, they were suddenly smoothed out, and a little childlike smile ran over the face. At the cessation of physical torture her mental misery, too, lessened, and hope rushed to her heart. She might still be loved!

Once more she lifted Ulrikke's hand to touch it with her lips.

"Oh, dear Mama," said Ulrikke, "if today you and I went down to bathe in our old place, where the river bends—as when I was a little girl—the five weeping willows there would, just as then, bend down to kiss your white shoulders. Look," she added, taking her flower from her fichu and fastening it upon the lapel of that same green riding coat which had caused such bitter tears, "this flower old Daniel gave me. It is a new dahlia which he himself has forced. Nobody on the whole isle has got the like of it. He begs you to let him name it after you, 'Sibylla,' because it is so sweet and so big. Gaze at yourself now, gaze at Sibylla! It is truer than that silly glass."

Eitel rode home from the wood across the stubble fields. When he came onto his own land he set his horse into a canter and made it jump some low stacks of rakings.

His mind was still resting in the happiness of the forest meeting, tranquilly, like a trout between two stones in a brook, keeping its stand by the slightest movements of its fins. His eyes strayed over the landscape. By this time flights of wild duck began to draw their thin lines low down on the sky; big, light rosy clouds were towering up above the horizon; far away to the west the sea met the sky in a stripe of grave blue. His ears caught many distant sounds round him: a cart rolling along the road, people shouting as they were driving home their cattle. But he kept his own being collected, he would think of nothing but her.

He called to mind how, three years ago when he and she had met again, they had dreamed of the time when she would once more be free, and to the eyes of all the world the two should belong to each other. Now he no longer knew whether, were that time to come, he should be any happier than he was now. There was infinite sweetness in their secret intimacy. To love her, he thought, to him

CONTINUED ON PAGE 169

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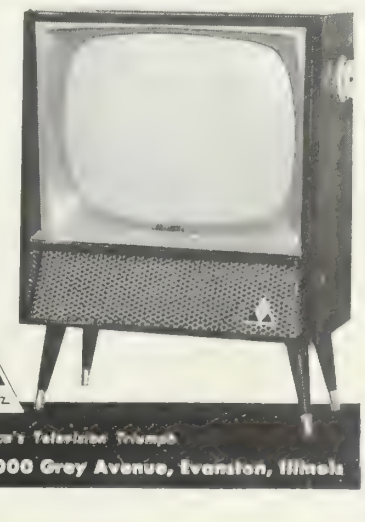
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CRABMEAT ROLLS

from Mrs. Virginia Drake, Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Thin Pancakes—Combine ⅔ cup sifted, all-purpose flour, ½ tsp. salt, 1 egg, ⅔ cup milk, 1 Tbs. melted butter or margarine. Beat until smooth. Using 3 Tbs. batter for each pancake, bake 6 thin cakes on hot greased griddle.

Filling—Combine 1 egg and ½ cup rich, spicy Heinz Ketchup. Add ½ cup soft bread crumbs, 2 Tbs. minced onion, 1 Tbs. minced parsley, 2 tsp. clear, sparkling Heinz Vinegar (preferably delicate, herb-flavored Tarragon), ⅛ tsp. hot pepper sauce, 1½ cups flaked fresh or canned crabmeat. Spread ¼ cup mixture on each pancake. Roll up jelly-roll fashion. Secure with toothpick. Place rolls in greased baking dish. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake 10 min. in 400°F. oven. Serve hot with topping of sour cream. (Makes 6 servings.)



POLENTA WITH TOMATO SAUCE

from Mrs. B. D. Berry, Monroe, Louisiana

Combine ¾ cup corn meal and 2 cups milk in saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, until mixture comes to a boil. Boil 3 min. Remove from heat. Beat in 1 egg. Stir in ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 2 Tbs. salad oil, 1 tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper. Spread in 10″ by 6″ by ½″ baking dish. Sprinkle with 1 cup grated Swiss cheese. Combine 1 clove minced garlic, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 can (10¾ oz.) Heinz Condensed Tomato Soup, 2 Tbs. water, 1 tsp. Heinz Vinegar, ½ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper. Spoon over cheese. Bake at 375° F. 40 min. Let stand 10 min. (Makes 6 servings.)

CREOLE TUNA CHOWDER

Blend 2 cans (10½-oz. size) Heinz Condensed Cream of Mushroom Soup with 1½ soup cans of water in saucepan. Add a 15¼-oz. can of mouth-watering Heinz Macaroni Creole Style with Mushrooms and a 6½-oz. can tuna, which has been drained and flaked. Heat to boiling point, stirring occasionally. Serve with crackers or crusty French bread. (Makes 6 servings.)



A perky butter sauce for baked or broiled fish is made by combining equal amounts of butter or margarine and the liquid from Heinz Sweet Pickles or Heinz Dill Pickles. Add a generous dash of marjoram. Heat until butter is melted. (Also a wonderful way to sauce broccoli, carrots or beets!)

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You know it's good because it's

Heinz 57

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

was like washing his face and hands, or like diving down, in a clear, evenly running stream, which was ever renewing itself, and it was fitting that his path to the stream and his bathing place itself should be hidden to all the world.

When above the trees he caught sight of the tall roof and proud gables of his house, he slowed down his steaming mount. He did not ride up the broad stately lime avenue to the courtyard, but took the narrower poplar avenue which led to the farmyard. Here ears, straw and thistledown from the harvesting lay in the deep wheel tracks and stuck high up in the branches of the poplars.

Within the house, in the long library, the light of the sunset fell through the windows as the light of the afternoon had been falling through the tree crowns onto the spot where they had been sitting together. The old oak floors shone in it like dark forest pools; the gilt frames of the portraits, the tints of silk and velvet became alive and luminous like tree stems, foliage and mosses. This last deep glow of the day was her trembling smile at their parting, her compassion and the promise of a next meeting.

He was shortly expecting a visit of a learned old man from Copenhagen, a prophet of the new reforms, and was looking forward to their talk together. When he had had supper he told his young German valet, whom he had brought with him from Hannover, that he was not to be disturbed, and fetched down a number of heavy books to look up such matters as he would discuss with his guest. He could still, in the window recess, read by the last daylight, and he sat down with a book on his knee and other books on the window sill.

While he was reading, his valet came into the room to place a three-armed candlestick on the table, remained standing by it and announced,

"There is a person outside who asks to have speech with *gnädiger Herr*."

His master did not look up from his book. "It is late," he said after a moment.

"That is what I said myself," said the valet. "But this person has come afoot, in great haste, and will not be turned off."

Eitel closed his book and again was silent. "Let him come in then," he said at last.

"It is a woman, *gnädiger Herr*," Johann said. "She tells me her name is Lone Bartels. The housekeeper seems to know her, and assures me that she has once been in service in the house."

"A woman," said Eitel. "Lone Bartels. Bring her in."

Presently he heard his old housekeeper talking lowly to somebody outside the door. It was opened, and his guest entered.

She dropped a curtsy by the door and stood still there. She was not dressed like a peasant woman, but had on a white cap and a black silk apron, beneath which she kept her hands. She was a heavy woman with a pale, as if mealy skin, a parish clerk's wife, who had not needed to do hard work. She looked straight at him.

He had felt an immediate deep relief and happiness on learning the name of his visitor of this late hour. But as now his and Lone's eyes met, against all reason he was seized with a kind of cold, deadly fear, which made his hair stand on end. It was not, here, a distressed mother come to plead for the life of her son. It was the old dark ages, eternity, destiny itself entering his room.

He was terrified at his own terror. Only after a long silence did he take a step toward the woman before him. And when the candlelight was no longer between him and her, he recognized the face once so well known, and beloved by the child above all other human faces. Almost without knowing what he did, he folded her in his arms, he felt her big soft body filling them, and smelled her clothes. It was as if he had lain at her breast yesterday.

"So you have come to me, Lone," he said, surprised at the sound of his own voice, which rang almost like the voice of a child.

"Yes," said the woman. "Now I have come."

She spoke as in old days, low and slowly. During her years in a nobleman's house she had laid off her peasant's dialect, she spoke like an educated woman. They looked each other in the face.

"It is good that you have come," said he.

"I wished to see my dear master," said she.

"Nay, Lone," said he, "do not call me master. Say 'Eitel' as you did in the old days."

A faint, slow blush mounted into her pale face. Otherwise it remained immovable, the lips pressed together, the eyes very clear.

"How is it with you, Lone?" he asked.

"Now it is well with me," she said and drew her breath deeply. "Now that I see you again."

The familiar ring of devotion in her voice went to his heart. And at the same moment his sudden deep terror at her arrival was explained to him. It was she, he now knew, who long, long ago had told him the story of his father and Linnert.

Had she now come to give him the means of making up for it? For a while he kept as still as she. He would allow himself a few minutes in which to speak to her as he had done when he was a child, before he let her name her tragic errand to him.

"You ought to have come earlier," he said. "Why have you not come to see me, Lone, these many years?"

"Nay," she answered, "there was no need for that. I knew that things were going well with you." Her bright eyes did not leave his face. "I have been waiting," she said after a short pause, "to hear that you had married."

"Would that have pleased you, Lone?" he asked.

"Yes, that would have pleased me," she answered.

His thoughts strayed far away, then came back to her.

"But I have had news of you," she said, "every year."

"You have had that?" he asked.

"Why, yes," she answered. "I heard that you had gone far away to foreign countries. Once the weaver from here came to a wedding in Fünen, and he told me that you had become a very learned man. And two years ago you came to Fünen yourself, and bought a pair of horses at Hvidkilde."

"Yes," he said, searching his mind, "I bought the two bay wheelers there."

He led her to a small settee by the wall, beneath the portrait of his father and mother, and sat down with her, her hand in his.

"Aye, you were always the one for horses," said the woman. "When you were a small boy you had a hobbyhorse with you wherever you went."

"I had that, Lone," he said.

"In those days we rode many miles together, you and I," she said and smiled a little without parting the wrinkled lips, "right up to the king's castle. I sewed all your horses for you, out of leather and wool and bits of silk ribbons."

"You did that," Eitel said, his thoughts with those mounts of long ago; if now he searched his memory he would find their names there. "Nobody could do it as well as you."

For a while the two sat silent, hand in hand. He thought, *But it is of her son that she means to speak to me.*

"You had to have them in bed with you," said Lone, "so that they, too, might listen when I was telling you a story."

"You knew many stories, Lone," he said.

"Do you still remember them?" she asked.

"I think I do," said he.

"It was only this morning," he said after a while, "that I heard of your son, Lone."

She stirred a little in her seat, but did not speak at once. "Yes, now he is to die," she said at last.

This calm, collected resignation moved him, as if he and the humble mother were mourning together over her child.

"He has been in my thoughts all day," he said. "I have considered begging the king's mercy for him in Copenhagen. I would fain have gone to Copenhagen to do so, Lone."

"You would fain have done so?" she said.

"But he is a manslayer, my poor Lone," he said. "He has killed a man. I fear that it would be no good begging the king's mercy for him."

"Yes, he has killed two men," said Lone.

"Then it may be the best thing for him," Eitel said, "to atone for his guilt. Then nobody can bear him any grudge."

"No," she said, "then nobody can bear him any grudge."

"But I can get you leave to see him in prison tomorrow morning," said he.

"That is not needed," said she.

"So you have already seen him there?" he asked.

"No," Lone answered, "I have not seen him there."

"They have not dealt fairly with you, then," said Eitel. "They should have let you see each other, and speak to each other. But I shall go with you to Maribo and see to it that it be done. We will go together tomorrow, you and I."

"We went to Maribo, too," said the woman, "the time we took our rides together."

"In return for that, Lone," he said gently, "should I not now drive you to Maribo, so that you may see your son?"

Once more she waited awhile before answering. "I have not seen him for twenty years," she said.

"Why have you not seen him for twenty years?"

"There was no reason why I should see him," she said.

"How did it come to pass," he said, "that your son did fare so ill?"

"It had to be so, I think," she said.

"But you might have fetched him back when you married and got a house of your own," he said. "Was it your husband who would not let you do so?"

ANIMAL STAMINA

By JANET HENRY

Mice have survived in a missile,
And monkeys and dogs in a rocket;
And lively and clean
From the washing machine
Came the worms in the overall pocket!

"No, the clerk would have let me do as I liked," said Lone.

"Did you never help him," Eitel asked, his voice low like her own, "when he got into trouble?"

"No," the woman answered.

"You ought to have done so, Lone," he said slowly. "He has been lonely and friendless. I myself ought to have remembered him before today. You were as good to me as if I had been your own child. I should have stood by your son."

"There was no reason why you should do so," said Lone.

He went to the window, but felt her eyes following him and came back to her. He thought, *When I heard that she had come, I believed that she had come to judge me. But it is harder still that she should have come to acquit me.* "Yet he is still your son, Lone," he said, "be his trespasses ever so grave."

"No," said Lone.

A sort of sorrowful resentment blended with his compassion for the woman. He thought, *She cannot lay all this on me.* It seemed to him that he must at all costs reawaken in the heart of the mother some kind of love for her doomed son.

"You are a woman, Lone," he said. "You will remember the time that you bore him. He is the child that quickened in your body, even now when he has forfeited his life."

"No, it is not so," she said. "It is you who are my child."

He was so deeply absorbed in his own thoughts that at first he did not hear what she said. It was only when once more he found her eyes upon him that he caught her words.

"Me?" he said, and after a few seconds, "Of what are you speaking, Lone?"

"Aye, now I shall speak the truth," said Lone.

"The truth?" said he.

"Yes," she said. "Linnert is the master's boy. I took away the child and put my own in his stead, when I was giving suck up here."

The door opened, and Eitel's valet came in with the evening wine, as he was wont to do when his master sat up to read. He placed the silver tray on the table, looked at his master and the woman and went out.

When the door had closed behind him, Lone rose, and remained standing up before Eitel.

"I can bear witness to God and man," she said, "that what I have now told you is the truth."

"You do not know what you are saying," he said.

"Yes, I know what I am saying," said she. "Well may I remember the time that I bore you, and the time when you quickened within my body. For you are my child."

He thought, *Anguish and distress have upset her reason*, and waited a little to find the right words to speak to her.

"It is an ancient nursery tale that you are telling me here, Lone," he said. "The tale of the changelings, so old that one smiles at it. You mean to help your son by telling it me. But you are mistaken. I shall do what I can for him without it."

"It is not to help him that I tell it you," she said. "It is all one to me whether they cut off his head or not."

"Why do you tell it me, then?" he asked.

"I did not know for certain, till the day before yesterday," she answered slowly, "that he was to die. When I knew, I thought, 'Now this has been brought to an end.' And then I came to see you once more."

"Why did you wish to see me once more?" he asked.

"I wished to see how great and happy you were," she answered.

"There is no one in the whole world," she went on, "who has known of this except myself. And now you know too. The clerk has never known of it. I shall not tell it to our parson on my deathbed. But now I have come to tell you how it all happened."

"Nay, you shall tell me nothing," he said. "All this is but what you have dreamt, my poor Lone."

She stood up straight before him.

"I have got no one in the whole world," she said, "to tell it to except you; I have been waiting to do so for twenty-three years. If my tale is not told now, it will never be told."

She brought out her hands from beneath her apron and slowly smoothed it down, and this had been a familiar gesture of hers in his childhood, when he had been obstinate, and she was talking sense to him. "But if it be your wish," she went on, "that I shall go away without saying more, I can do so too."

He was silent for a while. "No," he said. "You may speak, to lighten your heart. I shall hear you." He seated himself in the armchair by the table, but the woman remained standing up.

"Aye, now I shall begin," she said very slowly, "and I shall forget nothing.

"It was on the very first evening that I came up here that I changed the master's child for my own. The child up here had been born three days after mine. He was small, and he cried much. I sat by his cradle and sang to him until I had made him sleep. Then I got up and made up a doll out of a pillow and of silk ribbons in the room, just as later I made up horses for you, and laid it in the cradle, and I drew together the cradle curtains. I told the maid of her sweet ladyship that I was now going home to my own house to fetch my Sunday shawl and two new aprons of mine, but that she was to leave the child alone the while, for now it had been fed and was quiet. But I took the child with me under my cloak and kept it warm, and I could do so because it was so small. On the stair of the western wing I met the housekeeper, and she stopped to talk to me, and asked me if I had got plenty of milk. 'Aye,' I answered her, 'the child that I lay to my breast will thrive, and will not cry.' But I was telling myself as we stood there that if the child now cried, it would be all over with me. But it did not cry, not that time.

"I laid the child in my own old cradle within my own house, but you I took out of it, and I

hid you in a basket that I was taking with me and covered you up with my Sunday shawl and two aprons of mine."

"Nay," Eitel interrupted her. "Speak not like that. Speak not, in this tale of yours, the word *you*."

Lone thought the matter over and again began.

"I laid, then," she said, "my own child, my son, in the basket, and I walked up to the house, and I had to stop from time to time, for my own child was heavier than the other. There was a full moon, so that the road was clear and light all the way.

"The week after," she went on, "the christening was to be held. On that day a lot of great people came to the house, and the old Countess of Krenkerup bore the child to the font. I drove to the church in the same coach as her, with four horses. I held the child on my lap, and only in the porch did I give it over to her. And as now I heard my son christened Eitel after the master's father, and Johann August after the master himself, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I said to myself, 'Now that is done which cannot be undone.'"

"And why should you have wished it done?" Eitel asked.

Lone laid her right hand upon the table. "For this reason," she said: "When her ladyship first sent for me, to give suck to the child, and I walked up through the farmyard, I passed the timber mare. It was still standing there, in front of the barn. Her sweet ladyship had wanted it taken away, but the master had said no. I had never till that day been up to the house, but as I walked past it, by the side of her ladyship's lackey who had been sent to fetch me, I remembered how, when I myself was ten years old, they had brought back my father from it. And on the evening of the day when my child had been christened in church, when all the fine guests were gone and the house was dark, I once more walked down to it. I laid my right hand upon that hard wood, and spoke to my dead father and said to him, 'Now your death has been paid for, Linnert.'

"And do you believe me now?" she asked.

"No, I do not believe you," he answered. "I could not believe you if I wanted to."

Lone drew her breath deeply, looked round the room and again looked at him.

"This is the one thing that I had never thought of," she said slowly and dully, "that when I told you my tale you were not to believe it. I had thought that you yourself would remember how I carried you from our own house to the house of the master."

She stood sunk in her own thoughts. "That house of the clerk's in Fünen," she went on, "I was never really in it. It seemed to me that all the time I was over here, with you. But it was not in this great house of the master's that we lived together. It was in that old farmhouse of ours, the old people's house, which is standing deep down below. Down there I held you in my arms, and we spoke together sweetly. Is that what you tell me now, that you have never been down there?"

"You know yourself," he answered her, "that I have never been down there."

Eitel rose from his chair. "And if all other things within your tale had been possible," he said, "would it be possible, Lone, that a good woman like you could have behaved so to a friend who trusted you, to my mother?"

Lone took a step toward him, and although she still looked straight at him, she seemed somehow to be groping her way. "Do you call her gracious ladyship your mother even now?" she asked. As she came nearer, he drew back a little, and she followed him slowly in the same half-blind way. "Do you flee me now?" she asked.

He stood still, realizing that he had indeed meant to flee from the woman before him.

"Lone," he said, "once you were dearer to me than any other human being. At this hour it seems to me that you may still be so, aye, as dear as if you were indeed my own mother. Or that I should hold you in horror, like one of the witches in whom old people believe, gloating over a crime against nature, as one mad with wickedness, wishing to drive me mad with her."

So he and the woman remained standing face to face.

"And shall there be no justice on earth?" she at last asked.

"Yes, there shall be justice on earth," he answered.

"But justice," Lone went on in a low wailing voice, "justice, with you and me, cannot mean that when I did carry you up to the house, in danger of my life, so as to give it all to you, it was the house and the people up here who took you over and made me one of theirs! Justice," she wailed on low, her body doubling up as in great pain, "cannot mean that I am never once to call you my son, and never once to hear you call me mother!"

Eitel stood gazing into the woman's pain-quivering face.

I have been off my mind, he thought. *I have spoken hard to an old sorrowful peasant woman, who has taken refuge in my house. I have said that I must loathe and fear an old parish clerk's wife from Fünen.* He went up to Lone and took her hand.

"Yes, my poor Lone," he said, "you are to call me your son, and to hear me call you my mother. We did so many times, years ago. And nothing has changed between you and me since then."

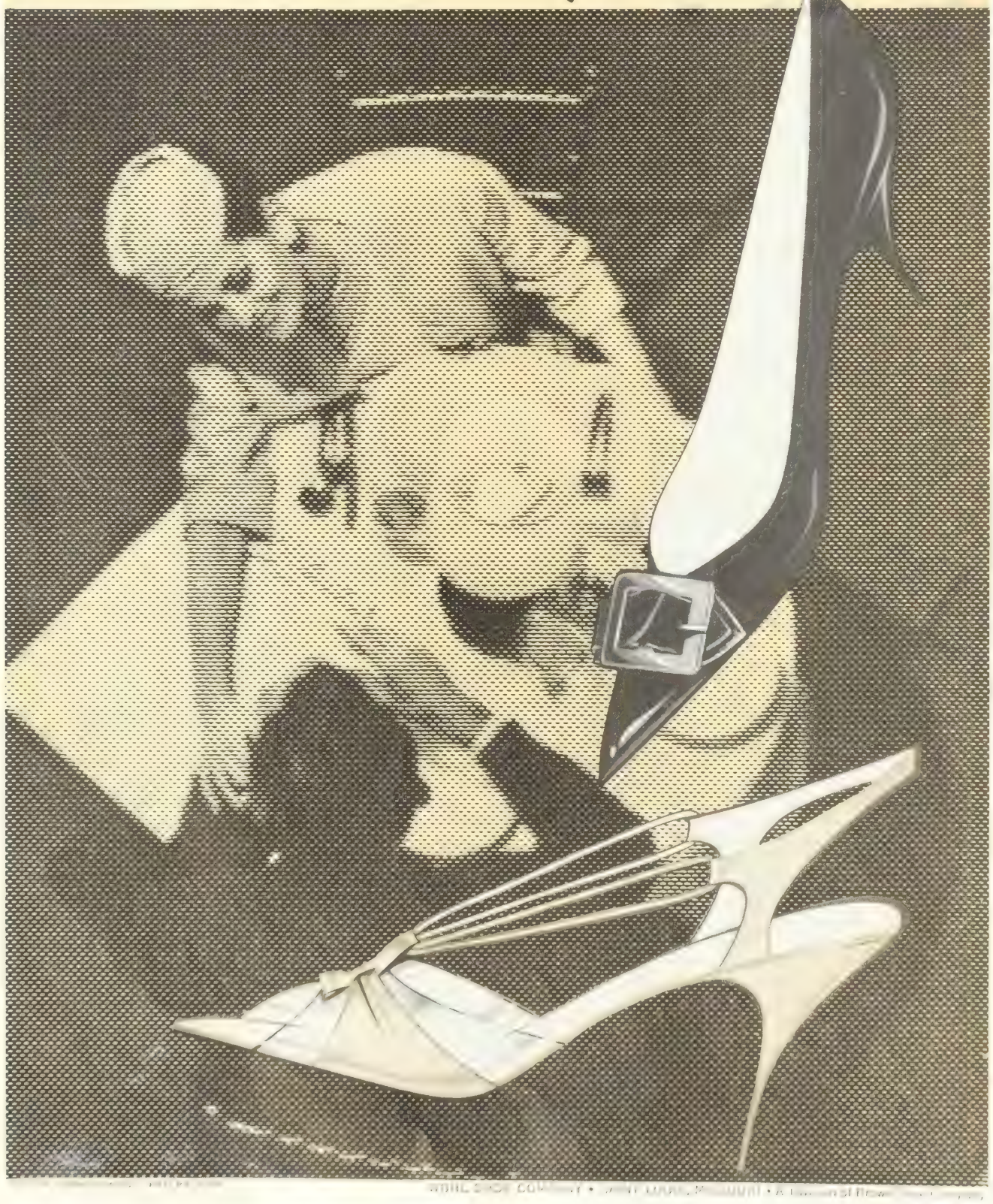
Lone very slowly with her right hand fumbled along his arm from wrist to shoulder and back again, then let the hand sink. "I have come a long way to see you tonight," she said.

"And I have not looked after you, Lone," he said. "You should have had something to eat and drink. Now I shall have it brought for you. You shall sleep tonight in your own room. And tomorrow," he added after a pause, "as I said before, I shall drive with you to Maribo. You shall come back with me from there, to stay in my house as long as you choose."

He stood with her hand in his. Wonderingly he felt, deep down in his mind, a reluctance to put an end to a talk which had been filled with such ugly confusion, and heard, there, a voice cry out sadly, "Never more.

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WHILE SUPPLY LASTS

never more." He put off the parting for a moment.

"At this time of night, Lone," he said, "it happened that I would wake up from a bad dream. Then you would sing to me till I fell asleep again. I remember now, too, that one of the horses which you made for me was sewn of crimson silk, with a mane of gold fringe from one of my father's court coats, and that his name was Guldfaxe."

"Yes, that was his name," said Lone.

Her eyes still met his, but they were now without expression, the eyes of a blind woman.

After a long silence she whispered, "May you sleep well."

"And you, Lone, little mother," he said.

He listened to her steps down the long corridor.

When the sound had died away, he took the heavy candlestick from the table, walked up to his father's portrait on the wall, and lifted the candlestick up high, so that the smiling face was fully illuminated. "Hullo, my father," he said, "did you hear that? You were a handsome, gallant, gay gentleman. What now, if the nursery tale that the clerk's old wife has told us had been true? You would then have seen the son of the servant whom you wronged and killed giving up his life and his thoughts and his happiness even, in your service, to clear your name and wipe out your guilt. Would that seem to you the crowning joke of the whole affair—a fine extravaganza? Would it be at that that you are now laughing?"

He was still standing so, the candlestick in his raised hand, when the door behind him opened once more, and his old housekeeper came in noiselessly.

Mamzell Paaske had been in his father's house before he had married, and it was a privilege of hers to enter the son's room unannounced, when she had matters of importance to communicate or discuss.

In her young days she had been a beauty and had had offers of marriage from all parts of the isle, but she had refused to give up her spinsterhood. Now in her old age she had become extremely pious. There was still a pathetic loveliness in the very small, delicate figure, and she was light and graceful like a lady of high birth. At the moment she was deeply moved, and was wiping her eyes with a small folded handkerchief.

Another old woman, Eitel thought as he set down the candlestick. *This one may be twice the age of the first. Can it be that she will bring me twice as strange a message?*

He told her to take a seat, and she sat down on the edge of a chair, her old head nodding and shaking a little all the time.

"Dear me, how sad, how very sad," she began.

"What is it that you want of me?" he asked.

"Oh, me, it is of Lone that I am thinking," said Mamzell Paaske. "So Lone came back to the house once more, after all. The way up here has been heavy for her to walk this time. She was so proud here in the old days, in the fine clothes that her ladyship gave her. Dear master, will you, now, be able to obtain mercy for that poor unhappy son of hers?"

Mercy, Eitel repeated, in his own thoughts. "No, Mamzell Paaske, I fear that it cannot be done."

"Nay, I understand, I see," said the old housekeeper. "Justice must have its way. And he was caught in the act, I am told, and has been sentenced to death by the learned, venerable judges themselves.

"In other ways Lone is well preserved, I am bound to say," she continued. "She has had easy days with the parish clerk. I remember him well, he was a peaceful man, if a little stingy. You will know, dear master, that he is somehow related to the Paaskes. It is hard on him that his stepson should fare so ill."

"What is it you want of me?" he again asked.

"Take it not in bad part, dear master," she said. "I wished to hear a little more about this great misfortune and about poor Lone."

"You might have spoken to her yourself," he said.

She wiped her small mouth with her handkerchief.

"I dared not do that," she said. "You will know yourself that at times Lone is not right in her head."

"I never heard of that," he said.

"But it is so all the same," said Mamzell Paaske and again nodded her head. "We were well aware, all of us up here in the house, that she was not like other people. All her folks were queer. In the village they will tell you that in old days there were witches among them. Lone was a good, faithful servant all her time, to her ladyship and to you yourself, master. But by a full moon she was not herself."

"By a full moon?" Eitel repeated.

"Yes, by a full moon, like tonight," said she. "She would say many strange things then, and make people believe them.

> **Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string.** EMERSON

"I knew Linnert, too," she added after a moment.

"Did you know him?" he asked. "How did he look?"

"Oh, they were all fair folks," she answered. "But they were all of them queer. They would not fall in with the world such as it is."

"Still my mother will have thought well of them," he said, "since she took Lone into her house when I was born."

"No, no, not at the time when you were born, dear master," said she. "It was not till after you had been christened, and when it was found that the first nurse here had too little milk, that her ladyship sent for Lone."

"Not till after I had been christened?" he repeated. "Do you remember that for certain?"

"Oh, dear master," said she, "how would I not remember for certain everything from that good old time? Those were the happy days, when all in the house was put into my hand. The fine linen, the plate, the china and glass, the things even that had been given to the lords and ladies of the house by the king. And as to the servants of the house, too, it was I who took them on or sent them away. Aye, this your first nurse, Mette Marie, it was I who engaged her, and later on—since her ladyship was not well enough to look after things—it was I who found that she had too little milk, and sent her away. Then Lone came up here to be your nurse."

"Were you here, too," Eitel asked after a while, "at the time when Linnert brought back the bull and died?"

"Yes," said Mamzell Paaske, "I was here then too. And in my humble way I warned my dear master to let him off. 'My dear noble lord,' I said to him, 'do not go on with this. There may be blood in it.'"

They were both still for a minute.

"You were here," Eitel then said, "when my father was my own age. Was he a hard man even then?"

"Nay, nay," said she. "My lord was a handsome, gay gentleman; he was never hard. But he was bored. Great lords are bored, that is their grief, just as the peasants have got their cares and worries in life. I myself, by the grace of God, have been lucky. I have never been bored, nor have I had cares or worries."

"Look after Lone well tonight," Eitel said after another silence. "Let her be short of nothing, now that in her misfortune she has come to my house."

Mamzell Paaske had been looking away, thinking about the time of which she had spoken. Now she turned her face round toward him in a little birdlike movement. "I cannot do that, dear master," she said. "Lone has gone."

"Gone?" he repeated.

"Aye, indeed she has gone," said the old woman.

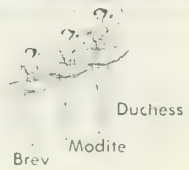
"When did she leave?" he asked.

"Just after she had come from you," she answered. "I met her on the stairs, but she would hardly speak a word to me. And then she walked away."

"Where did she go?" he again asked.



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"Oh, I did not ask her," she answered. "I thought that she would be trying to get to Maribo this very night, and that it would be too pitiful to question her."

"She had come a long way," said Eitel. "Did she not want to take a rest?"

"She did so," said Mamzell Paaske. "When she took leave of me she said, 'Now there is nothing more for me to do. Now I shall take my rest.'"

"You ought not to have let her go away tonight," he said.

"I thought so myself, dear master," said she. "But Lone always wanted to have things her own way. One did not like to go against her."

She saw that her news had made an impression on her young master, and sat on a little enjoying her own importance. But as he did not speak again she got up.

"Well, good night then, my dear master," she said. "The grace of God be with all of us. May you sleep well."

"And you yourself," said he. "It is late, too late for you."

She nodded her head in a kind of friendly assent. "Yes," she said, "it is late. Too late."

But when she had got up she lingered. She fixed her clear eyes on his face, stretched out her small hand and touched the hem of his coat.

"My good noble lord," she said. "My dear Master Johann August. Do not go on with this thing. There may be blood in it."

She turned the door handle without a sound.

Eitel for a second time took the candlestick from the table, went up to his father's portrait and stood still before it. He remained there till the candlestick weighed down his arm, then set it back. For a long time the two faces, the painted and the live, looked at each other.

"We heard it all, you and I," he at length said, "and it makes no difference. A good, faithful woman set her heart on revenging an injustice in a way more hideous than the injustice itself. In that hour the revenge was taken. I was your son, but she made me hers. We ourselves, my father, and these people of ours have got the roots too tightly intertwined, deep down in the ground, ever to be able to free ourselves of one another."

He went to the window and looked out. The night was clear and cold, such as nights will become at the end of summer. The full moon standing behind the house laid the shadow of the building on the broad moat below, which here in front of the windows widened into a lake, and was patterned, as in a mosaic, with broad, flat water-lily leaves. As far as the shadow reached, the water was brown as dark amber, but farther out in the moonlight its sheet was misty with delicate silver. On the other side of it, the grass of the park was silvery, too, with the heavy dew; the small darker spots on it were wild ducks, asleep. A feeling of deep satisfaction ran through him as he called to mind that the harvest was in.

The still moonlit landscape called up the idea of a perfect harmony to be found somewhere in the world. His thoughts went to Ulrikke, and dwelt with her for a long time. A few hours ago he had held her in his arms. Soon he might hold her so again; all the same, things were over between her and him. For of what had happened tonight, of his two talks with a couple of old women, each of them in her own way somewhat off her mind, he could not speak to her. He thought of his small daughter, who in her short life he had seen but a few times. It was fortunate, he reflected, that the child was a girl. She would grow up to be like Ulrikke. *Women,* he told himself, *have got another kind of happiness than we, and another kind of truth.* The picture of Ulrikke as a little girl, and of her and the prisoner at Maribo in the wood, once more passed before him. It brought no pain with it; it was as if he had been an old man, content to leave the two at play in the green shades, while he himself was advancing upon another long lonesome road.

As he turned away from the window his eyes fell upon the books on the table, which a short time ago he had taken down and had meant to consult. He set them back on their shelves, one by one, and looked the shelves over, walking from one bookcase to another. Much human knowledge and wisdom were stored here in the tall, heavily bound books. Did any of them have anything to tell him tonight?

At length at the end of the room he found on a shelf an old storybook from his boyhood. He took it down and laid it on the table. He let it fall open at random, and, standing up, by the light of the candles read one of the old tales through.

Once upon a time, the story ran, there was in Portugal a proud and hasty young king. To him one day came an old knight, who in the past had led the armies of the king's father to victory. The king received him with great honors. But when the baron stood before his liege, without a word he raised his arm and struck the king's face. Angered as never before, the young king had the offender thrown into his deepest dungeon and had the scaffold raised for his execution.

But in the night the king pondered the matter and counted the great services which this same old knight had rendered his father. So early in the morning he sent for his vassal, ordered all his courtiers out of earshot, and demanded from him the true reason for the affront.

"My lord," said the white-haired warrior, "I shall tell you the reason. Once, when I was a young man, such as you are today, I had an old steward who had served my family faithfully all his life. One day in a fit of unjust wrath I struck the servant who could not return my blow. My steward is dead these fifty years. I have looked for, but never found, means to atone for my blow. In the end I have decided that the best way to do so would be to strike the face of the man who, above all others, had power to return the blow. For that reason, my lord, did I strike your royal face."

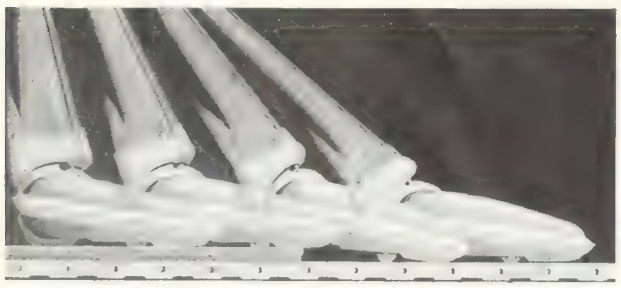
"Verily," the king said, "now I understand you. You have chosen for your blow the face of your king, of the mightiest man you knew. But if your arm had been long enough, it would have been the face of your God Himself, Who justly deals out reward and punishment, that you had struck."

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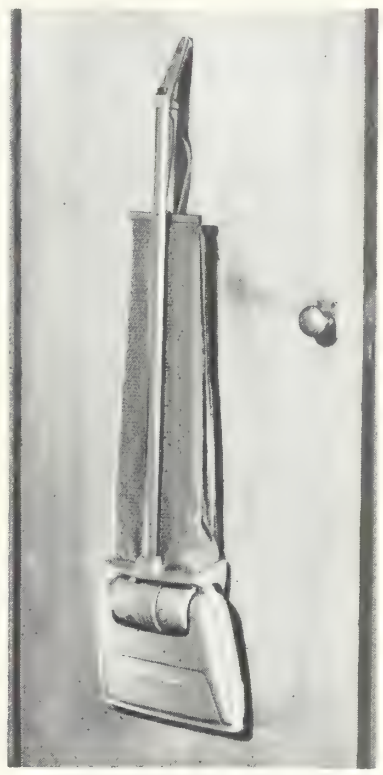
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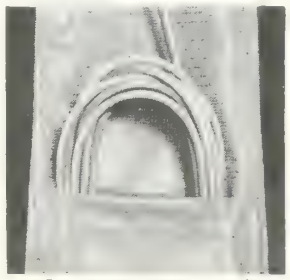
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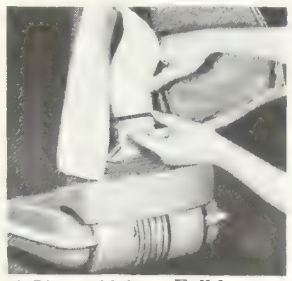
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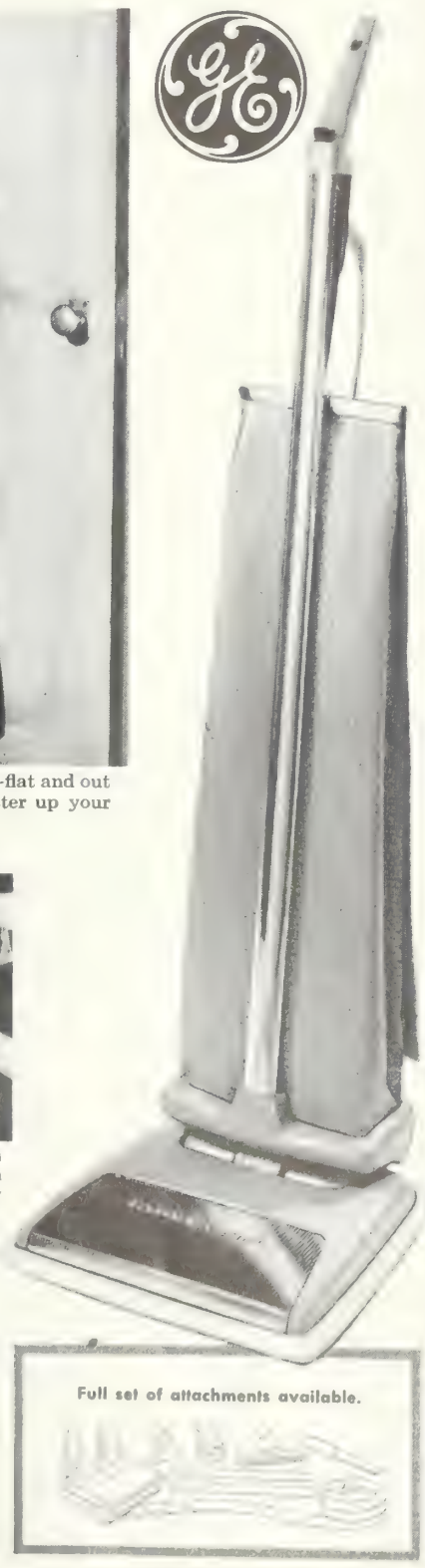
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"It is so," the old man said.

"Verily," the king said again, "this blow of yours, then, is the truest homage that I ever received from a vassal. And I shall answer you as truthfully myself.

"I shall answer you, first, in the manner of a king." With these words he loosened his gold-hilted sword from his sword belt, held it out to the baron and said, "Take this, my good and faithful servant, as a token of your king's grace and gratitude.

"And," he went on, "I shall answer you, secondly and in accordance with your wish, in the manner of Almighty God. I tell you, then, that I cannot quench the thirst for justice within your soul. For I shall not alter my own law. Until the hour when you meet again that old servant of yours whose face you struck, you will carry the burden of your shame with you wherever you go. Till then you will be, in your castle in the mountains, by the side of your wife and in the circle of your children and grandchildren, or in the arms of a young mistress, forever lonely, the loneliest man in my kingdom."

With these words the young king of Portugal dismissed his old liegeman.

Eitel set back the book on the shelf and seated himself in his armchair by the table, his chin in his hand.

Forever lonely, he repeated in his thoughts. *The loneliest man in the kingdom.*

For a long time his mind wandered to all sides.

The prisoner at Maribo, he thought in the end, *is as lonely as I am. I shall go to him.*

I like not only to be loved, but also to be told that I am loved. The realm of silence is large enough beyond the grave.

GEORGE ELIOT

As he made this decision he felt like a man who, having lost his way in woods and moors, comes upon a road. He knows not whereto it leads, whether to salvation or destruction, but he follows it because it is a road.

Now, he told himself, *now, after all, I shall sleep tonight.*

He alone, of all people, he continued his thoughts, *will help me to sleep tonight. All through this long evening I have been fearing or hoping that the rumor of his flight from prison were true, and have been waiting for him. It is no good waiting for him any longer. I shall go to Maribo tomorrow.*

Early on Wednesday morning the old coachman of the manor got an order to get the carriage ready. A while after, he was told to take out the closed carriage. The old man was puzzled; his young master was not in the habit of using the closed carriage in fair weather. But a little later he again had a different order; he was to take out the new, light open carriage from Hamburg.

What is the matter with Eitel today? he asked himself. *Never before have I had, in one morning, three different orders from him.*

With his foot on the hub, Eitel hesitated whether to take the reins himself, then he handed them over to the old man. "Drive quickly," he told him, "until we come into the town of Maribo. Then go slowly through the street." He thought, *I shall not try to hide my face from the people today.*

The weather this morning was colder than the day before, and the landscape less rich in color and light. A wind blew in from the sea; there might be rain before evening. In the fields and above them the sea gulls were moving restlessly.

The sound of the carriage wheels changed from a softer to a louder rumble as they rolled from the highroad onto the paved street of Maribo. Eitel had the carriage stop outside the courthouse. There was a clock on the house. As on the stone stair in front he was informed that he would find the police magistrate in his office, the clock above his head struck eight strokes.

The police magistrate himself, old Counselor Sandoe, who came out in a hurry to meet him, was a small rigid official of the old school, who still wore his little pigtailed wig. He had sat in his peaceful office in Maribo as long as the people of the town could remember, but this was his first death sentence. It made him conscious of his own high significance; at the same time the idea of it was curious and disturbing to him. He was now cheered by the prospect of discussing the event with a young nobleman whom he had known from birth.

He grew silent, pushing his lower lip over the upper lip, at Eitel's demand to see the condemned man in his cell and to speak with him alone there.

"This person," he said, "hardly seems to have any human qualities left. He has passed more years of his life in the woods and on the moors than in a house. I suppose that he has never loved any human being. I gather from our good Pastor Quist, who has sacrificed much of his time to him, that he knows no more of the word of God than of law and justice. *Verba mortuo facta.*"

He recounted how his prisoner, when seized red-handed in the manslaughter, had defended himself with most extraordinary strength, and had knocked down three men before he was taken. The counselor had had him put in chains, but even thus did consider him dangerous.

"His mother was my nurse," said Eitel. "She came to see me last evening. If anything can still be done for him, I shall want to see it done."

"For him?" said the old gentleman. "This person hardly has sufficient understanding of his position to take it to heart. I cannot even imagine any last wish that he might have to state. It is true, though, that this morning he asked that his hair should not be cut until on the scaffold itself, and that we would have him shaved. Out of commiseration with a man who is to die at noon, I sent for the barber. But does such a wish bespeak remorse or amendment?"

"I wish to see him," said Eitel.

"Let it be so then," said the counselor. "Possibly our humane feelings are most urgently called upon in the case of those deepest sunk. In the name of God, we will go to him."

He sent for the jailer, and preceded by him the old and the young gentleman walked down a long whitewashed corridor and a few stone steps. The jailer turned the heavy key in the lock.

"Beware, there is one more step inside the door," said the counselor.

The small room which they entered had one narrow grated window high up in the wall. Its stone floor was covered with straw. To Eitel, coming from his drive through the light landscape, the cell seemed almost dark.

The condemned man sat on a bench so low that his chained hands between his knees rested on the floor. His dark head dropped so that his long brown hair was hanging down over his face. His clothes were in rags, one sleeve of his coat torn off, and he was barefooted. He made not the slightest movement at the entrance of his visitors.

"Stand up, Linnert," said the counselor. "There is a noble gentleman here who wants to see you." He gave out Eitel's name with much dignity, more in honor of Eitel than of the prisoner.

Linnert for a while sat on as if not aware that he was being spoken to. Then he rose without raising his head or his eyes, and sat down again in exactly the same position as before. The counselor gave Eitel a short glance, confirming his statement as to the hopelessness of concerning oneself about a creature like this.

To Eitel the filth and degradation before him were so loathsome that if he had wanted to, he could not have taken another step toward the figure. After a while he saw that this poacher and murderer, of his own age, ravished by a wild lawless existence, lean and tanned by sun and wind, was beautifully built, with long limbs and rich hair. He felt that this body would be strong and supple, every muscle and sinew of it hardened and trained to the utmost. In the movements of the prisoner as he had risen and again sat down, there had been an extraordinary collectedness and grace and a kind of obstinate joy of life. In his renewed immobility now there was the calm of the wild animal, which will keep more deadly still than any domestic animal. It was to Eitel as if he had, within his own wood, come upon a fox and was now himself standing immovable to watch him.

He noticed that the wrists of the prisoner were swollen and raw from the iron round them, and a choking feeling, as at the sight of a pretty wild animal in a trap, oppressed the visitor's chest.

"Be pleased to unchain him while I talk to him," he said to the counselor.

"It will hardly be advisable," the old magistrate answered, and added in German, "He is still most unusually strong, and he is probably desperate. You may be exposing your life."

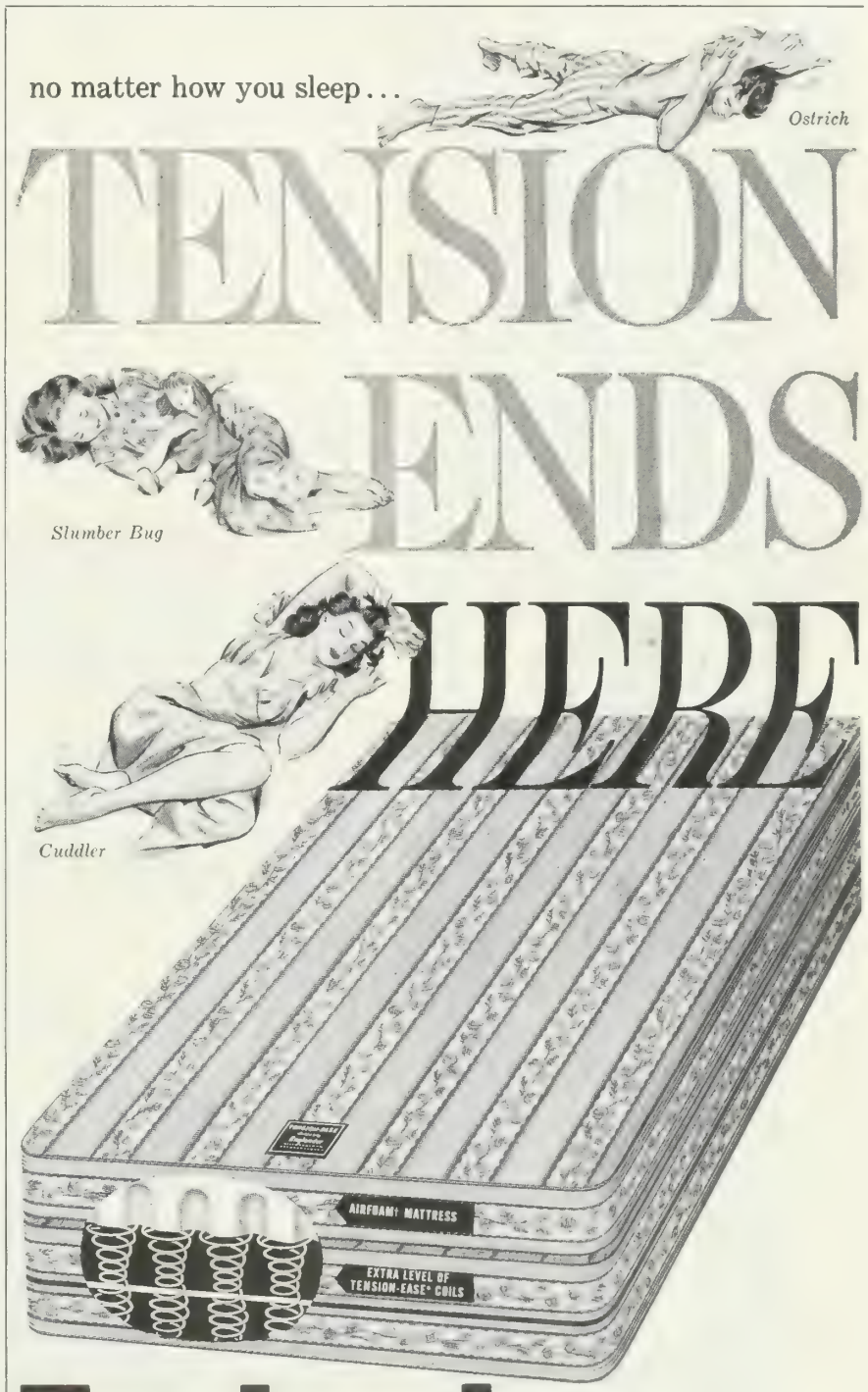
"Nay, unchain him," said Eitel.

After some hesitation the counselor made signs to the jailer to remove the chain from the prisoner's wrists. It fell upon the stone floor with a hard clank. Linnert stretched his arms a little along his sides and lowly yawned or growled like a man waking from his sleep.

"Leave us alone," said Eitel.

The counselor threw a last glance at the two men whom he was to leave alone. "I shall be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175



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GOOD THINGS FROM THE GARDEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 173

waiting just outside the door with this man here," he announced in a loud voice, and followed by the jailer left the cell.

Eitel stood looking at the man who was to die. *I shall speak to him*, he thought. *Shall I be able to make him speak? I myself may have half a century before me in which to say what I want. But what he has to say must be spoken before noon. And by the way, after noon, what will I myself find to speak of, for fifty years?*

Linnert sat motionless as before. Eitel was uncertain whether he did realize that one of his three visitors had stayed on when the others left.

"Knowest thou me, Linnert?" he at last asked.

The prisoner remained dead still for a minute. Then he looked up askance, beneath his long hair, and Eitel was surprised to see how light the eyes were in the dark face.

"Ay, thee I know well enough," he said, and after a moment added, "And thy woods, too, and that long marsh that thou hast got out westward."

He spoke the dialect of the island so markedly that Eitel had some difficulty in understanding him. In the fight when he was taken, he had had his upper lip split and a tooth knocked out, he pulled his mouth awry and lisped as he spoke, and all through the conversation he hesitated a little after each of Eitel's questions, as if he had to set his mouth right before answering.

His remark had not been offered as a challenge or a jeer, although he must have realized that it would be clear to Eitel in what manner he had acquired his intimate knowledge of his woods and marshes. It fell more like a light, sprightly communication between acquaintances exchanging news. In exactly that way, Eitel reflected, the fox on the forest path, in passing, would render the farmer a quick, snappish, jovial report on his poultry yard.

"Thy mother once was nurse to me," Eitel said.

Once more Linnert hesitated a little, then asked in the same unconcerned manner as before, "What was her name now?"

"She is named Lone Bartels today," Eitel answered. "Many years ago she married the parish clerk. Thou, Linnert, art my milk brother." The word echoed through his mind, *Brother*.

"Was it so?" said Linnert. He was silent for a while and then added, "It will have been but a poor drop of milk that I ever got out of those paps."

"I have come today to see whether I can help you in any way," said Eitel.

"In what way art thou to help me?" the prisoner asked.

"Will there be nothing at all that I can do for thee?" Eitel asked.

"Nay," said Linnert. "They are going to help me here, I think, with all of it."

During the pause that followed, the prisoner a couple of times spat on the floor, stretched out his bare foot and rubbed out the spittle in the straw. No more than his remark did his gesture contain any mockery or spite of the visitor; it had all the character of some humble game or pastime, in which the guest, did he care to, might join.

In the end Linnert himself, after having twisted and writhed his mouth, took up the conversation. "Aye, there is one thing," he said, "that thou canst help me with if thou wilt. I have got an old bitch, she is mine. She has got but one eye. She is on a rope by the wheelwright at Kramnitse. She is not wont to be chained up. Thou might send down that keeper of thine and have her done away with."

"I shall have thy bitch brought up to my house and looked after there," said Eitel.

"Nay," said Linnert, "she is no good to anybody except just me. But it might be well if thou wouldst shoot her thyself—and then, as thou takest her along with thee to do it, talk to her." After a moment he said, "She is called Rikke, after someone."

Eitel slowly put his hand to his mouth and down again.

"I will tell thee something, in return," Linnert suddenly said. "Thou hast got a brace of otters in thy mill brook that nobody knows of but me. Early one morning last winter I saw that the rime had melted on the grass round the air hole of their den. Since then I have kept an eye on them. I was down there, time and another, this summer, and sat by them all day. I watched the old otters teach their four young ones to swim. They are big now; they have got fine skins. The hole is below the eastern brink; it will be easy to thee to take them there."

"It is all right," said Eitel.

"Aye, but thou hast got to remember," said Linnert, "that their den is in the place where the river bends, by the five willows."

"Yes," said Eitel, "I shall remember.

"I have been thinking of thy lot in life," he said after a pause, "ever since I heard of thee. My people have wronged thy people, and it ought not to have gone so with thee. I would do justice to thee today, were it in my power."

"Justice?" said Linnert wonderingly.

Just then Eitel heard the clock on the front of the house slowly and as if pensively strike nine strokes, and wondered whether Linnert, too, counted these strokes.

"Hast thou ever been told, Linnert," he asked, "that the manor house stands where the farmstead of thy people was once standing, and has been built on top of it?"

"Nay, that I have never heard," said Linnert.

There was a long silence in the cell, and Eitel's mind was following the hands of the clock that were now slowly going on, tick, tick, marking the minutes. In the end Linnert shot up a swift glance, as if to find out whether his guest was still with him.

"Linnert," Eitel said, "thy mother came to me last night to tell me a curious tale. She told me that at the time that she was nurse at the manor she sent away the lord's child and put her own in its stead."

A new pause. "Is that so?" Linnert then asked. "That will have been a long time ago."

"Yes," said Eitel. "It will have been twenty-three years ago. At the time when neither of us knew who he was."

Linnert sat on, so still that Eitel could not tell if he had heard him or not.

"Was it true that the woman told thee?" he asked at last.

"No," Eitel said. "It was not true."

"Nay, it was not true," Linnert repeated. Then, suddenly, with the same kind of fox joviality as before: "But if it had been true?"

"If it had been true," Eitel said slowly, "then thou, Linnert, wouldst today have been in my place. And I—who knows?—in thine."

Linnert seemed to have once more come to rest on the bench, his eyes on the floor, and Eitel thought, *Is it all over now? Can I go away now?*

At that same instant the prisoner rose and stood up straight, face to face with his visitor. The heavy chair at this rattled a little against his foot. The sudden, unexpected, light and noiseless movement was so extraordinarily vigorous that it had all the character of an assault meant to give the attacked party no time for defense.

The two young men, now standing very close to each other, were of the same height. For the first time during their conversation they looked each other in the face meaningfully, conscious of a trial of strength. A strange, fierce light spread over Linnert's face.

"They would have been mine then," he said, "the deer and the hares and partridges that I have shot in thy fields and thy woods?"

"Yes," said Eitel, "they would have been thine then."

The prisoner's thoughts seemed to run away from the small dark cell to those fields and woods of which he had spoken.

"And thou wouldst have owed it to me then," he said, "that thou canst go out with thy gun in a fortnight, when the young partridges are fledged, and again in three months, when the tracks of the game are on the snow, and that thou mayst troat to a buck in thy woods next spring."

"Yes," said Eitel.

As Linnert stood so, without stirring, with his eyes in Eitel's but sunk in his own thoughts, the blood mounted to his face twice in a deep dark wave. Only a short time ago, it seemed to Eitel, he had looked into a face which bore a likeness to this one. Was it the hard glint of triumph in Lone's face which here, in the shade of death, did mellow into a smile?

All at once the prisoner threw back his head, so that his long hair was flung away from his brow. He raised his right hand. It was lean, dark-stained, and earth and blood stuck under the nails. The smell of it was nauseating to Eitel.

"Wilt thou then," he asked, "go down on thy knees to kiss my hand, and thank me for my mercy?"

Eitel for a moment kept standing before him. Then he bent one knee on the stone floor, in the straw where Linnert had spat, and touched the outstretched hand with his lips.

Linnert very slowly withdrew his hand, very slowly raised it to the top of his head, and scratched deep down in his long hair. He twisted his swollen mouth into a smile or grin.

"They are biting," he said. "It was well that thou didst set me loose." END

Other views of Vogue Patterns on pages 82 and 83:

"WHEN I SEE IT IN THE JOURNAL... I make it for myself"



Vogue Design No. 9919. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress and apron; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 4⅞ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for dress, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9958. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 3¾ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for dress and ½ yard of 35″ fabric without nap for cuffs, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 209. One-piece dress and coat; 10–18 (31–38). $2.00 Version shown requires 4⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for coat and 3 yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress, size 14.



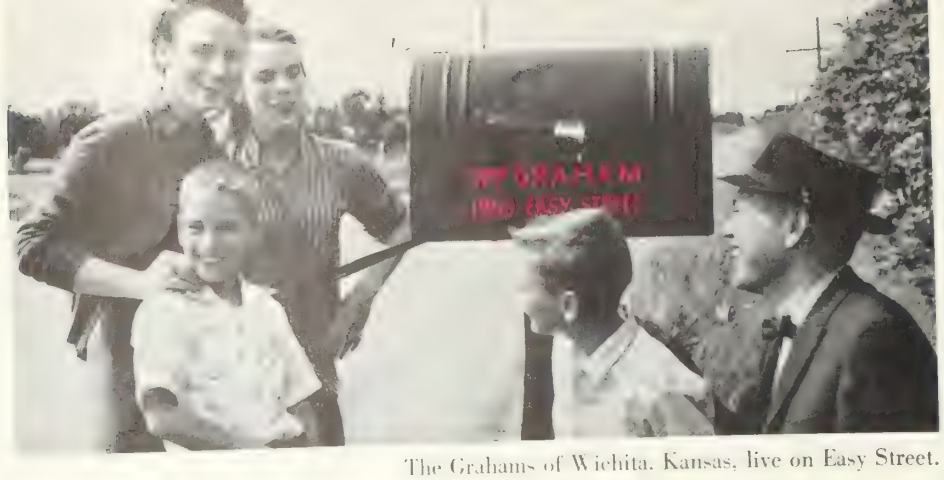
Vogue Design No. 9963. One-piece dress; 10–16 (31–36). 75c. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 40″ scarf print fabric, all sizes.



Vogue Design No. 9967. One-piece dress; 8–18 (30–38). 75c. Version shown requires 5¾ yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 4096. Suit and blouse; 9–13; 10–16 (30½–33; 31–36). $1.50. Version shown requires 3¼ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for suit, and 1⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for blouse, size 14.



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RICH BEYOND MEASURE

"We've found something bigger than making money!"



Center of the wheel on the Graham farm is their round aluminum house and the pond Bill dug with a rented bulldozer. Behind the house the pumps of two oil wells nod vigorously

By GLENN MATTHEW WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS By JOSEPH DI PIETRO

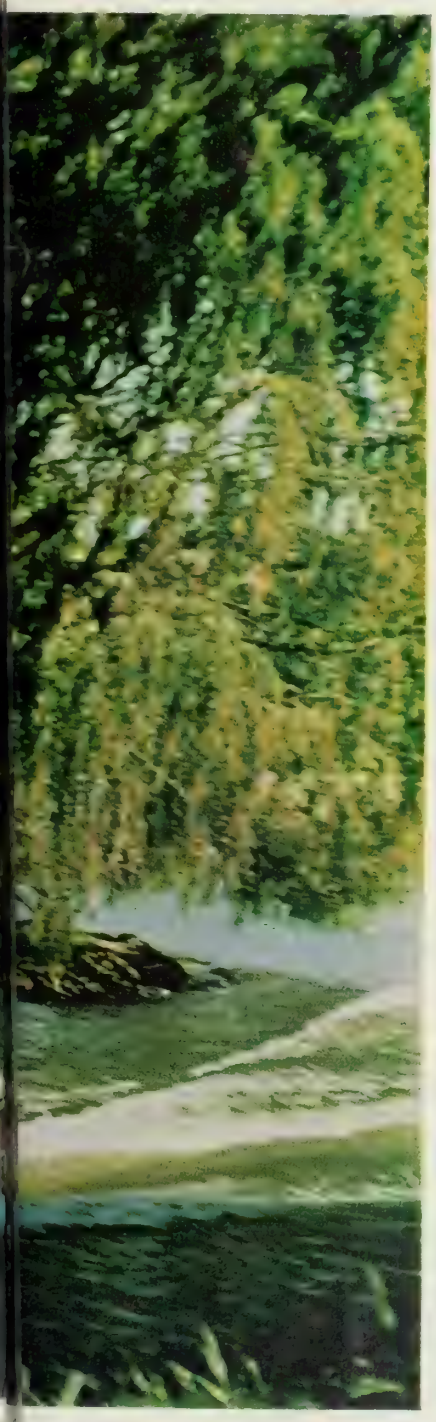
Marge Graham picks up her telephone at Private Enterprise, Inc., and suddenly her face blooms. "I'm one of those women love made beautiful," she was saying, smiling lightly; "or at least it did the best it could. Anyway, I *feel* much more attractive than when Bill married me twenty-three years ago."

Now, as she listens, the miracle happens before your eyes. The voice is one she is accustomed to hearing. It's Bill's. The words are familar, too—and loud: "Say, Marge—do you know I love you? I *love* you! I love you just an awful lot—you know that?" It doesn't sound like blarney and Marge doesn't suggest to him that it is. She is smiling broadly now, with amusement and delight, but believing every word. The words come faster: "Marge, honey, will you do me a big favor, just a *big* favor?" She nods regally and picks up a pencil. Bill goes on: "Will you do something for me? Look, Marge, I want you to ——"

It's business and it is possible to avoid overhearing exactly what Bill is saying. You know that whatever it is he wants her to do she will try to do. While the phone conversation continues, you study the large charcoal sketches of their six children on the wall behind her desk. Marge had mentioned they were done quickly by a street artist one lunchtime in Montmartre.

There's Becky, the oldest. She's twenty, a junior at Northwestern University. Poised, mature, responsible, Becky loves children and hopes to teach.

Connie is next in age—eighteen, a senior at Augusta (Kansas) High School. A pretty, rather fragile-appearing blonde, she is





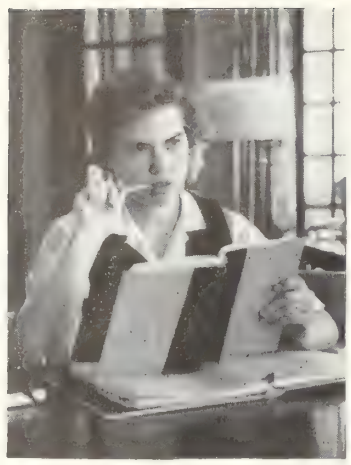
Horseback riding is a favorite sport of the Grahams. They have a square mile to roam in.

People with a lot of bounce don't need Trampolines, but the Grahams have one anyway.





Teddy is the family fixer, may find his career in engineering.



During college vacations, Becky works for Private Enterprise, Inc.



Whatever the game is, Father Bill will work hard to win it.

introspective, sharply intelligent and physically strong, like the rest of the family.

Marge the younger is sixteen, a junior at East High School in Wichita. Outspoken, unabashed, ready to roughhouse, she can shift to low key and demure femininity in an instant.

Teddy, fourteen, is the oldest boy, a student at Missouri Military Academy. Reliable, good-natured, dryly humorous, he began to use a slide rule almost as soon as he learned to multiply, and he taught Becky to play chess when he was eleven. (Father Bill has no use for chess or a slide rule and, according to Becky, he can't add.)

Billy, aged eleven, is wide-eyed, sensitive, gentle, handsome. Being the middle boy, he suffers stoically.

Jackie, an engaging sprite of nine years, is the baby of the family. Billy and Jackie go by bus to the Andover Elementary School, a public school six miles from their farm home.

Marge has put down the telephone and she shares your study of the sketches. "The greatest blessing we have," she says, "is that all our children are strong and healthy—and I am too. Six healthy babies and not a single miscarriage or serious illness—my doctor says I'm lucky! We are all lucky to have one another and I am very, very thankful. We have been fortunate in making money, too, but I don't feel rich that way. I know we are, but I certainly never expected to be and it truly doesn't seem very important to me."

Money is a little more important to Bill Graham. As a young man he had many ambitions—one of them was to make a million dollars. He has realized that ambition. Now he, and his wife and children too, are dedicated to something he says is "bigger than making money"—Private Enterprise, Inc.

Private Enterprise, Inc., is a stock company designed to help establish small businesses in all parts of the world. It is Bill's own dream child and he devotes almost every waking moment to it. He is as eager to make money as ever, but now it's for other people: the stockholders of Private Enterprise, Inc., and the "little man" on a foreign shore who would have no chance without them. CONTINUED ON PAGE 180



AMERICA

Bill uses the phone the way chain smokers use cigarettes—there is always one in his hand. (He doesn't smoke.) Marge expects him to call from any spot on the globe. If at all possible, he does.



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Delicious steak and salad . . . with the wholesome bonus of Wesson, the pure vegetable oil. It's poly-unsaturated.

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Lighter and clearer than any other brand, Wesson is also an unexcelled source of concentrated food energy that stays with you. While an average serving of this steak and salad totals only about 712 calories, these calories satisfy hunger longer.

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Wesson Steak Au Poivre (Pepper Steak)

Press 2 tablespoons *cracked* black pepper into both sides of a lean 2-lb. sirloin, cut 1½ inches thick. Brown *quickly* in ⅓ cup hot Wesson—for your wholesome bonus of poly-unsaturated vegetable oil. Lower heat and cook to desired doneness. Remove steak to warm platter, keep warm. Pour off excess oil. Stir in ½ cup hot water or consomme and ½ cup finely chopped parsley. Heat and serve over steak. 5 servings at about 562 calories each.

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YOUR HANDS TALK

What do they say about you?

Simple care can give you lovelier hands in a few weeks



By Ruth Miller

Every time you lift a fork, wave good-bye, shake a hand...your own hands are in the spotlight. They're *you*...as expressive as your face, as telltale as your voice. Why not start today...to make them as lovely as you'd like them to be?

Cracking, splitting nails? A few seconds a night...less time than it takes to brush your teeth...can do wonders! Begin massaging Cutex Nail-Flex into the base of your nail between the cuticle and the first finger joint. This gentle cream contains lanolin, cholesterol and white iodine to strengthen and harden your nails.

Ragged cuticle? Never cut it, except to remove a bad hang-nail. Cutting your cuticle toughens it, can lead to infection. Instead follow this safe and simple method. One...wrap the tip of a Cutex genuine Orangewood Stick in cotton. Two...moisten the cotton generously with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover. Three...push back the cuticle gently all around the base of the nail with the moist cotton. The Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover will float away dead tissue and leave your cuticle soft and perfectly shaped. As an added touch, finish off your home manicure with Cutex Cuticle Oil.

Stubby nails? The way you file your nails can make your fingers seem more tapering...help nails grow longer, too. Harsh metal files often cause splitting. So does a sawing motion. File your nails from side to tip with a flexible Cutex Emery Board, leaving 1/16 inch of nail at the corners. Then use the curve of your cuticle as a guide in shaping the tips. Overly pointed nails will break more easily, call attention to stubby fingers.

Your hands are one of your greatest beauty assets. Surely they deserve the same attention you give your face... and your wardrobe!

For our helpful little booklet "Beauty Treatment for your Hands," send 10¢ with your name and address to Northam Warren, Dept. B, New York, New York.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

Outside the calm of Marge's office there is a frenzy of purposeful activity in the Graham Building on North Broadway in Wichita. Electric typewriters and tabulators are whirring, phones are ringing, words and figures are going out in ripples, literally around the world. The building houses the Graham-Michaelis Drilling Co. as well as Private Enterprise, Inc., and it is the central office for the Grahams' extensive real-estate holdings. Marge Graham has worked beside Bill every step of their way from poverty to wealth, and half of their assets belong to her. Bill has a hard-working family and a hard-working staff, but he is the driving force and he has only one speed—fast forward.

He has made enough money to go on vacation for the rest of his life. Why does he work so hard? Marge says, "Making money is a challenge to Bill, just as tennis or golf is a challenge, and he has to win. But he has always dreamed of doing something bigger than making money—and in Private Enterprise, Inc., he has found it. I know Bill won't rest long until it's as successful as all his other ventures." Men who work with him do not attempt to explain him. They say it is hard enough to keep up with him, much less try to figure out what makes him tick. According to his friend Tom Orr, "He takes seconds to make decisions most businessmen would consider for weeks. If it has the sweet smell of success to Bill, that's it—others can wrestle with the details."

Bill Graham was born on a farm near El Dorado, Kansas, about twenty miles from Wichita, the youngest, the smallest and the most favored son of a grocery-store owner. He grew up believing life was tough but that the competition was open. He liked it that way. He read every Horatio Alger book he could get his hands on. Mark Tidd was his hero, and he resolved to emulate him. His father offered only one bit of advice he remembers: "If you ever work for the Government," he told him, "I'll disown you!"

Bill thinks growing up on a farm was the making of him. "What advantages farm kids have over city kids! I was a little guy, so I had to play it smart, but my world was wide open and I was free to do anything I wanted to. Man, how I wanted to win! I wanted to win in everything so bad I could eat it. I meant to win in everything. I played to win—and I did win. Why, when I got to town I had it all over those other kids six ways from Sunday."

He worked his way through Northwestern University by washing dishes, selling Christmas cards and razor-blade sharpeners. He sold a sharpener to the president of Northwestern, Walter Dill Scott, and induced him to write a note saying it was a good sharpener. Then he went around to professors and department heads and tried to sell them on the strength of the letter. They bought, although they knew the president still used his old straight edge. "I learned something about human nature selling those things," Bill says. "I throw away a blade every time I shave now, but I feel a little guilty doing it."

With his graduation from Northwestern nearing and no job in sight, Bill called upon the president of the Wilson packing company in Chicago to ask for a job on a cattle freighter. He planned to hitchhike around the world. While waiting to see him, he sold the office manager a razor-blade sharpener. Wilson's son-in-law, Harry Williams, came out before the deal was closed, and Bill sold him a sharpener too. He then accepted their offer of a job with the company. They sent him to a meat-packing plant in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, before he could work himself up in the home office

In Cedar Rapids, he lived at the Y.M.C.A. One evening he and his roommate, John English, listed twenty qualities they felt they wanted in a wife. Their requirements differed considerably, but first on the list for both was that she must be religious. To find religious dates, they went to the young people's meetings of various churches. In this way Bill Graham met Marjorie March. The year was 1935. He was twenty-five; she was nineteen.

Marge's father was a railroad switchman. When she was graduated from high school, her family didn't have the money to send her to college, but she was determined to attend Coe in Cedar Rapids. To earn enough to pay her way, she took a job as a household helper at $4 a week. Her chores included scrubbing the floors, which she did on her knees. "I can still see my mother, tears streaming down her face, when I left our house to take that job," she remembers. "When I met Bill, I had progressed to employment as an elevator operator. I didn't have many dates—I don't know why . . . oh, yes, I do too know why! When Bill wrote to his father about meeting me, he said, 'She's not much to look at, but she's awfully nice!' My best dress was a $9.95 special from the department-store bargain basement. I wasn't chic, heaven knows, and I know now I wasn't even well groomed."

She was in the same crowd with him at picnics and other group affairs on many occasions, but he dated the "cute gals" and months went by before he asked Marge for a date. Then he casually asked if she would go to a movie with him. According to Bill, this was a carefully planned maneuver. He and John English had listed, then discussed and examined in detail again and again, those qualities each felt the girl he married must have. Furthermore, they had narrowed the possibilities in Cedar Rapids down to one or two girls each. ("You turn up enough angles on any proposition," Bill says, "and you're bound to turn up the right one!") There was only one question unanswered in his mind, so on his first date with Marge he asked it: "Marge, do you think you could love me—and marry me?"

Marge did not say it was so sudden. She said, "Why, yes, Bill—I really do!" She justifies her quick decision by saying she knew a good man when she saw one. "I had so admired him from afar that it wasn't hard to say that I could love him, since he mentioned it, though I don't think I would ever have come to that conclusion myself."

They had one more date, which completed Bill's courtship, except for letters. He was called to El Dorado because of the death of his father and did not return to his job in Cedar Rapids. They corresponded regularly, but not daily, and after seven months Bill sent Marge a small diamond by mail. They were married in October, 1936, in Marge's home church, the First Christian in Cedar Rapids.

"My wedding cost exactly $50, which came from a small paid-up insurance policy," Marge remembers. "We couldn't afford flowers so dad cut great branches of autumn leaves and banked them against a trellis. We were married by candlelight."

They returned to live in Wichita, where Bill had begun to sell real estate, but they did not begin immediately to live happily after. "We quarreled a lot during those early years," Marge says—"bitter quarrels just short of physical violence. We fought about *everything*—where to go, what to eat, whom to see, what to buy!" They both worked hard in the real-estate office, she on the telephone trying to get listings, and Bill selling.

They had nothing. At the end of a day they would empty their purses to see what they could afford for dinner. If they had enough, they would go to their favorite Chinese restaurant where they could get a meal, with all the rice they could eat, for 65 cents. At other times they filled up on bread. Most of the time they ate at home, and Marge did the cooking, unless they worked until late at night as they often did.

Bill managed to borrow a little money with which he bought equities in old, deteriorated houses. He and Marge moved into each one, repaired and redecorated it, then sold it at a profit. "We never lived anywhere much longer than three months," Marge says. "In three years we lived in twelve houses—some of them perfectly awful until we fixed them up."

Bill Graham's financial progress is best recounted by an old friend: "Well, there was no place for a boy like Bill but the big city, so he came to Wichita. He stood around on the corners and looked at the big buildings and said to himself, 'Heck, there ought to be big money in real estate.' So he borrowed $200 from the Fourth National Bank—don't ask me why the bank loaned it to him—and for $20 a month he rented a ratty loft above a clothing store, I think it was—ceiling eighteen feet high and nothing in it but a naked electric light bulb dangling. He got himself an old battered desk somewhere and he installed a telephone. Bill was in business, on nothing, and in debt. That's the way he stayed, too, for a while, then he saw in the newspaper that a plot of land called Mathewson's Pasture was for sale. With borrowed capital he managed to get an option on the land, and he had enough money left to build one house. In ten days time he was building it. He found a partner to do the work and soon he had the pasture filled with four-unit dwellings. He could borrow money easily then and moved on to other housing developments."

The stories men tell about Bill Graham are fantastic, but hardly more fantastic than the truth. "He's always been an expert at getting groups of men and money together," summarized Dwight Button vice president of the flourishing Fourth National Bank in Wichita, which has loaned Bill large sums of money since that first $200. "I remember when Bill had that upstairs real-estate office—he had a hard time paying the rent on that for a few years, but he had the nerve to go around and ask rich men how they made money. We somebody must have told him!"

In 1947, when Bill was at his peak in real estate ventures, having built 700 houses,

CONTINUED ON PAGE

HOW THE GRAHAMS SPEND THEIR MONEY

NOTE: This is not a "budget" in any sense of the word, but an estimate of what the Grahams choose to spend monthly for family and household expenses only. None of the children receives a regular allowance, but all are provided with expense money as they need it, or given small amounts for special work. They are expected to, and do, contribute some work as their share in the home.

MONTHLY EXPENSES

Food (Mrs. Graham feels this amount is high, but they have many guests, and two household helpers.)	$525.00	Car expenses (one car for personal use only)	150.00
Clothing	490.00	Dry cleaning, shoe repair, laundry	60.00
Rent or property tax	300.00	Housekeeping help	350.00
Fuel, light, water	75.00	Children's school expenses	500.00
Telephone	30.00	Club dues	50.00
Insurance	200.00	Magazines, newspapers, books	30.00
Medical and dental	100.00	Vacation and travel	1000.00
Recreation	150.00	Church	125.00
Furniture and appliances	50.00	Contributions and gifts	4500.00
		Total	$8,685.00





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New Delicate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180

called an oilman into his office and informed him he had decided to go into the oil business.

"Bill, you don't know a thing about the oil business," his friend pointed out.

"You are right," Bill said. "You are *absolutely* right!" He unrolled an oil-plot map and spread it out before them on his desk. "But look here—here's a cluster of drillings in this section, and here's a cluster of drillings here and there's a bunch there, but there's none right here in the middle. Why not?" Bill wanted to know.

"I don't know why not, but I'm sure there are good geological reasons for not drilling there."

"Well, that's where I'm going to drill—right in the middle. You want in?"

"No thanks, Bill."

Bill leased the land in question, drilled "right in the middle" and brought in six oil wells out of seven drillings.

"Just little squirts," he says, "but a beginning in the oil business."

Marge is one who knows that Bill does not take the development of a new business so blithely, nor is he, she insists, the "hard, cold businessman" he sometimes pretends to be. "I think he is a good businessman," Marge says, "but not hard or cold." He claims his successes are good luck only after the hard work is done. In the early days of their marriage, he worked sixteen hours a day with single-minded concentration on the job at hand. Marge, too, worked a six-day week in the real-estate business, with time out for babies, until after the third was born. When Jackie, the sixth, was old enough to go to school she returned to full-time employment for Private Enterprise, Inc., without title or salary.

The quarrels that rocked their first year dwindled abruptly after one especially loud verbal knockdown. "Marge," Bill said, when their rage had subsided, "every business has to have a boss. Marriage is our business and I am the boss. I *have* to be the boss, don't you understand? And you will have to accept me as I am. I can't change me—and neither can you." That settled it—or almost. It took a little tapering off. Marge decided she loved him too much to go against his will and, besides, he was in debt and working so hard and it was emotionally exhausting for her to be continually fighting and falling in love all over again.

She speaks of this with genuine amusement now; she thinks it is absurd for any husband and wife to quarrel about which one will prevail. She is as honest and open about her love and admiration for Bill as she is about everything else. ("I think he really is a great man, don't you?") Bill says, "Marge is the greatest, absolutely the greatest!"

"Of course it's not all sweetness and light—no family is," Marge says. "Ours is a family of strong-minded rugged individualists. That's the way I want it, but it doesn't make them easy to live with. It's never boring, though—and I can still snarl pretty good sometimes."

Love is the family password. Often Marge says, "I love you, Connie!" or "I love you, Billy!" or "I love you all!" Bill says "I love you" to the children as well as to Marge, and in a way that can't be faked. When Becky visited the home of a girl friend for the first time, she thought the girl's father and mother were on the verge of divorce because they never said, "I love you."

Early in their married life, the Grahams met the late Father Samuel E. West, of St. James' Episcopal Church, who interested them in the Episcopal faith. They are members and the whole family attends church regularly. Bill and Marge believe in loving God *and* man. "But you just can't sit back and fold your hands," Bill says. "You've got to *do* something. We think that is a Christian premise. We are all born with certain talents, and if we use what we have, that is fulfillment. If we have a lot and use only a little, that is sin." This is the religion he believes in. He asks a lot of everybody, especially Marge and the children, and he gets a lot.

Marge tells her daughters they will have to work at marriage and that it will not be easy. "Girls want their husbands to be successful," she says, "but often they don't anticipate, nor are they willing to pay the price. I am really appalled that some young wives expect their husbands to do housework."

She doesn't believe a husband should in any way assume the wife's role, even if the wife works outside the home. She says Bill never got up at night to take care of a child. He pays attention to the children when he chooses to, which is often, but not at her behest. When she worked, and had no help at home, she did all the housework too. Sometimes Bill would wander into the kitchen and dry a dish or two, but his thoughts would be elsewhere. Soon he would say, "Honey, do you want me to dry these dishes or do you want me to get on the telephone and maybe make fifty dollars?" She let him go about his work.

The closest Marge comes to nagging is her insistence that he spend an hour a day in some form of recreation. Every moment Bill is awake he has a compulsion to be active, and sports help him to get his mind off work. He naps easily and can go to sleep in the middle of a sentence he is speaking, but he wakes up full of zip, often in the early hours of the morning, and begins to plan his next move. He is likely to continue the sentence he interrupted for sleep and go on talking

He believes everybody should do that which they fear to do. When he found that flying made him sick he decided to learn to fly. Doctors told him that for some people there is no cure for airsickness and advised him to stop flying. He forced himself to fly a great deal more, even though it nauseated him so that he had to make forced landings to quiet his stomach.

Marge was terrified of flying, so he insisted that she accompany him. She would grit her teeth, shut her eyes and mutter the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed or anything else prayerful she could think of at every take-off. Bill let her know that he found this behavior annoying. She had only one recourse—to take flying lessons herself and cure her fears by knowledge and skill.

She soon found that she loved flying, but Bill balked when it came time for her to solo. She had had twenty-seven hours of instruction and was more than ready, but Bill said no. Marge said yes. "For one of the few times in our married life, I acted directly contrary to his orders. I simply *had* to solo. One day

RULES FOR LIVING—
according to the Grahams

HIS: SHARE—share profits, dreams, joy, all that you have. All that you give unstintingly of yourself will come back to you a hundredfold.

EMBRACE new ideas, new programs, borrow money—always! Travel a new route. It leads to more fun, as well as profit.

AVOID major arguments. Bickering and quarreling never pay.

TRUST people and pick business associates smarter than you.

ASK as many informed persons as possible their opinions before making a decision.

GO STEADY with a project, whatever it may be—love, marriage or business. Problems become easy after sixteen hours a day of undivided effort.

BELIEVE in God, believe in people, believe in yourself, believe life is good. There is no other security.

NEVER underestimate the power of working with your family, especially your wife.

HERS: LOVE God, your family, everyone. And don't forget to tell them about it.

PULL your share of every load plus a little more. It's the only way to self-respect.

WORK for the fun of it, for the challenge and purpose it gives life.

KNOW that anything of lasting value can be bought only with effort and *not* with money.

CULTIVATE worth-while, happy people and learn their secrets of successful living.

DEVELOP your funny bone. Humor gives spice to life and avoids many quarrels.

NEVER waste time on worthless amusements with unworthy people. There is not enough time to waste even a little.

DON'T lie, cheat, gossip or quit. Doing these things will destroy you.



Nothing makes a

woman more feminine,

more attractive

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when he was out of town, I did—and told him later. He didn't say much." He then delayed her flight test for a private pilot's license as long as he could. When she insisted on taking it, he phoned the examiner and told him he didn't think she was quite ready. The examiner later called him to say Marge was one of the best new pilots he had ever tested, man or woman. As a reward Bill bought her a Piper Tri-Pacer, a plane much easier to fly than his own Bonanza, but he soon found giving Marge an airplane was a mistake.

"I flew all the time," she recalls blissfully. "I loved it so much I would get up at five in the morning to fly." When Bill called home and asked for Marge, one of the children would answer, "Mom's up in the air."

Finally Bill grounded her and sold their planes. "I can't take the chance of raising six kids by myself," he said. "Neither can I," Marge answered. Bill rarely flies a plane these days, but he flies the airlines all the time. And he never gets airsick.

Though Bill is constantly in the business of making his own luck, some of it does seem phenomenal. While flying he noticed a lovely strip of level land—ideal for a landing field—fifteen miles from Wichita. He thought he would like to buy the spot for a summer home. He wanted his children to have a taste of farm life. Also, he had promised Becky he would buy her a horse when she was eight. Her birthday was approaching and he needed a place to keep a horse. By sheer chance, he was able to purchase an entire section—640 acres—of the land he had spotted from the air.

About the same time he was able to buy, for $1000, the assets of a corporation set up to build and sell the Dymaxion house, a circular prefabricated aluminum structure designed by Buckminster Fuller. The assets consisted of two Dymaxion houses, one of them dismantled, the other set up and furnished. This he had moved to his newly purchased property. His oil business was prospering, so he took the summer off, hired a bulldozer and, operating it himself, made a large pond in front of the house and built a little island in it, and constructed several roads.

When the summer was over, no one in the family wanted to leave the farm. They sold their house in town, enlarged the aluminum house and made it their permanent home. That was twelve years ago, and they are still there. The address is 1960 Easy Street. The street number changes with the years. Besides the greatly enlarged Dymaxion house and two houses for resident farmers, the hangar and the stables, there are a tennis court, a golf-driving range, a trapshooting and pistol range, a Trampoline, a motorboat for fishing and water skiing, and numerous other attractions.

One of the attractive features of the place Bill did not plan. After they were established on Easy Street, a friend, Jack Gaty, insisted there was oil on the property and offered to pay half the drilling costs for half a share. Bill told him every farmer in Kansas thought he had oil on the old homestead. He didn't, but if Jack wanted to drill, he could go ahead and drill. He would take half, plus the one-eighth royalty that goes to the landowner. Before the drilling was completed, he took the family to Varadero Beach, Cuba, for a short vacation. While they were sunning themselves, he received his first overseas phone call. "Bill," Jack Gaty shouted in his ear, "there's oil flowing all over your farm!"

Five producing oil wells have been brought in on the land bought because he wanted a landing strip and a place to keep a horse. Of the two now operating, one is still pumping its quota of twenty-five barrels a day after nine years. The Grahams have an interest in many other oil and gas properties, but Bill says the unexpected oil well on the farm, in the duration and quality of its production, is probably the best.

One day, when he was about forty-five, Bill took a pencil and a scrap of paper and began to add and divide the best he could. "Marge," he said, "I've figured out that if we take a two-engine plane—one that costs about $60 an hour to fly—and fly around the world, staying at the best hotels when we choose to stop, we'll be richer when we get back to Wichita than before we started. Ain't that awful?"

Marge agreed. "We both realized we had reached our goal as far as making money was concerned. Now it was up to us to do the worth-while things we had promised ourselves we would do. We wanted to make a greater contribution to life that had been so good to us—but how to do it posed a real tough problem. Charity or gifts, we knew, was not the answer. They have a way of backfiring; and besides, we did not have enough money to make a real dent in any of the world's ills."

Bill had been brooding along these lines since they had visited India in 1952. The bitter poverty they saw in Calcutta—thousands of people, emaciated and hungry, sleeping on the streets—was something he could not erase from his mind. Later, Bill told Tom Orr he was thinking about taking his family to India to live for a year, not in luxury as most foreigners and fabulously wealthy Indians do, but



"Here's your supper, mom. I'll try to whip up some dessert."

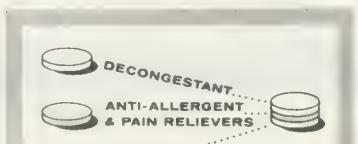
Revolutionary 3-layer tablet for relief of

COLDS MISERIES AND SINUS CONGESTION



HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES
(critical areas of colds infection)

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, sinus congestion and pollen allergies. DRISTAN . . . amazing medical achievement . . . contains: (1) The scientific decongestant most prescribed by doctors. Reaches *all* congested areas in minutes . . . shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes . . . promotes drainage . . . restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive anti-allergent to block allergic reactions often associated with colds, plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. Relieves body aches and pains due to colds, reduces fever. (3) Vitamin C, to help build body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Note: Today DRISTAN is widely imitated. But the fact is . . . the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!



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DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet! The exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated.



WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus... responsible for so much colds suffering and misery.



TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing.



There's Nothing Like
DRISTAN® *Decongestant Tablets*

to live right with the very poor. "It would be good for the kids," Bill reasoned, "let them know what real poverty is—and maybe we could help some of those people."

"Bill," Tom said, "you're crazy—no, you're not!" He asked Marge one day when he saw her alone what she thought of Bill's notion to take her and the six children to India to live in poverty for a year.

"I think it is a very good idea," Marge said quite seriously. "If that's what Bill wants to do, that's what we'll do."

They did not go to India to live in poverty for a year, though Bill still thinks it is a good idea. Seeking a practical way to be useful to society on another occasion, he decided—not for the first time—that he just adored Marge, that he was a lucky man to have her for a wife, and that it was all because of the extreme care he took in selecting her. "There would not be so many unhappy marriages if couples would match themselves more carefully," he concluded. "If they cannot do it themselves, what they need is a Mate Selector Machine to do it for them."

He visualized his Mate Selector Machine as a device into which relevant requirements, qualities and characteristics of couples planning to marry would be fed, perhaps punched on tape or cards, and an indication of their chances for a happy marriage would come out. Bill was ready to contribute money for the development of such a device, and he made a special trip to Los Angeles to discuss the project with Paul Popenoe, director of the American Institute of Family Relations. Dr. Popenoe pointed out some of the difficulties—the number of factors needed and the problem of determining them objectively—and Bill's Mate Selector Machine did not materialize. He has the satisfaction of knowing that much has been done in the development of tests for marital success since, some showing a high degree of accurate prediction, and it is not unlikely that an automatic mate selector will one day be constructed. Marge thinks the secret of how she got Bill will still remain with God, however.

The idea for Private Enterprise, Inc., began during a family around-the-world vacation in 1957. The adventures of a family of eight, with six children ranging in ages from six to sixteen, on a trip around the world would make a book in itself, but there is space here for only a few highlights. Moreover, Bill Graham has gone around the world three times since 1957; the Graham family, except Becky, spent two months circling South America in the summer of 1959, and in November Bill spent twenty days in South Africa. With the development of Private Enterprise, Inc., the cast of characters in the Graham drama expands to many thousands and the setting becomes the world.

On the family around-the-world trip, Becky handled all hotel and travel arrangements, following Bill's simple edict: "Nothing complicated now! No advance reservations—we don't want to be tied down to a schedule!" Although each girl was assigned a boy to help and supervise, the usual squabbles developed. In Honolulu they held their first council and took a vote as to whether to send Jackie, who had misbehaved, back to Kansas. He squeaked through by a four-to-three vote, just as he was sure he would. Grinning, he said, "When we cross one more ocean, you'll have to send me back *front*wards, won't you?"

In Japan, when Bill found that people could climb Mt. Fujiyama, with which he was wholly familiar from calendar prints, he was determined that the entire Graham family would climb it. Marge's travel diary tells it best:

> I, of course, was practical, logical, and told him that we could never do it—Jackie at six was too young. I would be happy to stay in Tokyo with the two small boys. He and the rest of the children would have more fun without us.
>
> Bill, pleasant, but in his "I've set our sail" mood, took us shopping in Tokyo for long underwear, rubber-soled shoes, etc., for the climb. "Now, Marge," he said, "you might change your mind—and if you do you'll be glad we have their warm things." I knew I was sunk. I grew subtle. . . .
>
> "Jackie looks like he's coming down with a fever."
>
> "Too bad—we'll take his temperature."
>
> About this time I remembered those lectures I had delivered to the kids—"Now we must be good sports, and be willing to try new things in order to get the most out of this trip." So we went out from Tokyo—long underwear, rubber-soled shoes and all. And we were saved—it rained.
>
> Reprieve! Happily I enjoyed my bath and massage at the Fugiya Hotel. It rained the next day too. The gods were with me, I thought! But after twenty years I still hadn't reckoned with the Graham whim (of iron). What a terrible thing to be a part of a family that has the do-or-die attitude! The next morning we were up and on our way to the train station, at six—me with my best "we must be good sports" smile, the kids in assorted humors—and no breakfast.
>
> We reached the base of the mountain once more, and it wasn't raining!
>
> "Now, Marge, I'm not going to force you," Bill said. "You can turn back at any time." But I knew I was a "gone goose," for in my family the impossible is always possible—if you try.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE, INC.

The purpose of Private Enterprise, Inc., the company Bill Graham heads, is to make a profit by investing in small businesses, mostly in undeveloped foreign countries. Its corollary purpose is "to strike Communism at the grass roots." Only 10 per cent of its funds will be invested in the United States. The investment in any single business is usually limited to $10,000. It is made only in businesses that have a good chance for a high degree of success and where foreign investors will supply matching funds. Profits (or losses) are shared equally. The foreign entrepreneur is guaranteed the privilege of buying the entire business when he has doubled the total original investment.

Additional information may be had from Private Enterprise, Inc., Graham Building, North Broadway, Wichita, Kansas. – ED.


Bruce Block Floor

You'll love this oh-so-easy beauty care for wood floors!

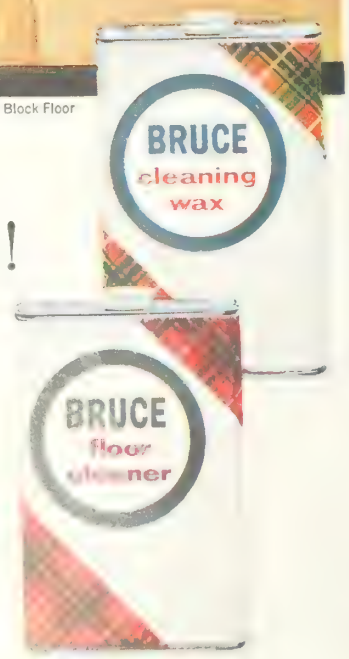
Old fashioned floor washing isn't for smart, modern gals like you! Not when the world's largest maker of hardwood floors actually recommends this easy, clean-as-you-wax way!

Just pour on Bruce . . . wipe up dirt —and there's a clean, new coat of rich wax on the floor. *It's that easy!*

What's more, Bruce easily removes ingrained dirt and stubborn marks that all-purpose cleaning solutions can't begin to budge. Floors are cleaner, more beautiful than ever before!

For a heavy coat of wax, use BRUCE CLEANING WAX. For lighter waxing, use BRUCE FLOOR CLEANER. Works easy, clean-as-you-wax wonders on linoleum, too.

FREE FLOOR CARE BOOKLET: Valuable tips on all floors. Write E. L. Bruce Co., Dept. L-1, Memphis, Tenn.



for floors use Bruce . . . Paste Wax . . Self-Polishing Wax . . . Tile Cleaner

And it's a sin to be a quitter. I *had* to climb Mt. Fuji.

We hired four guides and up we started. We began what in my memory seems to be just lifting up one foot and then the other—on and on and on. We climbed steadily for about four hours and stopped at the eighth station cottage, about 10,000 feet, where we stopped for the night.

We stayed in the sack until 4:30 the next morning, though I don't know why, for only the little ones did much sleeping. On my trip out to what could, by a stretch of the imagination, be called a toilet, I found I couldn't lift my right leg high enough to step over the doorsill. Two thousand three hundred and ninety-five feet straight up to go, and I couldn't lift my leg! In a half hour, after a repast of toast and tea, we were on our way. The climb was steep and with every step my leg cried out to stop this foolishness. I really wanted



"I am primarily a homemaker, mother of a fifteen-year-old daughter, Candace. My husband is as handsome as I once thought Clark Gable to be, more intelligent than I will ever give him credit for being, and as stubborn as any descendant of German forebears inevitably would be." Ruth Lyons Newman, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is also the idol of the 7,000,000 women who follow her broadcasts.

"Life has a lovely way of living"

By RUTH LYONS

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the April JOURNAL

o stop, but how could I face the kids if I stopped? 've climbed on and on—one foot after the other. ackie came back to see how I was.

"Mommy," Jack said, "there's a bee-u-tiful ew if you'll stop looking at your feet!" And ire enough, there was—the whole panorama of apan's countryside, with green valleys and blue kes stretched below me. It was a breath-taking ght, but I had little breath at this point.

About this time the guide came up to me and id, "I help you, mamma-san." He put a rope ound my waist and the two ends over his oulder and proceeded to pull me up the ountain. By this time I had no pride at all. very fifteen or twenty feet he would stop for me rest, and above me I could see and hear my ildren calling, "You can make it, mommy. e're proud of you!"

My guide asked, "Mamma-san, how old are u?" How old was I? Hadn't I just had my ty-first birthday the day before? Every muscle hin me ached, every joint was grinding. I felt one hundred and five, but I replied, "Forty-." My guide whistled softly through his th. "Ah—mamma-san pretty young for forty-!" Even in my weakened state I was encourd. I made the top of Mt. Fuji and my family d make no excuses for mommy.

ife, to the Grahams, is like that mountain nb. Each step, each year must surpass the . This is, of course, impossible—but that is always possible. Here is Marge's account, scribbled in haste without thought of publication, of their approach to Calcutta and the beginning of Bill's big idea:

The big Constellation was tossed about by the mighty turbulent air: it lurched and dipped and groaned and circled for sixty long minutes, I heard the mechanism that works the flaps and wheels, and I knew we were going in to land. I pressed my eyes to the window. Nothing was visible—even the navigation light on the wing tip was a blur of red. I prayed—as I always pray in emergencies—and then the wheels hit the runway, and I said a prayer of thanksgiving. It was a sorry-looking group of Grahams that filed off that airplane—half sick, sleepy, weary, disheveled. . . . Then we saw our Indian friend, Gautum Khanna. Our spirits lifted. We were in *India*—India, land of vast poverty, or unbelievable wealth—a land where the people are just waking to its potential, a land important to everyone's freedom.

We went sight-seeing the next day. The guide began by telling us that Calcutta is not a very old city—just a little over 300 years old. How young our wonderful United States is! Three hundred years ago it was not even a dream. But Bill eyed grimly the truly unbearable poverty of the ocean of people around us, and he had an idea. . . .

His idea had begun to take form in Bangkok, Thailand, where Bill met several bright young men waiting to get a government job. "Why don't you start your own business?" he asked them. They replied they had no capital and no way to get any. Bill then offered to put $5000 into the businesses of each of five young men. Word got to the newspapers and the next day he was mobbed by applicants. In India, after making a similar announcement, he was besieged by many hundreds again. He felt certain that he had struck something fundamental—no man who owns a business is eager to become a Communist—and it seemed to him it ought to be highly profitable as well.

Marge's travel diary becomes very sketchy after Calcutta. There are some brief notes of interest—for example, Jackie's plaintive plea:

"Please come and get Ted out from under Marge. She's sitting on him and I want him to play with me."

And the camel ride on the road to Agra:

"Mommy hasn't had a turn—mommy wants a turn!" Most emphatically that was the last thing in the world she wanted. But I looked around and saw my three little boys, so thrilled with their first camel ride, and I knew they couldn't imagine anyone with soul so dead as not to want to ride a camel. So ——

Before they reached Europe the travel diary had been abandoned altogether. Father Bill was burning with an idea, not quite formulated, and he wanted to get back to Wichita and think it through. He had found a business big enough to challenge him or any man, and Marge knew there would be no letup until he made it a success. And if this was his desire, it was hers also. She would work with him without the slightest doubt of ultimate triumph and only a little weariness from the wild ride and the rough road ahead.

After Private Enterprise was established as a corporation, Becky wrote to her father, who had been absent from his family over Thanksgiving on company business:

We all missed you terribly, and we gave thanks on that day, to God, that you are our father and that you are happy. Isn't life glorious? Many times I turn over in my lazy mind the question why I'm here, but no matter how long or hard I wonder, I always come out with contentment that I am, and I am thankful. . . . Youth is such a joyful, carefree time. Like money or material things, it can slip away so quietly and so damagingly suddenly. Yet, I suppose, if you play the game right, youth is never lost, but remains unto death.

The Grahams believe they are "playing the game right"—Bill most of all. He does not know what will be the outcome of Private Enterprise, but he is fighting every step of the way and loving every minute of it. He is on his way, traveling endlessly, driving relentlessly, speaking incessantly. To a group of businessmen, his speech is dynamic—and direct: "I've got a dream, see? I want to tell you about this dream because I can't make this baby come true without your help, believe me. I've made a lot of mistakes. I've made all the mistakes in the books. If you've got questions when I finish talking, I want you to give them to me real good ——"

In the offices of Private Enterprise, Inc., Bill sets a hectic pace. On the phone to Sam (or Merle, or Bill, or Dudley): "Sam, you are right! You are *absolutely* right! Now, don't you think it would be better if ——"

His business is not separated from his home and family, so home life is hectic too. On the phone to Becky at Northwestern: "Beck-o! I love you, you know that? Becky, you're wonderful! Are you still in the School of Education? When are you going to switch to business —— Becky!"

To any of his children's voices on the amplified telephone: "You want a dollar! Have you done any work? Look, here, Billy" (or Jackie or Teddy or Connie or Marge), "you are just about my Number One Kid this week. Do you realize that? You're my Number One Kid!"

And to Marge, who is always at the other end of the line: "Marge—do you know I love you? I *love* you! I love you just an awful lot—you know that? Marge, I want you to ——"

END

Advertisement

Do Face Creams Work Better at Night?

By HELEN F. PORTER

As a beauty consultant with a good healthy sense of curiosity about cosmetics, I've never been content to use a face cream without "checking up" on it. I'm constantly testing it to see whether it continues to give good results and to find out whether there's a better way it can be applied.



HELEN F. PORTER

Sometimes my experimenting leads to beauty news, as in the case of Polyderm, an unusually good face cream made by Prince Matchabelli. As those of you who have been reading my column know, I have been recommending this cream for some time. When used during the day, Polyderm kept my skin smooth and moist, healthier looking too. Recently, I tried something new with Polyderm. I used it every night before going to bed and discovered this: *Polyderm seemed to give even better results when used at night.*

Curiosity aroused, I contacted the research director who developed Polyderm. I had quite a surprise in store, for the scientific gentleman said the tests he and his colleagues had been carrying out confirmed my discovery. Polyderm does seem to work better at night, and for a very good reason . . . it works in perfect synchronization with sleep. As he explained it, Polyderm works at night like clockwork—*recharging* dry and tired skin.

It seems that when we sleep at night, one of the body's clock mechanisms sets off a signal that brings cell renewal to a peak of activity, and new skin cells form almost *twice as fast* as they do during the day. But as we get older, these new-forming cells no longer have the quota they once had of some very essential natural elements—*polyunsaturates*. These polyunsaturates, which are almost 50% richer in 20-year-old skin than in skin at 40, are very important for the smooth, fine-grained glow of youth.

This is where Polyderm enters the picture as a great boon to beauty: for this face cream *recharges* the skin with polyunsaturates whenever it is applied. But at night, during sleep, Polyderm recharges the skin *at the very time* skin cells are multiplying the fastest.

Polyderm's exclusive formula contains *all 3* essential polyunsaturates, in stabilized, natural form. No other cream has this powerful "recharging" combination.

Yet, for all its potency, Polyderm is a light feminine cream. It penetrates quickly, moisturizing thoroughly—and it's absolutely greaseless. After I apply Polyderm, my pores never feel stuffed, and I never wake up to a grease-stained pillow.

I've been using Polyderm this new way for a month now—applying it *every* night to get the full benefit of its "recharging" power. (For extra moisturizing, I use it during the day under make-up.) I must say I'm thrilled with the results. My complexion has taken on a fresher, brighter, more youthful look. My skin never feels dry or tired, and what's more, it has a new, alive feeling every morning.

If you're using Polyderm now and would like to get even better results, try applying it this new way—*every night*. If you haven't tried this exciting cream yet, you can buy it at leading drug and department stores in three sizes: $2, $3.50, and $5, plus tax. Or get a sample size jar by sending 25¢, your name and address to Polyderm, c/o Prince Matchabelli, Dept. L-3, P.O. Box 98, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.

THE CUP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

Pauline dimpled. "I'll knock twice next time," she promised.

Peter began to laugh, donkey-fashion, and his face slid into the latest expression he had devised to frighten his sister. The eyes glazed, the lids lowered to half-mast, the nostrils flared, and the upper lip curled, exposing an eyetooth.

Elaine turned away, shuddering. "Please," she said, "no more of that. You make me feel I've mothered a snake."

"You mean," Pauline piped, "after all the practicing he's done you're not going to let him look like that any more?"

George said, "Pauline, where are your shoes?"

Pauline looked at her feet. "Somebody stole them," she said calmly.

"If your shoes are lost," Elaine told her, "you'll go barefoot. Honestly, young lady, I'm getting out of patience with you." She hesitated and then continued, fully aware that this sort of thing was frowned on by psychologists, "Lillian Barnstead is a year younger than you, and she dresses herself and never loses anything. Why can't you be like her?"

"Well, why can't you," Pauline asked pleasantly, "be like Mrs. Barnstead?"

Elaine gulped. It was a direct hit. Amy Barnstead's neatness was legend.

George gave Pauline a pat on the rear. "Little girls don't talk to their mothers like that," he said.

"Mamma!" Launee, a dreamy-eyed eleven-year-old, came rushing into the room. "Mrs. Halverson's in the kitchen, and ——" Her glance crossed her father's, and she came to a dead stop. "Oh, dear." She backed up to the door, knocked frantically and began again. "Mrs. Halverson's in the kitchen, and she's crying."

"Oh, no!" Elaine said. "Why, Irene never cries; she's so brave." She hurried toward the door. "Something dreadful must have happened."

George blocked the way. "I'll speak to her," he said quietly, and Elaine suffered a twinge of apprehension.

"Now, George," she said, "I don't mind a little early-morning grumpiness, but if you think I'm going to let you ——"

George put his face in order. "This isn't early-morning grumpiness," he stated. "This is George Douglas setting out to do something he should have done long ago. As a matter of fact"—he leaned against the dresser and folded his arms—"I made up my mind last week when I brought Ted home and Irene Halverson followed us all over the house that I would speak up at the first opportunity. This is it."

"Darling," Elaine said tearfully, "she didn't know he was your boss."

"Pal, she called him." George's eyes were hard. "She stuck her head off to one side the way she does and said, 'Nice workshop we have here, isn't it, pal?' And slapped him on the back."

"She's so hungry for friends," Elaine said. "So desperately hungry. And she can't see at all unless she holds her head at just the right angle. Now that's my idea of trouble, George. Real trouble." Agitated, Elaine took a turn about the room. "But do people feel sorry for her and try to help? They do not. They feel sorry for themselves because they have to look at her. And they avoid her when they can and say insulting things when they can't. Now I ask you, is that fair? How would you like it, George, if people hated you because of something you couldn't help?"

George said, "People don't hate Mrs. Halverson because of something she can't help. They hate her because she uses a weakness as an excuse for imposing on others and for not doing anything—anything at all—for herself."

"Now that's not fair," Elaine said warmly.

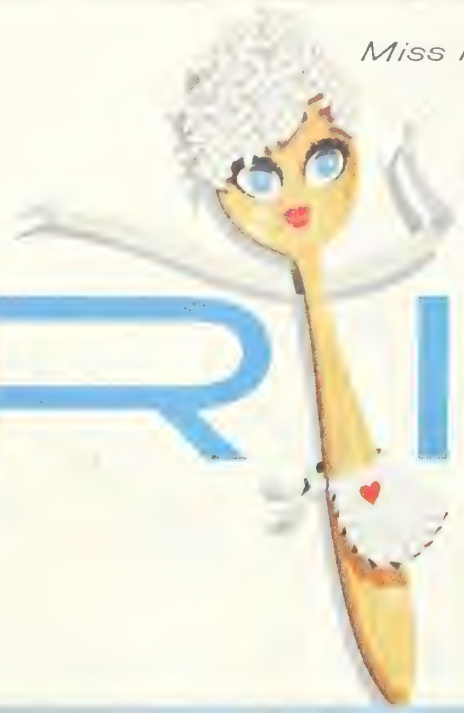
"There's nothing wrong with her hands, is there?" George demanded. "She's quite capable of washing her own hair, and you know it, but she trots over here every week wanting a shampoo for herself and that little girl of hers. And she expects you to do her washing. Believe me, Elaine, you aren't doing her yourself or your family any favor when you oblige."

"What I do for Irene is nothing," Elaine said. "Nothing at all. The important thing is that I'm willing to do it. That's what matters to Irene."

"Rubbish!" George's voice took on a singsong quality. "Now my grandmother was blind during the last years of her life, but her house was always as neat as a pin, and so was she. And she knitted scarves and mittens for her grandchildren. And baked bread and cookies on the day she died."

"And when Irene gets old," Elaine said sturdily, "I'm sure she'll be just like your grandmother. She's really a very fine, strong person. Why, I've seen her walk away from encounters that must have nearly broken her heart with her head high ——"

Miss FLUFFY RICE says:



"EASY, DELICIOUS! VERSATILE, NUTRITIOUS!

RICE IS YOUR MOST USEFUL FOOD!"



RICE MAKES GLAMOROUS DISHES AT BUDGET PRICES. Almost endless, the pretty (and good and thrifty) dishes you can turn out with America's wonderful rice. Like Floating Islands: Prepare vanilla pudding mix. Follow directions on package. Dilute with milk to thin sauce. Chill. Combine 3 cups freshly cooked rice with 3½-oz. can coconut. Shape into 6 servings; cool. Arrange in sauce; top with orange segments.



RICE HELPS CUT CALORIES. Because rice tastes good seasoned with things like bouillon and tomatoes—doesn't have to have rich gravies or butter—it can really help cut down on calories. For instance, this Rice and Shrimp Bake is a fine Lenten dish with only 160 calories a serving: Slice top from large eggplant. Scoop out pulp; dice about 2 c. Cover, simmer 10 min. with ¼ c. sliced celery, 1 c. tomato juice. Add 2 c. cooked rice, 4-oz. can button mushrooms, drained, 2 doz. cooked shrimp, ½ c. chopped green pepper, ¼ c. chopped onion, 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce, ¾ tsp. salt, dash pepper and curry. Fill eggplant shell; bake in mod. oven (375°F.) about 40 min. Serves 4.



RICE FOR AN EASY, DELICIOUS CHANGE! You'll find that rice makes a perfect partner for any meat, vegetable, or fruit. And it's so easy! There's no peeling, paring or washing. Remember, too, a pound of rice makes 12 servings. Tasty idea: cook your rice in bouillon instead of water if you want to skip the gravy.

Let rice help with your meal planning, beginning right now. Thrifty, wholesome, and so versatile . . . rice is your most useful food!

GIRL SCOUT CAMP JOBS

Girl Scout councils throughout the country are now considering applicants for summer-camp jobs. They employ women engaged in professions or business, preparing for careers, or retired. Salaries vary.

If you are interested in opportunities for service in a Girl Scout camp, call your nearby Girl Scout council, for information about camp jobs near home. For openings in other areas, write to *Miss Fanchon Hamilton, Recruitment and Referral Adviser, Girl Scouts of the U. S. A., 830 Third Avenue, New York 22, New York.*

"—— and her skirt two inches above her knees," George concluded. His expression grew quizzical. "You know, dear, in some ways you're as abnormal as these friends of yours. You meet a member of the great unwashed and immediately begin scratching through the dirt, hell-bent on uncovering a fine soul. Now normal people know instinctively that the condition of the body reflects the condition of the soul."

"Normal people," Elaine repeated, and the contents of the cup bubbled away, leaving it quite, quite dry. *He thinks I'm crazy!*

"My gosh, Elaine." It was George's turn to walk about the room. "My complaint's legitimate. No man in the world would put up with what I do. I'm tired of coming home to a zoo every night. I'm tired of bumping into Irene and discussing the weather with old Bill Dobbs and stepping on the Marney kids. Why can't we have decent, respectable people for friends? People like—like the Barnsteads."

Elaine sat down on the bed. "All right," she said flatly.

George viewed her with suspicion. "All right, what?" he asked.

"All right, I'll do what you want," Elaine said. "I'll send Irene and Bill Dobbs and the Marney children home, and I'll—uh—dig in Amy Barnstead for a while. Maybe she has a fine soul too."

"Well, just maybe she does!" George's belligerence left him. "You're kidding, of course."

"I'm perfectly serious." Elaine rose, smiling. The empty feeling wasn't so bad once you got used to it. "Come on, I'll prove it."

Irene Halverson and her small daughter Letty were seated at the kitchen table.

"Have some pancakes," Georgia, a plump teen-ager, was urging. "Mother says I make awfully good pancakes."

"Oh. I couldn't eat," Mrs. Halverson moaned. She was a small, skeleton-thin woman clad in a sequin-trimmed dress, a hat with an ostrich feather on it, and red ankle-strap shoes. "Oh, what'll I do, what'll I do!" And she rocked back and forth, a gaudy bundle of misery.

Georgia bent over her. "You won't have to do a thing," she said, accents warmly maternal. "We'll do everything. I'll bathe Letty every night when I do Becky, and mamma will make those old busybodies wish they'd never been born. Oh, mamma"—as Elaine entered the kitchen—"the most terrible thing! They're trying to take Letty from Mrs. Halverson!"

"Mrs. Barnstead is passing around a partition," Ronnie elucidated, attacking his eighth pancake with gusto. "What's a partition?"

"It's something I'd like to pass around," Peter declared, "right where it would do the most good."

He opened a large book, chuckling quietly.

"Quiet, children," Elaine said. "What's the trouble, Irene?"

Irene blew her nose. "It's just like they say," she explained miserably. "The old bags around here are passing around a paper saying that I'm an unfit mother and that Letty should be ——" She broke down, gasping, "Oh, don't let them, don't let them!" One clawlike hand extended appealingly. "I couldn't live without Letty, you know that."

"Don't cry," Georgia told Irene comfortingly. "Mamma will fix everything. Why, you're the best mother around here. You keep Letty with you all the time, and you teach her things. Not many little girls only three years old can tie their shoes and say the alphabet. You'll speak to the ladies, won't you, Mamma?"

"Yes, speak to them," Irene wept. She lifted her head, the right eye swiveling frantically as it searched for a focus.

"Dear," George began haltingly, "maybe ——"

But Elaine said, "I'm sorry, Irene, but I'm afraid this is a legal matter. You'd better talk to the district attorney."

Irene said "Oh" and the room grew absolutely silent. "Will you go with me?"

"I'd love to," Elaine assured her, "but I'm going to be busy today. I'm sorry."

Irene said "Oh" again and achieved, finally, focus. Two spots of red appeared on her cheekbones. "Well, in that case"—she picked up a bundle of laundry—"you probably won't have time for this either. Come on, Letty."

And she marched out with her head high, and her dress two inches above her knees.

George said, "Dear, don't you think maybe you were ——" He broke off as Elaine looked at him. "Dear, you did the right thing."

Peter, absorbed in his book, laughed. "Anisometropia!" he said, rolling the syllables off his tongue. "Boy, there's sure some good words in here!"

Elaine glanced over his shoulder. He was reading a dictionary.

"Really, Peter," she said, annoyed, "I wonder if you realize how ridiculous you are."

The boy's neck reddened. "I—I'll go clean my room."

"Say!" George pulled Elaine to him and gave her a little shake. "We only kid around here, remember?"

Elaine smiled. "Do you know, dear," she said, laying a finger on his collar, "it's often occurred to me: you're probably the only man in town who wears a tie on his day off."

George's hands couldn't have jerked away faster if they'd been burned.

Launee came into the room holding the baby a careful six inches in front of her.

"She's wet!" she announced. "She wants her mother."

Elaine held up her hands, palms out. "Well, I don't want her," she said and turned away.

Identical expressions of horror blanketed the children's faces.

"I'll take her," Georgia said quickly. "Launee, you finish daddy's pancakes."

"I don't believe I'm hungry," George said.

"Well, in that case"—Elaine studied the kitchen windows thoughtfully—"I wish you'd go around the house and start taking down curtains. I'm going to wash everything in the house today. But everything. And, Pauline, I want you to run over to Barnsteads' and tell Mrs. Barnstead I'd like to see her when she can spare the time. I'll be in the basement."



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Aunt Jemima Easy-Mixes

Guard your family! Fight Cancer with a checkup and a check.

Amy Barnstead, hair neatly pinned, dress impeccably ironed, clattered down the basement steps.

"Now see here, Elaine," she cried, ready for battle, "you can talk until you're blue in the face, and it won't do you any good. I'm not going to have Letty Halverson raised in the same neighborhood as my Lillian, and that's that."

"I don't blame you," Elaine said. "Lillian's a lovely girl." She lifted a tablecloth. "Does this look white to you, Amy?"

"We-ell." Amy scrutinized the cloth. "A rainy-day white, maybe."

Elaine sighed. "That's what I thought." She added it to a huge pile. "I'll bleach it."

Amy moved to the washer and stuck her finger in the suds. "Here's the trouble. Your water isn't hot enough."

"Oh, dear." Elaine stuck her finger in the suds too. "I'm using both washers, and it's hard for the heater to keep up. But it's nice and warm, Amy!"

"Well, you can't have white washes with nice warm water," Amy told her. "It has to be almost boiling." She looked around the basement. "And you shouldn't try to do everything in one day."

"What else do I do wrong, Amy?" Elaine said grimly.

Amy's eyes narrowed. "You're in a funny mood," she said. "Well, let's see." She stroked her chin with thumb and forefinger. "Of course your main trouble is that you try to do too much. No one—not even you, Elaine—can lead a choir, be a den mother, and take care of seven children and a nine-room house too. Not properly, they can't."

"You're right," Elaine said. "I'll give up the Scouts and the choir."

"And all those pigeons and rabbits and hamsters out there"—Amy jerked her head toward the garage—"they ought to go too. Animals are expensive and covered with germs. I've never allowed my children to have pets."

"Then I won't either." George started down the steps, screw driver in hand, and Elaine smiled up at him amiably. "Dear, your wife has just decided to give up the Cub Scouts, the choir, the pigeons, the rabbits and the hamsters so that she'll have more time for your home. Isn't that good news?"

George said stiffly, "The pets belong to the children."

"Nonsense!" pronounced Amy. "Nothing belongs to children. They're not of age."

The basement door opened and Georgia bellowed, "Mamma! Mrs. Marney's here!"

"That's nice!" Elaine bellowed back. "Send her down."

"Oh, Mrs. Douglas!" Evelyn Marney stumbled down the steps too excited to be interested in footwork. "I'm sorry to bother you, but it's important. Terribly important."

"It's always good to see you," Elaine said, staring. Could this vivid young woman be the defeated, pasty-faced Mrs. Marney?

"I've decided"—Evelyn slid down the last two steps—"I've decided to leave Mitch. Yes, I have. And he can"—she laughed tremulously—"he can stay out all night every night, and I won't need to know or care!" Her eyes shone. "I feel as if a nightmare had ended!"

"Leaving your husband won't solve anything," Amy said disapprovingly.

"Oh, but it will, it will!" Evelyn insisted. "I'll be able to think—it seems like such a long time since I've been able to think—and maybe I'll be able to figure out what went wrong with Mitch and me, and know what to do about it."

Elaine said, "Where are you going?"

The girl turned pink. "Home. I haven't seen mom in three years, and there's nobody like my mom. She thinks I'm important, you see. And she'll scold me and love me and—and remind me to say my prayers." Her voice quavered slightly.

"Ah, but you're not a little girl any more," Amy pointed out. "You're a grown woman with four babies."

Evelyn's lip quivered. "I'm hoping you'll watch the children just once more so I can pack and leave before Mitch gets home. You will, won't you?"

"I'm sorry, dear," Elaine said, "but I have this tremendous washing, and I just couldn't today."

"But Mrs. Douglas!" Evelyn's eyes opened wide. "It means everything to me."

"I'm sorry." Elaine moved to the automatic washer which was nearing the completion of its cycle. "Some other time, maybe."

"Some other time won't do!" Evelyn's tongue darted around her lips. "Right now—right this minute—I can leave Mitch, but if I see him . . . I might not . . . be able . . . to." She gave Elaine one quick animallike glance of appeal and looked at the floor again. "You're sure you can't watch them?" she asked.

"I'm sure," Elaine said firmly.

"Well—thanks anyway." And Evelyn dragged herself back up the stairs.

Elaine dropped an armload of clothes into a basket. "These are ready to hang. Amy, I'm going to start some towels, and then I'm going to take you on a tour through the children's rooms. They're always in a clutter, and maybe you can tell me what to do about it."

The children surrounded Elaine, complaining bitterly and noisily. She put her hands over her ears. "Hush!" she said. "Be still, every one of you. We're going to follow Amy's suggestions, and that's that."

"But my stamps!" Peter cried. "And my chemistry corner."

"And my blackboard walls," Georgia wailed.

"And our playthings!" Launee wept. "Mamma, you know very well we've always played house in my room."

"Your father will fix you a playroom in the basement," Elaine said. "From now on the bedrooms are to be used only for sleeping."

Here are a few of the most famous bachelors of world history: Michelangelo, Rafael, Petrarch, Alexander Pope, Sir Isaac Newton, Schopenhauer, Charles Lamb, Whittier, Swinburne, Voltaire, Cecil Rhodes, Phillips Brooks, John Burroughs, James Buchanan, Walt Whitman, Lewis Carroll, Henry James, Lord Kitchener, Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven and Paganini.

"And just where," George asked politely, "is this playroom to be located?"

"Well, dear," Elaine said, "there's lots of unused space in your shop. Georgia, you'd better start making sandwiches. It's way past lunchtime. If anyone wants me"—she fled down the hall—"I'll be in the basement."

She put the last batch of clothes in the washer and then, on an impulse, took off her dress and put that in too. *There!* she thought triumphantly. *That does it! And I'll stay up tonight and iron, and tomorrow we'll be as clean as the Barnsteads.*

"Mamma!" Launee opened the door a crack. "Becky threw something in the you-know-what, and it flooded."

"Oh," Elaine said. "Well, go tell your father."

"I did." Launee opened the door a little wider. "He said, 'Who cares?'"

"Oh," Elaine said again. "Well, go tell Peter then. He'll care."

"Mamma!" Georgia's head appeared above Launee's. "Mr. Dobbs is on the front porch." She giggled in spite of herself. "He thinks it's going to rain."

"You shouldn't laugh," Launee reproved. "It isn't funny to Mr. Dobbs."

"Rain!" Elaine rolled her eyes. "There isn't a cloud in the sky! Tell Mr. Dobbs ——" But there was really no point in putting it off. "Tell him I'll be right up."

"Oh, Mrs. Douglas!" Mr. Dobbs, plump, white-haired, desperate, seized her wrist with fingers of iron. "It's going to rain!"

"What makes you think it's going to rain?" Elaine asked curiously. "It's a lovely day."

"I can feel it!" The old man raised his head and scanned the heavens fearfully. "The air is beginning to press closer to the earth. And soon it will be as dark and cold and damp"—his voice was sepulchral—"as the grave. Oh, Mrs. Douglas, I can't go through it again, I just can't! What shall I do?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dobbs," Elaine said, "but I can't help you."

The old man stared at her, his terror submerged in astonishment.

"Aren't you going to tell me about how the rain brings flowers?"

"No," said Elaine.

"Or describe how it washes the air, making it clean and fresh and nice to breathe?"

"No," said Elaine, "I'm not. And after this, when you think it's going to rain, don't come to me. There's nothing I can do about it."

She turned toward the door, waving casually at Amy Barnstead, who was standing, openmouthed, on the front steps of her home. And there flashed into Elaine's mind a picture of her dress churning away in the washing machine in the basement. *Oh, dear!* she thought. "Lovely day, isn't it?" she called.

Amy tossed her head and went into her house, slamming the door behind her.

The old cat, Elaine thought. *I wonder who she'll report this to.*

"Mr. Dobbs," she said, "it's really a beautiful day, and while there's a chance that it might rain, there's also a chance it might not! You think about that."

She patted the leathery cheek and slunk into the house.

"Mother!" Georgia confronted her, scandalized. "And you yell at me if even one little inch shows!"

"And I'll yell at you again," Elaine said, shoving past. "Go peel some potatoes."

She fled to the basement, weeping.

George came out of his workshop. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," Elaine sniffed. "I'm just disgraced for life, that's all."

George looked interested. "Well," he said, crossing the basement, "let's have the sordid details."

Elaine lifted her head. Tears poured silently down her cheeks. A sob caved her chest in. "It's like this: I've been trying all day to be normal—like you wanted—but just now I went out on the porch and talked to Mr. Dobbs—like this. Oh, George!" She buried her face in his handkerchief. "I am crazy, aren't I?"

George put his arm around her. "Now let's get this straight," he said. "You forgot you didn't have your dress on?"

"Yes."

"And you went out and talked to Mr. Dobbs with just your slip on?"

"Yes."

"And you want to know if I think you're crazy?"

Elaine trembled. "Yes."

"Darling"—George shook his head sadly—"I know you are."

Immediately Elaine felt better. "Oh, George. I'm not either. Crazy people don't feel bad about the things they do, and I feel terrible."

"Oh, yes, you are," George insisted. "You are completely and absolutely and positively nuts, and I was never so happy about anything in my whole life." He mopped his forehead. "You see, dear, what I had in mind was for you to be mean to others and nice to your family, but I guess nutty people don't operate that way. So please, I beg of you, never attempt normality again." He drew a deep, quavering breath. "Another day like today would kill me." Elaine laughed. "What's funny?"

"Nothing," she said. A lovely liquid warmth was relieving the dryness of the cup. *My*, she thought, *I must have really been cross today.* She laughed again.

The basement door opened, and Launee's gentle voice trickled down.

"Mamma, Mrs. Halverson is here, and she says her washer is going and do you have anything for her to do? And Mrs. Marney just took Becky and the baby over to her house. She says you need a rest. And—and Mr. Dobbs wants to tell you something."

A worn shoe moved out into the air and settled cautiously on the top step. The rest of Mr. Dobbs followed.

"I'm sorry"—he was red-faced with anxiety—"that I upset you, Mrs. Douglas. I'm almost certain it isn't going to rain. Almost certain."

He maneuvered awkwardly and disappeared.

Elaine turned toward her husband. "Now what," she asked, perplexed, "does that prove?"

George shrugged. "Nothing, I guess," he said, "except that your friends seem well aware of a truth that I caught a glimpse of today. Life without love is absolutely impossible." Emotion smoldered deep in his eyes.

"Darling," Elaine said lightly, "do you know what's the matter with you? You're hungry. Come on, I'll fix you a sandwich."

He said, "You do that," and Elaine led the way up the stairs, humming a little tune.

It was a nice world.

CHILDREN NEED SOMEPLACE TO GO AND SOMETHING TO DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

of some way to get the kids off the streets that they'd feed them. We don't have much trouble with delinquents in Bristol, but on Halloween sometimes there's roughhousing. There wasn't a bit of it that night though."

Today, Bristol has the lowest delinquency rate of any town of its size in the area. Townspeople attribute the good record almost entirely to the recreation program. There are always a few who stand up in town meeting every March and say that the tax money ($6200 for recreation, $1000 for gym classes out of the current $15,275 budget, which is completed by donations from clubs and industry) should go to education instead or that recreation is a lot of danged nonsense. But bit by bit they are being won around.

"Times are different from what they used to be. Most everybody years ago kept a cow or two, and some hens. Children had chores to do. But there are very few wood boxes to fill up today. I guess children have got to have someplace to go and something to do."

Almost 90 per cent of Bristol's youngsters, grades five through twelve, are active in the center's programs, a survey has shown. Newcomers to the town quickly learn there is a welcome for everyone.

"We were pretty worried about how our seven-year-old would make out in a strange town," one parent admits, "but the recreation program gave him all the friends he could possibly need."

The Community Center has a paid staff of one full-time director, his wife on a part-time basis, an ice-skating-rink attendant, and two lifeguards for summer duty at the beach donated by a resident. Teen-age and adult volunteers assist the summer playground program and day camp. Mothers and fathers donate cars for transportation, help teach dancing, tumbling, rope jumping, forestry.

Open all day and nearly every night, the center building's facilities are available free to clubs, service groups and even private families. Equipment for summer camping and winter sports can be borrowed from the center without charge.

"I feel I have four fine children," says Mrs. Filteau up at the dry-cleaning store, "and I have to thank the Community Center a lot for it. Even if I hadn't been a working woman ever since we came here fourteen years ago, I don't know that I could have given my youngsters the things it did. They're all grown now, but they still come home and want to know what's going on down there.

"If you ask me, it's a mighty wonderful thing."

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

classes three nights a week—and I knew I'd have no energy to cook. I'm not a master chef anyway. So I picked up potato salad and a couple of barbecued chickens, which happened to be on sale And some canned goods for the pantry shelves.

"When I walked into the house Jack was reading the evening paper. He hadn't done the vacuuming or washed the ash trays, which are *his* chores. He hadn't even hung up his clothes. His jacket and his big, clumsy shoes lay on the floor beside the pajamas he'd tossed aside that morning. His razor decorated the coffee table.

"He didn't get up to help me with my load of groceries. He didn't even say hello. When I suggested he put away his jacket and shoes, he didn't budge. When I asked him for a dollar and a quarter to pay for his barbecued chicken he said chicken was too high-priced for his budget for the week—and that he'd already eaten a hot dog at the corner drugstore. I ate my chicken in the kitchen and put his in the freezer, so he couldn't change his mind and eat it later. There was more trouble when I drank a bottle of soda pop Jack had bought. He made me pay him for it.

"Half an hour later it was time for school. By then I guess Jack's conscience was pricking him. He gave me back my soda-pop dime. He helped me hunt my books, I helped him hunt his, and we drove off together. No matter how mad or sulky Jack may be, he never forces me to take the bus to school. He accepts that drive as his financial responsibility.

"The rain was over. We turned on the radio to our favorite program and he let me hold his hand all the way. It was almost like old times, when we were sweethearts and not married. At school we separated—we go to different classes—and as usual he pulled away when I tried to kiss him good-by. Jack is studying banking subjects—the bank pays half his tuition—and I carry a regular commercial course. Frankly, I don't see much sense in throwing away my good money on night school, but I don't like to sit by myself in the evening and I don't want Jack to outstrip me intellectually. Mother says it's always a mistake for a wife to lag behind.

"On the drive home I still felt warm and loving toward Jack. I suggested he put his arm around me, but he said he needed to keep his attention on the road. He wasn't so scary in a car when we were single. On the contrary, I had a struggle to keep our petting from becoming too strenuous. I was hurt by his coolness, but I didn't let him know. I suggested we stop and bowl for a while. Jack said it was too late, that he was too tired. I suggested we stop in the neighborhood tavern and dance one time. I was crazy to dance. I almost begged. Jack said in a nasty voice that he was still tired, and that there would be a crowd at the tavern.

"I wondered why he'd mentioned the crowd. I wondered if there was another meaning behind the remark; I wondered if he hesitated now to appear with me in public. Jack and I used to go everywhere when we were courting—to dances, to the movies, to church, to the beach, to the clubhouse. Every Saturday and Sunday—and every other evening my mother permitted—Jack took me someplace. Since our marriage he hasn't taken me any place that is any fun. In twelve months we haven't been to six movies. We go to work, we go to school, we sit at home, and that is it.

"Some men who are glad to be seen with a Spanish sweetheart feel like hiding a Spanish wife. Quite often I wonder if Jack is secretly ashamed of me and is sorry I'm not blond and fair-skinned like his mother. Whenever I ask, he says he admires brunettes and thinks I'm cute—but that could be politeness. He never says he's glad we're married.

"Tears came in my eyes. Jack saw the tears. He asked if my cold was worse—I had told him about my sniffles—and then he said I could have his handkerchief if I needed to blow my nose. He had no idea I was unhappy. I was so frustrated by his dumbness that I nearly broke down and bawled like a baby. But I resisted. Long ago my mother taught me to control my feelings—she hates the stereotype of weeping, breast-beating, overemotional Latins. Jack, the insensitive oaf, recommended I use a gargle when we got home.

"When we reached there I made one last effort to recapture the loving warmth I'd felt for him earlier. I undressed quickly, put on one of my trousseau nightgowns—black lace, his favorite—but I wasn't fast enough. He was already sound asleep in a chair, and snoring. He was so anxious to escape my company he hadn't even bothered to take off his clothes. I shook him awake. We had a terrible battle. I threatened to go back to my parents; Jack told me to go ahead. I telephoned and asked mother to drive over for me, which she didn't really want to do. Even before I packed my clothes and mother honked at the curb Jack was half asleep again. He didn't suggest I change my mind. So off I went.

"Last night—I had been gone four days—Jack must have decided he missed me a little. He drove over to my folks' apartment as though nothing had happened and asked if I wanted to come back to him. I told him I would have to think about it. Mother is trying hard not to influence me, but I believe I know where she stands. She didn't approve of my marriage in the first place—she favored another sweetheart of mine—but she is firmly convinced wives should stick by their bargains and their vows. She has proved it in her own life. Years ago she took back and forgave my father, although he'd run off and been unfaithful to her.

"I seldom differ with mother, who is the smartest person I've ever known, but in my opinion Jack and I should stay apart until we learn how to establish a better marriage. I just can't understand what happened to us. On our wedding day a year ago we seemed almost ideally suited to each other. To be sure, his people are Scotch-English—his father and mother are divorced—and his religious training was less strict than mine. But religion has made no trouble. We're both Protestants.

"Jack and I didn't marry impulsively. We have known each other since our freshman year in high school. From the beginning he went all out to convince me that the differences in our backgrounds were trivial and unimportant. He talked long and loud about our similarities. Both of our families were poor. Both of our mothers worked, his mother as a cashier, mine as a kindergarten teacher. Both he and I were only children, both of us were studious. In our courtship days both of us loved athletics and dancing; both of us liked the same kind of music.

"We both held part-time jobs in the high school cafeteria where we met. He made and served the sandwiches and I served the salad and ice cream. The beau my mother preferred—his name was Peter and he was Spanish-speaking—worked behind the counter with us. Since I was going steady with Peter at the time, I smiled at the new boy but I didn't talk to him; Jack talked to me. From the first he was determined to cut out Peter. He offered to teach me to drive his jalopy—he was sixteen I was fifteen—if I would teach him Spanish.

"I accepted the bargain. Peter and I broke up and I started going steady with Jack. He learned only a few words of Spanish, but he joined our church and played on the basketball team. Jack hasn't been in church since we were married there a year ago, although I sing in the choir every Sunday. Back in our high school days he was generous with his car. I'm stupid mechanically and it took me quite a while to learn to drive. Occasionally we skipped school to fit in my driving lessons.

"One fine morning we were tooling along with me at the wheel. Unfortunately, I passed a police car on the wrong side. The police stopped us and asked to see my license. I had no license. They then asked why we weren't in school and we had to admit we were cutting class. Worse still, when they asked Jack for his address he was so rattled he couldn't remember the street number and said he did not know where he lived. He tried to explain I had recently moved to the neighborhood, but the police decided we were smart-alecky kids and needed a good scare.

"They handed us a summons. Next day our two mothers met in juvenile court. Both of them had to take off the afternoon from their work. My mother tried to be sympathetic, but she was upset and frightened I might turn into a delinquent. His mother was furious and showed it. She snubbed my mother and me and insinuated that I had started her son on the road to ruin. Our case was dismissed. Several weeks later Jack wanted to introduce me properly to his mother and he took me to his grandparents' house where they were living. His mother jerked down the window shade and wouldn't answer the door. I didn't meet her again until Jack and I announced our engagement four years later.

"Jack's mother isn't a bad sort as mothers-in-law go; at least she doesn't interfere with us or meddle in our affairs. But I don't like her. For one thing, I can't forget the way she humiliated me when I was a scared kid and needed a friend. For another thing, she belittles Jack. Last month he got a raise at the bank and told her in great excitement and she said, 'Well, it's high time.' Last semester his night-school grades were the highest in the class, but she reminded him that his previous grades were only average. Despite her meanness to him, Jack hurts me by crediting her with every bit of the success he has achieved. If there is any credit to pass around it should go to me and *my* mother. She and I persuaded him to continue his education and enter banking when he finished high school. His mother and

Dinner is a major daily activity, which can be accomplished only by intelligent people. It is not enough to eat. To dine, there must be diversified, calm conversation. It should sparkle with the rubies of the wine between courses, be deliciously suave with the sweetness of dessert, and acquire true profundity with the coffee.

grandparents were willing for him to settle for a job in a grocery store.

"Jack owes more to my mother than he will admit. All through high school he practically lived in our apartment. He ate half his meals with us. As soon as my mother realized how serious I was about him, she stopped trying to break us up. But she worried that we might become sexually involved. At her urging I discussed the problem frankly with Jack. When I quoted mother and the teachings of our church, he agreed we should be careful about indulging in heavy petting. In fact, he eventually agreed a kiss at the door should be our limit. At that time I thought Jack was noble and self-sacrificing; I now wonder whether he is cold by nature.

"Nowadays I can't get two words out of Jack, and since I'm on the quiet side myself our house is often like a graveyard. In high school we used to talk about our future home and the children we would have. I used to think Jack would make a wonderful father. He never talks about raising a family any more. He doesn't compliment me or make me surprise gifts any more. In high school he was always surprising me in wonderful ways. One day he told me I had pretty hands and asked what type of rings I admired. In art class that afternoon I drew a design for him. As a graduation present he gave me a diamond engagement ring, a perfect copy of my design.

"Both our mothers thought we were too young to marry—my father thought so too—and we promised to wait a year. We kept the promise. My mother then asked for another postponement. We waited a second year for her sake. The long wait paid. Jack saved enough to make a sizable down payment on a house—my parents also helped buy the house—and everybody thought we were set for a wonderful marriage

"My disillusionment started with our honeymoon. It was my first trip away from home and I expected a lifetime memory. Jack was tired from working to repair and refurbish our house—and he used the trip as a rest cure. It seems to me he slept the whole week. He wasn't a very satisfactory lover. Indeed, he seemed embarrassed and shy. One morning I saw him in the shower and he turned white with shock. That embarrassed me.

"When we got home we found my parents had redecorated our living room and I was delighted. Jack was furious. He promptly repainted the living room. That hurt my mother's feelings.

"Right off we had to report to our jobs and right off we had trouble about the housekeeping. I thought Jack should pitch in and help with the cleaning and cooking, as my father does. When he refused I hired an older woman from the church as a cleaner. He objected to the cost, which I paid. So I fired her. He then criticized my inefficiency and complained the house was always dirty. He even wanted me to hand him the same amount of money I'd paid the cleaning woman every week so he could apply it on house payments. I wouldn't do it. In my opinion a husband should provide his wife and family with shelter and food.

"When my birthday rolled around last July I got no present, although I had given Jack a fine camera for *his* birthday. Jack said he had forgotten the date, but I didn't believe him. He'd never forgotten my birthday before. He was punishing me because I bought myself a coat. He objects to my spending my money on my own clothes. I believe he would like to take complete charge of my weekly check.

"It breaks my heart to live apart from Jack, but I believe it will break my heart to live with him unless he changes. I want him to drive me to work without a fuss, help with the housework, remember our anniversaries and show me some warmth and affection. I want him to stop behaving like a child."

JACK TELLS HIS SIDE:

"Rita's childish selfishness is ruining our marriage," said tall, fair-skinned twenty-two-year-old Jack. "She wants to spend every penny she earns on clothes, on recreation and lavish gifts. She would like to blow in fifteen or twenty dollars every weekend when both of us should be studying. We can't spare the time or the money to run around like single people.

"Rita is more like a giddy, irresponsible girl friend than a real helpmeet. Up to now she hasn't invested a nickel in payments on our house and she once told me in a rage that she'd rather lose the place than put one penny of her earnings into it. It's a matter of principle with her. She figures I should be grateful because her parents helped with the down payment on the house and that the balance of the purchase price is my personal obligation.

"To Rita's way of thinking, a husband's money should support the family; a wife's money belongs exclusively to her. She gets fifty dollars a week; I get eighty-five dollars a week. I'm bankrupting myself to maintain our house and keep up the car payments. Unless she is willing to share the transportation expenses, I see no reason why I should drive her to work or anywhere else.

"Every time I get firm about it she gets mad and punishes me as though I were a schoolboy. She sulks, she won't talk, she pretends she doesn't hear a thing I say. Or she goes and spends the night with her mother on the pretext that her family's apartment is close to the bus line. Whenever Rita gets mad—and she gets mad often—she runs to her parents. She leaves me with an unkempt house, an unmade bed, an empty refrigerator. When she walked out last Monday I couldn't even find an egg, a slice of bacon for breakfast.

"I did find her lingerie soaking in the bathroom basin. Rita washes her own clothes, but she won't rinse out a pair of socks for me. Before she bounced off on Monday she chewed me out for leaving my pajamas and shoes in the living room, but she refused to clear the bathroom and hang up her laundry. The stuff is still soaking in the basin, and you can be sure I won't touch it. Maybe she can con her father into coming over and doing the job. He's the Milquetoast type.

"In our year of marriage Rita has packed and gone home three different times. I've lost count of her overnight visits. She has slept in her family's apartment more nights in the past year than she has slept in our house, and she has eaten more meals there. While I choke down a drugstore sandwich or patronize the local diner, she feasts on her father's baked ham or his wonderful pot roast.

"My father-in-law is chief cook and bottle washer in that setup. Rita's mother teaches school; Rita's dad operates a little restaurant and runs the family home as well. Years ago he strayed off the reservation with another woman and my mother-in-law took him back on the condition he would assume the household management. He cooks, sweeps, dusts, washes; once I saw him busy with the sewing basket. I must say he doesn't seem to mind his domestic duties and my mother-in-law assists him when she is in the humor. I'm sure Rita would love to turn me into a carbon copy of her dad, but I'm not available. I am a man and I intend to behave like a man in marriage.

"Within limits my mother-in-law isn't a bad sort. She was good to me as a kid; in some ways she was kinder than my own mother. It annoys Rita to hear me compliment my mother and she calls me insincere. I'm not insincere. Because Rita constantly praises her mother, I feel duty-bound to speak up for mine.

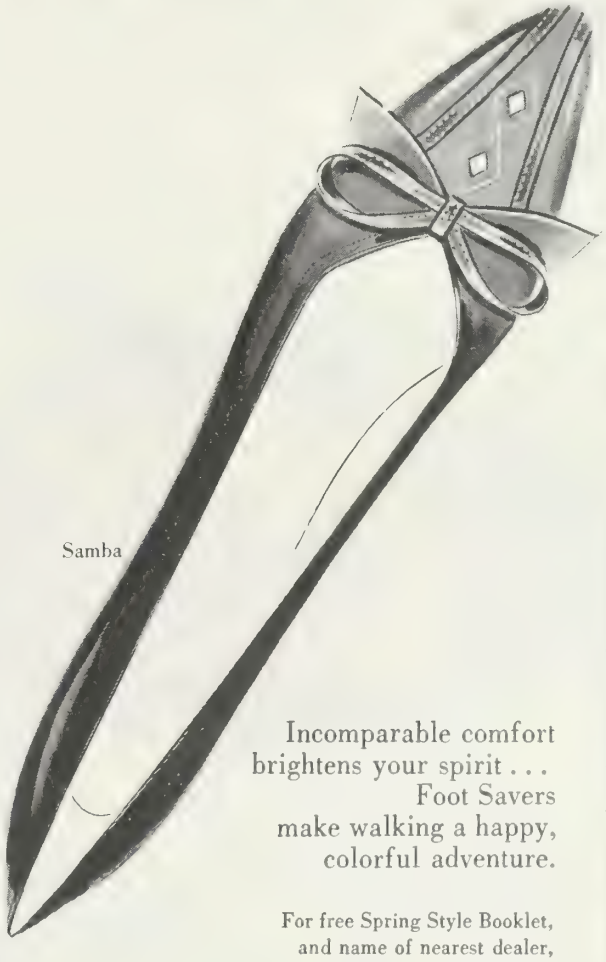
"My mother-in-law dominates Rita's actions and thinking and interferes with our

CONTINUED ON PAGE 193



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Hunt...for the best

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 191

lives in every particular—always, of course, for our own welfare. She tried to persuade Rita to marry a Spanish boy until she found that was impossible. I thoroughly disliked the way she masterminded our courtship. Every kiss Rita and I exchanged was promptly reported. Rita then relayed back to me her mother's reactions and how far her mother thought our petting should go. I respected my mother-in-law's concern for Rita—I think mothers should be concerned about their children—but the constant feeling of being under observation made me feel uneasy and self-conscious. To this day I regard my mother-in-law as a sort of third party or chaperon present at our love-making. It dulls my interest in sex. I don't suppose that fact matters much to Rita. She is a nice girl and I'm pretty sure she isn't very strongly sexed, even though at times she can be awfully mushy.

"Rita likes to hold hands and make a show in public. At the movies or in the car she drapes herself around my neck and gets mad when I push her away. At home if I want to clip the shrubs in peace she follows me outside and hangs around. It's almost impossible for me to walk around the block to think out a problem without her tagging along. I like to be alone when I'm busy and preoccupied.

"I've always thought that hugging and kissing belonged to teen-agers and little children who are at an age to crave affection. I can remember how hungry I was as a child for affection. I got little. My mother, a motion-picture cashier, worked too hard. She was always at her job when it was my bedtime and other kids' mothers were tucking them in and telling them stories. My grandparents worked hard, too, and I know they felt they were doing their part by providing a roof for my mother and me. Many evenings when the old folks thought I was in bed I sneaked out and went down to the theater. I would hide behind a billboard across the street and watch my mother selling tickets and wish the two of us could be at home together, a mother and child like other mothers and children.

"During those evenings I decided I wanted to grow up fast and have a child of my own to love. When I was a small boy it seemed to me I never owned anything. I shared a bedroom with my mother. I didn't have my own desk, my own bureau. I didn't even have a regular place to hang my clothes. One time, I recall, mother gave me a horn for Christmas, but I was allowed to blow it only when grandpa would not be disturbed. So it didn't seem like my horn. Grandma would let me use my scooter only when she sat on the porch and saw to it that I didn't get in the street. So it didn't seem like my scooter. I couldn't invite other kids to play in the yard because they killed the grass and were too noisy. So it didn't seem like my yard.

"I determined that all the things I couldn't have I would give a child of mine someday. After Rita and I started going together we used to talk about the children we wanted. I loved her, I thought she was pretty and I pictured her as the right mother for my child. After we married we had no more talks about children. Rita was too occupied combating me in every way. If we ever get around to having children, it will probably be because her mother has decided the time is right.

"Back when I dreamed of my future family I also dreamed of a wife who would be a tender, loving companion. Rita is no companion to me. In fact, I don't feel as though I have a wife. She is with me one day and gone the next. She won't cook or wash or clean for me. She takes no pride in our home. She even let her mother choose our color scheme. When we got back from our honeymoon we found our living room was painted yellow. I loathe yellow. Rita and I had our first fight when I painted the yellow walls a pleasant shade of dark green. She loathes green.

"By her own lights Rita considers herself generous. She gives me more presents than I give her; she overlooks no anniversaries. I don't need the gifts. I'd rather have cash to apply to the bills. On my birthday she gave me a fancy camera for which I can't afford to buy film. She gave her mother a set of books that cost twice as much as the camera. On Saturdays and Sundays when I think she should stay home, she either nags me to take her somewhere or goes off to church with her mother. I've nothing against Rita's religion, but she spends more time in church than she spends in our kitchen. I protest about her absences, but it does no good. She loves her mother more than she loves me."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"Youth explained most of the difficulties between Rita and Jack. Although they were in their twenties, in some respects they seemed almost too young to be married. In their treatment of each other they were behaving more like a competitive little brother and sister than a man and wife. In their efforts to cling to their personal independence and score over each other, they were of course sacrificing any possibility of achieving a harmonious marriage.

"Yet Rita and Jack were lonely, fearful young people who craved and needed each other's love, consideration and companionship. Their childhood backgrounds had left them emotionally insecure and unprepared to handle an adult relationship. Rita had been simultaneously dominated and pampered by her mother. Jack, too, had been dominated, even as he was pushed aside. Convinced as a small boy that he had been rejected, he grew up with insufficient self-confidence. Rita, who had felt handicapped among many of her contemporaries by her Spanish origin, was also low in self-esteem. Timid and inclined to hide their inadequacies and anxieties from each other, Rita and Jack were nevertheless very stubborn. The fact that each had been an only child undoubtedly disposed them to go it alone at the first sign of trouble.

"When sensitive Rita got her feelings hurt she didn't announce the truth to Jack and thus clear the air. Instead, her immediate reaction was to pay him off by hurting his sensitive feelings in return. Jack would then seize the excuse to hit back at her. This vicious circle had to be broken.

"Rita and I analyzed the whole series of marital misunderstandings and I helped her to interpret Jack's behavior. She hadn't paused to think about the 'why' of his actions or to wonder whether her actions had challenged him to treat her badly. When she recognized that most of his attacks on her were dictated by a wounded ego, something obvious to any outsider, she decided she would try to wound him less often. Neither she nor Jack was meanspirited. She moved back to their house in a different frame of mind.

"In the beginning of the counseling she and Jack and I discussed and defined the institution of marriage on an a-b-c level. Both required primary instruction. Jack hadn't been exposed to a normal home life in his formative years. His long-vanished father held no place in his memory or thinking. Actually, the man he knew best was his father-in-law, and he wasn't tempted to model himself upon that browbeaten man. Jack didn't know how to play the part of a husband.

"Rita had acquired her notions of how to be a wife by observing her strong-minded mother. She saw nothing peculiar in her parents' domestic arrangements, although her elders had reversed the usual roles of man and woman. Accustomed to her father's position in the family, Rita didn't understand why Jack objected to following her whims slavishly, fetching and carrying for her, bearing the major burden of the housework.

"In our second interview she conceded that she hadn't married a man like her father and that to be a successful wife she should learn to understand and value Jack for himself. Both she and Jack conceded that they had carried individualism too far and that sharing is an integral factor in every good marriage. They began to share their thoughts and inner hopes and their daily disappointments, too, by talking together instead of brooding in silence and bewildering each other with mysterious fits of the sulks. They stopped concealing their fears and frustrations and naturally increased their mutual understanding and drew strength from the communion.

"When Jack went outside to tend the garden and Rita followed, she didn't let him snub her into returning to the house where she could cook up some petty revenge for an imagined affront. She spoke up frankly and told Jack she wanted and felt entitled to his society. He then reminded himself that his exaggerated appetite for solitude was a leftover of his bachelor ways and out of place in marriage. In psychological terms Jack was what we call a 'low affect' person—which means, among other things, that he found it difficult to make affectionate contact with others. 'Low affect' people sometimes regard marriage almost as an invasion of privacy.

"Jack's standoffish attitude, an echo of his boyhood, was harming both him and Rita. Now he set himself the task of demonstrating in outward ways the fondness he really felt for her but which he had kept under wraps. The symbols of love were important to Rita—a compliment she could repeat at the office, an unexpected caress, a box of candy to mark an anniversary. It wasn't necessary for Jack to put undue strain on his already overextended budget in buying the little gifts. The cost of the love token didn't matter to Rita.

"In their sexual relationship the couple had got off to a poor start. During the courtship Jack had made up his mind that Rita was the type of girl who was little interested in sex. The opposite was true. To Rita, as to many young women, the rules of courtship and of marriage are radically different. A little reeducation helped Jack to realize that as a wife Rita welcomed his advances and was offended whenever she felt herself rebuffed. He learned to recognize the advances she made to him—he had supposed that nice women never took the initiative—and to respond to her. Once he changed his conception of her personality, he became more ardent. Rita stopped talking over their private affairs with her mother. She showed him by both words and deeds that he had the first place in her affections.

"Early in our consultations Rita and Jack sat down together and tackled the thorny subject of their finances. Not once in their year of marriage had they discussed the topic honestly and as a whole. Instead, they used picayune money differences to express other unspoken grievances. When Rita insisted that Jack shoulder nearly all the financial burden, she was voicing an old-fashioned conventional view and at the same time demanding that her husband show his love for her in a tangible way. When she grasped the fundamental error in her thinking on this point and fully understood that the lopsided budget was driving Jack into debt and driving his love away from her, she admitted she had been illogical and unfair. She then agreed to split the transportation, food and utility expenses. In exchange for Jack's carrying the payments on the house, which both considered his responsibility, she undertook to pay for all recreation.

"When she became more reasonable about finances, Jack became more amenable to assisting her at home. They divided various tasks so they could co-operate and operate as a team. He washed the dishes and she dried them. While he ran the vacuum cleaner, she dusted. While she cooked a meal, he put away the groceries and set the table. Thus each lost the lone-wolf habit of looking after himself without regard to the other.

"I haven't seen Rita and Jack for almost two years, but I heard the latest news from him the other day. He completed his evening business courses a year ago and now holds a better job at the bank. Rita has quit her job. She is awaiting the birth of their first child, an event that she and Jack are looking forward to with great joy. They have grown up emotionally and are prepared to greet the child with serenity and confidence."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

OTHER VIEWS,
SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE
PATTERN ON PAGE 147



Vogue Design No. 9832

"Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress, 8–18 (30–38). 75 cents. Version shown requires 2¾ yards of 39" fabric without nap, size 14.

TESTING TIME FOR TALENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

in a hot skillet. During the winter months I was determined to be the doctor who found a cure for the common cold. In the spring, when I wasn't dreaming of being tagged by the New York Yankees, I was planning to be an explorer and unearth King Solomon's mines. I was both a cartoonist and a reporter on *The Pony Express*, our high-school paper, and when I wasn't creating a world-stopping cartoon I was plotting ways to set the old planet in better motion with a by-lined column to be called: Earth Is My Beat.

In the summer I was an apprentice carpenter at 75 cents an hour with the Boone Construction Company; and if you're thinking the similarity in names got me the job, you're right. But dad's partiality ended right there and my brother, Nick, and I kept those jobs by trying to work twice as hard as any of dad's other employees, even though the building business, for me, was a dead, dead end almost from the beginning.

At fifteen I was also a "semiprofessional" singer; professional when the Kiwanis Club or the Lions paid me $5 to sing pop and Western numbers at their banquets and semi when the Shakespeare Club paid me with a free meal for doing the same thing. I was also entering every possible kind of singing contest, and it was like being addicted to revolving doors because I always came out just where I went in—nowhere! I was dashing up one dead end after another, having a wonderful time investigating; and then suddenly, after losing all those contests in Nashville, Tennessee, I found myself on a straight, straight path that led me into the big, big world via Ted Mack's Amateur Hour and the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts in New York, and a hit Dot recording, "Two Hearts, Two Kisses," in Chicago. I popped out of the maze a singer—loving every minute of it.

The point is that few of us know, in the early teens, just where or when or how we'll emerge from the maze. But, li'l' brothers and sisters all, on that *where* and *when* and *how* hangs the fate of the world. Big talk? You bet. You have to use big talk to put over big ideas. And here is a big, *big*, BIG one.

The World of Tomorrow already belongs to those of you searching your way through that teen-age maze today.

Out of it will come our future Presidents, our First Ladies, the doctor who will lick

cancer, our statesmen with blueprints for peace, the mothers who will raise another Young America, the teachers who will teach it, the first couple to pioneer living on Mars, maybe, and perhaps a girl who will finally outguess the Sphinx. What else? You name it! Whatever *you* can conceive and execute will be part of that World of Tomorrow.

Looking back now, that maze seems no maze at all really, but an exciting, very special teen-age land where every twist and turn presents a challenge and an opportunity. It's a God-given testing time, and we're supposed to make the most of it. There's some magic in it, too, 'cause each one of the interests you have is a key which may unlock for you a door that would be a dead end to me forever.

Now, how can *you* best find *your* particular way?

DIRECTION FINDERS

You really need a compass to guide you through the maze of opportunities to that thing best suited to you—and actually we all have such an instrument built in from birth, if we'll just use it. It has six parts that have to be oiled and set in motion if we're not to get bogged down or confused.

First, there's *Imagination.* You have to dream! That might raise a few adult eyebrows, because I know parents and teachers that "allow as how" whenever a teen-ager is assigned a chore or a good stiff piece of homework he's off immediately in a cloud of daydreams. But this is the wrong kind of imagination for the purposes I have in mind.

Here's the idea.

Last June when I was out in Hollywood making *Journey to the Center of the Earth* I went down to the Los Angeles public library. I like grazing through libraries and I browsed eventually into the Social Science room. A flock of high-school seniors appeared to have strayed in ahead of me and there they were pecking over one another's shoulders like pigeons after corn. I couldn't resist asking the librarian what had caused this astoundin' migration.

"Oh, they're doing a term paper on vocations," she informed me in a strenuous library whisper. "Every year about now we're mobbed when some of the English teachers hand out this assignment."

"They certainly seem to know what they want," I whispered back.

She laughed. "There is information on over four hundred vocations catalogued in separate folders in that enormous filing cabinet over there—everything from Accounting to Zoology—and each year nine tenths of them fight over *six* folders. The boys want *Lawyer, Doctor* and *Engineer* in that order, and the girls *Air Line Hostess, Model* and *Nurse.*"

Now that's an example of limited imagination that could unbalance the world as completely as an H-bomb. Think of it! Stewardesses with no pilots to fly them. Models with no designers or textile manufacturers to put the clothes on their backs. Doctors with no druggists. Nurses with no hospitals. Engineers with no concrete. Lawyers with no Peter Gunns to catch them clients. No singers. No farms. Like help!

My curiosity over those 394 spurned vocations wouldn't stop until I had a look at the files. The seniors had overlooked some goodies, too—like *Puppetry.* If they had been the kind of eight-year-olds that I was, to make a living at puppetry would be almost as much of a lark as singing. And for something different—well, did you know that the *Blacksmith* is not extinct? In fact, a man who's handy with a hammer and anvil today could command $3.00 an hour. Then there were such novelties as *Rigging*, and *Scrap*, and *Catering*, and fat folders on old faithfuls like *Teaching, Social Service, Newspapers.*

There were few files, either, that wouldn't have been as worth-while exploring for females as for males. The times when girls were excluded from many fields went out almost fifty years ago with the bustle and the side saddle, long before you or I can remember. My mother has a little clipping that always made her chuckle, indicating how shocked conservative Boston was when the gals began their invasion into the man's world. It was published in a Boston paper in 1901:

Oh, we might have heard serenely,
Of the overthrow of kings,
Of the flight of many comets,
Of the fall of Saturn's rings;
But the world seems sadly muddled,
Things have surely gone amiss
ly
bold ride
women their
Boston nags
the like
Since this.

Wow! What would they have thought of the Blue Jean Brigade or the Slack Set?

But the girls can still be as limited as they were in side-saddle days if their vision doesn't travel beyond Air Line Hostess, Model or Nurse. Also, I have a horrible feeling that some of those tired guys I saw sitting around the entrance to the maze swearing opportunity had passed them by were the very ones that couldn't dream anything besides Lawyer, Doctor, Engineer, and who found those fields out of reach either timewise, moneywise or talentwise.

It seems to me that the people who get in a rut, who come out of high school or college without a direction, settle disinterestedly for the first job they can get and then plow it for the rest of their lives, bog down because that Imagination needle isn't swinging freely.

The second needle that has to be set on your compass would seem to swing toward an opposite pole, but you need it for balance. It's *Realism.* You can call it being practical, down-to-earth, or whatever appeals to you, as long as you get it in motion. But if we don't couple this with our dreams we'll be "kooks" with our heads in the clouds and no legs to move around on.

There's no realism in planning to be an opera singer and fill the Metropolitan with



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Prunes give a happy lift to any meal. The clean, cheerful taste of prune juice starts a happy morning. There's a light satisfaction about prunes and cottage cheese for lunch. And prune chiffon pie has a mellow delight.

At any meal, prunes are good to eat and naturally good for you. Plump, tender, tree-ripened California Prunes are chock-full of natural fruit sugar, A and B vitamins, iron and other essential minerals...all the things that make you healthy and give you a happy outlook on life. Treat your family to prunes often. Your grocer has them in cartons, bags, ready-cooked in jars or cans . . . and as appetizing prune juice.

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sound if you have a voice the size of mine, or being a melody writer if you're tone deaf. Or if you believe as one girl did, that "a lyric is something written to be sung by a liar." My math was much too limited for engineering. As for the New York Yankees, it looks as if Mickey Mantle still has a good year or two left in him.

A buddy of mine who teaches in high school told me that since the science-fiction craze has been coupled with the big push moonward, many of his freshmen students dream of being scientists. "And some of them will make it," he said. "But for quite a number it just isn't practical. Take the young dreamer who committed this amazing idea to paper: 'To separate hydrogen from oxygen in water (H_2O), evaporate the wet part and the rest is oxygen.'" Very little talent for being exact in an exact field, huh? Or would you have said the same thing? Don't look at me—I don't know how either!

You get the idea? Unless we check our dreams against our true potential and all the facts available, things just get mazier and mazier (I'm not sure there's such a word, but it says what I mean, anyway).

To get your Reality needle swinging freely, it's a good idea to work as an apprentice when and where you can. Try sizing yourself up honestly, and then discuss your aptitude for the things that appeal to you with impersonal observers like teachers or personal ones like parents, who often know things about our character and potential that we don't know ourselves. Read practical books as well as the kind that stimulate the imagination. *Go to the library and browse.* There's nothing square about a library (except the shape of the rooms). Honest!

Equally fascinatin' and realistic are the number of "supporting roles" required to keep each major industry, profession, and what have you, in full operation. Most of us start with dreams of being the star in a given field. If medicine attracts you, naturally you first want to be a doctor or nurse. But if everyone is to star, who'll do the technical and lab work? Who'll fill the prescriptions? Who'll plan the hospital meals for the patients? Or you like the smell of grease paint and the world of entertainment? So, of course, you want to be an actor or an actress, a singer or a dancer. But what if you can't act? Or sing? Or dance? Does that mean that, to be realistic, you have to give up this world of glamour? Not if you can sew. Or handle electricity. Or man a camera. No production ever went on without the full co-operation of the wardrobe mistress. No TV stage was ever visible without the electrician. No movie was ever "put in the can" without the cameramen. Don't think that there isn't real satisfaction in these jobs, either.

Robert Henri, a well-known artist, tells about the time he attended a private showing in a famed New York art gallery. He was admiring a fine canvas by Sargent when his attention was distracted by a big, brawny fellow standing beside him who looked like anything but a painter. "They have given me a good place at last," the fellow muttered to himself.

Henri couldn't resist asking, "Are you in this line of work?"

The man nodded. "Been in it twenty years and this is the first time I ever got such a good showing."

"Indeed?" Henri was puzzled. "And which is your work?"

"Right there." The man indicated the canvas in front of which they both stood with satisfaction.

"That . . . why, Sargent painted that," Henri said.

"Painted it? Oh, yes. I think Sargent was the name of the fellow who painted the picture. But it was me that made the frame."

He and Sargent *were* in the same line of work and he was proud of it.

Now, to keep us pliable while Dreams and Realism pull us first one way and then another, there's *Flexibility*. Flexibility is, so far as I can see, a mixture of 50 per cent courage and 50 per cent humor. You have to be daring enough to try things and able to laugh at yourself if you fall on your face.

So you want to be a ballet dancer? You study hard, stretch, bend, practice faithfully for years. And you can't make the grade. Are you going to fall apart? What if you've devoted your college years to a specialty, got your degree, and then find that you've no real taste for that profession? Are you gonna sit down inside the maze and sulk? Or are you equipped to start again? I've always been fascinated by the ability of people who have humor and courage to bounce right back and take another tack.

Add to Dreams, Realism, Flexibility three more direction finders and we should be able to find and stay on the beam. The additions are: *Enthusiasm*, *The Ability to Work* and a *Purpose*.

Enthusiasm is the fuel that keeps us running and without which we'd surely stall sometimes. It's what makes one girl consider babysitting a way to "meet interesting people" and

SONG AT FIFTEEN

By JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

My true love has my heart.
I have not his!
And though wild throbbings start,
I find there is
A grief too sweet to smother,
Never found
When Fate worked it the other
Way around!

BORDEN'S
VERY BIG ON FLAVOR



ELSIE: What are all those vegetables for?

ELMER: But . . . you said we were having Vegetable Salad cottage cheese tonight.

ELSIE: Really Elmer . . . your memory! You know very well that our Borden Vegetable Salad cottage cheese already has the vegetables *in* it . . . Six garden-crisp varieties . . .

ELMER: . . . deliciously blended with Borden's famous cream-fluffed cottage cheese . . . How could I forget, my dear. These are for your centerpiece.





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3 times more fresh beef protein

in one can of Red Heart
than any dry dog food
...most canned dog foods





Red Heart comes in three tasty varieties: Beef, Beef-plus-Fish, Beef-plus-Liver!

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another feel it is just a well-paid chore. It's a fresh point of view that cuts right through old established methods (say the horse and buggy) and comes up with something new (say a car or a plane). What if the first auto makers hadn't had enthusiasm?

The *Ability to Work* is an anchor for the visionary dreamer as well as a firecracker for the rut-sitter. It may get the one out of the clouds and the other into a standing position. It overcomes obstacles and "bad breaks." As a wise man once said: "Any time you want to wipe out hard luck, just use hard work as an eraser." People blame many things for their failures, even Divine Providence. But it's a good idea, before abandoning a project because you feel a lack of talent, to check how much effort you've put into it. Have you given it a fair shake?

Dr. Adam Clarke loved writing, and although he got a lot done, it was a slow, laborious job for him. A young minister, knowing him as a man of great faith, asked him if he prayed about it. "Oh, yes, I pray," said Dr. Clarke. "But I also get up very early in the morning." In other words, *he worked!*

Someone said that "genius is 10 per cent *inspiration* and 90 per cent *perspiration*." I don't know about that percentage, but I'm sure genius has *the ability to work!*

According to the Bible, the workman is always worthy of his hire. It's O.K. to enjoy your earnin's.

But money should get neither too much nor too little emphasis.

What *Purpose*, then, besides money, should spur us on in our search for a life's work? It seems to me that our natural aim should be twofold: *Creativity* and *Service*. In a book called *Charting Your Course* (Macrae Smith Company, Philadelphia) which I found while browsing in the library (Social Science room), the author, Henry S. Galus, speaking specifically to teen-agers, broke the opportunities for creativity and service into thirteen major fields. He said you could work *to feed people, to shelter them, supply their daily needs, service those daily needs, to protect people, transport them, inform them, entertain them, to heal, help, improve their spiritual life, their material life*, and *to serve all the people*. To me this is a terrific approach. You can turn these round and make them into questions.

Is the thing I most want to do to *inform* people? If so, what are my choices? I can be a teacher, a newspaperman, a writer, a radio commentator, to name only a few. Do I wish to *entertain* them? Yes! Well, I, P. Boone, will sing out and hope for the best. But you might wish to write music, or TV scripts. Or learn stage make-up. You see how it goes. Each major field encompasses many allied vocations.

Now I have a personal addition to make to this very fine list. Do you want to do the only thing that combines every one of these thirteen major fields—and is open to only a special segment of Young America? There is one vocation that offers this remarkable opportunity. It is *Homemaking. And the special segment includes every one of you girls.* (Sorry, fellas, you can skip the next two paragraphs. I'm left out too.)

Girls, check the above list. Doesn't a wife-mother shelter, feed, inform, transport (oh, don't they transport!), entertain, heal, help, and so on? Perhaps this is why I've got such a special respect for homemakers. I'll admit we guys help a little with the shelter, food, protection, discipline, and so on, but primarily the talent here belongs to you ladies. In this vocation no special training is ever wasted. So you have a good voice, but not good enough for Broadway? I can promise you a more appreciative audience when you do your lullabies for the Sleeper Set at bedtime. You're a born comedian, but not quite good enough for Hollywood? I'd love to sit at your dinner table. You're an ace at math, but will settle for home and family instead of teaching? I wish you'd been in my family when I hit algebra and geometry. You studied bookkeeping? You'll get flowers from your husband when income-tax time rolls round. You want to work for *all* the people? Perhaps you can raise a son worthy to be President of the United States. One of the greatest Presidents we ever had, Abraham Lincoln, gave full credit for "all that I am or ever hope to be" to his mother. Certainly you can, under God, raise all your children to be good Americans.

Believe me, I have watched my own mother, my wife, the fine homemakers I know, and I can tell you that I truly think this is the most important objective any of my daughters could have in order to be fully creative and useful.

Did you ever think that in creativity and service man is really superior to anything else on this planet? It gives him true "dominion." A beaver can build a first-class dam because that's what beavers *do*. It's race instinct. And a spider can spin a fine web. But the beaver can't suddenly decide to spin the web while the spider builds the dam. Nor can either of them carry laughter to a sick friend, water a thirsty flower, bind up the wounds of an antelope, or paint a picture that will bring more joy to the forest.

You see? It seems to me to be a divine trust to at least try to find and develop all the talents we possess, and to use them creatively in the service of other folk. Which throws me squarely up against a line that crops up in your letters from time to time: "I don't know if I have any talent, but ——" There are no "*buts*." *You have talent.* And I can prove it!

YOU AND YOUR TALENT

I don't believe that there is such a thing in this world as a "no-talent" guy—or gal. I, personally, have never met one. I'll confess I don't know as many of you face to face as I wish I did, but I do get around quite a bit. I've met guys and gals who thought they could sing and couldn't. Or thought they could build a better mousetrap and didn't. But that only meant they were still in the maze. Later most of them found their right place and showed their true ability.

Y' know, sometimes I read what I write to you and get to thinking that maybe I'm sounding like an authority. Well, I've got news. I'm not. I'm just a slightly older guy sharing my experience with you because you've been nice to me, and I'd love to give you any boost I can. But when it comes to big things, I'll play fair with you. I'll back up my experience with real authority.

Now hear this—this is real authority!

Jesus, Himself, told a great story about this matter of talents. He said "the kingdom of heaven" was like a man who was going away on a long trip who gave gifts to his servants before he left. *He gave them talents.* He didn't give them all the same number; some got five, some two, some only one, but *everybody got something*. Then he went on his journey and when, after a long time, he returned, he asked them what they had done with his gifts. Now one of them had been afraid, and buried his talent, and the great man was anything but pleased. This servant got into a lot of trouble and was pretty unhappy. But to each one who had used his talents and made it grow, the man said: "*Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.*"

Isn't that a terrific promise? To use our talents, to increase them, is to enter into *joy*. That makes it a purpose with a purpose, right?

An expert named Trench in a famous lecture on "The Study of Words" referred to the use of the word "talents" in this parable recorded by St. Matthew. Copied here from that old Boone scrapbook is what Trench said: "Men may choose to forget the ends for which their 'talents' were given them . . . they may practically deny that they were given at all; yet in this word . . . abides a continual memento that they were so given . . . and that each man shall have to render an account of their use."

But why forget or deny when the use of your talents means "joy"?

And so, happy maze to you, Kris—and Carl, and Joan, and Tom, and Sue, and all the hundreds of you who have written me in one way or another about your personal talent search. Remember, the search leads toward *joy*. I'm cheering for each and every one of you. Let me know how and where and when you come out!

END

WHEN SOMEONE CLOSE TO A CHILD DIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

ıean wishes is sometimes fantastically anxious
/hen the baby starts to cry, for any cause. He
an't stand it for ten seconds. He frantically
egs his mother to go to the baby right away,
) see what's the matter. She tries to reassure
im that this is just fussing, which may stop
)on, but he can't accept this. "No! Pick him
p now. Something hurts." Children who
on't feel guilty about the baby's misery don't
other to worry if the mother doesn't.

I think it's preferable not to try to control
ıildren by telling them often how dangerous
ıey are to others. (Better to have them do
hat you say because you say it's better—and
ecause they know you are sensible.) But I
ıow it's hard to resist the temptation. Cer-
inly it's advisable not to blame them for
)me farfetched connection between naughti-
ess and illness. And if a generally nice child
)es cause serious injury to another by acci-
ent or roughhousing—not really meaning
—it's sometimes necessary for the parents
nd for the victim's parents) to reassure the
ild repeatedly that the harm is not too seri-
is and that accidents will happen. If my child
rt another worse than he intended, in a
stified fight, I wouldn't try to make him feel
e a scoundrel but would help him to express
grets and make amends. (If he hurt him only

Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion, all in one.

JOHN RUSKIN

ittle I wouldn't interfere at all, assuming it
sn't my business.) And in the rare case
ere a child is regularly hurting others with-
t sufficient provocation, I'd try hard to get
)fessional advice.

When a psychiatrist is treating a child who
excessively fearful because of guilt, he fre-
ently has to reassure him that everyone has
gry thoughts at times and that thoughts
n't kill—or even hurt. The psychiatrist
esn't encourage the child to carry out any
anness toward others, and doesn't permit
patient to hurt him or the furnishings. But
does urge him to *talk* about his hostile feel-
s, so that he can see that they are natural,
l so that, together, they can find out where
y come from and how to cope with their
ise. Parents can't expect to be able to dis-
er the deep roots of serious emotional
nptoms. But they can help to keep their
rmal children healthy by admitting casually,
imes when there has been a blowup, that
ryone, including parents, gets sore once in
hile and that this is no crime in itself. This
s not mean that the parents should relax
r regular rules about what is permissible
ction.

o draw a fine line, I think that if a child in
ge shouts "I hate you" at his mother, it
)roper for her to say very firmly, "I
't want you to speak to me that way."
n she can add something like the follow-
"I know that you get very angry with me
etimes. Everybody gets angry—even moth-
and fathers. But I still don't want you to
ut at me rudely."

nd when a mother detects that her small
d is feeling resentful toward the baby but
)o guilty to show it openly, it really helps
child to tell him sympathetically, "I know
you feel. You get pretty cross at this baby
etimes and wish we didn't have him at
e. Don't worry, I love you just the same."
won't cure the jealousy all at once, but it
es the child feel much less worried about
d will lead to a more comfortable accept-
of the baby in the long run.

pock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer
s personally. However, he is delighted to receive
stions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

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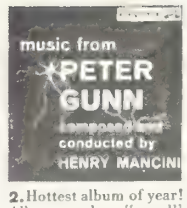
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5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.



200. Smoothly arranged swingers include *Linda, St. Louis Blues, I've Got You Under My Skin, Donkey Serenade.*



7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.



8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.



9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*



201. Dreamy hi-fi trip to romantic places. *Around the World, Paris in the Spring, On a Slow Boat to China,* etc.



11. Miller-styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley. *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes.*



12. New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, España Rapsodie.*



13. Dancing, listening delight: Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.



14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own,* etc.



15 Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*



16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers,* etc.



17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus *It's All Right with Me, Mood Indigo, Honeysuckle Rose.*



202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio,* Schubert's *Ave Maria.*



20. His 12 biggest, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Mujer, Adios, Oye Negra, Bim, Mambo No. 5, Night Must Fall,* etc.



21. Cha chas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee,* 9 more.



204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song,* etc.



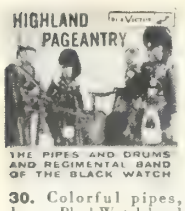
24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine,* more.



26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*



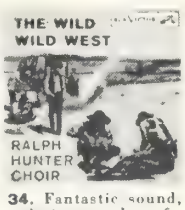
27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed Trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Melancholy Baby,* 9 more.



30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch band in a sonic treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.



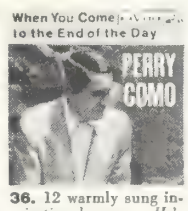
33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade sings *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good.*



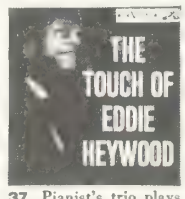
34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different! *Red River Valley,* 10 more.



35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime,* more.



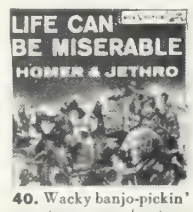
36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*



37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*



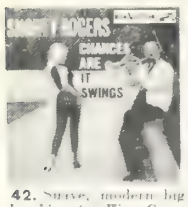
206. Ballads and "belters" by new vocal sensation. *Star Dust, As Time Goes By, Daddy, Be My Love,* more.



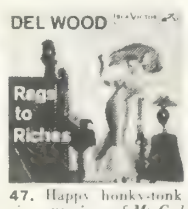
40. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me,* 11 more laugh getters.



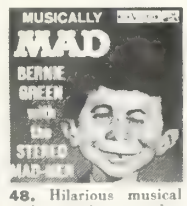
41. Laugh a second Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc., in highest fi.



42. Suave, modern big band jazz: top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, Everybody Loves a Lover* plus 10 other recent hits.



47. Happy honky-tonk piano versions of *My Gal Sal, Side by Side, Ace in the Hole, Hello Ma Baby, Charmaine,* 7 more.



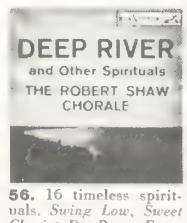
48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course,* more.



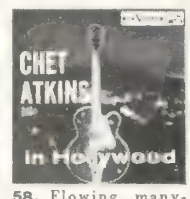
50. Lerner & Loewe (writers of *My Fair Lady*) Academy Award winning score. Stars Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.



54. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*



56. 16 timeless spirituals. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dry Bones; Every Time I Feel the Spirit; Set Down, Servant;* more.



58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves,* 12 in all.

61. Singalogue by country pop star. *Kentucky Babe, Idaho, Georgia on My Mind, Carolina in the Morning, Indiana,* etc.

69. His biggest hits re recorded in hi fi. *There I've Said It Again; Rider in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina,* etc.

74. 12 shimmering waltzes: *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

90. Crack quartet sings 12 many-mooded hits. *Lazy River, My Blue Heaven, Pretend, I'Attendrai, Shine,* etc.

94. Great tenor's favorite pop specials: *Blue Bird of Happiness, Canada, Because, I Believe, Around the World,* etc.

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re Carlos, some still more famous

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

April, 1960

VOL. LXXVII NO. 4

JOURNALITIES



From the author of our new serial, *The Mistress of Mellyn*, beginning on page 44: "It is essential that I hide my identity under the pseudonym, Victoria Holt, for reasons I cannot at present disclose. My husband and I live in London, with Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park just across the road. I have tried to write a story which will excite readers as much as it excited me."



Dr. Schauffler

Dr. Goodrich Schauffler (*Tell Me, Doctor*, page 34) tells us: "I was born in Highland Park, Illinois, attended Williams College and Harvard Medical School, with postgraduate work at Chicago. I then came to Portland, Oregon, where for thirty-three years I have specialized in gynecology and obstetrics. I have five children, ten grandchildren."



John MacDonald

The Trap of Solid Gold, page 64, belongs to a character who earns so much money he goes broke, a circumstance made believable by the skill of the writer, John MacDonald. He estimates he has earned more than a half million dollars in fourteen years of writing and "saved very little of it." Before that he was an Army colonel and didn't need money.

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

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Cover Photograph of Kim Novak by John Engstead

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LETTERS our readers write us



PENNSYLVANIA

LET'S SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT!

Dear Editors: The Capitol building in Washington is a stately and dignified setting for the Government of the United States; why, then, must tourists make a shambles of it?

Last summer when I visited the Capitol, I was shocked to the core by what I saw. Certainly I think it's wonderful that so many thousands of Americans bring their children to Washington each summer to show them our Government in action, and I watched with emotion as reverence was communicated from parent to child.

Nevertheless, I saw: A woman weighing at least 250 pounds, wearing a sleeveless plaid blouse, and blue jeans rolled up to her knees. At least a dozen women over fifty wearing abbreviated shorts and shirts. (All of them were bare-legged and most of them had varicose veins.) Many wore sun suits, some of which were strapless. Among hundreds of women, I observed only two who wore hats and carried gloves.

Almost all the teen-age girls I saw wore Bermuda shorts or shorter shorts; teen-age boys slouched under the classic arches with sport shirts open to their navels. Only one child (a Negro) seemed to have been scrubbed and dressed properly in deference to the place he was visiting. Some of the children were barefooted, many wore only rumpled shorts or play suits.

The men tourists were equally unkempt. A typical outfit was a wild Hawaiian shirt, wrinkled shorts, nylon socks halfway up hairy calves, and dusty black shoes. They all seemed to be chewing gum, and many carried bags of peanuts and threw the shells on the beautiful tile floors.

Washington is hot in summer, and one cannot expect a family coming in from a steaming day of sight-seeing to look as if they had stepped out of a bandbox. But the Capitol is air-conditioned; the legislators and newspapermen who work there all day wear ties and jackets. It would therefore seem possible that before entering the building women could cover their explosively naked sun dresses, men could put on coats and ties, and everyone's hair could be combed. As for shorts—well, don't they belong in the country and at the beach, and not on the streets of a big city?

Is it old-fashioned of me to suggest that our appearance, like our behavior, should suit the setting in which we expect to find ourselves? We make ourselves neat for church and teach our children to do likewise—partly out of respect for ourselves, and partly out of respect for a house of worship. Should we not show a similar respect for the building where our nation finds its heart and being? Sincerely yours,

Wallingford — MARGARET P. BRITTER

VIRGINIA

SAY HELLO TO YOUR NEIGHBOR

Dear Editors: In the six years of my marriage, I've lived at eleven addresses in seven towns, four states, two nations. There has, of course, been great variety in accommodations, but with one exception, each move has had this in common: loneliness.

I'm writing to suggest that the JOURNAL start a drive to renew the old courtesy of calling—on new neighbors, the sick, the old, the forgotten. Our society is so mobile now that we need this gracious gesture more than ever.

Sincerely,

Falls Church — JUDY ROGERS

CALIFORNIA

MY FAVORITE DOCTOR

Dear Editors: Not for him the plush office, the swank car, the bank-account diagnosis in strict appointment hours. His was a plain, simple office up a flight of dusty stairs over the drugstore in a small Oklahoma town. Any hour of the day or night could find him rattling hurriedly along in his antiquated car, bellowing lustily, *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*, or some other hymn with a "good beat" to it, to answer a call—perhaps to one of the better homes on "the nice side of town"; or to a small shanty over in darktown; or "out ten miles past the Friend schoolhouse to the first road beyond the next section line and turn down three miles to the house—we'll hang a lantern on the gate."

As a child, I would go with him on some of his country calls, soaking up quite a bit of philosophy as we'd jolt along a washboard road. "See how tall that hill looks in the distance?" the doctor would say. "Now, you watch how it melts down to nothing as we get closer. That's the way trouble is. From a distance, it may look mighty big, but no use worrying about it, for the closer you get to it, the smaller it becomes."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Tell the man in the cheery wagon...





Tell the man in the cheery wagon
To bring you milk to fill your flagon,



Which will not smash upon the floor
Nor spill all over when you pour.



Your milk will be most fresh and pure
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Comforting came naturally to him, radiating from his soft Southern speech. Somehow a sore throat instantly was better on his simple prescription of a warm-water-and-salt gargle; and no pulse could be much out of line when, if by chance, as he'd sit counting it holding his beloved pocket watch which was never wrong, the Rock Island would whistle outside town, and he'd frown and say, "Train's late. Due at 6:15 and it's now 6:18½."

Or "Great Caesar's ghost," he'd explode, making short work of any who were inclined to hypochondria. "What are you doing in bed? There's nothing wrong with you a little hard work and home cooking won't cure!"

My doctor pioneered to Oklahoma when it was still Indian Territory, and despite his simple, homespun deceptiveness, he kept a sharp mind up to date, poring over the American Medical Journal and professional books any moment he could spare from his large, but not lucrative, practice. He seldom, if ever, presented a bill, for "an honorable man pays his debts"—a theory not shared by all his patients.

During his later years, he became city and county health physician, and one day care and overwork made him collapse. When he was released from the hospital, it was with stern warnings to "take it easy" by his fellow physicians. Just two nights later he answered a call to attend a woman in labor at an itinerant trailer camp. The seventy-eight-year-old doctor sat through the cold night on an upended wooden box, bringing a child into the world. It was his last call. The stroke which hit him the next morning took his life.

His name was Eli Lide Dawson. To me, there is no question of who is "my favorite doctor." He was the greatest, and I am proud he was my father.

Sincerely,

Studio City — JAN DAWSON JENSEN

CORRECTION

Dr. Schauffler regrets that a statement in his December *Tell Me, Doctor* gives a misleading impression about breast feeding following the insertion of a breast prothesis. This operation will not cause later complications with lactation. ED.

IOWA

EDITOR IN THE DOG HOUSE

Dear Mary: I am still bleeding a little about the picture you and Doris [otherwise known as Dream Girl—ED.] chose to appear in the February JOURNAL, but I am also on the road to recovery, and offer you forgiveness and absolution. But wasn't that a dreadful picture? It makes me look a little like Trujillo, the dictator of the Dominican Republic, but I don't look at all like him. . . . Do you still have that 8x10 of me at the typewriter outdoors? That is the one I would like to see published.

With warmest affection,

Des Moines — HARLAN



Mr. Miller as HE prefers.

NEW YORK

WHEN GADGETS WON'T WORK

Dear Editors: Two years ago we were faced with the problem of redoing a superannuated kitchen. Our architect suggested that we buy all the same kind of equipment, which we did. We were told that one repairman would then be familiar with all the equipment and the number of service calls would be minimum. Not so, alas!

Our confidence was first disabused when, after two weeks of use, the dishwasher refused to relinquish our plates, glasses and silverware. I explained to the company serviceman that I considered this an *emergency!* I asked only that they open the dishwasher immediately, not repair it. For five solid days, while I made numerous pleading phone calls, we stared at the dishwasher in helpless fury and ate off paper plates. Similar incidents followed.

The crashing climax was reached on the day when five different gadgets broke down at once. The wall-oven thermostat turned temperamental, the dishwasher handle broke, the refrigerator meat-tray groove fell off, the range indicator light burned out and the dryer apparently had ambitions to be a refrigerator and was cold, cold, cold!

I suggested that one competent electrician be sent to fix all my recalcitrant widgets. Their men, said the company service bureau, were not "jacks of all trades." So it took four trips and three men to set everything right.

The servicemen from the company were always pleasant and reasonably able. But I can't help feeling that I'm being charged for all their unnecessary trips. So I now have an intelligent "jack of all trades" who finds no difficulty in fixing everything. I love my new gadgets—when they work.

Sincerely yours,

Hastings-on-Hudson — ALLISON SIRNA

OHIO

Dear Harlan: I suspect my taste just runs to strong men because I found you very reassuring in that picture. I reiterate, if I were going into the north woods or darkest Africa, I would choose you as my companion (with Doris' permission, of course).

Warmest regards,

MARY

Better than aspirin—even aspirin with buffering for

TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES

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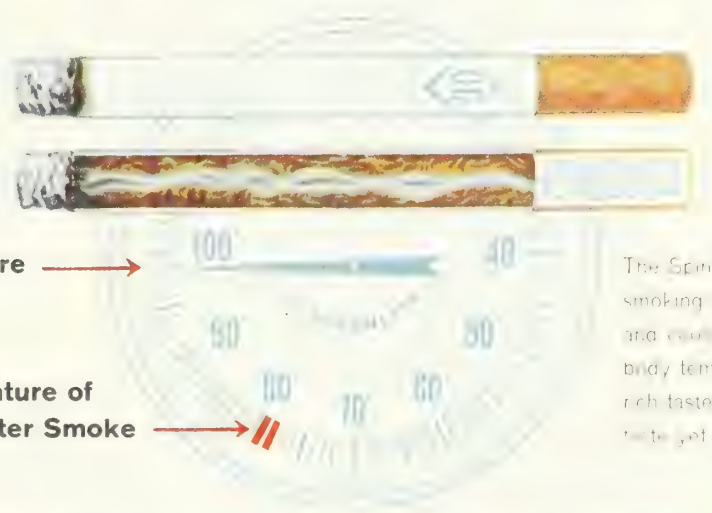
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

BRUCE GOULD
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A primitive painter just "discovered" in the last six years, Ralph Cahoon specializes in the blend of fact and fantasy you see in "Sailors Beware." His collectors include art enthusiasts who live as far away as Africa and California and as nearby as his neighbors in Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

May I Tell You About My Heart Attack?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The best way to deal with a heart attack is to be the kind of person who is unlikely to have one! For certain types of personality do have an affinity for certain diseases.

You are, for instance, more likely to suffer a heart attack if you are an intellectual worker than you are if you are a manual worker, or if you are an executive than if you are a shipping clerk. You are more likely to suffer one if you have strong ambitions than if you are easygoing, and if your reaction to conditions of stress is anxiety than if it is anger. If you are given to anger you are more likely to have peptic ulcers. Keeping up with the Joneses is good for ulcers and bad for the heart, though keeping up with your own ideals of yourself may be even worse for the latter. If you are the choleric type that blows off steam, you are less likely to have a heart attack than if you are outwardly calm and apparently in full possession of yourself while inwardly you are emotionally bottled up.

Recent studies have suggested that writers, artists, executives, scientists and, above all, *physicians* are the chief candidates for angina pectoris or coronary thrombosis. These are people who are perpetually trying to surpass themselves, have a very high sense of responsibility, and grieve over failures. If you are under forty-five you are more likely to have a heart attack if you are a man than if you are a woman. Doctors believe that the presence of certain hormones in women of childbearing age protect their circulatory systems and hearts. After the menopause women are about as susceptible as men.

Among doctors heart attacks appear to be almost an occupational disease—as peptic ulcers are called the occupational disease of newspapermen. Generally this latter has been attributed to the pace of their lives, their careless methods of eating, and their tendency to drink too much—a picture of the newspaperman which is considerably exaggerated.

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Newspapermen see, more than most, the seamy side of life and observe the follies of mankind, even of men in high office. Except when they achieve an eminence that allows them effectively to blow off editorially, what they see makes them angry, and anger makes them dyspeptic. If they gobble their food and drink too much, the cause is the same that gives them ulcers. It is sociopsychological.

If you do not believe in the interrelation between social and psychological factors and the state of health of the bodily organism, consider what has happened to the incidence of ulcers between the sexes since the end of the Victorian age and the emancipation of women! In the days of *Life With Father*, father was the unquestioned boss of home and family and lived in a highly secure emotional atmosphere. In those days mamma had the ulcers—the incidence of this disease among young women was extraordinarily high. Papa's insides were all right. Now, when men still bear the chief brunt of family responsibility but without the superior security of status that they once had in the family, papa has the ulcers.*

A certain snobbery exists among people who have recovered from heart attacks, probably attributable to an unconscious realization that, in some respects, they belong to an elite. Recovered victims—and their number is innumerable—have what amounts to an exclusive club; and the President's heart attack made them even more snooty. You have to have had a heart attack to know to how numerous a fellowship you belong, because before you are out of the hospital you will receive cards from total strangers, letters of advice, and messages that amount to congratulations rather than condolences, from members of the unregistered Coronary Club. These usually testify to the writers' feeling better than they had for years once they had recovered. All but one who wrote to me confessed, however, that they had never again lived exactly as they had before; they had cut out many activities that actually they did not greatly enjoy and performed only for social reasons. Some had found joy in new activities as substitutes—one had become an enthusiastic amateur painter.

Having been ordered to reduce or eliminate their intake of animal fats and sugars, they found the treatment was not temporary and that they had to keep them reduced. The reason for this is the existence of chloresterol (fatty deposits) in the blood vessels, the presence or absence of which can be determined by tests. Of course if those deposits are there, they narrow the vessels and compel the heart to work harder. You will be advised not to eat fatty foods of any kind, avoid cream and use only vegetable fats or oils when they are required. If you have been prejudiced against margarine, you will have to get over it. You will also have to reduce your intake of eggs, because of the fatty yolk. And if you have been a heavy smoker you will have to cut out cigarettes—or cut them radically down. And you may as well face up to the fact that, with occasional lapses, you will stay on this regimen for life.

If you are wise, you "do exactly what your doctor tells you"—and recover completely.

I have been thoroughly inclined to follow my doctor's orders, because I have enormous confidence in him, and not the slightest confidence in my capacity to prescribe for myself, even if I were not in a leaning mood in which I am abnormally inclined to put my troubles off onto others. But those medicines!

Dicumarol, for instance. This is an anticoagulant, designed to prevent clots in the blood stream—the immediate cause of a thrombosis. But it is a tricky drug. If you took enough of it you would, I presume, have a condition similar to hemophilia, in which the blood does not clot at all, and a slight wound can be fatal. The dosage is prescribed only in connection with weekly tests of the blood, each of which determines whether the intake is to be retained as during the previous week or whether it is to be reduced or augmented. Sometimes the dosage is different for alternate days—and I am afraid I will get the days mixed up, a condition of anxiety that I hope will not contribute to another heart attack!

* See *Social Science in Medicine*, Leo W. Simmons and Harold G. Wolff, Russell Sage Foundation.

There are pills to keep the blood pressure even, pills to cheer me up, pills to strengthen the heart muscle, pills to relax the nerves, and pills to help me sleep. All my life I have been antipill, but now my dressing table confronts me with a whole battery of bottles, containing tablets pink and green, and capsules white and gray, and I obediently swallow them.

Meanwhile I feel perfectly well, except for a certain lassitude which I suspect is due, partly at least, to the pills. But although six months have elapsed since the attack that landed me for a month in the hospital and another month in bed most of the time at home, and to diminished social, mental and physical activity still, my heart has not entirely recovered. There are still symptoms of weakness as revealed in cardiograms, now rather infrequently taken. The pills—or some of them—are therefore indicated for some time to come, and as far as I can extract any definite information, the Dicumarol, as a deterrent, indefinitely—and therefore the blood tests.

There is no reason why this should interest anyone except prospective heart patients. It is well, however, to know in advance that one does *not* fully recover from an acute heart attack quickly. One is not usually "just as well as ever" in six months. It is better to count on taking things for a year rather more easily than one anticipated.

You will be able to accept this long convalescence cheerfully or otherwise, depending on your temperament.

I am the type that suffers from feelings of guilt or frustration if she is not working productively or creatively, and who has always worked best under a degree of tension. But I am not sure that this dependence on tension is not a bad habit induced by years of meeting deadlines three times a week during the long time when I was writing a newspaper column. Writing a book, which I am now trying to do, requires a slower pace and more calm. It might be that an imposed slowness will actually help mellow it—or would, if I could make myself over a little more successfully!

Knowledge comes by taking things apart—analysis. But wisdom comes by putting things together.

TAKEN FROM TEACHER'S TREASURY OF STORIES FOR EVERY OCCASION

All writers have one advantage over others: the capacity to be interested even in their own misfortunes, and to want to record them. The chief effect, therefore, of having had a heart attack has been to make me fascinated by what happened to me. Like so many heart attacks, it came *apparently* right out of the blue sky. I went to lunch with a friend—on an exceptionally hot July day on which I had been exceptionally physically active—and over a glass of iced coffee suddenly got a rather severe pain in my chest, that traveled up into my jaws and down into my left arm. I complained of it, and he remarked with concern, "It looks like heart." It did indeed. It looked like what had happened to my husband almost exactly a year before and which had ended fatally, but he had had previous warnings and had an excessively high blood pressure, which I did not.

I did not lie down; it subsided, I drove my friend to his home and myself, after several errands, ten miles to my own, and then lay down to rest. Then it came again, this time much worse, and I sent for the doctor. He gave me medicaments, the pain subsided, and following instructions I went to bed. But two days later I had a much worse attack—and this time I felt pretty serious about myself—and was taken in an ambulance to the hospital.

At the time of the first attack I had been very much depressed. To what extent was this emotional upset, compounded of several factors, a contributing cause of the attack? I do not know, and neither did my doctors, but none of those who cared for me in hospital and out of it would dismiss the fact of my emotional condition as irrelevant. The most modern physicians no longer do so.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Psychosomatic knowledge is at least one hundred years old. It fell into disrepute with the immense advance in biophysical knowledge and the phenomenal cures brought about by the application of the physical sciences—biology, physics and chemistry. But in the last ten years it has again become recognized that the whole person, not just one of his organs, is involved in an illness; that the human person is not just a chemical compound but a social and psychological organism that is somehow all of a piece. Shocks, griefs, disappointments, frustrations do reflect themselves physically. The heart does skip a beat, the teeth do chatter, the blood does leave the brain and a faint ensue under conditions of exceptional emotional stress.

The language is full of everyday phrases that translate into *physical* terms emotional states of the heart:

"My heart stood still . . . was in my boots . . . was in my throat . . . turned over . . . jumped . . . sank . . . leaped for joy . . . broke . . . melted . . . was full. Heartsick . . . wring the heart . . . 'the heart bowed down by weight of woe' . . . Richard the Lion-Hearted . . . heavyhearted, hardhearted, softhearted. A heart of stone . . . of lead . . . of ice."

The heart is "the fountain of sweet tears," according to Wordsworth. "Gladness of the heart is the life of man," according to Ecclesiasticus, and the heart can break, "yet brokenly live on," according to Byron. And nothing is more terrifying than a "heartless" person, whom Shakespeare called "a marble-hearted fiend."



And, indeed, without a heart attack we have all had real heartaches, resembling in less acute form the symptoms of a physical attack.

In the last decade an enormous amount of research has been done in the relation of the social sciences and individual psychology to physical disease. Such research may easily pave the way to the next greatest advances in medicine. But it will have its difficulties, for it is much easier to deal with the concrete physical body, subject to measurable tests, than with the mind and soul.

Whatever induces a heart attack, a stay in a good hospital is helpful to both body and soul. I was lucky. The little hospital into which I was delivered largely because it was the nearest to my country home could not have been better. It is an institution with only forty beds, situated in a village but serving an area of half a dozen other villages and farmland. The nurses may not be bachelors of science, but they were warmhearted, cheerful, skillful women, always on hand when one needed them, and seeming to care about my comfort as a mother would care for her child's. The diet food was tastefully cooked and served; the water was always changed in the vases of flowers sent by loving friends; in short, I was extremely pampered, and the pampering helped not only to heal my physical heart but to lift my depression and heal that other heart which is more than a bodily organ!

Incidentally, there was nothing initially wrong with that vigorous muscle the size of your clenched fist, which performs the amazing function of distributing blood and oxygen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

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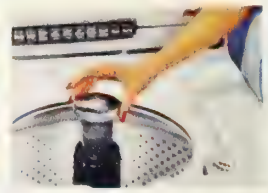
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

to every part of the body, with unfailing regularity from the day one is born until one dies. One takes one's heart so much for granted that if it stops for a second or ceases to function properly, the recognition is accompanied by great fear. But the heart, in heart "attacks," is usually an innocent bystander. The culprits are the blood vessels; these may contain "plaques" which narrow the vessels. Or the heart may be affected by high blood pressure, arising from the kidneys or from the central nervous system (again affected by emotions), which requires the heart to pump under a higher head of steam.

A thrombosis is due to a blood clot in a vessel, which shuts blood off from an area of the heart and deprives the muscle of adequate nourishment. A cramping of the heart is due to its being called upon to perform more than it is capable of, due to lack of co-operation from the blood vessels. That condition is called angina pectoris. The symptoms are identical and the treatment the same. If blood is shut off altogether, one dies very quickly. Though there are cases to the contrary, the probability is that if you don't die quickly you will recover.

No human being has ever invented a machine as amazing as the heart. It takes care of every sort of physical emergency; it automatically goes into high gear to increase its pumping of blood in case of hemorrhage; it speeds up against anemia; it is the great compensator.

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WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

But emotional stresses as well as physical causes restrict the blood vessels, and the heart muscle to fulfill its function of keeping you alive from minute to minute, diffusing blood and oxygen, must be strong enough to keep at it. When an attack occurs and the circulation is cut off in part, an intense inflammation sets in and a firm muscle becomes, in the affected area, a soft mass. But the heart, given help, soon starts to heal itself. New fibrous tissue grows to replace the injured area, which in time shrinks below the original muscle size. Meanwhile, new collateral blood vessels are formed—brand-new ones—to take over the interrupted circulation.

While this remarkable process of self-healing is going on, the progress of which can be recorded on the electrocardiograph, it is self-evident that the least possible additional strain should be put upon the organ. The basic cure for all heart attacks is rest. Because the heart is always in there pitching, and the therapy is to require it to pitch as little as possible. If anyone in perfect health runs upstairs or uphill, his pulse will accelerate. When one's heart is in the early stages of healing, one does not even walk upstairs, and until it is quite well one walks, if one must, one slow step at a time. Active use of the arms excites the heart. For weeks I was not allowed to touch a typewriter and all my writing was longhand. I am still not allowed to drive a car.

All the medicines are secondary to rest, for, I repeat, the heart, that doughty little center of life, if not too massively damaged cures itself if it is given a break. Drugs are either preventive, such as Dicumarol, or are for reducing blood pressure and therefore taking some load off the heart. But mental and emotional depression burdens the physical heart too. No one knows why, or exactly how, but experience shows that the phrase "My heart is heavy" is not just a manner of speaking.

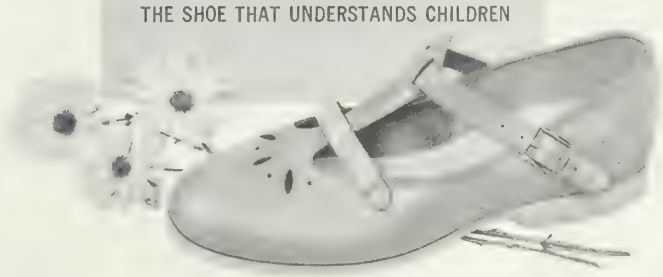
Cheerfulness is extremely healthful. But we cannot all be like the colored lady who, when asked how come she looked twenty years younger than her years, said, "When I works I works hard; when I sets I sets loose; and when I worries I goes to sleep." That blessed soul is not likely to have a heart attack. END



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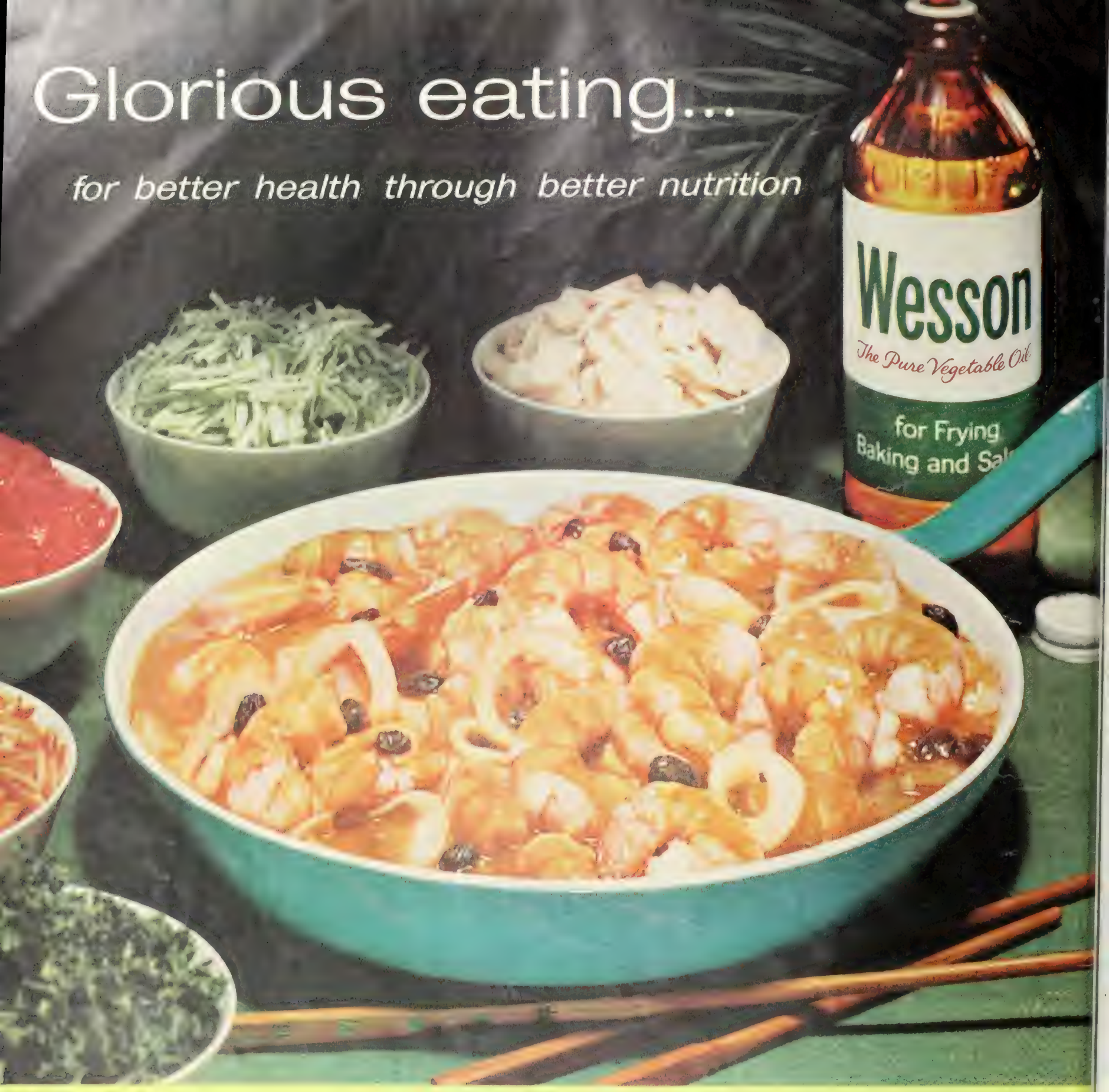
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WESSON SHRIMP CURRY. Cook 2 cut onions in 3 tablesp. Wesson 5 min. Mix in 2 tablesp. flour, 1 teasp. curry powder, ¾ teasp. salt, dash pepper, 1 cup water, ½ cup raisins, 2 cloves. Stir till thick. Add juice and grated peel of ½ lemon, 1 lb. cleaned raw shrimp.* Cover, cook slowly 15 to 20 min. Serve with rice and garnishes of chopped water chestnuts, shredded cabbage, pimiento, parsley, orange peel. 4 servings, about 480 calories each.
**Or use 2 cans (5-oz. size) Blue Plate or Gulf Kist or Dunbar brand shrimp, drained. Omit salt, add shrimp just before serving.*

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

Still Too Few

By MARGARET HICKEY

What is a Homemaker? To children whose mother has been taken to the hospital, she is the friendly woman who fixes their lunch, reads a story, and keeps unhappiness and disorder at bay. To an elderly man or woman, she is the visitor whose help with housework and marketing makes the difference between independence and placement in an institution. To a handicapped mother—learning to live with the results of disabling illness—she is the means of holding a family together.

Not nurses, not domestics, these women capably take on the tasks which keep a home running. They are paid—but they are rewarded, too, by their own pleasure in "doing for people," in reducing the stress of family crisis by their practical skills.

Homemaker services are still few throughout the country. Administered by a variety of organizations—social and health agencies, public-welfare departments, private voluntary groups—they are available in only about 150 of the nation's 3100 counties.

How can this down-to-earth, immensely valuable service be brought to more communities?

In New Jersey, citizens' groups have shown what volunteers can do in this field. Community sponsors of the now 16 services, which reach 14 counties, include Junior Leagues (as in this month's story of the Morris County project), Rotary Clubs, Zonta Clubs, councils of Jewish women, medical societies and their women's auxiliaries, and many others. A voluntary Consultant Committee on Visiting Homemaker Services, working with the state health department and local groups, has done much to encourage new programs.

In North Carolina, an experiment in homemaker care for the elderly and disabled is being conducted by the state public-welfare department with $20,000 granted by the Doris Duke Foundation, plus Federal matching funds for public assistance. In three rural and semirural counties, visits by homemakers once or twice weekly are proving the human and practical values of keeping older people living in their homes and communities as independently as possible, as long as possible. END



MARTHA HOLMES

A brand-new baby can sometimes manage to turn a home topsy-turvy, but with a Visiting Homemaker on hand to cook, clean, launder and help with the children, the Murray household is running smoothly. Here Mrs. Fern B. Faircloth shows Morgan Murray the right way to pat sister Elizabeth's soft, soft hair.

PRACTICAL HELP WHEN FAMILIES NEED IT

. . . Homemaker Service in Morris County, N. J.

Not long ago in Morris County, New Jersey, tragedy struck when a twenty-four-year-old mother died of a childhood heart condition. She left her husband, only twenty-five himself and a high-school English teacher, and their two sons, aged three and two.

Many people helped. Neighbors took the boys at first, then their maternal grandparents, who lived on Long Island. But their grandfather was suddenly transferred to Florida—departure time within a week. The young father, who had been making trips to see them every Sunday while he tried desperately to plan for the future, had to make all his decisions in a hurry.

He says, "The only thing I was sure of was that the boys and I had to stay together. I thought about moving to Florida, but I loved my job, and I hated the idea of giving up the house that my wife and I had just bought. It was in a good neighborhood abounding with children. But a live-in housekeeper would cost me, with board, about $300 a month. I'm a teacher. I just couldn't afford that."

It wasn't long, however, before two different people told him about the Morris County Visiting Homemaker Service. He reached assistant supervisor Mrs. Mary F. Fletcher by telephone. She was immediately sympathetic. "I'd like to give you our Mrs. Gannon," she told him. "She's particularly wonderful with young children. She has seventeen grandchildren herself."

"Do you think you could get her by next Monday?" asked anxious Mr. Hughes.

"I'll try," said Mrs. Fletcher.

Mr. Hughes says, "Up to the last minute I was afraid something would go wrong. My mother had left her home in Brooklyn and come down to help, but her health had not been good for years, and she couldn't handle two little boys alone. I woke up Monday morning feeling scared. My mother is really quite frail, and whoever came was going to have to take on an awful lot. I'd never even met Mrs. Gannon. I could have—but I'd taken Mrs. Fletcher's word. When she walked in the door on the dot of eight, I had the biggest



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feeling of relief I'd had in some time! She just looked at the kids and said 'Hi!' Then she started right in talking to them. When I left she was getting ready to do the breakfast dishes, and she said to me, 'You go along now. Everything's going to be just *fine!*'"

Mrs. Gannon, gray-haired and grandmotherly, took over the household completely on school days from eight to four, when Mr. Hughes got home. She cooked and cleaned and laundered, but she had other more unexpected skills as well. She gave two-year-old Michael, who has bright red hair, trike lessons. She chatted comfortably away with Billy, encouraging him to talk out some of his confusions of the last few weeks. Mr. Hughes says, "There was no question about her giving them love—but with the right kind of discipline too. Billy's table manners even improved."

Within days, the worried look on his face had eased. And down at the headquarters of the Morris County Visiting Homemaker Service, in the charming old Colonial house in Morristown which it shares with the county's Family Service and Visiting Nurse agencies, Mrs. Fletcher listed another case of a home literally held together after a family crisis.

Morris County's Visiting Homemaker Service does not provide baby sitters or extra domestic help. It provides makers of homes—and only families who are in need of all this implies are eligible for its help.

VHS was started in 1955, but its beginnings were tentative. A committee sponsored by the Morris County Community Chest had made a study of the county's needs, had recommended such a service, but the Community Chest's board of directors proposed a two-year trial period at first. Many doctors, nurses and people engaged in social and welfare work had helped the committee make its study, but one agency in particular, the already-existing Family Service of Morris County, was especially keen to see a local homemaker service started. It *knew* there were times when a family needed something other than intermittent counseling from its own trained social workers, or other than a few hours a week from a visiting nurse.

Family Service agreed to provide direction and sponsorship during those first two years, and the Junior League of Morristown offered further financial support and volunteer aides. A trained social worker was hired as part-time supervisor, the first group of women were screened and trained as "homemakers." Their fee would be $1.25 an hour, payable by the family except in cases of need.

In 1957 the two years of experience were evaluated. Says blue-eyed Mrs. Eugene L. Watkins, present chairman of the Homemaker Committee (its policy-making board), who began her association as a Junior League volunteer, "It was apparent that the homemaker service was bigger than anyone had thought. By our second year, after news of the service had begun to spread by word of mouth, requests doubled. It was obviously meeting a definite community need."

Today Morris County's Homemaker Service has a full-time professional supervisor, Mrs. Margaret Peake, and her assistant, Mrs. Fletcher. Seven volunteers, most of them Junior Leaguers, visit families requesting service, find out what is needed, make recommendations to Mrs. Peake. A corps of between 20 and 30 "homemakers" are on call (VHS has trained in all some 50 women), last year gave more than 20,000 hours of service to over 300 families.

Morris County's is the only homemaker service in New Jersey using volunteers as its investigators, or "case aides," but Mrs. Watkins is sure that this unique local practice helps strengthen community interest. She herself began as a case aide, and although she is the wife of a busy Morristown surgeon, has two school-age children and a host of other activities as well as her chairmanship, she cannot resist giving several hours a week to case-aide work. She says, "It's like anything else—when you love it, you find time for it." Daughter of a physician herself, psychology major and trained nurse's aide during the war, she says, "Of course we aim to keep our volunteer work on a professional level. Case aides are given a course in interviewing, make their first visits with someone experienced. We learn to spot when a family needs referral to a trained counselor on the Family Service staff, or perhaps medical care. We ask for permission to talk to a family's doctor when necessary. We have close ties with all the health and welfare resources of the county; this is what gives us our strength."

But then she quickly adds, "Our *real* strength is in our homemakers themselves." These women, many of them grandmothers, must satisfy VHS as to their characters and pass a physical exam as well. They take a homemaking course offered by Rutgers' extension department that includes a smattering of everything from nutrition to geriatrics to child psychology. They are then ready to go forth, bringing serenity, courage and skilled hands to a wide range of situations.

Mrs. Peake says, "When we began, most of our cases involved hospitalization of the mother—usually to have a new baby," but VHS offers flexible hours and long-term care, and it now helps meet many of today's most serious social problems. Doctors and other agencies often refer families to VHS, but the majority of people who call or come to the Morristown headquarters do so because they have heard about it from someone else. A married daughter telephones. Her husband is being transferred across the country, but she can't persuade her elderly father to leave the house where he has lived for fifty years. He could manage by himself if a homemaker could drop in for two hours a day. A frantic young husband comes in. His wife has suffered severe anxiety since the birth of their third baby. Yesterday she had a complete breakdown and must go to a mental hospital. Could VHS help—beginning tomorrow at eight o'clock? Families disrupted by mental illness have risen sharply of late in VHS files. The aged, the ill, deserted mothers who must go out to work all help fill the files.

When asked, "Would it be right to repay good for evil?" Confucius replied, "No, for how then would you repay good? Repay good with good, and evil with justice."

VHS homemakers (most of them drive cars) range across Morris County, with its population (and proportionate crises) of a quarter of a million souls. Mrs. Watkins says, "Like most social agencies, we could do even more if we had more money." VHS is now an autonomous agency (no longer under Family Service), and a recipient of county Community Chest funds, but these do not cover all its expenses. The $1.25 an hour (plus carfare) charged families who can afford it covers only the cost of the homemaker. But VHS never turns down a family in need. It must raise homemaker fees for these, plus its own administrative expenses. The Morristown Junior League has given, over a period of five years, over $10,000. Another $10,000 was raised in a community drive. More recently, other agencies such as the county Heart Association or the Association for Mental Health have helped in cases where they had a concern.

Those who are helped, like Mr. Hughes, are usually eager to tell others how much the service has meant. Mrs. Gannon stayed with the Hughes family for close to two months. Since her services cost him $55 a week, he eventually made a happy arrangement with his wife's sister and her husband to share his household with them. Billy and Mike now have their beloved young aunt at home all day, and two first cousins to play with. But Mr. Hughes says, "It was that first period that was the worst. They had been away from home, and now they were back, and this raised all sorts of questions as to where their mother was. Some of their questions were cruelly hard to answer. My wife and I had had happy, well-balanced kids, and I was terribly anxious to keep them that way. Mrs. Gannon answered their questions with wonderful tact, and yet with honesty too. She had a whale of a job, I tell you. But she did it." END



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That's why DEL MONTE is America's favorite cream style corn, by far. Don't be content with less—ask for DEL MONTE every time.

SKILLET CORN

- 2½ oz. (about 1 cup) shredded dried beef, rinsed if salty
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 No. 303 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Golden Cream Style Corn
- ½ cup shredded cheddar cheese
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper (or pimento or stuffed olives)

Lightly fry beef and onion in melted butter until beef begins to curl. Stir in flour. Add milk; cook, stirring, till thickened. Add corn; heat till hot. Add cheese and green pepper; stir over low heat just till cheese melts. Serve at once on buttered toast triangles or in buttered toast cups. Serves 4-5.

Toast Cups: Butter muffin tins. Remove crusts from 8-10 slices thin-sliced sandwich bread; brush with melted butter. Press into muffin tins; bake in mod. hot oven (375° F.) about 12 min.

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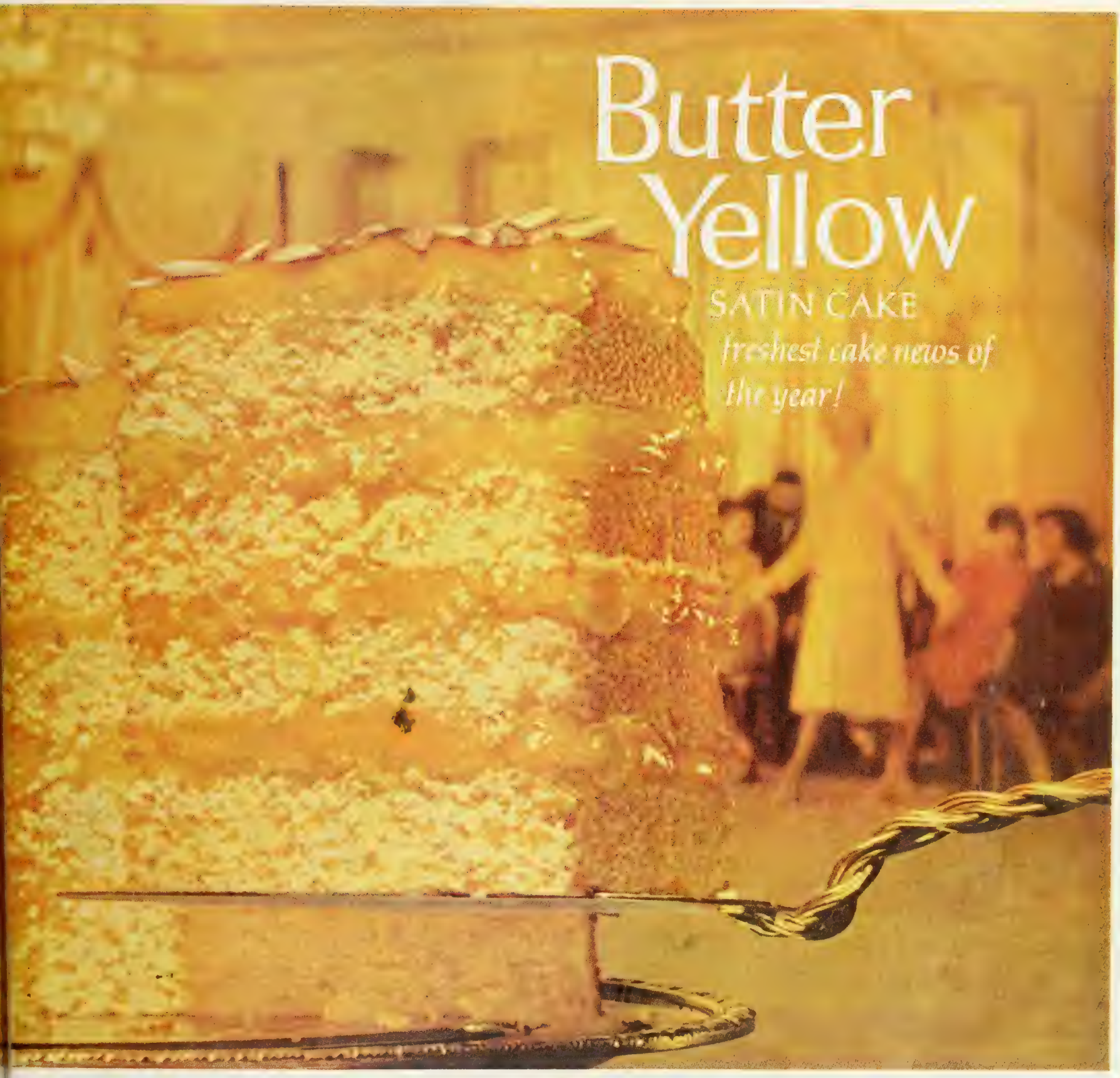
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SOFTASILK Butter Yellow Satin Cake

1 cup sugar	2½ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour	½ tsp. salt	¾ cup water
½ cup very soft butter		¼ tsp. baking soda	4 egg whites
1 tbsp. grated orange rind	2¼ tsp. baking powder	¼ cup orange juice	½ cup sugar

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease and flour 2 round layer pans, 8 or 9x1½". Mix 1 cup sugar, butter, orange rind in bowl. Beat 5 min., med. speed on mixer or by hand until fluffy. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, soda. Add alternately in 4 additions with orange juice and water. Beat egg whites until frothy. Gradually beat in ½ cup sugar. Beat until stiff. Fold into batter. Bake *30 to 35 min.* Cool. Split each layer into 2 layers. Spread Orange Butter Filling between layers and on top of cake. Sprinkle middle layer and top of cake *each* with ¼ cup chopped toasted almonds.

ORANGE BUTTER FILLING

Mix 1 cup sugar, 4½ tbsp. cornstarch, ½ tsp. salt in saucepan. Gradually stir in 1½ cups orange juice, ½ cup water. Bring to boil over low heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir half of hot mixture into 4 beaten egg yolks. Blend into remaining hot mixture. Boil 1 min., stirring constantly. Remove from heat; blend in ½ cup butter, 1 tbsp. grated orange rind. Cool.



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PAT BOONE

talks to teenagers About Horse Sense





Hi there again, friend! If you've got a few minutes, I have an interesting idea for us to toss around a little. One of the most terrific questions that challenged my teenage daydreams was "How to Be a Hero." I haven't made it yet. But I'll clue you. The dreams carry right over into the adult world. We all share visions of what great deeds we'd do if faced with the unexpected—a firing squad, a kid crying in a burning house, an overturned canoe on a moonlit lake. Only rarely does some such excitement come our way. More often we're faced, instead, with less dramatic emergencies—the humdrum problems of daily life which still demand quick thinking and sound reactions.

To be prepared— whether to solve the spectacular challenge or the more ordinary ones that crop up in your letters like "what to do till the doctor comes," or even "what to wear on an Occasion," or "how to organize a successful party"—I know of one common denominator that'll work without fail on 99 per cent of 'em. I can *tell* you this c.d. in two words. I can't *give* it to you at all. I only wish I could, 'cause if I could dip my hand into a big jar of it I'd keep a liberal dose for myself! I could use more! But it must be individually learned and earned. The two words that wrap up this magic are Common Sense. Now what, exactly, is that?

Common sense is just good plain, logical *thinking*—founded on observation, information and/or experience. Take these and add one more quality and you have the brand that originated in America, that makes America and Americans what they are—the greatest. *Common sense plus humor equals horse sense.* And that's the American heritage and the American ideal! The homespun philosopher, the cracker-barrel wit are uniquely American, dating from the time of our Independence when Benjamin Franklin was writing Poor Richard's Almanac. (Poor Richard anticipated modern rush-rush by announcing, "He who riseth late must trot all day"), down to the man who defines Hoss Sense as "what keeps hosses from betting on people." And right now I'd like to throw my hat in the cracker barrel with my own definition of genius. I've got a hunch genius is just horse sense with wings. And that, my friend, is the monthly pronouncement of the Cooga Mooga Kid, P. Boone, the Teenage's Sage from ol' Kentucky. For a written explanation of this saying, write me at Cooga Mooga; enclose the top of an old car with your request. But the big question is: how is an individual (you) to learn and earn this magic of heroes, soothsayers and geniuses?

Hoss sense comes hard. Without experience we're usually governed by what we want rather that what's good for us. The sages through the ages have warned us that "there's no substitute for experience"—and there isn't. Dad says, "Hortense, if you hang on that clothesline, it'll break and you'll fall." You do. It does. You do. So far, so good. You've gathered some experience. But now horse sense should take over and two things should happen. You don't hang on the clothesline again, which means that you have "profited by the experience." Second, you begin to regard dad in a new light. He's an expert who can prophesy from his own knowledge; and now you begin to "profit by the experience of others"—which will spare you a lot of personal, experimental lumps.

Some develop this horse sense more slowly than others and that's called "learning the hard way." If repeated experiences fail to awaken our common sense, if we go from trouble with our parents to trouble with our teachers to trouble with the law, it's quite likely we'll qualify for the tart label Benjamin Franklin dropped when he said, "Experience keeps a hard school, but *fools* will learn in no other." How about that now?

So the seed of horse sense doesn't grow until you begin to profit by experience, and it won't branch out into a real hero maker until you can also profit by the experience of others, and until *you can evaluate* what you learn and observe.

By applying horse sense we can tell when *not* to repeat an experiment and when to *try, try again*. We'll refuse to be *fools*, but we will also refuse to be *failures*.

A few years back a gallant gal, Florence Chadwick, after successfully swimming the English Channel, became the first woman to attempt to swim the twenty-one miles from Catalina Island to the California coast. Thousands of TV fans watched her battle all night through

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

icy water, fog and schools of sharks, only to be pulled from the water a mile short of her goal, exhausted, humiliated, chilled—in a word, defeated.

Florence, in evaluating her two experiences, remembered that at the point in her English swim when she felt she had gone as far as she could go, she begged to be taken from the water. And right then her father sighted land. "I saw it, too," she recalled, "and that gave me the push I needed to go on and make it. But in my unsuccessful attempt to cross from Catalina fog obscured the land ahead. When they told me it was only a mile away I didn't have the faith to believe

DOMESTIC DIALOGUE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Through dinner the most that
my lord will mutter
Is, "Huh?" or, "Huh-uh," or,
"Pass the butter."
So long as I'm near, with my ear
cocked handy,
He hasn't a needless word to
bandy.

But wait till I'm out in the
kitchen running
The faucet loudly, or till I'm
gunning
The vacuum in the upstairs hall,
And that's when my part-time
clam will bawl,
"Whacha goon mobble da porkle
ay?"
Or that's what it sounds like,
anyway.

And I used to trot for a clear
translation.
But now I handle the situation
By sensibly yelling above the
racket,
"Goggle da whup in the morpso
yacket!"

hat I couldn't see. I had lacked *faith*, not *bility*."

Two months later, with renewed faith, Florence Chadwick turned her defeat into victory, became the first woman to swim the Catalina Channel despite recurring fog, and beat the men's record by two hours.

And that, my friend, is how horse sense makes heroes. Now let's get specific.

ENSE AND NONSENSE:

One of the most important things you can now is . . . what you don't know. And one the most sensible things you can do is . . . mit it!

Mark Twain once said, "I was gratified to able to answer promptly, and I did. I said at I didn't know."

Kids who have to give an answer for everyng, right or wrong, who can't bear to cons that there is an area not covered by their rsonal knowledge and experience, are allw-and-no-go, believe me! They can also dangerous as a source of much misinformaon—and that's being polite about the whole ng. In horse-sense lingo it goes like this: ne of the most striking differences between at and a lie is that a cat has only nine es"—while nonsense doubles itself indefiely every time it is spoken into another pair ears.

If you don't know, say so! And then you're in a position to say, "I'll find out." Now if you're a no-nonsense character you'll *consider the source* and get the best information available. The world is full of experts and specialists who're more than willing that we should profit from their experience.

When I was in high school we had visiting lecturers from the police and fire departments. We had a dentist who told us about teeth. Our teachers and parents taught us things every day. But a good many of us were too lazy to take notice. It's horse sense to *pay attention* and learn all we can.

Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts usually latch on to quite a bit of potential hero-know-how and I can't recommend too strongly that teenagers, you gals in particular, take advantage of all the first-aid instruction you can get. Kin Hubbard, another famed horse-sense philosopher, held that, "Of all the home remedies, a good wife is the best"—and a good wife and mother needs all the info' possible to be prepared for daily family life.

So now you've learned to profit by and evaluate your personal experience. You've quit guessing, admitted what you know and don't know, and listened to the experts. But you can still goof. One thing more is needful!

When the time comes—when the boat overturns, or the house catches fire (it happened to us the other night), or junior falls and comes in with an arm that zigs where it ought to zag, or even when you're wondering what to wear to a party—*you've got to use what you know.*

"Keep cool!" say the experts. "Use your head!"

James Thurber advised, "He who hesitates is sometimes saved." And American horse sense shouts: "*Before you louse it up—THINK!*"

I remember a girl, a very bright, sweet, attractive gal, who became engaged to a buddy of mine in college. He was crazy about her—but she had him worried. Her pattern was, in every crisis, to have hysterics or run away, and her husband-to-be wasn't sure she could be trusted with the responsibilities of married life. She'd get "too shook" under pressure. He tried talking to her about it, but she just shrugged and said, "That's just the way I am. I guess I was born that way."

But this isn't true. Finley Peter Dunne, a Chicago newspaperman, helped the cause of horse sense along by inventing an American philosopher with an Irish accent named Mr. Dooley. Mr. Dooley used to talk over profound problems with his friend, Mr. Hennessy—once this very subject.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "we are as th' Lord made us."

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "lave us be fair. Lave us take some iv th' blame oursilves."

Nobody's "just born that way." It's the pattern he develops and it's always possible to change that pattern. My friend had quite a time convincing his girl that she could *consciously choose her reactions* until they became dependable and habitual. Finally she began to "get the message." With my friend's help she schooled herself to stop a moment and think, to handle fear and panic and indecision with a determination to be calm and intelligent. Today they're married and she's that "best of all home remedies," a good wife and mother. She's all there in a pinch!

If we begin as teenagers (or even before), we can learn and earn what it takes to meet the unexpected in a truly heroic fashion. We can handle big emergencies or small problems without being thrown off our stride. But we have to stick with it, insist on the common-sense reaction until it becomes a habit.

WINGED HORSE SENSE:

Do you remember an old song called "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To"? It began to appeal to my vocal cords when I first met Shirley—and since we've been married I've just changed the tense. She *is* so nice to come home to!

The point is that I got a new slant on it from something Fannie Hurst, the famous novelist, said about her husband. In all the years she'd known him, she said, she couldn't remember

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



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Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all types of feet*. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Department Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for new catalog to **Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 4S 13 Chicago 10, Ill.**

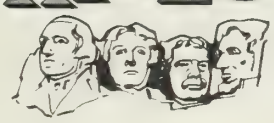
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

his doing a thing she wished he hadn't done. "How come?" she asked him. "How can you be so consistently mindful of others?"

And he said, quite simply, "I suppose because *I have to live with myself.*"

So far we've discussed horse sense as applied to the outside world of people and events. But here, in one sentence, is horse sense with wings—the casual statement of a man who had found the magic for *living with himself.*

The height of "plain, logical thinking" leads us to the conclusion that, always and always, we're going to come home to *us.* We can choose where we want to live, and with what partner. But we've *got* to live with ourselves, take ourselves with us wherever we go, and after every party, after school, after a test or a sports event we've got to come home and be alone with ourselves.

This is true for presidents and milkmen, old and young, poor and rich. In this light we see that outbursts of temper, the temptation to look at someone else's test or homework, the desire to "chop" a friend to be smart, or to belittle someone in order to feel "big-shot" ourselves may hurt the other guy. But if we're honest we'll admit they hurt us more. When we come home to us, when we're alone, we "hate us."

In the New Testament, Jesus, Who knew all this and loved us very much, gave us the very best rules for horse sense with wings. He said, among other things, don't be angry, or call people fools. Make friends with your enemies. Forgive your brother. Give rather than grab. Treat others the way you want to be treated. This is the highest order of horse sense, not only to keep your dealings with others well greased but because it is the *best* and *most practical* way for you to like you.

Jesus also said to *pray.*

It's hard to be heroic, or the kind of people we truly want to be without prayer. In the Boone scrapbook is one prayer that seems to me honestly heroic. It was written by a teenager in the sixteenth century while she waited in the Tower of London for them to cut her head off. The gently reared English princess, Lady Jane Grey, talented, sensitive, devout, probably never dreamed that at sixteen she would be forced to marry against her wishes; made a helpless pawn in a game of king making, with the throne of England as the prize; finally faced with public execution shortly after her seventeenth birthday. But that's what happened to her. Lady Jane Grey met her death unresisting and courageous at just about the age when I was worrying about whom to take to the senior banquet. If we'd changed places, would I have been an empty sack? Would you? Here is her prayer:

"O Merciful God, be Thou now unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat Thee. Give me grace to await Thy leisure, and patiently to bear what Thou doest unto me; nothing doubting or mistrusting Thy goodness towards me; for Thou knowest what is good for me better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things what Thou wilt; only arm me, I beseech Thee, with Thine armour, that I may stand fast; above all things, taking to me the shield of faith; praying always that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will, abiding Thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please Thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me; and I am assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest cannot but be well; and unto Thee be all honour and glory. Amen."

END

"LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE"

Pat Boone Talks to Teenagers on Teen-Time Romance in the MAY JOURNAL



Advertisement

LOOK AT YOUR HANDS

(He will!)

Are they as pretty as you wish they were? They can be so easily!



By Ruth Miller

He may not remember the color of your eyes. He may not notice the hat you're wearing. But if he's a typical man he likes you to have attractive, well-groomed hands...according to a recent survey. The men (those unobservant creatures!) rated pretty hands as important as a nice smile and pleasant manners. So perhaps this is your cue to start taking inventory.

Is your cuticle rough and ragged? Even when you're wearing a fresh coat of polish, a ragged cuticle can spoil the whole effect! It's a sign your hands aren't getting the attention they deserve. But don't make the mistake of cutting the cuticle. You'll just be encouraging it to grow faster, and you may be inviting infection. Instead, try Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover. It's so safe and gentle!

Use a Cutex genuine Orangewood Stick for your cuticle care. That's one of the jobs it's been designed for. Simply wrap the tip in cotton and moisten with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover. Then use this to push the cuticle gently back all around. At the same time the Cuticle Remover will safely float away the dead tissue and leave your nails neat and well-groomed.

Are your nails splitting and cracking? Filing them incorrectly may be your trouble. Harsh, metal files roughly sawed across your nail tips may separate the tiny layers of nail and start them splitting. Cutex Emery Boards are much gentler. File carefully from side to tip with the emery board, leaving a sixteenth of an inch at each side for added reinforcement. Flexible Cutex Emery Boards give with the contour of your nails. And there are no rough, sharp edges to cause injury.

Don't try to make your nails too pointed, either. Very pointed nails break more easily and accent stubby fingers. You'll find complete instructions for giving yourself a home manicure in our helpful little booklet, "Beauty Treatment for Your Hands." Now available without charge. Send your name and address to Northam Warren, Dept. C, New York, N. Y.



"Somebody *has* to eat it, or she won't get her scout cooking badge."

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

This American fashion for making a clown out of dad has gone so far that even if Junior is getting D's and E's in school he thinks he's smarter than $20,000-a-year pa with a Ph.D.

A stubborn little band of affluent mothers-in-law in our town each threatens fond son-in-law with a reward of $10 or more—if he happens to have a picture of her in his wallet.

When our local nabob married off his daughter recently he had plenty of $30 Russian caviar flown in. But they kept running out of toast and minced onion to go with the caviar.

"After a man leaves college," muses Peter Comfort, burning his fancy New Year's Eve paper hat in the leaf burner, "he surrenders oftener to a piquant facial expression than to a pretty face."

Why did we all think it so funny when we discovered our Cyclone (at three) sitting on the floor with a pile of my favorite long-play records and a hammer? As if he were being brilliant?

Our town's gourmet argues hash is a better test of a restaurant's excellence than ham and eggs. He has eaten hash at Chambord, Colony and Antoine's, and plans to order hash at all New York's "Best Ten" his next visit.

When our youngest is down to one right glove and one left galosh, we know the end of winter is near, and that by June he'll triumphantly find one or the other at a chum's house.

My red-haired daughter has learned how to cook tenderized low-cost beef that tastes better than costly steak. I've nicknamed it "medicated beef" and promised my own Lady Love a golden aluminum swim suit if she learns how.

Our village youngsters who haven't earned or wangled enough money to spend spring vacation in Bermuda or Lauderdale get revenge by bringing four or five chums home from college. For pa and ma it's a delicate choice.

No more gravy for me, my Dream Girl decrees, until after I've dieted off at least fifteen pounds. I can be stoical about this, because luckily I don't like gravy very much.

Our youngsters' tots yank at every knob, switch and handle, as if each were a rightful toy. I'm convinced the ideal toy creation for the little darlings should resemble an airliner's instrument panel.

Ah, expert testimony against "exclusive" dating: My favorite Beauty Queen (still a coed) tells me she's dated 102 different boys in college. This, she feels, has been a vital part of her education.

I brought nine pairs of onyx bookends home from my visit to Nogales, Sonora, and now I can scatter batches of books around the house like flowers: a row of war books, a group of biographies, a medley of poetry.

"Homely men are sweeter," reflects Betty Comfort, jumping cautiously on her Trampoline. "They aren't so conceited or egotistical. But they needn't be homely as scarecrows!"

Infallible sign of spring: we can't find our favorite rake or our favorite spade. But whose fancy shrubbery saw is this? We suspect our neighbors; they suspect us.

I've been skeptical about electric blankets, too brave-new-world for me. Yet I like to snuggle under my wife's electric when she has it on! (Only on this has she outmodernized me.)

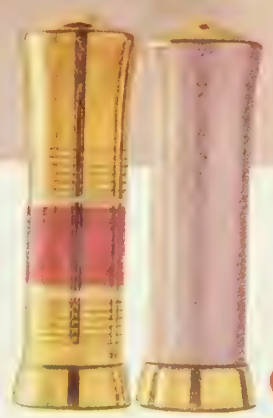
Maybe our offspring wouldn't drop their clothes on the bedroom floor if their college quarters had Saturday-morning inspection. I hear that in sorority and fraternity bedrooms the clutter approaches squalor.

My notion of a pleasant way to diet isn't to sit at the same table and watch my family bite chunks of fattening delicacies. Maybe I need a separate table in the next room. Or a breakfast of black coffee and juice in bed, far from the ham and eggs.

When Cyclone at three says "Yes, sir!" like a sergeant or airman to a four-star general . . .
or Eric at one takes an interest in books by knocking 'em off the lower shelves . . .
and Suzi at three deflates a man with a sweet smile as if she were thirty . . .
or Tracy good-naturedly at one takes a mauling from her brother . . .
and Patrick at five influences his gramp to imitation by exploding.
when he's mistaken, a resentful "I goofed!"
then I glow at a glimpse of more immortality than I deserve.



smart girl can't have too many Cutex lipsticks. Because it takes a heap of stick hues to make a fashion wardrobe! Wear beige...and your lips cry out a zingy color like "Hot Strawberry." Wear the new winey reds and you sim- must have Cutex "Clear Red." Don the new blues and you'll want "Pink m Paris." The new greens and you'll need "Coral Ice." So it goes...with a e when you're sad, an orange when you're glad...a lipstick for your special ods. Before you know it, you'll own all the fashion-fresh Cutex colors!



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Long lasting Sheer Lanolin and light 'n creamy, new Delicate lipsticks

Married... but following two separate paths

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

"I have known Bill four weeks. He wants me to marry him now since he is due to enter service next month, but mother opposes it."

She is right. Wait a year.

ASK YOURSELF:

Will I Be a Happy Wife?

This spring and summer, thousands of girls will be getting engaged and married. Their success and happiness will depend greatly upon the personal traits and attributes that they bring to marriage. Answer the questions below to find out how your qualities compare with those that research has shown to be characteristic of the happy wife.

DO YOU:

1. *Prefer homemaking to any other career?*
2. *Enjoy spending time with children?*
3. *Really try to get along with other people?*
4. *Usually look upon life's bright side?*
5. *Find most persons easy to like?*
6. *Value their good opinion of you?*
7. *Manage your temper easily?*

ARE YOU:

8. *Orderly and systematic in your habits?*
9. *Confident but not aggressive?*
10. *Thrifty about money?*
11. *Co-operative and companionable?*
12. *Patient and understanding with friends?*
13. *A warmhearted and understanding person?*
14. *By your mother's standards, ready for marriage?*

Credit yourself with one point for each definite "Yes." Unless your total score is ten or more, there can be serious doubt about your readiness for marriage. Study of your negative answers may help you see the way to greater maturity.

HE WAS AN EASY TARGET FOR ANOTHER WOMAN

Bill was thirty-five, Jean thirty-four; both were college graduates. Married seven years, they had a son, five, and a daughter, three. Bill's automobile agency netted him more than $20.000 a year, while Jean operated a secretarial service she had founded before marriage.

Now they were locked in bitter dispute. Jean wanted to become a working partner in Bill's business, and he refused to consider the arrangement. On this issue the marriage appeared to be breaking up. To understand the immediate crisis, the background must be considered.

When Bill and Jean met, he was an outstanding success as a manufacturer's representative. Though three years elapsed before they were married, they spent little time together, because Bill's job required extensive traveling. Jean refused to marry a "traveling salesman," so Bill gave up his job and bought an automobile agency in her home city. However, she insisted on continuing her business, and Bill reluctantly gave in.

Motherhood was no part of Jean's plans, and she continued to insist on working despite her pregnancies. However, when the second baby was expected, she demanded an elaborate new home as compensation for her "sacrifice." As usual, Bill gave in.

Jean's waking hours were now filled with activities which excluded Bill. A lonely man, he was an easy target for his secretary. But his conscience soon overtook him and he confessed to Jean. Outraged, she insisted on replacing every girl in the office with others of her own choosing. Resentfully, Bill obeyed her orders.

After their daughter was born, Jean's surveillance and interference increased. Worse, she had discussed Bill's affair with relatives, neighbors and even his employees. Despairing, Bill decided to sell out and start over in another state. Jean agreed, but in return demanded sole title to the house and a full partnership in the new agency.

Bill balked on admitting her to the business. It was at this point that they sought counsel.

Bill said, "I think I still love Jean, and I do love and need my children. But there comes a time when a man can no longer give in to his wife. She can run her own business, but she isn't going to ruin mine."

Jean said, "Bill doesn't know the value of a dollar. The only reason we have anything is because of me. If he wants me, we have to be partners in every way. Otherwise, I want a legal separation and half his money, but no divorce. If I can't have him, no other woman will."

Bill rejected the idea of legal separation, but in return for a divorce, would agree to deed her the house and pay her and the children $1000 a month.

Playing for time, to protect Bill's business and to let tempers cool before permanent commitments were made, the counselor suggested a temporary separation. But Jean refused even a short-term truce without elaborate financial guaranties. After fruitless legal skirmishes, she finally agreed to a Nevada divorce, to get her way financially.

Though Jean and Bill are by no means a typical couple, their story reflects principles applicable to many.

Their courtship, though spanning three years, was inadequate. They hadn't enough time together to discover their differences, and either resolve them or end the engagement.

From the beginning, their relationship was distorted to satisfy Jean's demands. Even before the marriage she was setting the terms.

She erred in issuing ultimatums, Bill erred in yielding to them. Neither was fulfilling a partner's responsibility to give and take. If one does all the taking and the other does all the giving, the relationship is not that of partners.

They never developed common goals, but followed their separate paths, which drew farther apart as the years went by.

They postponed counsel until it was too late. With trust and respect gone, with communication destroyed, with each motivated by selfish interests alone, the marriage [illegible] but financially.

At several points along the way, constructive steps might have been taken to help this couple improve their relationship. Neither of them was perceptive enough, or cared enough, to make the effort. Unhappily, the children will suffer most.

"MY DAUGHTER GETS CRUSHES"

Marguerite's mother arranged her first appointment. Mrs. A. wrote that Marguerite, a college student of nineteen, kept getting crushes on men old enough to be her father. The first time, when she was sixteen, the man was a bachelor of thirty-four. Now she was infatuated with a still-older man, a husband and father. "It's heartbreaking, when there are so many nice boys around. I can't talk sense into her head, but I've finally persuaded her to see you."

Marguerite proved to be attractive, self-possessed and civil, but uncommunicative. Though she answered questions, she at first volunteered nothing, but gradually she relaxed and began to talk spontaneously.

Her parents were divorced when she was two, and her mother remarried when Marguerite was twelve. She became very fond of her stepfather. "He's always been good to me. I get along with him better than with my mother. She and I clash about everything. I've never been able to talk to her."

At fourteen she started dating a boy a year older, but broke off because her mother disapproved of his family. "I dated several other boys, but they seemed so awkward and clumsy to mother that I couldn't get interested." Then, when she was fifteen (a year younger than her mother believed!) she started seeing Ralph, the thirty-four-year-old bachelor—"So handsome and polished, and he treated me like an adult." Soon they became intimate. "At first I didn't like that part, but I wanted to please him, and soon it became important to me too. I probably would have married him if he'd asked me."

But he didn't, and when she left for college they broke off. At first she dated other students, but they seemed "dull and silly" after Ralph. Then she met Tom, thirty-eight, married, and the father of two children. "I knew he played around, but that only made it more interesting."

Tom's wife somehow learned of the affair and told Mrs. A. Marguerite was unmoved by her mother's pleading—but for the sake of Tom's home and children, he and Marguerite agreed not to see each other any more. But Marguerite maintained that if she couldn't have Tom, she'd never marry anyone.

When Marguerite returned to college, she was more optimistic and more realistic. Since she wanted to continue therapy (a good sign) I referred her to an able clinician. At last word, she was continuing to progress toward understanding herself and her situation. Her memories of Tom and Ralph no longer prevent responsiveness to men nearer her own age. She is now dating an instructor ten years older than she. There is a vast difference in the relationship possible between a man of thirty and a young woman of twenty, and that of a man of thirty-four and a girl of fifteen.

Marguerite's case is an example of a schoolgirl crush carried to destructive extremes. In adolescence, most girls cherish romantic dreams of some fascinating older man. So long as these attachments remain imaginary, and are not allowed to overshadow reality, they can do little harm.

But for a young girl actually to become romantically involved with a man twenty years her senior is unwise and unwholesome. They are literally a lifetime apart. Her association with him is apt to detach her from her contemporaries, and unfit her for the activities suitable to her age.

As she begins dating, every girl needs understanding and guidance. Marguerite and her mother never achieved a relationship of understanding. It was Mrs. A's scorn that first discouraged Marguerite's interest in boys her own age. Instead of judging every gawky youth who comes to the door as a potential husband, let the mother remember that a variety of dating experience is sound preparation for marriage, and for life.



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Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos – for dry, oily or normal hair – is now offered in combination with Breck Hair Set Mist. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

Breck Hair Set Mist is a fine, fragrant spray that holds curls beautifully in place for hours. It sprays on gently, evenly, leaving the hair soft and smooth, never sticky. Breck Hair Set Mist with lanolin is always good to your hair.

A 65¢ Breck Hair Set Mist with a $1.75 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos – both for $1.75 plus 5¢ federal tax.

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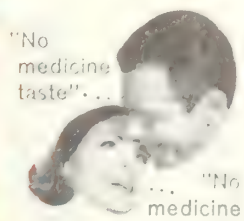
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Only LAVORIS of the 4 best selling mouthwashes is accepted for advertising by the AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M. D.

Tell me, doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names used are fictitious.

"My wife got this sudden, awful pain. I was so scared that all I could think of was to put her in the car and take her to a doctor quick! Did I do right?"

The doctor, using a pause of a half hour or so between patients to amplify his notes, had asked not to be interrupted. So he looked up in some surprise when his secretary opened his office door without knocking and hurried directly to his desk.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Doctor, but a Mrs. Jenkins is here—her husband just brought her in. She's an emergency, I think. She looks ghastly and I'm sure you'll want to see her at once. I've got her on the divan in the outer office."



ABBOT MILLS

Mrs. Jenkins, thirtyish and wearing a house dress, did indeed look very ill. Her face was gray, there were beads of perspiration on her forehead. Her husband, standing beside her, was also in work clothes.

"I don't know whether I did the right thing or not," Mr. Jenkins began apologetically, "coming in without phoning you or anything. But, you see, my wife got this sudden, awful pain. She was lifting a basket of clothes when it hit her. I heard her scream clear out in back where I was working. When I got in the house, she was almost fainting. She's had these pains before, but not so bad. They just make her kind of sick. But this time it was terrible! She's not a woman to make a fuss—she's got grit. I was so scared all I could think of was to put her in the car and get her to a doctor as fast as I could."

"You did exactly right, Mr. Jenkins," the doctor said. "Or you could have rushed her to the nearest hospital. Whichever was quickest." Then to Mrs. Jenkins, who was making a feeble effort to sit up, "Stay right where you are! Just take it easy! Mary Ann, get my blood-pressure apparatus and a hypodermic." Following the nurse into the corridor, he whispered to her, "Call an ambulance at once. And bring a wheel chair!"

He returned to Mrs. Jenkins. "Where is the pain worst?"

"Here!" she said weakly, indicating her lower abdomen. "Low down on the left, right here. I can hardly bear to touch the place. It's awful, Doctor!"

"I know it hurts, Mrs. Jenkins, but you're going to be all right; we'll see to it. Have you had chills—felt feverish, that is?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



A NO-DRIP BOTTLE that stops drops and dribbles... a pitcher handle for easier, safer pouring... these are just the newest extras you get from Today's Clorox bleach. The main reason so many women are switching to Clorox today is still this remarkable discovery:

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CLOROX® GETS OUT DIRT THAT SUDS LEAVE IN...

actually dissolves suds-proof dirt that makes clothes gray!



Carter's Knit underwear, of course!

Orange juice and scrambled eggs help, too, but boys—and their dads—can *depend* on the comfort of Carter's soft cotton-knit underwear! Which suits the lady of the house, too, for Carter's has always been the name *she's* relied on for well-styled, long-wearing, never-needs-ironing knitwear. Haven't you?

Boys' Super T-Shirts. Nevabind sleeves. Sizes 2-12, $1.00. 14-20, $1.25. **Boys' Briefs.** Elastic waist. Sizes 2-12, 85¢-$1.00. 14-20, 95¢-$1.15.

Men's Super T-Shirt. Nevabind sleeves. Sizes S-M-L-XL, $1.50. **Men's "Grecian Key" Knit Boxers.** Blue-black, brown-black, red-black. Sizes 30-44, $1.65.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

"No, but I feel very faint and dizzy. My husband took my temperature when I had the pain before, and it was below normal."

Now Mary Ann reappeared with the blood-pressure apparatus. The doctor took pains not to show his concern as the dial registered so dangerously low as to be almost indiscernible. Deftly he administered the hypodermic.

"What have you had to eat today, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"Just a cup of black coffee. I didn't feel like anything else."

"That's fine! Couldn't be better." He took Mr. Jenkins aside, said in a low voice, "We've got an emergency on our hands. I've sent for an ambulance. There will be a wheel chair here in a minute. I can't say for sure, but your wife is probably going to have to have an operation. It should be a pretty simple one; but if it's what I think it is, we can't waste any time."

"But Doctor ——"

The doctor went right on. "I'll examine your wife further in the hospital. I can't do it here—I'll explain why later." Then, in a louder, cheerful tone, "Well! Here's Mary Ann with a wheel chair! We're going to take you for a little ride, Mrs. Jenkins. And first thing you know, you'll be all shipshape!"

An hour later the doctor stepped from the hospital surgery into the corridor, where Mr. Jenkins was waiting anxiously.

"The operation's over, and your wife came through it beautifully. Her trouble proved to be exactly what I guessed it was—a ruptured tubal pregnancy on the left side. She was hemorrhaging internally, from the ruptured tube. That's what made it necessary for us to work so fast. She could have died if we hadn't been fortunate—and if you hadn't been smart and acted as quickly as you did. But she's all right now. She ought to feel pretty much like her old self in the morning."

Mr. Jenkins gave a great sigh of relief. "She was awfully sick, wasn't she?"

"She certainly was. A ruptured tube is apt to cause more trouble from shock reaction than it does from the actual loss of blood. We've replaced that, by the way. Sorry I can't take time to talk more about it right now, but I've an office full of patients waiting for me. Can you be here tomorrow morning at nine o'clock? Good!"

Mr. Jenkins was already in his wife's hospital room when the doctor came in the next morning.

"She looks fine, doesn't she?" he said to Mr. Jenkins. "I thought she would. It was a simple operation, as operations go. It just required prompt action. That's why we rushed around so. There wasn't time yesterday to go into details. It was a big help, Mr. Jenkins, that you were such a good sport. But now we can explore things a bit. How many attacks like this have you had, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"At least two or three." Mrs. Jenkins' voice was strong, she looked very different from the desperately ill woman of the day before. "I missed my period two months ago. It was after that I had the first attack of pain. I thought maybe I was pregnant, but couldn't be sure because I kept bleeding off and on. It seemed every attack was worse than the one before. Nearly always they came after I had been doing heavy housework."

"Did it ever happen following marital relations?"

"Well, yes, it did," in a low voice.

"You mustn't be embarrassed, Mrs. Jenkins. That is a pretty important indication, medically speaking. Now tell me something else. Have you ever had trouble with your Fallopian tubes? Such as an infection, for instance?"

"Yes, Doctor. We have two little boys. But a year after Mike was born—he's the youngest—I had a spontaneous abortion. I was about two months along, the doctor said. That was two years ago. I had a bad infection. Later the doctor took X rays. He said that only one of my tubes was open, and that one only partly. He said that was why I hadn't become pregnant again. It's always been a little tender there since I had the infection."

"You were pregnant this time, Mrs. Jenkins, but it was what we call an ectopic pregnancy. The baby was growing in the outer part of the left Fallopian tube instead of in the uterus where it belonged."

Mr. Jenkins cleared his throat. "What did you do to her, Doctor?"

"I took out the left tube, containing the ruptured pregnancy, and the left ovary as well. The ovary had been badly damaged too. Not only by the former infection, but by the rupture of the tube and the hemorrhage that followed."

"Does that mean I won't be able to have any more babies?" Mrs. Jenkins asked. "What about the other tube and ovary?"

"This is very interesting. And very fortunate, too, I think; all the more since you have told me about the X rays. I expected the right tube—the opposite one—to be closed. But it wasn't. It only needed a little straightening out. The ovary on the right side is all right too. So with any luck at all, you have a better than fifty per cent chance of having more babies!"

"I'm glad. Sam has always wanted a little girl."

"But I don't want my wife to have another one of *those* things," Mr. Jenkins declared emphatically. "Is it likely to happen again?"

"I have to say frankly that Mrs. Jenkins has considerably more likelihood of another ectopic than the average woman. But a great many women do have normal pregnancies after an ectopic. The chances would be about even, either way. You folks are veterans now though. You would recognize the first signs of

CONTINUED ON PAGE



"Dear, how long has it been since we had the Ridgeways over?"

Whether you wash sheerest sheer curtains or baby's diapers . . . you'll feel like a queen!



Washer Model WCI-60—Dryer Model DCI-60. Curtains by Kenneth

Every 1960 Frigidaire 3-Ring Agitator Washer BATHES DEEP DIRT OUT WITHOUT BEATING

This exclusive "Clothes Bath" Care in models for every budget!

No blades to tangle, stretch or catch even most fragile fabrics. Because this patented 3-Ring Agitator pumps up and down . . . it's rub-free, hand-gentle. Yet thorough enough to wash baby's diapers really clean.

Safe underwater bleaching. Handy, removable dispenser takes either powder or liquid bleach when you need it. Dispenses automatically at just the right time. Self-cleaning No storage fuss or odor.

Wash-and-wear care. A special cycle protects synthetics against wrinkles . . . ends hand washing.

Automatic lint removal. No devices to clean.

New, too, on the Custom Imperial Washer shown above, with matching Dryer: Touch-Bar Fabric Selector . . . pre-sets temperatures and speeds for 6 types of loads. Special wash-and-wear setting for cottons. All automatic soak cycle. Cold wash and rinse. 5 colors, white. See your Frigidaire Dealer.

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linens gray

colors dull

towels scratchy

PHOOEY!

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Calgon* rinses gray clothes white and soft again, or double your money back!

Try this prove-it-yourself test: (1) Wash and rinse a load of clothes your usual way—leave in washer. (2) Refill washer with hot water . . . add a cup of Calgon water conditioner . . . then agitate 5 minutes. (3) Surprise! A layer of old, left-in suds and dirt appears! Calgon itself does not make suds. They were embedded in the clothes during previous washings. Calgon *rinsed* out the suds and dirt.

Calgon is not a soap, detergent, bluing or bleach. In fact, no other washday product does what Calgon does. Remove the gray, restore brightness, keep fabrics *naturally* soft and new looking by using Calgon regularly.

Guarantee: Use a box of Calgon. If you're not satisfied that Calgon is all that we say it is, send the box top to Calgon, Pittsburgh 30, Pa., and get double your money back! *Reg. T.M.

calgon
WATER CONDITIONER



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

trouble. Mrs. Jenkins' condition need not become critical again."

"Why did I have a pregnancy like that?" Mrs. Jenkins asked. "What is the reason for them?"

"They come about, really, as a result of Nature's precautions to insure that fertilized ova shall find a firm resting place in the womb; not just pass on through, as happens with unfertilized ones. You probably know that the Fallopian tubes convey the ova to the womb, after they have been released by the ovaries. After an ovum has been fertilized—it turns almost immediately into a raspberrylike object called a conceptus—it develops a stronger and stronger propensity to dig in, attach itself to something, as it moves through the tube.

"It's all carefully and rather wonderfully arranged so that the conceptus will attach itself firmly to the wall of the uterus, once it arrives there. And ordinarily that is the way it happens. But when conception takes place, the ovum normally is met by the sperm at the outer end of the tube, the one nearest the ovary. If something slows it up in its journey through the tube, it may dig in too soon, while it is still in the tube. In that case it becomes what we call an ectopic pregnancy, which simply means a pregnancy outside of its normal place."

"But what could delay the ovum? I thought all that happened automatically!"

"Usually it does, But the female reproductive system is a very delicate and complicated affair and there are various things that can go wrong. Some women are born with defective tubes—partially closed or constricted. These will hold the conceptus back, slow it up. Sometimes there are little blind alleys in the tubes—sort of dead-end branches. A conceptus gets started down one of those by mistake and may stick there; or else not get back to the main stem in time.

"A previous pelvic infection that closes a tube wholly or partly is a frequent cause of delay. That was probably what was responsible in your case. Almost any previous operation in the pelvic region increases the chance of ectopic pregnancy slightly. Other things can cause it too."

"What other things, Doctor? Are any of them the matter with me?"

"No, Mrs. Jenkins. Aside from the loss of an ovary and tube, you are very fit—I checked! Since you ask, though, there is a rather bizarre possibility that I might mention, even though you don't have it. Sometimes one finds in the tubes little islands of tissue identical with those of the lining of the womb. This condition is called endometriosis. Encountering these tissues, the conceptus may think it has reached the womb, and be lured into digging in at the wrong place.

"I have seen reports of cases in which special hormones had been used to overcome sterility. These hormones can act upon the endometriosis cells, make them go through the preparatory changes the womb goes through in getting ready to receive the fertilized ovum. So it is little wonder that the conceptus gets bewildered, attaches itself in the wrong place! Some of us think now that use of hormones in this way may be dangerous; especially the stronger, newer ones—even though they may sometimes assist in bringing about a normal pregnancy."

"Why did I have that horrible pain, Doctor? It was much worse than the pain when my babies were born."

"Pain in a condition like this is almost always due to hemorrhage into the pelvic cavity. The blood connections of a conceptus in the tube are very poor, the blood vessels break easily. If the bleeding is within the tube it swells and forms a tumor, which in some cases may break into the pelvis. We call this a ruptured ectopic pregnancy, and it's what happened to you. It is dreadfully painful. It is also shocking to the delicate pelvic lining, the peritoneum. Tragically so at times. Unquestionably the earlier attacks of pain you had were due to lesser amounts of bleeding."

"How did you know what ailed me? Sam said you promised to explain why you rushed me to the hospital without examining me."

"First, it was because we didn't have a minute to lose. You were hemorrhaging critically at the time. That was indicated by your extremely low blood pressure and state of shock. Second, because an examination in a case like this can easily increase the trouble. We obstetricians have learned never to examine a woman we suspect of having an ectopic, except in a place where immediate emergency surgery is available. The examination itself could cause rupture of the tube. I didn't want you going into complete shock and hemorrhage on my office examining table!"

"Doctor, with all those chances to go wrong that you mentioned, why aren't there more ectopic pregnancies? It seems to me you don't hear of them very often."

"They probably occur much more often than most people realize. The tube, you see, is a very poor place for a conceptus to dig in, establish roots. There are none of the nourishing blood vessels and special tissues there that the uterus provides so amply for a fertilized ovum. It is like a garden with thin, poor soil.

"Hence we doctors believe that the great majority of ectopic pregnancies get into trouble very early, in the first month or so. The conceptus aborts spontaneously and is quietly absorbed. Probably many women never know they have started a pregnancy. The abortion may be passed off simply as a delayed or an unusually painful period

"Of course, when an ectopic ruptures the tube, as yours did, causing hemorrhage within the pelvic cavity, usually people know about it! But we doctors are learning to suspect ectopic pregnancy whenever a married woman in the fertile ages misses a period, bleeds irregularly and then has sudden attacks of pain. In a good many such cases, an ectopic pregnancy is found. The best medical thinking holds that it should be removed at once."

> Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.
>
> THOMAS JEFFERSON

"But, Doctor, it seems to me I've read about babies growing outside the womb and living!"

"This does happen. Occasionally the fetus may break out of the tube without causing any serious symptoms and get along somehow in the lower abdomen. It has to be delivered by surgery, naturally. But these cases are decidedly the exception. The risk is so great for both mother and baby in an ectopic that when the condition is diagnosed early, it is considered best to interrupt the pregnancy.

"But look, Mrs. Jenkins, you don't need any more of this theoretical conversation now. I'm afraid we have been thoughtless. Incidentally, though, you'll be sitting up this afternoon, walking around tomorrow, and can go home in a very few days if you want to. You shouldn't have much pain or trouble."

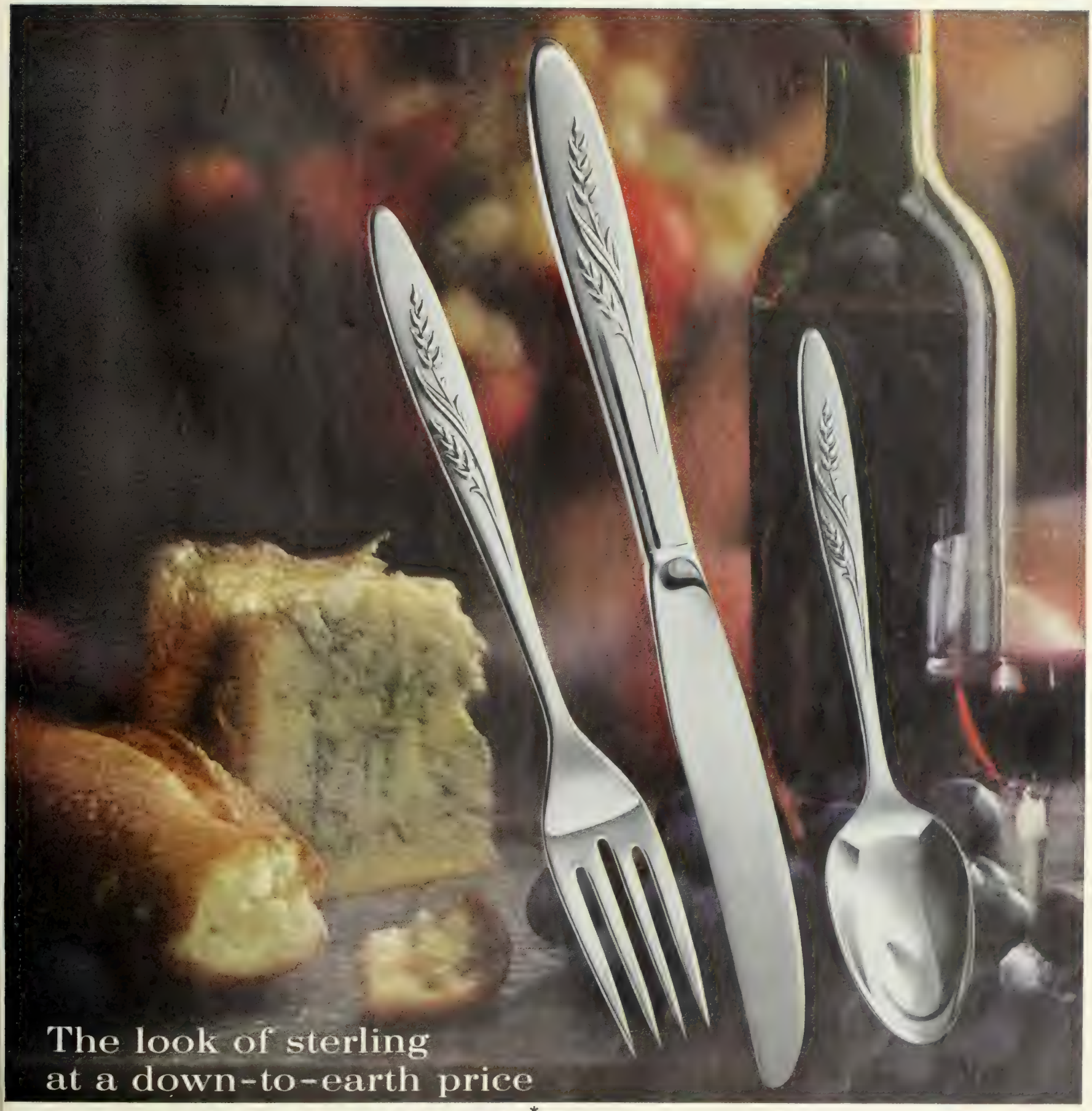
"Just a minute, Doctor, before you go," Mrs. Jenkins said. "I think I'd like to try for another baby. Sam and I know what to do, now, if I get those symptoms again, and I'm not scared. But ought we to wait awhile?"

"Yes, for six months at least. Then let me test to find out whether the remaining tube is still satisfactory. After that you'll have to keep in pretty close touch, much more so than in the usual case, and be extra careful if you do become pregnant. We'll have to be alert. But there's no good reason why you shouldn't try if you wish to."

"Doctor, I just don't know how to thank you."

The doctor put his hand on Mr. Jenkins' shoulder. "This fellow here is the one to thank, Mrs. Jenkins. He probably saved your life by his promptness in getting medical attention. I think he really deserves another chance at having that little girl!"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses fibroid tumors of the uterus.



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The gourmet look, the feel, the weight, the lifelong *luxury* you've always yearned to own is yours in Community silverplate. And at a quarter the price of sterling. Try, yourself, to tell them apart, and you'll see what we mean. New "Song of Autumn" pattern is a beautiful example of this outstanding value. See it today at your favorite silverware store—love it season after season. Services for 8 cost as little as $49.75.



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MOVING WITH CARE EVERYWHERE

UNDER COVER

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

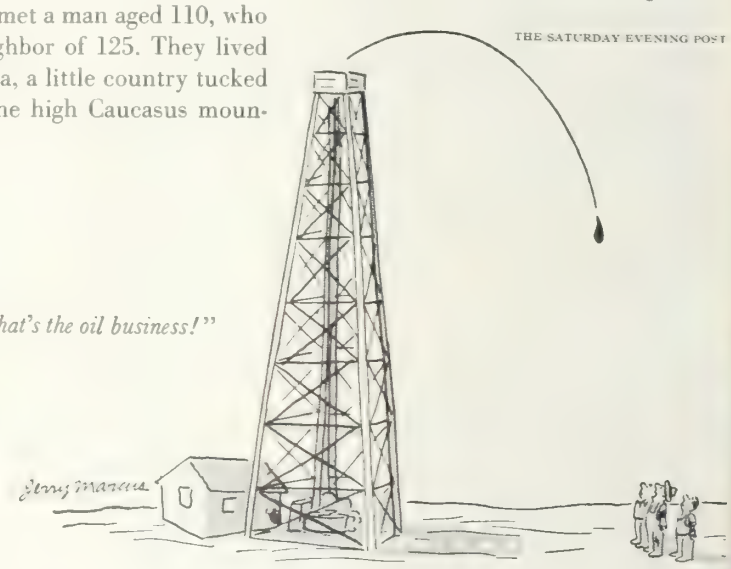
Stewart Alsop admits that his brother John (not Joseph) predicted Rockefeller's withdrawal from the presidential contest. "Don't forget, Stew," he said, "Rockefellers don't make a habit of investing in dry holes." Apparently he didn't take John seriously enough, for **NIXON AND ROCKEFELLER** (Doubleday) came out just too late.

On the credit side for Russia is the new custom of newlyweds planting a pair of trees in a local park on their wedding day. As the marriage grows, so do the trees—reforestation and divorce taken care of together.

Once I met a man aged 110, who had a neighbor of 125. They lived in Svanetia, a little country tucked away in the high Caucasus mountains of South Russia. It may be the remoteness, or the mountain life. At any rate, I now read that they do even better in Hunza, which is more remote and more mountainous. **HUNZA LAND**, by ***Dr. Allen Banik*** (Whitehorn-Taplinger), tells about this extraordinary country in the center of the Himalayas, where there is no disease, and 120 is not an unusual age. They have no circulatory problems in Hunza, no stomach-aches, no heart attacks. Even though there is not a toothbrush in the country, the Hunzakuts' teeth are near perfect, as are their eyes. (Dr. Banik is an eye specialist.) Men of 80 and 90 carry heavy loads up the mountains and return to the fields to work without resting. They frequently have very young children. There are no insects in Hunza, no dogs, no cats, no chickens. No constipation. The terraced fields and the organic gardening of this unschooled people are models for the world's engineers and agriculturists—a 2000-year-old civilization still going strong.

THE EDGE OF DAY, *by* ***Laurie Lee*** (*Morrow*) *is one of the loveliest books I can remember. The author is a man in his 40's, a poet, who tells about his childhood in an ancient Cotswold village.*

Another beautifully written book is ***Barry Fleming's*** **THE WINTER RIDER** (Lippincott). This is a highly dramatic story which takes place in a single day, in a rickety automobile, with the driver, a girl hitchhiker, and a good sound spiritual problem.



"Well, that's the oil business!"

A book to warm the heart is **TO SIR, WITH LOVE**, by ***E. R. Braithwaite*** (Prentice-Hall)—the actual account by a fine young Negro teacher of his experience in the toughest school in the London slums.

Now I am really dealing in superlatives. **A DISTANT TRUMPET** *by* ***Paul Horgan*** (*Farrar, Straus & Cudahy*), *is topnotch. It's the story of the Apache Indians and a U.S. military outpost in the 1870's—far better than any "western," and one of the finest "historicals" ever written about the Southwest.*

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your golden guarantee
of extra nutritional benefits



See how golden-crisp fried foods can be when you fry with Mazola Corn Oil.

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ONLY MAZOLA® IS CORN OIL

...unsaturated, not hydrogenated

The nutritional values of the foods we eat are important. That's why you should use Mazola pure corn oil. Mazola is *unsaturated* . . not hydrogenated. No other oil is more digestible.

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Your doctor will tell you about the extra nutritional benefits of corn oil in your daily meals.

MAZOLA'S GOLDEN FRYING FESTIVAL Special Offer!



Big 11" fryer, with gold-toned high dome cover, extra capacity for pot roasts or fowl. Perfect for frying, simmering, sauteing or pan broiling.

REGULAR VALUE $5.95 YOURS FOR ONLY $3.00

and the label from any size bottle of Mazola Corn Oil. Get order blank at your grocery store. Offer expires: June 30, 1960.

What French's does to Ham...

...should happen in your oven!



When a ham glaze has everything . . . delicious flavor . . . mouth-watering looks . . . and it's still wonderfully different from anything you ever tasted—you can bet that glaze is made with French's Mustard!

Because nothing but the golden touch of French's Mustard can bring you a recipe like this. French's sings with a goodness of not just one, but a combination of *seven* lively spices—blended to create a golden seasoning treat. That's the reason French's is by far America's best selling mustard.

Let French's add a spicy new lift to your own recipes... *in* casseroles, stews, meat loaf. And of course, nothing beats the 7-spice goodness of French's Mustard *on* hot dogs, hamburgers, sandwiches.

Golden Glazed Ham

5–8 pound ready-to-eat half ham
2–3 oranges, sectioned
whole cloves
½ cup French's Mustard
½ cup light brown sugar
½ tsp. ground cloves
¼ cup orange juice

Heat ham in preheated oven (350°) for 30 minutes. Score only deep enough to insert orange sections into slits. Secure orange in slits with toothpicks. Insert cloves. Combine French's Mustard, sugar, ground cloves, orange juice. Spoon *half* the glaze over ham, continue baking 30 minutes. Serves 10 to 14. Enjoy other half of golden glaze recipe as a marvelous "dipping sauce" at your table.

French's PURE PREPARED MUSTARD

Enjoy it! on Food and in Food

7 lively spices in every jar... that's the secret of French's Golden Touch!

50 years ago in the Journal

In April, 1910, *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* was written, theaters were open on Sundays, and whooping cough killed 10,000 American children yearly. Marconi, who invented the wireless telegraph when he was 23, turned 36. The governor of New York, Charles Evans Hughes, was being mentioned for appointment as a Supreme Court justice, and Mark Twain died.

"When the price of meat soars up and up, rejoice!" advises Editor Bok in the April, 1910, JOURNAL. *"Red meat three times a day is a needless extravagance; high prices alone will compel us to eat less meat."*

"Young college people home for the holidays, and attending six or seven dances a week, are taking small doses of strychnine to pep them up," according to Mr. Bok.

In a series of full-page pictures illustrating How We Celebrated the Last Glorious Fourth of July, the JOURNAL *shows how 171 children lost one or more fingers; 41 lost a leg, arm or hand; 52 lost one or two eyes; and 215 boys and girls were killed.*

Plain Country Woman: "If your husband isn't religious, you can never make him so by nagging. Leave him alone. Our religion isn't real if it makes anyone we love unhappy."

Men's fashions: "The frock coat, or Prince Albert, has been supplanted by the morning coat, or cutaway, with its edges bound with black braid. Still popular for evening wear is the Inverness cape which is sleeveless and conveniently slips on and off."

"What's What for Men: A new idea, and a practical one, is buttonholes on men's shirts for attaching to buttons on the waistband of his underdrawers."



WILDENSTEIN GALLERY

Journal about town

What we do Where we go Whom we meet

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

Old friends Dong Kingman and our Ruth Matthews, who met on a How America Lives story, had a reunion this week. Dong was launching a New York exhibit, planning a Paris show, refreshing us all with the whimsey that enhances his art. In one Central Park sketch, a real-life skating rink becomes a lake. "It's more universal and I could fill the boats with anybody I'd like to meet." In another, thinking the East River too sobersided, Dong drew in the Statue of Liberty—sitting down. Why? "An artist has a chance to make life as delightful as it should be—even if it isn't!"



ABBOT MILLS

Life as it should be: Dong shows Ruth.

Beauty Editor Dawn Norman gets dozens of etiquette queries ("How many bridesmaids?"), hundreds of product queries ("Please chart my best colors from hair tint to toenail"), now thousands of requests for something she wears. It's our "beauty apron," offered in 1953 as a 25-cent pattern, bought by 40,000 readers so far, still in peak demand. Readers tell Dawn they make it up four or five ways for housework, gardening, parties, even as an evening topper. Helen Olchvary, in our Philadelphia office, looked up from stacks of orders with a guess that could be the answer: "Maybe it has magic beautifying powers."

Editors get strange mail: mildewed rose leaves to Richard Pratt to diagnose, seaweed cookies to Jean Anderson to taste, half an afghan to Cynthia Wheatland to advise on color, a front-porch step to John Brenneman to remedy design. But the strangest pack of all once came to homemaking's Margaret Davidson. A tearful reader sent a whole week's wash. Query: "What did I do wrong?" Answer: She overloaded and—— but we mailed her a chin-up primer on how to start over—plus the wash.

Salty and outspoken Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover is a man of whom Ed Murrow has said: "He will occasionally admit that he is pleased . . . has never confessed to being satisfied." When editor Bruce Gould heard that the terrible-tempered Admiral—who fathered the atomic sub and authored the book Education and Freedom—had dropped in unexpectedly to see him, he braced. His visitor strode in, held out a hand: "I'm pleased to say the* JOURNAL *has done more to further education than any magazine I know—I came to congratulate you!"

When Louella Shouer bought some cooking ideas from minister's wife Elizabeth McCuaig, she urged her to publish all. Now *Lovers of Hospitality* is coming out. The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church here hailed it with a supper based on JOURNAL pages. A delighted chairman told Louella: "Big hit—maybe first time a hundred women reviewed a book by eating it!"

DI PIETRO



Pattern's O'Leary and Rockettes

Who would think our sewing room and the Rockettes' had the same goal—to make a man's eyes light up? Up in the JOURNAL's dressmaking workshop we whir at spring fashions. Downstairs 20 machines hum away to garb 78 famed dancers and ballerinas in gold or silver lamé, feathers, organdies, ribbon, sequins. "In some acts," Nora O'Leary told us after shop talk with the dancers, "they sew light bulbs into costumes!" Nora doesn't do that, but her skills (page 78) will win you just as much applause. Sparkling too—April's movie at the Music Hall is "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" from the book by JOURNAL author Jean Kerr, and will light anybody's eyes.

DI PIETRO



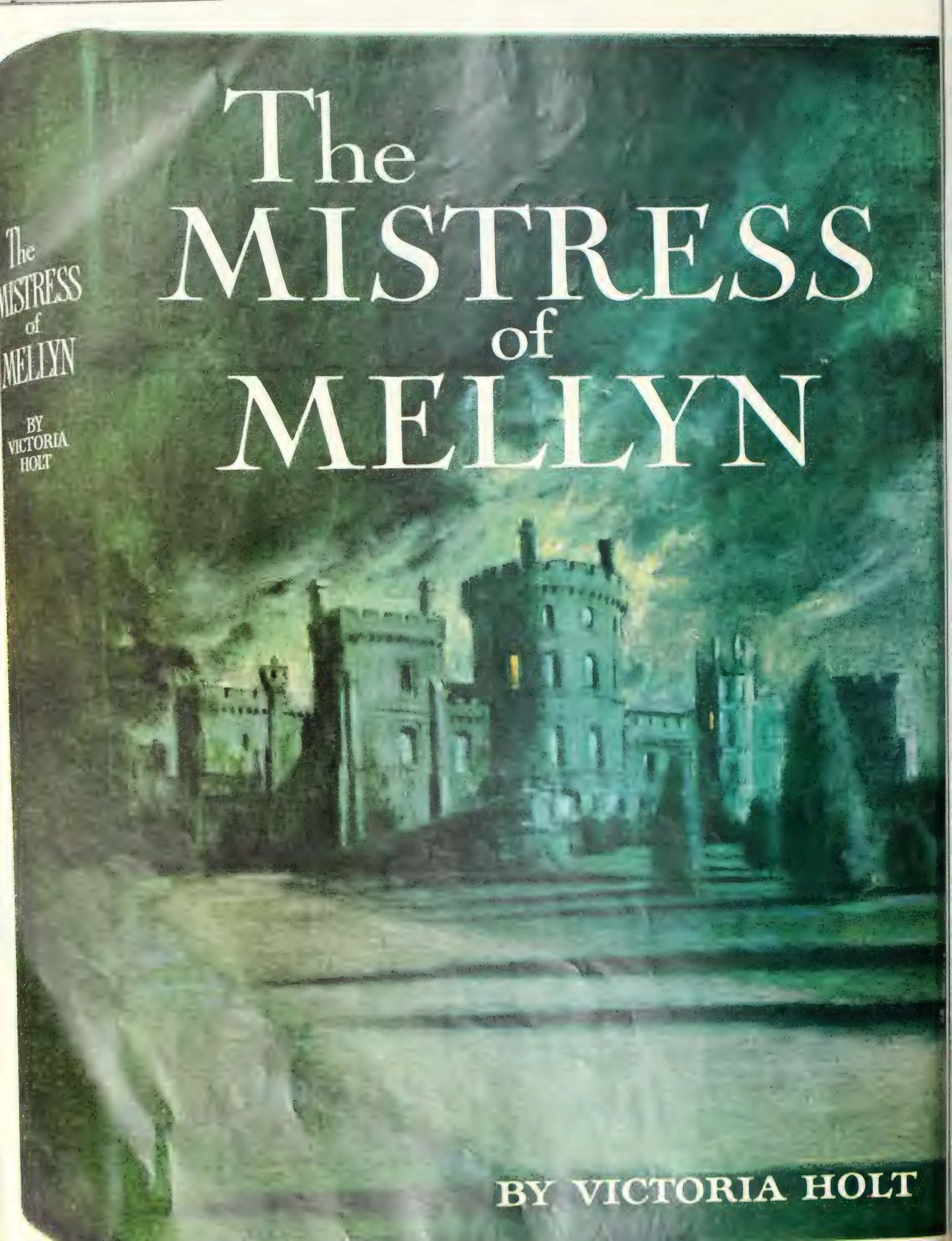
Magic apron? Dawn tests. Dottie (l) and Barbara aid.

If you giggle when tickled, you're not married. Psychiatrist Dr. Clyde B. Simpson thinks ticklishness a sign of unrequited love. So did Havelock Ellis. Wayne State University says girls stay ticklish longer than boys. Icelanders tickle to test modesty. Our medical expert Cladys Denny Shultz told us—but she's still for National Laugh Week, April 1–8.

The MISTRESS of MELLYN

BY VICTORIA HOLT

The MISTRESS of MELLYN



BY VICTORIA HOLT

"My heart was beating fast and my color was heightened. I knocked at the door. . . ."

You too—with Martha Leigh, copper-haired, twenty-four-year-old governess—stand on the threshold of heart-quickening adventure, a duel of good and evil, and impetuous romance. A novel you will want to keep.

Save this issue and your next four for reading and rereading pleasure.

"There are two courses open to a gentlewoman in penurious circumstances," my Aunt Adelaide had said. "One is to marry, and the other to find a post in keeping with her gentility."

As the train carried me through wooded hills and past green meadows, I was taking this second course; partly, I suppose, because I had never had an opportunity of trying the former. I pictured myself as I must appear to my fellow travelers if they were to bother to glance my way, which was not very likely: a young woman of medium height, already past her first youth, being twenty-four years old, in a brown merino dress with cream lace collar and little tufts of lace at the cuffs. (Cream being so much more serviceable than white, as Aunt Adelaide told me.) My brown velvet bonnet, tied under my chin, was of the sort which was so becoming to feminine people like my sister Phillida but, I always felt, sat a little incongruously on heads like mine.

My hair was thick with a coppery tinge, parted in the center, brought down at the sides of my too-long face, and made into a cumbersome knot. My eyes were large, in some lights the color of amber, and were my best feature, but they were too bold—so said Aunt Adelaide; which meant that they had learned none of the feminine graces which were so becoming to a woman. My nose was too short, my mouth too wide. In fact, I thought, nothing seemed to fit; *and I must resign myself to journeys such as this, since it is necessary for me to earn a living, and I shall never achieve the first of those alternatives: a husband.*

We had passed through the green meadows of Somerset and were now deep in the moorland and wooded hills of Devon. I had been told to take a good note of that masterpiece of bridge building, Mr. Brunel's bridge, which spanned the Tamar at Saltash, and after crossing which I should have left England behind and have passed into the Duchy of Cornwall.

I was becoming rather ridiculously excited about crossing the bridge. I was not a fanciful woman at this time—perhaps I changed later, but then a stay in a house like Mount Mellyn was enough to make the most practical of people fanciful—so I could not understand why I should feel this extraordinary excitement.

It was absurd, I told myself. *Mount Mellyn may be a magnificent mansion; Connan TreMellyn may be as romantic as his name sounds; but that will be no concern of yours. You will be confined to belowstairs, or perhaps to the attics abovestairs, concerned only with the care of little Alvean.*

What strange names these people had! This family to which I was going was Cornish, and the Cornish had a language of their own. Perhaps my own name, Martha Leigh, would sound odd to them. Martha! It always gave me a shock when I heard it. Aunt Adelaide always used it, but at home when my father had been alive he and Phillida never thought of calling me Martha. I was always Marty. In my new post I should be Miss Leigh, I supposed; perhaps shortened to Miss, or—more undignified still—Leigh.

© 1960 by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

One of Aunt Adelaide's numerous friends had heard of "Connan TreMellyn's predicament." He needed the right person to help him out of his difficulties. She must be patient enough to care for his daughter, sufficiently educated to teach her, and genteel enough for the child not to suffer through the proximity of someone who was not quite of her own class. Obviously what Connan TreMellyn needed was an impoverished gentlewoman. Aunt Adelaide decided that I filled the bill.

When our father, who had been vicar of a country parsonage, had died, Aunt Adelaide had swooped upon us and taken us to London. There should be a season, she told us, for twenty-year-old Martha and eighteen-year-old Phillida. Phillida had married at the end of that season; but after four years of living with Aunt Adelaide, I had not. So there came a day when she pointed out the two courses to me.

I glanced out the window. We were drawing into Plymouth. My fellow passengers had alighted and I sat back in my seat watching the activities on the platform.

As the guard was blowing his whistle and we were about to move on, the door of the carriage opened and a man came in. He looked at me with an apologetic smile as though he was hinting that he hoped I did not mind sharing the compartment with him, but I averted my eyes.

When we had left Plymouth and were approaching the bridge, he said, "You like our bridge, eh?"

I turned and looked at him. I saw a man, a little under thirty, well dressed, but in the manner of the country gentleman. His tail coat was dark blue, his trousers gray; and his hat was what in London we called a "pot hat." I thought him somewhat dissipated, with brown eyes that twinkled ironically as though he were fully aware of the warnings I must have received about the inadvisability of entering into conversation with strange men.

I answered, "Yes, indeed, I think it is a very fine piece of workmanship."

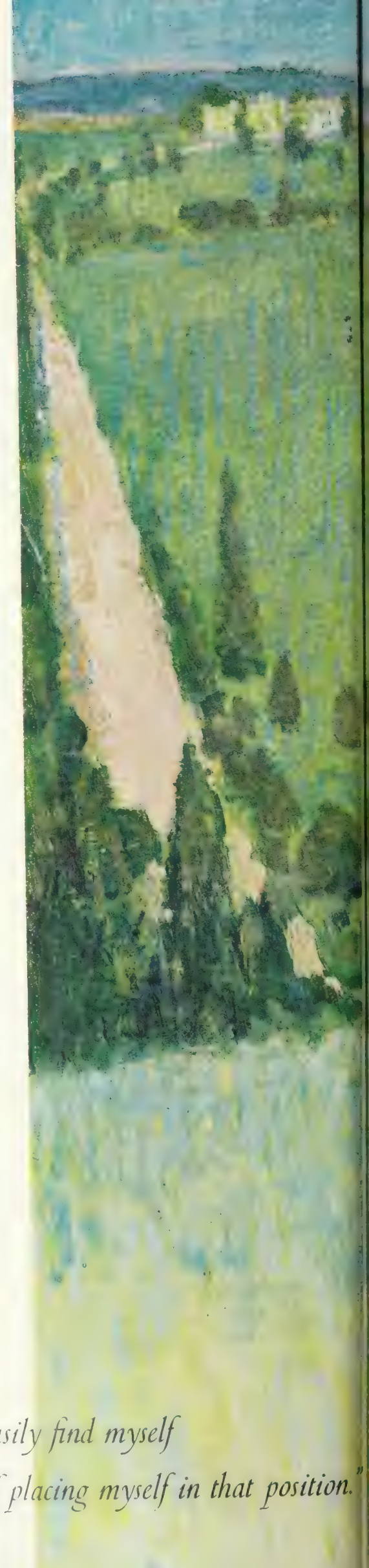
He smiled. We had crossed the bridge and entered Cornwall.

His brown eyes surveyed me and I thought, *He is interested in me only because there is no one else to claim his attention.* I remembered then that Phillida had once said that I put people off by presuming, when they showed interest. that I believed it was because no one else was available.

"Traveling far?" he asked.

"I believe I have now only a short distance to go. I leave the train at Liskeard."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

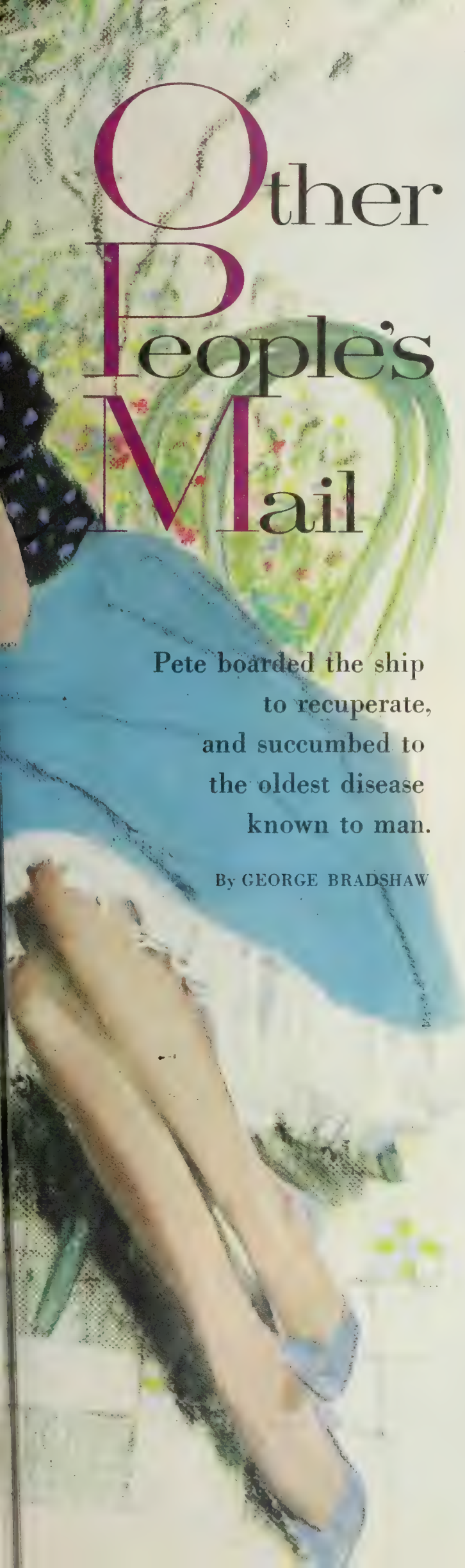


"I realized I was stimulated by Peter Nansellock, could very easily find myself looking forward to his visits. . . . I had no intention of placing myself in that position."





"Here we are in Gibraltar at a sidewalk café—me, Helen and Polly. Helen is the one sitting on the table."



Other People's Mail

Pete boarded the ship to recuperate, and succumbed to the oldest disease known to man.

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

To: Joseph Stewart,
c/o U. S. Embassy,
Geneva, Switzerland. Hamlet, Connecticut, June 18

Dear Joe: This is to alert you that I *finally* this morning put our baby brother on a ship. Really, you know, he is exasperating. Last night at dinner he pretended to have a relapse and said, "There's nothing I can do in Europe that I can't do in Connecticut," and when I *looked* at him he said, "Well, nothing vital."

The lug. Don't think I am being unsisterly, but he *must* see a little of the world. He's all over that jaundice—he must be; Monday he played four sets of tennis—but he'll use it as an excuse for the next ten years not to move. All he wants to do is go into Charlie's office—he passed the bar examinations in a breeze—and stay here with those bloody Weimaraners of his and *stagnate.*

We *are* responsible for him. *We* did so many things. I refuse to let him settle down to being a nine-o'clock boy in a nine-o'clock town, if for no other reason than it makes for such boring conversation.

Poor little Pete. He's six feet two; be prepared. But the moaning and groaning when I pushed him on the boat! I gave him a cuff and a bottle of champagne and a good talking to.

He *must* have a good time. You must *see* to it. Force him. He'll get off the boat in Genoa and go right up to you and Eleanor. So you two have plenty of things *planned.*

Charlie sends his love. Maybe we can get over for a couple of weeks in September. We're thinking about it, or rather I am. Charlie says impossible. Love to El.

Janet

To: Edward MacMillan,
East 69th Street,
New York City. MV Salerno, at sea, June 20

Dear Pop: Thank you, thank you, thank you. For all the presents, all the good cheer, all the bravery. You treated me as if I were grown up, a fact you have long overlooked. I appreciate it.

The boat is wonderful, you were right. I'll *never* take an airplane again unless I have to get somewhere. And I have followed your instructions; I have been kind to several old ladies, and not talked to any strange men.

Of course I have *met* some men. I sit at the first officer's table—he's a kind, portly Italian with a wife and five children—and there are a Mr. Savage, an architect who's on his way to study in Rome, but he's sixty, I'm afraid, and an odd one called Pete Stewart, who *said* when I met him that he was recovering from jaundice, but it doesn't take you long to recover apparently, because with one day's sun and sea he's in elegant shape. He's more my age—a month older. We push around all over the ship and have a wonderful time. The nooks and *crannies* there are on a boat—I had no idea.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



WHITE ROSES—VINCENT VAN GOGH 1853–1890

Before 1880, when he first turned to painting, Van Gogh had worked in an art gallery, taught, and done missionary work. Quite suddenly he decided to go to Paris, where he met, besides the leading Impressionists, Gauguin. Paris proved wonderful to him until the third winter; then he went to Arles. There he painted over two hundred and fifteen pictures in the space of fifteen months. But with the arrival of Gauguin, his situation began to deteriorate. He quarreled with Gauguin, then frenziedly cut off part of his own ear. For almost a year he lived at an asylum at Saint-Remy, then he settled in Auvers. An intolerable sadness weighed on him, and a few days after painting a golden wheat field with a sky flecked with ominous black crows, he went into the same field and shot himself. During his lifetime he sold only one picture . . . *White Roses* was painted only two months before the artist's death. With a noble simplicity which is reminiscent of his early flower paintings, it seems the lovely token of an untroubled day.

FROM A COMMISSION BY [illegible] [illegible] IN THE ALBERT D. LASKER COLLECTION. ENGRAVED BY HERON AND WORCESTER, INC. PAINTING REPRODUCED COURTESY MRS. ALBERT D. LASKER

A Wedding to Remember

By HARRIET VAN HORNE



COURTESY OF THE COOPER UNION MUSEUM

On your wedding day your mind will naturally turn to all the blessed days to be. But because a good marriage is a lifelong miracle, you truly cannot envision *how* blessed. That men share this feeling is evident in the poet Lyttelton's line, "How much the wife is dearer than the bride." With all its sweetness and excitement, it's a day of solemn promise.

The words of Jonathan Swift come rolling back across the years:

> "Let none but Him who rules the thunder
> Put this man and woman asunder."

A wedding today is an essentially feminine rite. Costuming the bride and her attendants can stir wild and tearful debates. ("Clarissa says she *won't* wear green!") Receptions start with a few cousins and aunts and sometimes turn into champagne suppers costing as much as a vine-covered cottage. To a prudent bride, all this must seem a wanton waste.

In olden times, weddings had a storybook quality. The ceremony was performed with devout simplicity. And the ensuing festivities had the earthy gladness of a Maypole dance. An account of a wedding in the year 1570 tells us that the bride, "her hair as yellow as gold, hanging down behind her" was led to church "between two sweet boys with bride's lace and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves."

The wedding to remember set forth in the following pages is equally captivating in its storybook charm. Here fantasy, beauty and simplicity are woven into a garland of ideas that bespeak love rather than ostentation, intimacy rather than carnival.

What could become the bride and her maids more enchantingly than bouffant dotted Swiss, bride's white with blue dots and bridesmaids' in a rainbow of pastel shades? Or for the more romantically dignified bride, a gown of white damask as chaste and flowing as a medieval lady's? What flowers more lovely than May baskets filled with mixed spring blossoms—a yellow medley of daisies, daffodils, tulips, snapdragons; or a pink and blue profusion of tulips, snapdragons, delphinium and cornflowers. Spring blossoms also will decorate the church with little bouquets tied on each pew. Down to the tips of your toes delightful ideas are here, ideas costing next to nothing, to be carried out in your own special way. Delicious food for the good friends gathered in the bride's own home after the wedding ceremony, and a fairy-tale cake, a tower of dreams for gay unwed girls at the wedding.

Life, we are told, holds in perfection but a few precious moments. Your wedding day deserves to be among them.

A Dream of

Pretty young brides, planning every step of the way, discover that the day of days need not cost a fortune. Spring and summer play into their hands.

Fresh as April skies—the bride in dotted Swiss . . . a full skirt, shirtwaist and pale blue taffeta sash, around $30.00. Transformable into a summer dancing dress with a short-sleeved top.

Her headdress is a blue forget-me-not calotte with a short tulle veil, from Mr. John's Junior collection. Her bouquet of angel-wing begonias, feathered carnations, forget-me-nots and tuberoses.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



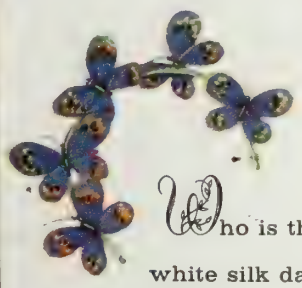
The bridesmaids wear short versions of wedding dress, around $27.00. Both by Jeanne Campbell. Calotte of flowers and leaves, by Therese Ahrens, bouquets of sweet peas.



ke along the permanently pleated Arnel tricot



DRAWINGS BY BOLASNI



Who is the bride in white silk damask?

A new romantic idea, a dress that slips easily into a summer wardrobe, changed with jewel-color jewelry and slippers, $45.00, by Lew Serbin.

The bride's dress inspires the bridesmaids' dresses of the same silk damask in any pastel color.

Bouquet of azaleas and gloxinias with spring leaves; azaleas also used with the veil.

TURN TO PAGE 130 FOR BRIDE'S LISTS AND COSTS.



Sweet-pea headdress
and pale blue
veil by Emme.

A Dream

Be clever, sweet bride, and plan a trousseau that will also be a summer wardrobe. Six irresistible outfits and the bridal costume, all for $261.80.

Dream of

Pretty young brides, planning every step of the way, discover that the day of days need not cost a fortune. Spring and summer play into their hands.

Fresh as April skies—the bride in dotted Swiss . . . a full skirt, shirtwaist and pale blue taffeta sash, around $30.00. Transformable into a summer dancing dress with a short-sleeved top. jacket and pleated skirt for fashion and comfort. Beige tweed, around $39.95, by John Anthony.

Take-off in a car: beige tweed coat, a fashion for seasons to come, by Dan Barkin, $45.00. Bridesmaid in silk damask by Lew Serbin.





ıke along the permanently pleated Arnel tricot dress in universal white, by Henry Rosenfeld, $10.95; sweater, $8.95, by Erna Balla.



Even a bride must have that wonderful little black dress. This is silk and acetate plus a printed jacket, $25.00, by Jonathan Logan.

Romantic print: hearts and flowers in piqué, by Jerry Gilden. Young and gay and pretty to wear any time of day, on a honeymoon or all summer, $14.95.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY [illegible]

of a Trousseau



You've always wanted that absolutely perfect printed silk that you can wear anywhere from lunch to table-for-two dancing. Why not in your trousseau, in the new princess silhouette? A printed cotton, too, with hearts and flowers all over it.

Something black—that blissful slip of a dress with a printed jacket; and something white—that permanently pleated traveler. And speaking of travel, pale beige tweed in both suit and coat will live happily in your wardrobe for years. Two bags, an extra pair of kidskin slippers, a scarf and a string of beads, a pair of gloves, and you're on your way.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

DRAWINGS BY BOJASNI





Her eye on color—and on a dress to wear a thousand places: printed pure silk dress in a rose design, by Suzy Perette, around $30.00.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find [illegible]

Beauty to Have and

"Where beauty is, there will be love."—*ROBERT HEITH*

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN *BEAUTY EDITOR*

The saying "Every girl looks beautiful on her wedding day" is a true and delightful one. Starry-eyed in luminous white, tingling with the excitement of loving and being loved, she *feels* beautiful—and in her magic moment she becomes a truly radiant being.

For many, such radiance enriches itself as the years go by on the charming conviction that woman's beauty is a deliciously essential part of life itself.

The girl who stays lovely learns early that beauty is many-faceted, and she continuously uses this knowledge to bring joy into her own and other people's lives.

She surrounds herself in beauty, discovering that even the littlest touches can reflect her most appealing self. She takes five minutes each morning to put on her "You'd-be-so-nice-to-come-home-to" look—the cheerful face, the well-brushed hair, the fresh gingham brunch coat in a color her husband loves.

As the song goes, she *enjoys* being a girl—and she uses the passing of time to improve, not excuse, her appearance. In her by-myself moments each day (grabbed when the grabbing's best) she *does* cream her face, put up her hair, do her nails or try a new exercise to whittle her waist.

As homemaker, wife and mother she depends on imaginative simplicity—in taste and action—to take her as easily as possible through her jam-packed days. Then, with gay appreciation for life's lighter touches, she puts aside the workaday atmosphere in favor of candlelight and music, heady perfume and some outrageously becoming dress.

It is her feminine response to *something-new-and-wonderful*, not a liking for artificiality itself, that stirs her to try the violet eye shadow, the fake eyelashes, the sable rinse in her hair.

She is no paragon, nor would she dream of pretending to be. On the contrary, she recognizes her unavoidable shortcomings, overlooks them, and turns her talents to making the most of her assets. Despite having her share of worries and upsets, she refuses to let life's little setbacks etch permanent frown lines in her face. With gaiety born of wisdom she shakes off negatives, and quickly becomes her sunny self again.

When necessary, beauty is her badge of courage, her "brave front." And whether she ties a colorful ribbon in her hair, or pins a fresh pink carnation on the ancient suit, she tries *some* trick to make her world seem bright again.

Instinctively she looks for beauty in the people around her, and this generous gesture reflects favorably in her face. For love of others she *communicates* in beauty, using her lilting laugh to cheer a heart, her soothing words to heal a hurt, or just warm conversation to seal a friendship.

All told, she works at beauty, reaping rich rewards as each day goes by. And through her own efforts she becomes the kind of girl any man would be happy to have and to hold forever!



FROM THE HALLMARK HISTORICAL COLLECTION

For early-morning beauty: try a ribbon in your hair, a bright smile, a becoming brunch coat in a color your husband loves! Takes five minutes—yet his thoughts of your loveliness last the day.

to Hold



Two

Wedding Feasts

"The guests are met, the feast is set." . . . But first, a toast to the bride! Let them drink your health with our Ruby Punch. Its hue is rosy, its taste ambrosial, delicious with grape juice (or with a good dry wine if you prefer!). A silver "wedding ring" of ice floats ceremoniously in the bowl, jewelled with fruit.

If the day be fine, with the sun shining its blessings on the bride, an alfresco feast will be your wedding's final, crowning touch. It warmly repays any extra labor involved.

First, a tray of festive little sandwiches to nibble as the punch cups are passed. Fill them with avocado and water cress, with salmon and capers and delicious deviled ham.

To accompany the wedding cake—which can be a towering, trellised structure from a caterer or a simple, graceful layer cake made by loving hands at home—there must be ice cream. We chose pistachio and vanilla, which composed itself into an exquisitely tinted mound.

If your reception is held indoors, a more elaborate feast is in order. "Blessed those feasts with simple plenty crowned"—and simple plenty, festively arranged, can make your bridal meal memorable.

A buffet for fifty can be managed beautifully in most households.

Our menu is balanced, and beautiful to the eye. A chicken mousse, chaste and elegant on its bed of greenery. A piping-hot sea-food dish, every flavor rendered better by a dash of good sherry.

Cook the green beans with marjoram and they'll come to the bridal table tasting young and wild and fresh-picked. Serve them with shredded almonds and a light cheese sauce (or just melted sweet butter).

A salad of escarole and artichoke hearts, so crisp it crackles. A perfect complement to the sea food, with its heady flavors.

To conclude, a pink valentine heart of strawberry sherbet, the wedding cake, and more punch for a final toast.
With a maximum of love and a minimum of expense you have had a wedding day, precious beyond price, a jewel in your memory.

STUART-FOWLER



Garden wedding reception (opposite) for fifty people is budgeted to include five tea sandwiches per person, four gallons of bridal punch, plus ice cream and wedding cake. Bread for sandwiches may be sliced and cut into fancy shapes several days before wedding, wrapped tightly and frozen. (If you have a favorite storekeeper, why not ask him to slice the bread thin on his slicing machine?)

Indoor wedding breakfast (right) for fifty people is planned to include a delicious cold chicken mousse with green sauce that may be made the day ahead, if you like. Our creamy wedding sea food could also be made well ahead of The Day, and frozen. The wedding cake was purchased from a bakery, topped with full-blown white roses dipped in warm paraffin.

TURN PAGE FOR RECIPES

Two Wedding Feasts

Fifty People: Garden Reception Outdoors

RUBY PUNCH: Early in the day mix 2⅔ cups lemon juice and ½ cup sugar. Refrigerate. Chill (but don't add to the lemon juice yet) 6 quarts white grape juice (or, if you like, 8 quarts dry champagne), 6 quarts ginger ale, 3 quarts cranberry juice (and 2 cups brandy, if you like). Mix all together just before serving. Float ice ring on top, and add a few thin lemon slices. Makes about 3¾ gallons.

ORANGE-BLOSSOM WEDDING CAKE: Grease bottom and sides of one 14", one 10" and one 7" cake pan (2½" deep) heavily. Flour well. Sift together, twice, 7½ cups cake flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder and 1¼ teaspoons salt. Cream together 2½ cups butter and 5 cups sugar until light and fluffy. Add 15 egg yolks one at a time, beating after each addition. Add 2½ teaspoons orange flavoring and 5 tablespoons grated orange rind. Add alternately dry ingredients and 2½ cups milk a little at a time, beating after each addition. Beat 10 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold whites into cake batter. Half fill cake pans with batter. Cover largest pan and refrigerate until other 2 cakes are baked. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for about 1 hour and 20 minutes, or until a cake tester comes out clean. Turn out onto a wire cake rack. Cool thoroughly and cut in half horizontally. Bake the large cake in the same way, allowing about 1 hour and 30 minutes. Have ready 2 racks big enough to hold this layer.

ALMOND-CREAM FILLING: Make up 4 cups of your favorite butter-cream icing (unflavored). Mix in 2 cups *very* finely chopped blanched almonds, 1½ teaspoons almond flavoring and 4 tablespoons light cream. Spread cut surfaces with filling. Put together. Assemble cakes with some filling, one on top of the other. Frost with butter-cream icing and decorate, or buy decorations from your local confectioner.

AVOCADO-AND-WATER-CRESS SANDWICHES: All sandwiches made several hours in advance should be covered with a damp cloth and refrigerated. Ask your grocer to slice the sandwich bread very thin on his slicing machine. Peel and remove the pits from 2 medium-size ripe avocados. Mash until very smooth. Add ½ cup soft butter, 4 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon white pepper. Mix well. Add ⅔ cup finely chopped water-cress leaves; mix lightly. Cover tightly and chill. Spread sandwiches with this mixture. Makes about 3¼ cups filling, 50 sandwiches.

CREAM-CHEESE-AND-RIPE-OLIVE SANDWICHES: Allow 1¾ pounds cream cheese to soften at room temperature. Add 3½ tablespoons heavy cream and mix until smooth. Add 7 teaspoons grated onion, 1½ teaspoons salt and a scant ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Add 3½ cups chopped pitted ripe olives; mix lightly. Spread 50 thin slices whole-wheat bread and roll diagonally.

SALMON-PATE SANDWICHES: Remove bones and skin from three 1-pound cans red salmon. Mash. Add 9 tablespoons mayonnaise, ¼ cup tarragon vinegar and 1 tablespoon caper liquid. Mix well. Add ¼ cup finely chopped capers or ¼ cup chopped chives; mix lightly. Chill. Use thinly sliced white bread for these sandwiches. Makes about 4½ cups filling, 50 sandwiches.

HAM-AND-ASPARAGUS ROLLS: Cook four 10-ounce packages frozen asparagus spears. Drain well and chill. Mix together 4½ cups canned deviled ham, 8 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 4 teaspoons prepared mustard and 2 teaspoons each prepared horse-radish and paprika. Chill. Cut 13 very thin slices from an unsliced white sandwich loaf. Cut into 52 2¼" squares. You should get 4 squares from each slice. Spread with the mixture. Put one asparagus spear diagonally across the square. Roll up. Place on a tray and cover with a clean damp cloth. Refrigerate till serving time. Makes 5 cups filling, 52 sandwiches.

Fifty People: Indoor Wedding Breakfast

WEDDING SEA FOOD: Cut 4 pounds cooked, cleaned shrimp and 2 pounds cooked lobster meat into bite-sized pieces. Simmer 4 pounds raw scallops in 4 cups water, seasoned with 2 teaspoons onion salt, until tender. Drain and reserve liquid. Measure amount of liquid and add enough light cream to make 3 quarts. In a large heavy kettle sauté 4 cups sliced mushrooms in 1 cup butter for 5 minutes. Do not brown. Add 2 cups flour and the scallop-cream liquid to make a cream sauce. Add 8 chicken-bouillon cubes, 8 tablespoons tomato paste, 10 teaspoons grated onion, 5 teaspoons paprika, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon nutmeg and a scant ¼ teaspoon liquid pepper seasoning. Cook and stir until bouillon cubes dissolve. Add sea food and mix well. Cool, cover and refrigerate overnight. Reheat over low heat in a kettle, allowing about 35–45 minutes. About 10 minutes before serving, add a scant cup chicken broth (or dry sherry, if you like). Serve with toast points. Makes 25 servings. Double recipe to serve 50.

CHICKEN MOUSSE: Make the day before the wedding. Poach two 4-pound chickens. Reserve broth and strain. Measure broth and increase to 2½ quarts by adding canned chicken broth. Heat 2 quarts broth with 10 chicken-bouillon cubes in a 3-quart double boiler over just-simmering water, or divide between 2 smaller pans. Add 15 slightly beaten egg yolks, 5 tablespoons grated onion, 6¼ teaspoons salt, 1¾ teaspoons powdered rosemary, a rounded ½ teaspoon white pepper, ¼ teaspoon cayenne and 7 to 8 drops liquid pepper seasoning. Cook and stir until thickened. Add 5 cups chicken meat, chopped medium fine. Cool. Heat the remaining ½ quart broth with 8 envelopes unflavored gelatin until latter dissolves. Cool. Add gelatin mixture and 5 tablespoons lemon juice to chicken-sauce mixture. Mix well. Chill until thick. Add 2½ cups finely chopped celery and 1¼ cups chopped water chestnuts. Whip 5 cups heavy cream until thick and shiny. Fold the cream into the chicken mixture. Spoon into two 3-quart molds. Chill overnight. Unmold and serve with Green Sauce. Makes 25 servings. Double recipe to serve 50.

GREEN SAUCE: Make a cream sauce with ½ cup each butter and flour and 5 cups milk. Season with 1 tablespoon salt and ¼ teaspoon white pepper. Cool. Mix together 2 cups water-cress leaves, ⅓ cup each parsley and coarsely chopped scallions, and ¼ cup cut fresh dill. Buzz in a blender with 1 cup cold water, or put through a food mill adding 1 cup cold water and letting stand 1 hour. Strain through cheesecloth; squeeze to extract all liquid. Add 1 cup of this liquid to cream sauce, also ¾ cup mayonnaise, 7 tablespoons lemon juice, 2½ teaspoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard and ⅛ teaspoon liquid pepper seasoning. Beat until smooth. Chill. Serve sprinkled with a few chopped water-cress leaves. Makes about 6 cups sauce, about 25 servings. Double recipe to serve 50.

GREEN BEANS AU GRATIN: Heat three 10½-ounce cans cream-of-celery soup. Add 5 cups grated Cheddar cheese, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cook and stir until cheese melts. One hour before serving time, reheat sauce over low heat. Also cook 10 packages frozen French green beans, using the following method: Into each of 2 saucepans put 1½ cups water, 2 teaspoons salt and a rounded ¼ teaspoon marjoram. Heat to boiling. Add 2 packages beans to each pan. Cook until just crisp-tender. Drain thoroughly. Repeat, until all are cooked. Add ½ cup soft butter, 2 teaspoons celery seed and the hot sauce to the beans. Mix well. Transfer to two 1½-quart shallow casseroles. Sprinkle each with ½ cup toasted, slivered almonds. Cover tightly. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for ½ hour. Makes 25 servings. Double recipe to serve 50.

GARDEN RECEPTION FOR 50

SANDWICHES	
50 each variety; total, 250--5 per person	
1. Cream-cheese-and-olive	$ 3.08
2. Avocado-and-water-cress	.92
3. Salmon-pâté	3.26
4. Ham-and-asparagus rolls	4.08
5. Egg-and-crab-salad	1.92
BREAD	
2 15" unsliced sandwich loaves	.62
1 8" unsliced whole-wheat loaf	.25
GARNISHES	
for sandwiches—water cress, chicory, radishes, parsley	.69
Ruby Punch	14.13
Ice ring	.18
Nuts—4 1-lb. boxes @ $2.00	8.00
Mints—4 1-lb. boxes @ $1.00	4.00
Pistachio ice cream—10 quarts	9.60
Vanilla ice cream—6 quarts	2.97
Mint for garnishing ice cream	.10
Instant coffee—1 6-oz. jar—Makes 4 gallons	.92
Light cream—2 quarts for coffee	1.70
Lump sugar for coffee—1-lb. box	.28
Wedding cake (homemade)	approx. 8.00
	$ 64.70

INDOOR WEDDING BREAKFAST FOR 50

Chicken Mousse	$ 15.93
Green Sauce	3.22
Wedding Sea Food	33.50
Green Beans au gratin	9.12
Green salad with artichoke hearts	7.88
16 quarts strawberry sherbet with 6 pints fresh strawberries for garnish	22.50
GARNISHES	
1. Chicken Mousse—radishes and lettuce, tomatoes, water cress	2.06
2. Strawberry sherbet—1 bunch mint	.10
Wedding cake (bought)	22.00
Instant coffee—1 6-ounce jar—Makes 4 gallons	.92
Light cream—2 quarts for coffee	1.70
Lump sugar for coffee—1-lb. box	.28
	$119.21

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

TELEVISION. RADIO. COMICS AND MOVIES

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DI PIETRO

For a long time there's been controversy about the effects on children of television and radio programs, comics and movies. Recent revelations about the television industry, and the ending of advance censorship of movies, have intensified the discussion. The chief concern has been about the influence of so much violence, crime and sex. There have also been questions about the effect on schoolwork, homework and the reading of good books.

Let's try to tackle violence and crime first. A certain number of judges, prosecutors and psychiatrists have been impressed with the frequency with which a severe delinquent, asked in court where he ever got the idea for his crime, has promptly answered, "In a comic book," or, "On a television program." They have taken this as evidence that a child can be seriously corrupted by these means.

Most psychiatrists haven't been willing to go so far. They've admitted that much on the air and in the comics is unwholesome, especially for certain children. They've conceded that a cruel youth might pick up an ingenious or fiendish idea from something he'd seen. But they've denied that a child who was anywhere near normal to start with could be turned into a scoundrel or a thug by any number of hours of viewing or reading. Most parents have felt the same way too. They know

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

We are missing the main point—and acting too helpless—if we talk about television only from the negative point of view of whether we need to protect our children from certain programs.

It is the law of the United States that the air for broadcasting belongs to the people. Since the channels are limited in number, the Government grants the broadcasting right to stations on the assumption that they will serve the public interest. It is largely left to the Federal Communications Commission to determine whether and how the public interest is to be served. It decides such matters as the distribution of stations, the reliability of corporations which apply for licenses. It could also set broad policies regarding program content and advertising, through its right to issue or withhold licenses. But over the years the commission (whose members are appointed for fixed terms by the President) has preferred to leave such matters largely to the stations and networks. The networks, to a great extent, have turned over the choice of programs to the sponsors who are willing to pay for them.

The sponsors and their advertising agencies are mainly influenced by the popularity rating a show receives. There is a certain democratic justice in this system (if the rating services are a reliable index), since the majority of the people are presumably getting what they like to view. But when Westerns, murder, variety and quiz shows are most popular, then sponsors and networks, in their obsession with high ratings, multiply such programs and ignore the lesser millions of people who would like something different for themselves and for their children.

We are living in a period of history when America's leadership in the world, her way of life, ultimately her existence are being challenged by a rival who is deadly serious about "burying" us (if only figuratively). The Soviet Union sees education as one of her major weapons and is investing a much greater proportion of her effort in it than we are.

Our educators and other leaders keep pointing to the serious gaps in our schools and colleges, and to the fact that hundreds of thousands of our youth who have the mental ability to profit from a college training do not have the motivation to try for it.

Television is potentially the greatest educational force that has appeared since schools and colleges were established and printing was invented. It can go anywhere in the world to find its subject matter. It can provide us with inspired performers, speakers, experts in all fields, and use every dramatic aid. It can deliver the production visually and audibly—and quite personally, too—to every corner of the land.

Children can be fascinated by demonstrations of phenomena in electricity, chemistry, biology, geology. They can respond to inspiring stories from history and literature just as well as to meaningless tales of violence.

Then why are we letting our American children spend so many hours watching rough stuff, clowning and mayhem? The fact that this is the most efficient way to sell cereals doesn't seem a good enough reason.

The suggestion has recently been made, in several quarters, that Congress or the President should appoint a commission of distinguished citizens to review thoughtfully all aspects of broadcasting: its past accomplishments and deficiencies, its economics and regulation. More important would be a fresh estimation of its potential contribution to the nation in the future. The commission would be concerned not only with increasing the enjoyment of all kinds of people in the riches of music, drama, humor, literature, but also in broadening our understanding of our world with the help of the scientist, the engineer, the historian, the political commentator, the traveler.

Whether such a proposal for a review commission ever receives consideration will depend on whether there are parents who think it is important and will write their senators or the President.



A SHOCKING STORY

AS SUCH CRIMES INCREASE

We tell here the horrifying personal experience of a mature woman, of complete integrity, well known to the editors of this magazine. The editors wondered whether the JOURNAL should publish this. We felt, unless its publication could lead to further protection from irresponsibly released inmates of mental institutions, it were better not published. In our dilemma, we laid the matter before Mrs. Caroline K. Simon, Secretary of State for the state of New York, one of the country's most prominent woman lawyers, who has worked for many years in causes dedicated to the welfare of women and children. She wrote us:

"This story *should* be printed.

"But the blame does not rest entirely with the authorities. We citizens *permit* these things to go on. It isn't just that the authorities don't care enough. It's we, the public, who don't care enough either.

"I worked with a group of women who finally succeeded, after great effort, in getting a mental-health program adopted. Guidance clinics were set up. Children and adolescents who showed early signs of mental disturbance or antisocial behavior received treatment at a time when these conditions could be cured. But every year I have been pained to see the budget for too many mental-health departments set lower and lower.

"It may be too late to save the Jack Smith of this particular story. But there are many others who can be saved—and little girls can be saved, too, and women victims of criminal assaults, whom you at the JOURNAL, and I, as a woman, a mother and a grandmother, have so heavily on our minds."

Photograph by Neal Barr



FBI Reports Sound the Alarm

FBI Uniform Crime Reports, based on country-wide statistics, tell the tragic rise in forcible rape of 13 per cent in 1958 over 1957, bringing the total to 14,560 cases. For the first nine months of 1959, the Reports show an increase of 5 per cent over the figure for the same period in 1958. In 73 per cent of the forcible-rape cases reported in 1958, an arrest was made, and 45 per cent of the persons charged were found guilty.

Sixty-five per cent of all sex crimes reported to the police are rape, according to the FBI, and 65 per cent of the rapists are under twenty-one years of age. These figures do not take into account, however, the large number who plead a less serious offense such as assault or contempt of court rather than submit to a psychiatric examination. What is even more serious is the number of cases obscured as minor or first offenses, and thus treated casually or lightly, though we know that the sex offender is distinct from other types of first offenders. Only by expert psychiatric examination and treatment can a sex deviate's type and degree of disturbance, with its resulting menace to society, be determined. It is imperative, therefore, that he be spotted as early as possible.

Too often only a particularly terrifying sex crime will galvanize a community into action. But hysteria-induced measures often prove ineffective, or so ill-advised as to aggravate rather than help. The problem requires basically sound, stubbornly pursued community planning. Full co-operation of local and state departments of correction, courts, bar associations, judges, clergy, schools, medical specialists is needed.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Facts are hard to come by, but are essential as a working guide. You can study the report and arrest figures from your local police department; become acquainted with the file of known sex offenders precinct by precinct—so as to publicize the danger zones; examine the prosecutor's records showing convictions and disposition of convicted offenders.

Study state sex-offender laws. Do they need overhauling? Are they widely disregarded? How do they provide for the sex deviate, the borderline psychotic who cannot be classified as "legally insane" and may be freed after a short sentence to commit further criminal acts?

Help young offenders. Begin with the Juvenile Bureau of the police department, seeing that it has sufficient trained personnel; work for a fully staffed psychiatric service in the Juvenile Court for early spotting of the potential—as well as help for the actual—sex offender, the latter to include probation and parole supervision.

Facilities for diagnosis and treatment. For defective delinquents of intellectual deficiency or known sadistic behavior, Maryland state law provides special institutions, thereby preventing their release on short sentences while still clearly dangerous.

In New Jersey, all convicted sex offenders are given psychiatric examination and treatment at the State Diagnostic Center at Menlo Park. This service is available also on a voluntary basis to community agencies and individuals.

Family-life and mental-health education. More help is needed for youngsters lacking good home care and exposed to disorganizing emotional experiences. Most effective in giving sex education and helping the sexually aberrant youngster can be teamwork of home, church and school.

Precautionary measures. Insist on bright lighting and adequate police patrols in public places. Call public attention to unprotected areas, such as large housing developments, not patrolled by municipal police. Work for the installation of alarm bells in self-service elevators, and attendants on duty in basement laundries, which should be locked at night.

Keep away from isolated or unsavory neighborhoods even during the day, and do not hesitate to call for help. "It is far better to scream than to run from the danger of being attacked," says New York Police Commissioner Kennedy. "A woman or girl alone on a dark street, especially late at night, is a natural prey for the degenerate, despite patrols and special attention. Policemen cannot be in all places at all times. And the sex criminal strikes without warning." MARGARET HICKEY.

The Story Begins Here

The first intimation I had that someone was in my house was the clicking of the latch on the door of my first-floor bedroom. I am a professional woman, in my late fifties. My house is in a rural section, and, my children all happily married, I live alone. There are neighbors not too far away, none within the sound of my voice, none in a position to see or take alarm at any unusual happenings in my house. In our quiet little community, several of us widowed women live alone in houses out of sight and sound of neighbors. We had not considered that we were living in danger.

This night, sometime after I turned out my light at 10:30, I thought I heard movement outside, something sounded as if it had brushed against the house. I raised myself in bed and looked out the window nearest me. I saw nothing except my car, sitting by the house in the bright moonlight, and lay down again. I was not alarmed. I even heard the dull, booming sound my ancient, heavy, outside cellar door makes when it is opened. I listened intently then. But I heard nothing afterward so I was still not alarmed. Deer come up to my very door. Dogs and raccoons investigate my garbage can. Trees and old houses produce strange sounds of their own, especially on a winter night. I finally attributed this sound, too, to some innocent cause, or to my imagination.

It was perhaps twenty minutes after that, still with no further sound, not even the creak of a floor board, when the latch rattled on my bedroom door. I think it must have been around midnight.

That sound could not have been made by the wind or an animal. I rose up out of my bed by reflex action and started toward the door, calling out, "Who is it? Who is there?"

The latch clicked more decisively. There was no attempt at secrecy now. I was more than halfway across the room when the door was thrown open boldly.

A man entered, half crouching. A man in shirt sleeves, young, and completely strange to me. It was as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

THE TRAP OF SOLID GOLD

If Ben and Ginny Weldon had only had the time to sit down quietly and think things through, they might have seen just how they were heading for a time of crisis. More than crisis, in fact. "Disaster" is not too mild a word, not when all the hope and promise is so great. By careful prediction they could have guessed that the early months of 1959 would be the time of ultimate trial, but of course they had no time to sit down and think. They would have admitted a growing uneasiness, small forewarnings of doom which were briskly poked back down into the subconscious whenever they became aware of them.

Marriage is a small brave ship, and embarkation is valiant and hopeful. But the channel is narrow, the set of the tide tricky, and the buoys and markers forever shrouded in mist. They had set out in a tighter ship than most, which





This was the time of showdown.
Ginny said, "What are you going
to do, Ben?"

All she wanted

is a matter of luck, a factor for which you can be grateful without ever making the mistake of believing you have earned it. They were whole people, with the capacity to give and receive love in equal measure, with humor to give them that special balance of objectivity, with good looks, health, education, ability and uncontrived charm. These factors are luck. You have to earn all the rest of it.

And so it was a special shock to realize that by 1959, after ten years of marriage, the copilots had lost the channel, the wind was rising, and the thunderous reefs were sickeningly close.

Marriage courts and counselors relate that the one most prevalent cause of marital difficulty is money. This seems a small, mean, shabby thing, with no dignity in its connotation of bickering. But money is a strange poison. It is an index of security, and when it becomes a problem it has a nasty tendency to tinge those other less tangible aspects of security with despair.

In view of Ben Weldon's position and his ability, it is both ludicrous and tragic that money should have been the hidden rock that cracked the hull of the stout little ship. By 1959 there were five in the boat.

Chris, at eight, was a small boy full of areas of a deadly earnestness, but with such a brimming joy in being alive that he was afflicted with frequent seizures of a wild and manic glee which would take him whooping to the top of a tall tree in a startlingly few moments.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

THE Journal's COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL



"There aren't any miracles, honey."
He noticed that she had said
"you"—not "we."

vas a Miracle...with a Price tag



The Two Women IN WINSTON CHURCHILL'S LIFE

By RICHARD HARRITY AND RALPH G. MARTIN

(Adapted from "The Winston Churchill Story," a pictorial biography soon to be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.)

The two great ladies
whom he has always loved and
whose devotion and loyalty
have contributed
to his greatness.



CULVER PHOTO SERVICE

His
American mother:
"She shone for me like the evening star."



CULVER PHOTO SERVICE

His
English wife:
"We were married and lived happily ever after."

Behind Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, the greatest Englishman of the century, there have been two great women: his Brooklyn-born mother, Jennie Jerome, whose forebears fought under George Washington; and his wife, Clementine Hozier, a granddaughter of the seventh Earl of Airlie, the ancient Scots family whose motto is "To the end." "Father of the American Turf" and builder of Jerome Avenue in the Bronx, Leonard Jerome was a self-made Wall Street millionaire and owner of *The New York Times*, who at 72 accepted the challenge of a circus strong man and knocked him senseless. His daughter Jennie, a great beauty endowed with extraordinary vitality and a first-rate intelligence, took London by storm at the end of the nineteenth century. On November 30, 1874, when Winston was born to Jennie and Lord Randolph Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough, a racing friend of her family wrote: "Interesting breeding. Stamina always goes through the dam, and pace through the sire." Jennie had stamina to spare. When Lord Randolph died, a victim of political disappointment and delicate health, she guided their son Winston along the path that would one day lead him to his date with destiny. Winston, always a poor student, failed at school again and again. When he finally graduated from Sandhurst, England's West Point, and was assigned as a young subaltern to India, she sent him good books to read during his long off-duty hours. Among these was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which helped to form his own literary style and from which he can still quote whole pages from memory. When he first stood for Parliament, his mother advised and counseled him as she had his father before him. After she died he paid her this tribute: "My mother always seemed to me a fairy princess; a radiant being possessed of limitless riches and power." Long years later when, as Prime Minister of England in her darkest hour, he first addressed a joint session of the Congress of the United States of America, he added: "I wish indeed that my mother, whose memory I cherish across the veil of years, could have been here to see me."

The second handmaiden to Churchill's greatness is "Clemmie," or—to use his favorite term of endearment—"Dear Cat." Still straight, slim and tall at 74, the former Clementine Hozier has finely cut features, gray-green eyes and silvery hair. She has had the stamina and strength to match—and, more important, to protect—his own. Living always under the pressures of public office, she has made her husband's career her chief concern; as wife, mother and grandmother, she has managed as well to make a happy home. Gay and gracious, with a will as strong as her husband's, Lady Churchill knows how to plan a good, solid English dinner around a joint of beef, with all the right wines and liquors. Sir Winston once described his marriage as "the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life. For what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought?"

Jennie, by a torrent of tears, and Lord Randolph, by declaring that he "loved her more than life," finally overcame the strenuous objections of the doughty old Duke of Marlborough and hotheaded Leonard Jerome. The Anglo-American marriage was arranged, and the union blessed by two sons: John, the younger; and Winston, whom his mother called "the naughtiest small boy in the world." Jennie Jerome dearly loved her son Winston, though, and devoted herself to guiding him and curbing the headlong and un-English drive which he had inherited from his Yankee grandfather. Above all she believed in him, and her belief was a beacon light that never failed this young-man-in-a-hurry who said when he was 21, "I am getting absurdly old." He admired his mother's amazing vigor and vitality—which she bequeathed to him. "While I had been busy in South Africa," wrote Winston, recalling his experiences as a correspondent in the Boer War, in which he had been captured and had escaped, "my mother had not been idle at home. She had raised a fund, captivated an American millionaire, obtained a ship, equipped it with a full staff of nurses and every comfort. After a stormy voyage she had arrived at Durban and eagerly awaited a consignment of wounded. She received her younger son as the very first casualty treated on board the hospital ship *Maine*. I took a few days' leave to go and see her. . . . Captain Percy Scott, commander of the armoured cruiser *Terrible* . . . named the 4.7-inch gun that he had mounted on a railway truck after my mother and

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICE



His Mother:

"I loved her dearly, but at a distance."

This simple four-story brick building at 426 Henry Street, Brooklyn, now bears a bronze plaque which reads:

In this house in January 1850 was born
Jennie Jerome
Later Lady Randolph Churchill
She was the mother of
The Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill
Prime Minister of Great Britain And
Staunch Friend of the United States
This plaque is erected as a memorial
to Lady Churchill
To evidence the esteem and affection
in which her son is held
By the people of the United States



FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD

Three years later he wrote his mother his first letter: "My Dear Mama, I am glad you are coming to see us. I had such a nice bathe in the sea today. Love to Papa, your loving, Winston."

even eventually organized a visit for her to the front to see it fired." Later when Winston entered politics she campaigned for him and gained many votes for his cause by her charm and wit. To further his career she pulled many a silken string with royalty and the Cabinet, and, while she lived, listened to every one of his parliamentary addresses from the distinguished visitors' gallery of the House. Many years earlier, when Lord Randolph ended his political career by resigning as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had broken with tradition by refusing to pass his robes on to his successor. His widow, in a mother's belief that Winston would one day wear his father's robes, saved them in an old tin box. She died three years before this premonition was proved true.



THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

Lady Randolph Churchill, dressed as Empress Theodosia at a fancy-dress ball at Blenheim Castle. She was attending a party there, when she suddenly left the ballroom, hurried down the longest hallway in England, and gave birth to Winston in a cloakroom.



AERO FILM-LONDON

Massive Blenheim Castle was built by the Crown to commemorate the victories of Churchill's ancestor, John, the first Duke of Marlborough.



THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

Lady Randolph and sons, John (left) and Winston. "Winston Churchill was always so precocious," wrote Richard Harding Davis, "that I cannot recall the time when he was young enough to be Lady Randolph's son. Certainly I cannot recall the time when she was old enough to be his mother."

"She soon became an ardent ally," Winston recalled, "furthering my plans and guarding my interests with all her influence and boundless energy."

REUTER



BROWN BROTHERS



THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY



The Engaged Couple: Clementine expresses the essence of elegance, while Winston looks bewildered at the prospect of losing his status as a bachelor.

His Marriage:

One family friend predicted it would not last a month.

When Winston Churchill proposed to Clementine Hozier she was called "the loveliest woman in all England," and he was known as "an impossible young upstart." Thirty-four, with bright red hair and blazing blue eyes, he was on the crest of the wave as a writer, and headed for political heights as the youngest member of the cabinet. As he put it bluntly at the time, "Sometimes I think I could carry the whole world on my shoulders." Clementine came from a good family, had been well educated, and was poor—something of a sin in that money-conscious period. Her father, Col. Sir Henry Hozier, had served before his death in China, Abyssinia and India with the 3rd Dragoons; for many years Clementine had lived with her widowed mother in Dieppe. There the young woman had gained a perfect knowledge of French, and on returning to England gave French lessons and acted as companion to an old lady to make ends meet. When she accepted Winston's proposal, Clementine said, "Now I have got you, the trouble will be to keep you." To which he replied, "You will find that no trouble, my dear." Lady Randolph Churchill, who had known Clementine since she was a baby, highly approved of the match. Their wedding, the social event of that London season, took place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on September 12, 1908. The bride wore a princess-style white-ivory satin dress, a coronet of orange blossoms, and a lovely veil of point de Venise lace which Lady Randolph had worn at her own wedding. The Churchills received presents from the king and the queen and the cabinet, and, like all young married couples, many duplicate presents including: 25 candlesticks, 21 inkstands, 20 silver bowls, 15 vases, 14 silver trays, 8 sets of salt cellars and 10 cigarette cases. Lord Reading, who attended the wedding, looked at the handsome young couple and said: "There are two lively chips. The marriage will not last a month." The noble prophet has so far been off the mark by 51 years, several months and a few days. There have been only two important women in Churchill's life: his mother and his wife.

THE TIMES'S SH

WINSTON CHURCHILL WEDS MISS HOZIER

Young British Cabinet Minister Has Political Foe as His Best Man.

CRUSH AT THE CEREMONY

Not Since the Great Suffragette Demonstration Has There Been Such a Crowd in Westminster Square.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
LONDON, Sept. 12.—Winston Spencer Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, was married in this city this afternoon to Clementine, daughter of the late Sir Henry Montagu Hozier, who for thirty-two years was Secretary for Lloyds. The ceremony occurred at St. Margaret's Church, the ... which stands in the shad...

to depart on his honeymoon without fear of being interrupted by business requiring his personal intervention.

The company attending the ceremony was most distinguished and included the leaders of both political parties and persons prominent in society to the number, all told, of about 300, while crowds of the curious gathered in the church and in front of the home of the bride.

St. Margaret's was decorated with palms and a profusion of white flowers. The Bishop of St. Aspath conducted the ceremony, and Bishop Weldon, who was Mr. Churchill's head master at Harrow, afterward delivered an address to the newly married couple.

Shortly after 2 o'clock Mr. Churchill, with his best man, Lord Hugh Cecil, entered the church by the east door, while at the same time the bride with her mother and brother entered by the north door. Mr. Hozier conducted his sister down the aisle to the altar, where Mr. Churchill and his best man met them. The bridesmaids were Miss Nellie Hozier, sister of the bride; Miss Horatia Seymour, daughter of the late Sir Horace Seymour; Miss Madeleina Whyte, daughter of Lady Maude Whyte; Miss Claire Frewen, niece of ...

MAKING OF A MA... BY THE MAN'S W...

Mr. Barrie's "What Every W... Knows" Describes the Pr... Very Subtly and Delightf...

SHE "TYPES" HIS SPEE...

Mr. John Shand Becomes Cabin... terial Because Mrs. John Shand... the Sense of Humor He La...

Special Correspondence THE NEW YORK...
LONDON, Sept. 5.—"What is it ... asks one of the characters in J. ... rie's new comedy, "What Every ... Knows," produced last night at th... of York's Theatre, and the ans... given: "It is a kind of bloom... woman which some women ha... many men, which most women h... one man, and which some wome...

The wedding story in *The New York Times*, once his grandfather's paper.



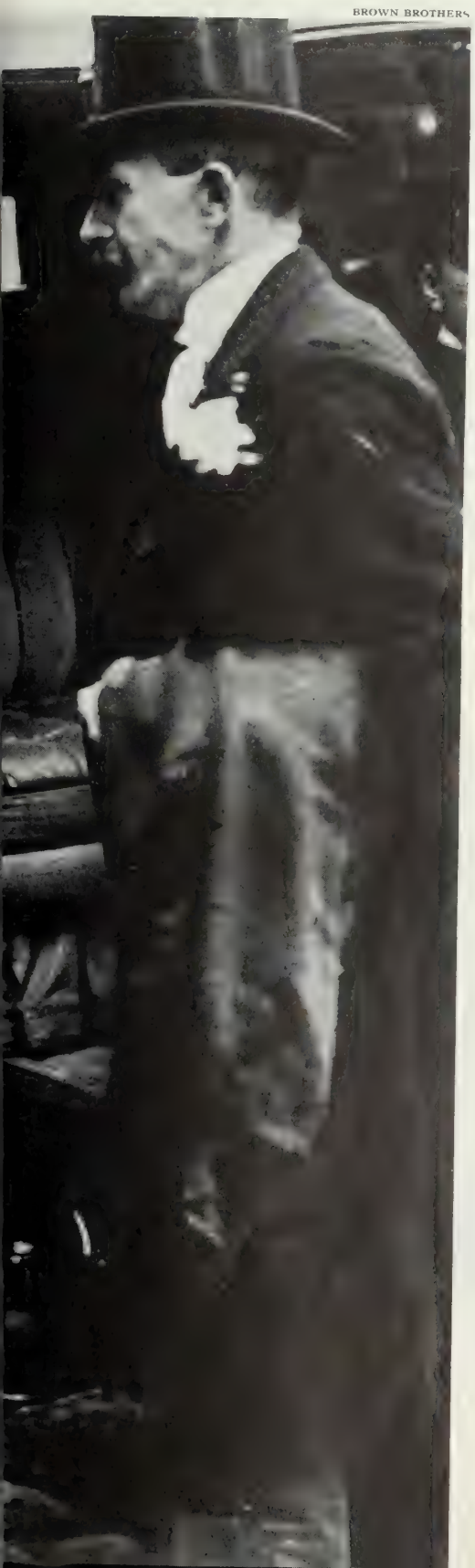
He was a social maverick where clothes were concerned. He wore the conventional top hat, frock coat and striped trousers to the wedding, but his shoes were brown.

IAL CABLE DIS

Mr. Barrie Walking With Henry James.



BROWN BROTHERS



What playwright James Barrie (left) said in *What Every Woman Knows*, Clementine already knew.

BARRETTS-LONDON



The bride hurries into her carriage in London on her way to the honeymoon.

THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY



The newlyweds promenade with the Duchess of Sutherland (right) at Deauville, the smart French resort.

His Wife:

"Never has one great man owed so much to a great woman."



WIDE WORLD

Sir Winston's own favorite painting of a tapestry at Blenheim Castle. "It was at Blenheim," he has said, "that I made the two most important decisions of my life. One was to be born there and the other was to be married." (Churchill proposed in a pavilion by the lake near the castle.) "I have never had cause to regret either decision."

"The woman behind a man of genius must have a gentle genius herself. There could be no better exponent of this art than Lady Churchill." For over fifty years Lady Churchill has been the partner of a great man. While living nearly always in the limelight, she has managed to provide a rich and rewarding home life. Like Jennie Jerome, she has a great love of life and a limitless loyalty to Winston Churchill. Wise, witty and warmhearted, she can bank the fierce blaze of his fiery temperament and turn it into a glow. She has shared his defeats and disappointments, sorrows and successes, and has learned to protect him from the world and from himself. She has had five children: Randolph, Diana, Sarah, Mary, and Marigold Frances (who died in her third year): and now there are nine grandchildren. She has campaigned with Winston, acted as his secretary, listened to his speeches when he was preparing them, helped him build his brick wall at Chartwell in Kent, made him take his daily nap and wear a hat in rainy weather, filled his long life with love, and served as his "compass bearing."

"If there is a decision to be made," said Phyllis Moir, his former private secretary, "Mrs. Churchill is invariably consulted. Working with Mr. Churchill, I soon grew accustomed to the cry 'Clemmie, Clemmie' which seemed to ring along the apartment all day long. I never heard the Churchills argue or quarrel."

For his part, he has always considered his wife first, insisting that his "Dear Cat" be given the premier place of importance by his side. Before making an address in the House of Commons, he always nodded as a gesture of respect to his wife, seated in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery his American mother had once graced. Once at Chartwell, while playing tennis, "Clemmie" slipped and fell on the court. Churchill, then well along in years, dashed down from his study and, brushing everyone aside, picked her up in his arms and carried her to her room. She is the one person to whom he has always listened. As one friend put it, "She knows how to manage Winnie."

Lady Churchill's philosophy on how to live with a genius and love it is best summed up in a speech she made shortly after the end of World War II: "If you find yourself in conflict with men, never become aggressive in your rivalry," Lady Clementine advised. "She who forces her point may well lose her advantage. You will gain far more by quietly holding to your convictions. But even this must be with art, and above all with a sense of humor."



CHURCH PHOTO SERVICE

Mrs. Churchill and her husband (center) watching military maneuvers at Aldershot just before World War I. During this conflict she was in charge of feeding 200,000 to 300,000 people a week. After the Armistice, the king named her a Commander of the British Empire for her outstanding war work.



THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

As Prime Minister in World War II when the only promise he could give to the people of Britain was "blood, toil, tears and sweat," his wife toured the battered city of London with him. All during the blitz Mrs. Churchill shared with him the bunker built beneath 10 Downing Street.



After serving five English sovereigns from Victoria Regina to Elizabeth II, Sir Winston retired permanently. Here Lady Churchill, acting as hostess a last time at 10 Downing Street, bids adieu to the queen and Prince Philip.



PLANET NEWS—LONDON

In the years following the first war, she campaigned with Churchill. Their motorcar was usually decorated with a bunch of white heather from Mrs. Churchill's native Scotland, sent by "Nurse and the Children."



FOX PHOTOS, LONDON

When Churchill suffered political reverses in the late 'Twenties, and was forced into semiretirement for ten years, his wife was always at his side. "I had no idea that ordinary life could be so interesting," he said.



WIDE WORLD

After V-E Day he was again defeated in the British elections and once more he and his wife turned their backs on public life. "I regret," he said, "that I have not been permitted to finish the work against Japan."



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Like Dick Whittington, thrice mayor of London, Churchill comes back again as Prime Minister with his famous "V" gesture and his slogan: "The only answer to defeat is victory." "Clemmie," his comrade at arms, beams at him.



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

The Churchills, accompanied by three of their grandchildren, attend the christening of a new grandchild (being held by a nurse). "Where does the family start?" Churchill once wrote. "It starts with a young man falling in love with a girl—no superior alternative has yet been found."



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Mr. and Mrs. England at the time of their golden anniversary. As he predicted at their marriage, they had lived happily ever after for fifty years.

"You're writing a book about love," he said.
"Well, it's high time you learned something about it."

Luck of the draw

by Dorothy Black

I had always wanted to be a writer, and Aunt Ruth, who brought me up, said I might as well try. "For if your face is to be your fortune, Liz," she said, "you'll certainly go hungry." Like most girls, I longed to be beautiful, but I knew I wasn't, and I was so shy I'd go miles rather than meet someone I knew in the street and have to talk to him.

And from around fourteen onward I was always in love.

I started with a sheep I'd brought up as a lamb, on a bottle. I idolized it. I had a sort of notion that with patience I could teach it to talk. Kids get crazy ideas. Then we went away for the holidays and when we got back Aunt Ruth told me it had been sent to the butcher, and I wanted to die.

I went down and asked the butcher if it was true, and he said it was. Consumed a fortnight previously, he said. He was sorry I was so sorry about it, and he was a gentle, handsome man, so I fell in love there and then with him. He was married with a grown-up child, but that is the beauty of falling in love at fourteen. Little things like that make no difference whatever.

After that it was the vicar. After that the doctor. Then some young men who came to the village for holidays. None of them ever returned my passion. I got quite accustomed to worshiping from afar.

I was just as hopeless when I was seventeen. I did not know how to dress, or do my hair, and as by then Aunt Ruth had died, and I looked after Uncle Jack and did the housekeeping myself, there was no one to tell me. I concentrated on my book, for if I could not be beautiful there was still a chance I might be famous.

I never got asked to any parties. It was a part of the country where people changed a good bit, and after Aunt Ruth died we never seemed to get to know the new ones. And in any case, if I'd gone to the dances I would have had no one to dance with.

Sometimes Uncle Jack looked at me anxiously. "You ought to go out more, my dear. You ought to get around. If your dear aunt was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



ADLAI STEVENSON

By MARGARET PARTON

One Democrat never talks about Stevenson for President: the two-time candidate himself. While others fight in the primaries, Stevenson, somewhat above the din of partisan battle, works hard, lives pleasantly, occasionally—and usually brilliantly—speaks his mind to a world grown accustomed to listen to the wisdom of his words.

When Adlai Stevenson visited Poland in 1958 he was asked the inevitable question: did he intend to run for the presidency of the United States for a third time? "No," he answered briskly. "Do you know that a candidate has a hard life? He is obliged to shave twice daily, and that is not for me."

With varying degrees of levity or seriousness, he has answered the same question in the same way dozens of times since then. He resists having his name entered in primaries. He refuses to give interviews if the interviewer proposes to treat him like a candidate. He rather conspicuously ignores scuffles between Democratic hopefuls, and at a time this spring when the infighting was promising to become severe he planned to be off on a six-week tour of South America. "I've done what I've been



At sixty Stevenson maintains rugged health, sometimes watches his weight, exercises by playing tennis in summer, long walks around his estate in winter.

JOE DI PIETRO



Three Adlais in one family is no problem to Nancy Stevenson. Her father-in-law is "Gov," her husband is "Ad," and her son is "Adlai." Here they are joined by brother-in-law Borden (left), daughter Lucy and dogs Merlin and Joker. John Fell, Mr. Stevenson's youngest son, was in Switzerland when this picture was taken.

The library is a good place for reading, writing, listening to music—and meditating on the world.

called upon to do to the best of my ability," he says with a philosophical shrug. "Now I'm beginning to slow down a little and enjoy life."

Yet despite the disclaimers, the ghost of the twice-defeated candidate continues to remain a ruddy and vigorous specter on the political scene. This winter a New York newspaper printed a cartoon showing a watchful and beady-eyed Adlai seated at the top of a flight of stairs, and a most uncomfortable-looking Senator John F. Kennedy crouching near the bottom. Senator Kennedy, whose presidential ambitions are not entirely unknown, was muttering to himself the familiar lines: "Yesterday upon the stair, I saw a man who was not there. He was not there again today. Oh dear, I wish he'd go away!"

Whether or not Mr. Stevenson wishes to haunt the stairs leading to the political arena, that is where he remains, unable to retire to the upper reaches of private life for the simple reason that a great many Democrats still think he's their best man. CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



"He'll play with his grandchildren for hours and never grow impatient," says their mother.

Beautiful Cottons

Slim tapered slacks in shocking-pink ribbed cotton can be topped with so many colors. Our shirt, in white cotton satin, has a yoke, collar and cuffs of a rose-printed border. The accent, an avocado-green cummerbund. Both slacks and shirt are Vogue Design No. 9990.



OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 172 AND 173

in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or
slightly higher in Canada. †Conn. residents please
class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail,
please include 10c additional for each pattern
ordered. © Vogue



Some of our favorite cottons are the least expensive. We love the look of a pastel dress trimmed with a brilliant grape-vine border, of a garden-flower stripe (straight from the decorating department), of giant-sized zinnias arranged border fashion on an ankle-length skirt. Low-cut backs are a coming summer fashion and a pretty way of showing off a tan. Many of these dresses are easy to make . . . *all* are pretty to wear. See others on pages 172 and 173. By ORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

In flower-garden colors . . . decorative fabrics . . . amusing trimmings. Any one can be yours for an afternoon of sewing.



JEWELRY BY HATTIE CARNEGIE

Most of us love a dress that does double duty. This slim turquoise cotton sheath with short sleeves is a wonderful basic. The plus is the apron. We have bordered ours with a wide grape-vine border in a matching color. Vogue Design No. 4108.



The eyelet shirtwaist is a new summer favorite. Ours, in blue with embroidered white dots, gives a striped effect. The sleeve has two lengths, the skirt is full. Vogue Design No. 9967. Add a bunch of lilies of the valley at the waistline.

SHOES BY BEN SOMMERS



For warm summer evenings on a patio, or the local country-club dance, what could be prettier than an ankle-length dress with a giant-sized flower border? The long stole makes a perfect wrap and it can be draped several ways. Vogue Design No. 9991.

Mauve is a lovely summer color—especially when it is accented with purple. Our heavy ribbed-cotton dress has a deep V back (it can be higher if you like) and the skirt is more than 3½ yards wide. Add a deeper-hued ribbon and violets. Vogue Design No. 4104.



ABBOT

A mother's right

An eminent obstetrician says that hospitals must provide the sympathetic, understanding care every mother needs when she gives birth. Good doctors are admitting to one another that maternity care is suffering from short-cut methods. Can extra hands be trained to help, within the limits of good medical practice? A growing number of physicians believe they can.

Who will deliver 5 million babies in 1965?

Six million in 1970? Trained obstetricians are decreasing

THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN OBSTETRICS

By Dr. HERBERT THOMS, with BRUCE BLIVEN, Jr.

A pregnant woman's psychological well-being is as important as her physical health. This fact, sometimes overlooked, calls for improvement in our methods of maternity care, many of which are out-of-date.

The urgent question is whether we, as obstetricians, are treating mothers in a manner that is psychologically appropriate to the real quality of the experience of pregnancy and childbirth. In too many instances, the answer is no.

Our record of safe deliveries of living babies is as good as it is because all but a small percentage of American babies now are born in hospitals. **But, desirable as hospitalization is from a safety standpoint, it is no excuse for routine, inflexible, assembly-line obstetrics.** The woman in the hospital waiting to have a baby is not a "patient" in the ordinary sense of the word. On the contrary, she is undergoing an experience as unlike illness as is imaginable. Her whole being—her emotions as well as her body—is engaged in a wonderfully subtle, creative endeavor. She is in the midst of the greatest moments of her life. She deserves to be treated accordingly.

The practical problems of running a hospital must not take precedence over the mother's emotional needs. If they do so, it is poor obstetrics. Most maternity hospitals (and most maternity units of general hospitals) need a brand-new atmosphere. I know of no reason why all the intimacy of the home should be lost in the hospital. It should be clear that the mother—not her doctor, nor the hospital—has the starring role. She is entitled to feel a sense of accomplishment.

Hospital techniques and hospital attitudes can be changed. And hospital buildings can be remodeled. They can be made to fit whatever scheme we, as physicians, insist upon. **We should demand nothing less than the best possible maternal care. For childbirth is, as Helene Deutsch, a foremost authority, has said, "the greatest and most gratifying experience of women, perhaps of human beings."**

I am not talking about obstetrics in a dream world. Here at New Haven, at the Yale Medical Center, we have a maternity program which embraces most of the things I have mentioned. It proves that what I am urging is both desirable and possible. It is called the Preparation for Childbirth Program, and its director is Prof. C. Lee Buxton, my successor as head of Yale's Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. I consider myself fortunate in having been associated, from its beginning thirteen years ago, with this effort to find—and to provide facilities for—an ideal way of having a baby. The future of American obstetrical practice, I'm convinced, lies in the direction this program has taken. Thanks to it, we can now envision in some detail the kind of maternity care that should be available, as a matter of course, everywhere in the country.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

DOCTORS CAN'T DO IT ALONE

By THE EDITORS

"Is the mere fact of survival of mother and child all there is to this business of maternity care? When we discharge from the hospital a living mother with physical and mental scars from a highly traumatic experience, and a child living but brain-damaged because no one was around to recognize early signs of the baby-*in-utero* being in distress, is that a job well done?"

So asked a distinguished physician, on the obstetrical staff of one of the greatest teaching hospitals in the world, of a professional gathering. His remarks were typical of a new note of self-criticism which is spreading throughout the obstetrical profession today.

The tremendous growth of hospital care in this country within a single generation (in 1935 only 37 per cent of live births took place in hospitals; today the figure is 96 per cent), together with steadily dwindling maternal- and infant-mortality rates, has long been a justifiable source of pride. Yet today an ugly fact must be faced: for the last two years the incomplete figures for infant deaths have shown a slight rise (although the United States is still among the safest places in the world in which to be delivered of a baby). Hospitals and clinics have become notoriously overcrowded and understaffed. Obstetrical leaders—teaching doctors, chiefs of famous metropolitan hospitals, officers of professional associations—are telling their colleagues with growing urgency that today's routine maternity care, though good, is not good enough.

The doctors' criticisms have been many, but most of them come from a growing recognition that present hospital routines do not take into account the psychological well-being and satisfaction of a healthy, normal mother. One of the greatest names in American obstetrics wrote in an article for the U.S. Children's Bureau, "The most prevalent criticism . . . [leveled] at American maternity care is our assembly-line method of managing patients, especially the fact that they are often left alone throughout most of labor. . . . There can be no question about the general validity of this criticism."

"Assembly-line methods" come from a shortage of trained personnel, lack of time on the part of overworked practitioners. The results are felt in almost every phase of childbirth, beginning with prenatal care. Good doctors are agreed that the greatest single factor enabling a mother to approach childbirth with confidence and courage is an understanding of what is about to happen to her. Physiologic—or natural—childbirth, a president of an obstetrical association reminded his membership, is "nurtured by proper instruction to the mother as to what to expect and how to participate," and he pointed out that this instruction is the obstetrician's job. Yet most women in America are delivered by busy general practitioners. How many of them have time to sit down and teach the mother what she needs to know? How many small hospitals offer prenatal classes not only in baby care, but in the process of having a baby?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



John Prince and his wife, Catherine, have a unique place in Washington society. Superb food taste diverted a literary career into the culinary spotlight at some of Washington's most important dinners, where the Princes cater to diplomats and generals and often attend the parties themselves.

Good Cooking and Common Sense

By JOHN PRINCE

We have all heard, and we have heard it all our lives, that French cooking is the finest in the world. Indeed, we have heard it so often that some of us are ever so faintly *tired* of hearing it. The joke of this is that a Frenchman would agree with us. We are right to be tired, he'd say—granted the strange notions of French cooking which some of us have.

Generally speaking, our Frenchman would say, French cooking is divided into two kinds, "high cooking" and "home cooking."

"High cooking" is reserved for certain *right* lofty places and times—like high dressmaking and high mathematics. Relatively few French people come into contact with it very often. It is the abuse, or fake presentation, of this sort of cooking which gives us our false notions of all French cooking; and the abuse occurs, of course, in expensive restaurants set up as traps for tourists—or for the get-rich-quicks who are as funny at table as they are in their hats.

Meanwhile, with certain reservations, "home cooking" in France means just what it means here. And even the great chef, who would think nothing of carving angels in butter as a centerpiece, would agree that the truest French cooking is "*home* cooking." I can give you an amusing proof of this.

Once, when I was a student at the Cordon Bleu School of Cooking in Paris, our class was set the problem of decorating a poached capon. We were CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

THREE FAMILY MENUS

MENU I pictured opposite

Our roast leg of lamb seasoned only with garlic and rosemary is accompanied by plump plum tomatoes and an easy eggplant casserole.

ROAST LEG OF LAMB
CURRANT JELLY
EGGPLANT CASSEROLE
PEAR-SHAPED TOMATOES
FRENCH BREAD BELGIAN ENDIVE SALAD
APPLE-PECAN DESSERT
Planned for 6

MENU II

SPARERIB-AND-SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE
SAUTÉED QUARTERED APPLES
LITTLE BOILED POTATOES
HOT FRUIT DESSERT SOUR-CREAM SAUCE
Planned for 4

MENU III

SOUTHERN FRIED FISH
BUTTERED BABY CABBAGE
BATTER BREAD
EASY STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM
Planned for 4

STUART





The American Institute of Family Relations has just completed its thirtieth year of public education directed toward strengthening marriage and family life thoughout the continent. It has counseled more than 100,000 persons at its headquarters (5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California), and has also helped a vastly greater number through its publications, motion pictures, radio and television programs, lectures and correspondence. One of the interesting findings from this unique experience is the importance of shared recreation and social life. When two persons have entirely different points of view on this subject, as did Letty and Greg in the case here described, their relationship is likely to be injured in many other ways. If they can agree on some things that they would enjoy doing together, and give some time to these activities in common, their whole partnership is likely to be improved. If a couple feel that their marriage needs some improvement, this is an easy way to start! . . . The counselor in this case was Mrs. Ruth Michaelson.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

Can This Marriage be Saved?



DON ORNITZ

"Greg's buddies came home with us on our wedding night and made our living room their hangout. We were never alone."

She: "Greg has no need of a wife, and cares nothing about a husband's responsibilities. Our marriage was an afterthought with him."

He: "Frankly, I wasn't ready to be tied down, but Letty hounded me until I married her. Now she should accept my friends and the way we live."

Letty tells her side: "Greg seems to think I married him and all his male friends," said big-eyed, twenty-four-year-old Letty, torn between tears and indignation. "On our wedding day two years ago his whole gang trooped home from the church with us. Greg's living quarters—a ramshackle converted garage—turned out to be their favorite hangout. When Greg and I retired to the bedroom, the gang stayed. They drank beer, they cracked jokes, they sang close harmony at the top of their lungs. Next morning three fellows were still on the premises, one sound asleep on the beat-up sofa, two others on the floor.

"I had dreamed of quite a different bridal night. Greg couldn't understand why I was disappointed and angry. First he laughed at me and then he began to talk. Talk is a specialty with Greg. He is the original charm boy. While Greg is talking he can convince you that black is white, a horse is a cow. One time I saw him convince a traffic cop that he hadn't jumped a light. Well, anyway, as a one-day bride, I apologized to Greg for my unkind remarks about his friends.

"That evening when I got home from my nine-to-five secretarial job I found Greg surrounded again. One of his pals had bought a stove-in boat which was set up in our yard and everybody was busy with the repairs. Greg refused to interrupt his work on the boat long enough to eat the food I'd bought for our dinner. Hours later he and his gang and I ate at a junky neighborhood tavern. Two of the fellows picked up girls there, not very nice girls. The fellows expected me to talk to the girls while they ignored us, discussed hunting, fishing, skin diving, water skiing—sports I know nothing about—and wasted their money on the pinball machines.

"It was past midnight when we left the tavern. The two fellows with dates disappeared. Greg issued a blanket invitation to everybody else to spend the rest of the night with us. One man had the nerve to accept. In the morning I was so exhausted I could scarcely drag myself from the bed. I had to dress without the use of the bathroom—it opens off the so-called living room—because of the fellow on the sofa. When I did step out he was taking a shower. I brushed my teeth at my office.

"That evening was the same thing all over again: the gang working on the boat, dinner at the tavern. By the end of the week I was desperate for privacy, frantic for sleep. Greg held a part-time job and could lie abed until noon, but I had to get up. One evening I refused to go to the tavern. Greg cheerfully went off with his friends and let me eat by myself. In the middle of the night he flopped into our bed, smelling like a brewery. I got up and moved to the sofa. It was the first time in our two weeks of marriage the sofa had been unoccupied. Next morning I discovered that Greg's shirt, which he had dropped on the floor, was smeared with lipstick. I woke him and asked for an explanation. He told me that some totally strange girl had barged over to their table at the tavern and draped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

When you need a main dish *fast*—

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup!



Take a can of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. Mix in a little milk. Add a can of chicken, tuna or crab (or a cup of leftover meat), vegetables, seasoning. Heat and serve over rice, biscuits, toast—for a delicious meal in minutes.

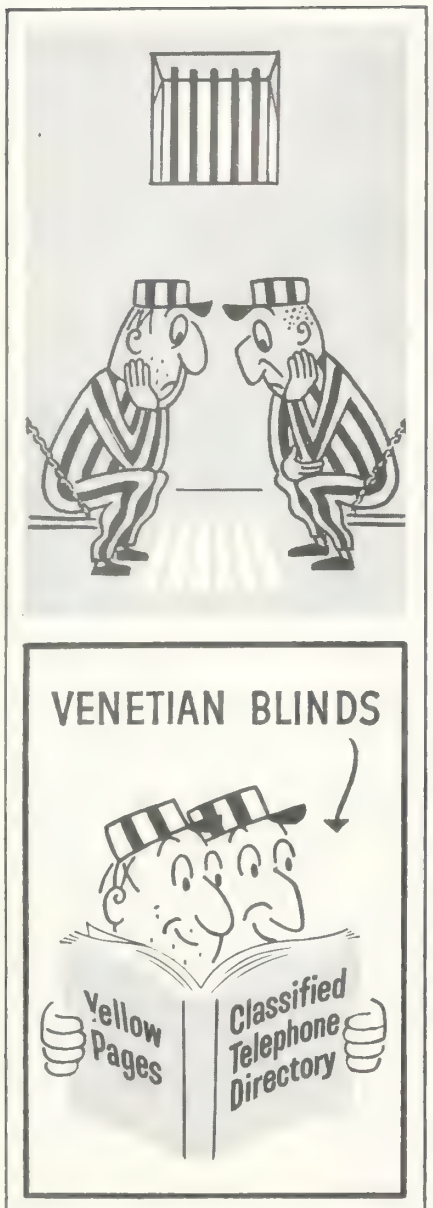
15-MINUTE CHICKEN SHORTCAKE

1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup — ⅓ cup milk
1 can Swanson Boned Chicken — ½ cup cooked peas
1 tbsp. chopped pimiento — 4 biscuits, split

In saucepan, blend soup and milk. Add chicken, peas, and pimiento. Heat; stir now and then. Serve over biscuits. 4 servings of chicken, richly sauced—and delicious!



Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soup*



THE TRAP OF SOLID GOLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

Lucille, age six, was known only as Ladybug. She wore seven different personalities a day, from imprisoned princess to aging ballerina, combining an appetite for conspiracy with a thespian lust for costume.

Penny was a three-year-old chunk of round, warm appetite and placid insistence upon being hugged frequently, a goal consistently achieved despite a chronic condition of stickiness.

This is the Weldon family, whose combined ages total 79, who live at 88 Ridge Road in Lawton, New York, a one-hour-and-seventeen-minute commutation from the city.

The view of an outsider was perfectly expressed when they had, as a weekend house guest, a man they had not seen since college, a man doubly precious to them because it was he who had first introduced them. Just before he left, as they stood by the drive, Ben's arm around Ginny's slender waist, the friend said, with a fondness spiced with a dab of envy, "You kids have really got it made."

One would have thought so.

Take a look at one target of this odd disaster, Benjamin Dale Weldon, age 32. By profession, he is an executive, one of the rare good young ones, employed by National Directions, Inc., as Assistant to the Vice President in Charge of Unit Control. Weldon is a tall man with a dark semi-crew cut, glasses with thick black frames, and the kind of rugged-wry asymmetric face women have the tiresome habit of calling "interesting." In his first years with National he gave a deceptive impression of low-pressure amiability which obscured his special talents, but now they are thoroughly known and appreciated. Under pressure, he can plow through jungles of intricate work. He can properly delegate authority, backstop his superiors, make effective presentations, keep his temper, side-step company politics, resolve controversy, and make the people working for him feel as if they are a part of a special team.

All this is, of course, a description of a splendid No. 2 man. But Weldon has that additional gift of being able to come up with the important and unusual idea at the right time, and the willingness to fight for his idea to the extent of laying his career on the line. This makes him a potential No. 1 man, and the company is totally aware of his present and his future value.

For his abilities they pay him $23,500 a year. In return for this salary he is expected not only to function adequately in his job but to dress conservatively and well, comport himself with traditional National Directions dignity, live in a house and a neighborhood suitable to his position, entertain properly, take first-rate care of his family and their future, and take a hand in civic affairs.

The executives of National Directions, and in particular the president, Brendan Mallory, see in Ben Weldon a pleasing prototype of the young National executive, a sort of ambassador at large. They are gratified that he had the good luck and the good sense to marry a girl who is and will continue to be of great help to him.

Brendan Mallory has a private timetable in his mind whereby Benjamin Weldon will assume the presidency at age 55. At that point Weldon will not only be receiving one of the more substantial salaries, but he will have additional income through the bonus and stock-option plan. But this to Brendan Mallory, is of secondary importance. The man who heads the firm must, first of all, have respect for the obligations and responsibilities of the position, realizing that his decisions can have an effect on the national economy.

Brendan Mallory realizes that it is a most delicate problem, to nurture the growth of the young executive. He must be taught to understand the blessings of and the reasons for conformity without deadening that creative individualism which the No. 1 man must have if the company is to remain competitively strong.

Virginia, wife of Benjamin, is lovelier at 30 than at 20, an outgoing blue-eyed blonde, who wears her multiple emotions close to the surface, who has pride and the gift of laughter. She is loving, rewarding and incurably absent-minded. She fills with a violent indignation at any injustice. Her energies inspire awe. Toward her children she is scrupulously, unpermissively fair, whacking them soundly when they need it. As a consequence there is order in their small world, and they feel secure, well loved, and feel no urge to express themselves through tantrum or bratty whining.

So here is paradise on Ridge Road. Strength, love, ambition and a future. Nice people too. No sleazy little cocktail-party flirtations. No amorous discontent.

At the end of 1958, if you had asked them if paradise hadn't become just a little conditional, they would have stared at you, and then defended themselves with great indignation. And that could have been the clue—the little excess of indignation.

If they had had the time to sit down quietly ——

But there were the commuting to the city, and the job itself, and the increasing frequency of the field trips, and the two kinds of entertaining—business and friendship—and the Lawton Country Club (as a result of Mallory's hint that he should belong), and the sitter problem and the Cub Scouts and the P.T.A. and the Community Chest and the Red Cross and the Civic Betterment Committee and the Ridge Road Association and, of course, five birthdays and holidays and church and anniversaries, and correspondence with friends and relatives, and television and shopping and essential do-it-yourself projects and office work brought home and that essential reading which must be done to keep up with the world's swift pace.

> It is a very unhealthy frame of mind to get into to be always reproaching oneself for one's peccadilloes. I am sure the most cheerful people are those who confine their censures almost entirely to the lapses of their neighbors.
>
> ROBERT LYND
> THE PEAL OF BELLS
> D. APPLETON & CO.

So if there was a rare chance to sit down quietly, they took it. And spent the time making up little mental lists of the things undone. They no longer had time to talk to each other in any leisurely, thoughtful way, and so they were losing one of the best parts of a good marriage—and making it not quite as good as it should have been.

It should have been more of a clue to Ben and Ginny that, all that year, whenever they did have a chance to talk, they talked about money. Oh, it was reasonably amiable, with an infrequent edge of rancor showing only briefly. They tried to make a kind of joke out of it. And why shouldn't it be a joke? When you're making $23,500 a year, money problems are a joke, aren't they?

Ben paid the bills, so the true nature of their situation was trying to intrude itself on his awareness long before Ginny became aware of the growing tensions. Let it be said firmly and finally right here that these were not two silly, improvident people, whimsically tossing money left and right. Ben had paid a good share of his own way through school. Ginny had been on a tiny allowance. They had started marriage with debts, not riches, and had lived to a rigid budget, and paid their way. Ginny knew every rice dish in the book.

Perhaps the first intimation of what would eventually and incomprehensively turn into disaster was the Incident of the Cigarettes.

In January—right after New Year's, in fact—when the checking account needed very dexterous juggling, Ben Weldon switched from cigarettes to a pipe. He told himself it would be good for him. Ginny had always wanted him to smoke a pipe. He told himself that it was purely secondary that cigarettes, at a pack and a half a day, were costing him $164.25 a year. He wondered why he had bothered to figure it up.

He struggled with the pipe problem until he had mastered the techniques. His birthday was in April. He got home from the city later than he wanted to, because he knew Ginny would keep the kids up so they could give him their presents, but it was one of those unavoidable things.

He sat in the living room, and the cake was brought to him so the kids could see him blow out the candles, and the song was sung, and the kids gave him the presents, the littlest one first, as was the household custom. He lifted himself out of his weariness to make those exclamations that would satisfy them, and those jokes that would delight them.

The present from Ginny was the last one he opened. It was a pipe in a fitted case, with a beautiful grain in the wood. He remembered the brand name and the model name from the day when he had selected a pipe. And he certainly remembered the price. He had told the clerk that he didn't feel like paying $25 plus tax for a pipe.

He looked at the beautiful thing, and he felt a resentment so sharp, so bitter that it shocked him. In one gesture she had cut the heart out of his campaign of frugality. He looked at her and saw her smile which anticipated his pleasure in the gift, and in that instant he wanted to smash it to the floor in its fitted case.

Her smile faded and she said, "Don't you like it? I thought it ——"

He caught himself quickly and said, "It's beautiful, honey. It really is. And the style is just perfect."

So the kids had to see the ceremony of the first lighting of the new pipe, and then Ginny permitted them one small piece of birthday cake each, and shooed them off to bed.

After she came back to the living room she said, "Is anything wrong?"

"What could be wrong on my birthday, blondie? Bring me a kiss."

The unexpected, irrational force of his anger over such a simple thing should have prepared him better for subsequent developments.

On an evening in early May, Ben got out the checkbook and paid the bills. This necessary ceremony was something that he had begun, not exactly to dread but to feel increasingly irritable about. He sorted them and paid all the little ones first—fuel oil, dentist, doctor, phone, light, gas, water, car repairs and so on. He totaled them and deducted the total from his balance. Next he looked over the big ones and paid the ones which had to be paid. Every month it seemed as though an unexpected big one would come along. This time there were two discouragingly fat ones, the fire insurance on the house (paid annually and not included in the mortgage payments) for $208.20, and a life-insurance premium of $442.50. They had to be paid. And a final check for $400 had to be drawn to Ginny's order, for deposit in her checking account to take care of the household expenses. He tried not to think too much about the balance left: $41.14. He had his commutation ticket for the month and a little over $20 in cash. Light lunches in the city this month.

Ginny came in just then and as she walked by she patted him on the shoulder, and sat in the chair near the desk.

"Made out my check yet, financier?"

"Are you that hungry for it?"

"No. I think I've got to hit you for a raise, boss."

"What?"

"Four fifty anyway, but five hundred would take some of the strain off."

He glared at her and said, more loudly than he intended, "Just what do you do with all of it?"

She looked startled, then indignant. "What did you think I did with it? I buy groceries for five. I buy clothes for me and three children. Gas and oil for the car. A one-afternoon-a-week cleaning woman. Sitters. A yardman once in a while now that you don't have as much time as you used to have. Dry cleaning. Toys. Movie money. Sometimes I even buy myself a dollar lunch. Prices are going up, darling. Up and up and up, and I'm asking for a cost-of-living adjustment. What's the *matter* with you lately?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE



Get New Royal Gelatin
Try It And See
Tastes Like Fresh Fruit*
And Has Vitamin-C

Royal

Thousands of fresh *flavor bursts* give you more fresh fruit-like flavor than ordinary gelatin

Now . . . a new kind of gelatin! A gelatin that has captured the fresh juicy taste of tree-ripened fruit and sealed it in thousands of tiny flavor bursts. Add hot water and Royal's flavor bursts explode in a swirl of nature's most delicious fruit-like flavors.

Only Royal tastes like fresh ripe fruit and gives you "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"—C. And only Royal brings you these four exclusive flavors: Pineapple, Blackberry, and Royal's two newest, brightest, most exciting flavors . . . Watermelon and Peach.



For Exciting Flavors
Switch to Royal

*Natural fresh-fruit flavor enhanced with artificial flavor.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

Some things you should know about . . .

Excessive Drinking

MOST AMERICANS either leave alcoholic beverages alone entirely—or they drink moderately and sensibly, mainly for social and special occasions.

Unfortunately, however, there are 5 million men and women in our country who cannot control their drinking—and most of them break down socially, emotionally and physically. Inevitably, they also damage the lives of their families and other people . . . sometimes tragically.

Since alcoholism is among our most important health problems, it deserves our attention. These questions and answers may give you a better understanding of it.

Why do people become alcoholics?

Medical science does not yet know the precise cause or causes of alcoholism. Authorities agree, however, that emotional difficulties—tension, worry, guilt, inferiority and other dreaded feelings—are certainly connected with alcoholism. The alcoholic drinks to escape his inner conflicts. And he becomes so dependent on alcohol that he cannot face life without it.

What are the warning signs of alcoholism?

When a person starts "gulping" alcohol to "fortify" himself, trying to hide from others how much and how often he drinks, drinking alone or in the morning, giving strange excuses for his behavior, having trouble on the job or at home . . . addiction to alcohol may be in the offing. It may develop quickly—within a few months—or slowly over a period of years.

Can an alcoholic recover?

Recovery depends on the alcoholic's own fundamental desire to stop drinking—and, having stopped, never to drink alcohol in any form again.

Medical treatment is becoming increasingly important in furthering recovery. New drugs help ease the alcoholic's discomfort. Psychotherapy helps him recognize his problems and enables him to deal with them without alcohol.

What should you do to help an alcoholic?

Face the problem without embarrassment . . . just as you would any other serious threat to your home and your family.

The family—especially those members closest to the alcoholic—should seek help from someone who knows the problem. The family doctor, or a clergyman, or a social worker, or a friend may be able to advise you about the best course to take.

Alcoholics Anonymous helps many people conquer their compulson to drink. The only requirement for AA membership is an honest desire to give up liquor. There are no dues or fees for its services.

When given the help they need, many alcoholics can recover and make a fresh start in the world.

Help for the Alcoholic and His Family

If Alcoholics Anonymous is not listed in your telephone directory write to: Alcoholics Anonymous, P. O. Box 459, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y.

For Family guidance write to Al-Anon Family Groups, P. O. Box 182, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

For educational material and consultation, write to the National Council on Alcoholism, Inc. The address is 2 West 103rd Street, New York 29, N. Y.

Metropolitan's new booklet—*Alcoholism, A Guide for the Family*—summarizes the most important facts about this problem and offers helpful suggestions for its solution.



COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTCARD



Metropolitan Life (Dept. A)
1 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Please send me the free booklet, "*Alcoholism, A Guide for the Family*," 4-60-J.

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Street

City & Zone **State**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

He adjusted a weak smile. "I'm sorry, honey. Look here. Everything is paid. Here's what's left."

She got up and stared at the figure and then sat down again rather heavily. "But you need more than *that* for the month!"

"I'll get along. I can draw trip expenses in advance for the Toledo thing."

"I'm not . . . foolish with money, Ben."

"I know that."

"But where on earth does it all go?"

"Good question."

"You're making *good* money. Don't we owe the bank something on that open note?"

"Oh, I've whittled that down to just twelve hundred."

"Will it be better when that's paid off?"

"It might be. A little."

She straightened her shoulders. "Well, I can certainly get along on the four hundred, Ben. If I'd known, I certainly wouldn't have ——"

"I didn't mean to bark."

"Golly, I don't blame you. We'll just have to live . . . simpler."

"Where? How?"

"Those are good questions, too, aren't they?"

And it was turned into a joke, but the strain was there, the tinge of poison. And all the affirmations of love could not make it go away entirely.

It was, Ben thought, as the lean month went by, just a case of holding on, cutting corners until income jumped again. It made him feel guilty, however. It was a shameful situation to be unable to live without strain on an income which, ten years ago, he would have considered wildly affluent. It was best not to think of what might happen should some emergency situation come up.

And so in June, of course, which had promised to be a better month, Chris nearly lost his right hand. He was in a school bus on the way to a picnic, sitting by the window on the right side of the bus, his right arm out the window. As they were making a turn at low speed on a gravel road the right front tire blew. The bus skidded, went through a shallow ditch and into a stand of small trees. Chris said later that he had tried to pull his arm in, but the motion of the bus had jammed everybody against him. At first it was believed that no one had been hurt. The sound Chris made was lost in the general turmoil. But then he fainted.

When Ben got to the hospital at four o'clock they had been working on the hand—pulped between tree and bus body—for over an hour. Ginny was very white and very still, and her eyes were huge.

They did the basic structural repairs in the first operation. The third day following there were evidences of infection. In spite of the sulfas and antibiotics, his fever went up to dangerous levels, there were consultations and tentative recommendations for amputation. It was a nightmare time, with the hospital the center of all thoughts and schedules. The child was so stolidly brave about it, so uncomplainingly courageous and gallant that it seemed to make the whole thing more pointlessly tragic.

Almost during the last hour of decision, the infection began to respond. There was a second operation in July, very delicate and intricate, close work with muscles, tendons, nerves, to achieve optimum functioning of the hand. He healed with such miraculous speed—a facility reserved to small healthy boys—that he was able to go back to the hospital for the final operation in late August, a relatively minor one to readjust repairs previously made in the index finger and thumb.

By the time he started school in the fall, the bandages were off. The hand was slightly but not obviously misshapen. The orthopedic surgeon was quietly proud of his work, of the restoration of an estimated 60 per cent of function. But Chris often wept with frustration at the hand that would not follow the commands of the mind and, when it did so, was so girlishly weak. He had a series of exercises which he tended to overdo. "By the time he is twelve he will have eighty per cent function," the doctor said. "Perhaps later it will become more. He will adjust, and never notice it."

When your only son is injured, it is degrading to think of money. You get the money, somewhere, and you don't think about it, at least very much. The hospitalization covered a small part of the expense. Ben had the optimistic feeling that he could recover the rest of it from the Department of Public Instruction. He had a local lawyer, Harold Crady, look into it.

Crady finally reported back. "I've been around and around on this thing, Ben. The insurance company takes the stand that their coverage does not extend past taking the kids to and from school, or on special instructional field trips. This was a picnic, not authorized by the company, and the bus was not being driven by a regular driver."

"Who *was* driving it then?"

"The brother of Chris' teacher. The Public Instruction people take the stand the bus was 'borrowed' without sufficient authorization. The driver has no personal liability coverage, and he hasn't got dime one, Ben."

"Then what do I do?"

Crady shrugged. "You could file suit against the Public Instruction Department and the insurance company and the driver."

"You don't sound enthusiastic."

"Because I don't think you'd get anywhere. You'd just be making a bad risk of more money, Ben. Take your loss. That's the best thing you can do."

NEXT MONTH

Dogged courage, violent action, gripping suspense keep you on the edge of your chair reading this tale of simple men who grow to heroic size in facing danger.

THE LONG HAUL

By D. A. RAYNER

Complete in the May JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Hospital, surgery, anesthesia, nurses, operating room and outpatient care came to $3006.65. Hospitalization covered $401.20 of this total. It was particularly ironic that Harold Crady's bill for legal services in the amount of $100 had to be considered a part of the expense of the accident. Ben Weldon raised the $2700. He cashed the last few Government bonds. He had been trying to forget that he owned them, so that he would leave them alone. He got a little over $900 for them. He borrowed against the cash value of his insurance, a final $1000, bringing his insurance borrowings to an even $4000, on which interest at 6 per cent was piling up, and leaving him a cash-value equity of a little over $100. He went down to the Lawton National Bank. His 180-day note had been whittled down to $1100. He paid the interest to date and had it rewritten for $2200, with the overage deposited in his checking account. Mr. Lathrop Hyde, the vice president, was cordial enough, but Ben Weldon thought he detected a certain reluctance, an almost imperceptible reserve and skepticism. There had been Hydes in Lawton Valley back when New York had been a full day's trip away by carriage. He never could feel entirely at ease with what Ginny in her more irritable moments called the aborigines. They all seemed to have an emotional resentment toward the new people which was at odds with their pleasure in making money out of the explosive growth of the area.

On leaving the bank Ben was uncomfortably aware that interest alone on his debts was costing him a little over a dollar a day, and all reserves were gone.

That night he and Ginny had to drive into the city to attend a theater party which was a professional obligation. Three couples from National Directions, with Ben the junior in rank, and the president of a client firm in Dallas and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Blessing.

Sometimes such evenings turned out to be fun, and Ginny had enjoyed many of them. But this night Mrs. Blessing relayed her apologies through her husband to the people she had never met. She was confined to her hotel bed. Something had upset her, possibly the New York City water. Mr. Blessing stated that Myrna was very sensitive about water. He was to go right ahead without her, and, clearly, he had been going ahead very effectively at the hotel bar.

Ben had been in conference with the man, and had admired the agility of Hank Blessing's business brain. He was a big freckled man with a fringe of gray-red hair, small pale-gray eyes. In the present negotiations with National he was in the dealer's chair, and was capable of squeezing every last advantage out of it.

It astonished Ben that a man so coldly shrewd in conference could be such a total after-hours boor. Service at dinner before the theater was infuriatingly slow, providing a chance for Hank Blessing to proceed further with his self-inflicted paralysis of the cerebral cortex. He dominated the table with increasingly coarse tales of his homespun beginnings, while the three National executives and their wives sat with glazed smiles inadequately concealing acute distress. A man alcoholically convinced of his own irresistibility and charm will nearly always focus all of it on the nearest beautiful blonde. Ginny became Hank's rebellious target.

They were late to the theater. Hank made a horrible racket in the aisle as they were finding their seats. He managed to plant himself beside Ginny and mumbled further exploits to her, ignoring the shushings, until he went soundly asleep. The play could have been excellent. The leading lady was sick. Her understudy ran through the part as though anxious to make a late date, drowning out her cue lines, yelling the tenderest passages.

Hank came up out of sleep at the final curtain, refreshed and ready to go. Ben was able to beg off, using the sitter as an excuse.

As they drove north on the parkway, Ben became aware of Ginny's ominous silence. There had been other horrible evenings, to be sure, but they had always been able to make jokes on the way home.

"Charming guy, that Hank Blessing," he said at last.

"Utterly."

"We've been going around in a tight little circle with that guy. We ought to get it all locked up tomorrow."

"And I went around in a tight little circle, too, darling," she said hotly. "*Two* drinks he spilled on me. And I'm so tired of being pawed I could scream."

"Come now, honey. You weren't ——"

She whirled in the seat to face him. "How could you keep track of what was going on? You were too busy thinking about how you're going to . . . lock it all up tomorrow."

"Honey, really now ——"

"Don't you really-now me, Ben Weldon. We used to go out together, a million years ago. Now when we go out, there's an angle. I get dragged to town to prove that the young executive gets married just like ordinary people do. And I'm told that it's my job. I'm helping you get ahead, or something. Well, I'll keep right on doing it, because I suppose it's part of the bargain, but you might as well know I consider it cynical and degrading, and I hate every minute of it!"

She flounced around and began to stare out her window at the night, as far from him as she could get.

"I wasn't aware of the fact I was torturing you," he said stiffly.

"What did that evening cost?" she asked in a small voice.

"What do you mean?"

"What did it cost? Total. Is that a hard question?"

"Tickets, dinner, drinks. Oh, I'd say about two twenty-five. But it's a legitimate expense which can be deduc——"

"When do you have to go to Dallas?"

"It's set up for next Tuesday."

"First-class air out and back? The very best hotel? Room service? Bonded bourbon and steaks two inches thick and the biggest rental car on the lot ——"

"It's *always* that way. We can't afford to give the impression of cutting corners. Actually it's a public-relations and promotion expenditure, and I'm not exactly loafing, you know."

"This dress," she said in a dreary voice. "I've put the hem up and down so many times I feel like I'm wearing an elevator. And we decided it would be so jolly and unusual to just stay home for our vacation this summer. All I had to do was cook for five and keep house. No more cleaning woman one half day a week. I wonder how scraggly I dare let the lawn get before I hire Gus to cut it. You come home so bushed, I haven't the heart to ask you. We can't afford to entertain the people we *really* like very often, so we have to turn down invitations, which at least saves sitter money." She sighed heavily. "It's a double standard, that it is. You take trips and live like Aly Khan and then you come back to your well-mortgaged home and listen to your wife whine."

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.

MARCUS AURELIUS

"Ginny ——"

"It must bore you stiff."

"We have to hang on. That's all. This is a bad time. We just have to get through it."

She turned back toward him, this time with earnestness. "But don't you see, darling, that there should be more to life than just 'getting through it'? These are supposed to be the good years. We don't have any *fun*. Neither of us sees enough of the kids in the right way. Oh, I know. You're the fair-haired boy, and things will get fat in the future, but what if we're so beat down by the time things do get good that it won't mean much?"

"Should I quit?" he snapped.

"Typical," she said in anger. "Typical! You get all defensive and won't even talk about it."

"I'll talk about anything constructive you care to bring up."

He knew he was driving a little too fast, and dared her mentally to make any comment about it. The grim silence threatened to continue all the way to the house, but a mile after they had made the turnoff toward Lawton, the motor began to make an odd sound, a combination of grinding and clanking. He slowed down quickly.

"Is that little red light supposed to be on?" she asked.

The very moment he noticed it was the oil-pressure light, the car acted as though he had stepped on the brake. He put it in neutral and used what was left of the momentum to coast onto the wide shoulder. The motor was dead. He tried the starter and the starter would not turn it over.

"What is it?" Ginny asked.

"No oil, I'd guess. I wasn't watching the heat."

He got out and opened the hood. The heat that came off the block felt much like that of an open fire.

"Do we have to get oil?" she asked.

"No, we do not get oil."

"Don't bite my head off. I just don't understand these ——"

"The moving parts were operating without oil. Friction created great heat. The moving parts expanded and that increased the heat. The main bearings were the last thing to go, and they didn't go quick enough so I ran it too long and it heated up beyond the melting point of the moving parts, and now the motor is frozen."

He looked at her face in the pale moonlight and the reflected glow of the headlights. She looked puzzled and blank.

"Frozen?" she asked. "But you can feel the heat coming off it!"

And that was the very end. He whooped and gasped and staggered, and the tears ran out of his eyes. After baffled moments she joined in. They clung to each other.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

AMERICA'S NEWEST MOST POWERFUL



30% MORE POWER
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This amazing new cleaner gets more dirt faster with an EXCLUSIVE 1½ H.P. MOTOR. It gives best "above the floor . . . and on the floor" cleaning. Powerful suction reduces to gentle flow for delicate jobs.



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RECIPE FOR PIZZA

"To make a good pizza you need a very hot oven and a really rich tomato filling. That's why I use Hunt's Tomato Paste in my recipe. Hunt's tomato flavor is simply delicious. I've tried them all, and Hunt's Tomato Paste is the real thing, just like home. Mamma Mia!...I hope you and your family will enjoy it soon."

PIZZA DOUGH

1 pkg. active dry yeast
1¼ cups warm water
2 tablesp. pure vegetable oil, such as Wesson Oil
4 cups flour • 1 teasp. salt

Dissolve yeast in water. Stir in oil. Sift flour and salt together; stir into oil-water mixture. Knead vigorously on cloth or board until smooth and elastic, about 15 minutes. Shape into ball; place in greased bowl; brush with oil; cover with damp cloth. Let rise until double in bulk, about 2 hours. Form again into ball. Makes enough dough for 4 pizzas.

PIZZA FILLING

1 recipe Pizza Dough
1 6-oz. can Hunt's Tomato Paste*
½ cup hot water • 1 teasp. salt
½ teasp. oregano • ⅛ teasp. black pepper
1 lb. Mozzarella cheese, sliced thin

Cut dough into four pieces. Roll each into 9-10" circle; fit into 4 pie tins; brush with cooking oil. Mix all ingredients except cheese together and spread over dough. Top with cheese. Bake in very hot oven, 550°F., 12-15 minutes or until dough is brown and crisp. Makes 4 pizzas. Other toppings: anchovies, mushrooms, onion or Italian sausage.

*Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure tomato, concentrated to a thick paste. Use in any recipe for true tomato flavor, a spoonful to a can full, depending on the recipe. Generally, mix it with the water or liquid in the recipe.

FREE! *My new recipe booklet, "Let's Cook Italian." Write Hunt Foods, Dept. K4, P.O. Box 30, Fullerton, Calif.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

When he could catch his breath he said, "Ruined! Got to buy a new motor!"

"Luck of the Weldons," she gasped, and they were off again.

While they were still fighting for control, a police car stopped and Ben arranged for them to send a tow truck back. The disabled car was given a $25 tow into Lawton, three miles away. They left it in the agency parking lot and took a taxi home, and sent the sitter home in the same taxi.

Ginny phoned him at the office early the following afternoon. She had been to the agency. They had checked the car. The motor was shot. The estimate for putting in a new one was $770. It seemed that something had bounded up off the road, possibly flipped up by a front wheel, and had with devilish neatness sheared the drain plug off the bottom of the pan.

"They said our insurance couldn't cover a thing like that," she said solemnly.

"No. It wouldn't cover that."

"Billy suggested we trade it, but he said he couldn't give very much, the condition it's in."

"How much?"

"Seven hundred dollars."

"What! That was a thirty-eight-hundred-dollar car eighteen months ago!"

"Well, that's what he told me."

"I better talk to them."

"What am I going to do for a car, Ben? You know I run a taxi service with these kids. I have to have a car. Should I rent one?"

"Can't you borrow one?"

"I asked Billy, but they have a rule. Something about their insurance. I could try Alice, though. Stu is away for the whole month, and she can't use two cars. But I sort of hate to ask her."

"Give it a try, will you, honey?"

"O.K. How did it go with . . . last night's companion?"

"About the way he wanted it to go. I'd hoped he'd be guilty and hung over, but he came out strong."

"I got a call from Saks a little while ago. They were checking the address to mail a gift certificate. They said I've got a two-hundred-dollar credit all of a sudden, and they wouldn't say from whom. So I guess he remembered slopping drinks on my dress. What should I do about it?"

"Honey, you might just as well use it. Get a dress."

"No, sir! I'll use it, all right. I've got uses for it. Bras, slips, nylons, blouses, skirts. Next time you get me next to a tycoon, I'll joggle his elbow, believe me. 'By, darling."

Ginny was able to borrow the neighbor's extra car, and as soon as Ben had a chance he went to the agency. They would not go a penny over $750 unless, of course, he wanted to buy their biggest model, loaded with extras. Then they might go a couple hundred higher. He shopped around briefly, but he was handicapped by not having the car to show. He could only describe it. He had just finished the payments on the disabled car. Without cash, his only option was either to have the car repaired, and then refinance it to pay the bill, or to trade it and finance the new one. Billy pointed out the significant difference in the equity of the two vehicles one year from date. He said they would make a very special deal on a 1958 model.

Ben looked over the stock list and bought the cheapest '58 station wagon in the warehouse. He dispensed with the usual extras—the only one he bought was the heater-defroster. It had been previously serviced and was ready to roll. They pushed the papers through quickly. Ben drove the gray wagon home, any pleasure in the new car well muted by the knowledge of being another $2200 in debt.

The third option, the one he had not let himself think about, was to purchase a good used car, something sturdy and reliable right off Billy's used-car lot, for possibly $1200. It could be one year older than the disabled car. The $500 difference could be financed readily.

But at this station in life he occupied a certain recognized position. All public actions had to be consistent with this position. In so far as vehicles were concerned, he had already taken the risk of a slight inconsistency by owning only one. The house had a two-car garage. The typical Ridge Road family had one reasonably new Detroit product and a second car, usually an import, for the wife. It was not in good taste to have two spanking-new cars. The second car could be bought used, and it had character if it was slightly battered and noisy.

But Benjamin Weldon could not buy a used car as the family's only car. It would indicate either an uninteresting sort of eccentricity, or serious money problems. Either conclusion was unpalatable. Everyone had problems. Everyone managed to get by, somehow, and keep up appearances. It was a test of both management and character, like dressing for dinner in the jungle.

Ben Weldon did not care about the opinions of Lawton. But of the two thousand men in the area who went down to the city every working day, at least fifty not only were in his age group and approximate earnings group, but were employed by organizations operating in the same areas as National Directions. Three men were, in fact, employed by National Directions, two junior to Ben and one senior to him. In any tensely competitive situation, trivia become excruciatingly important.

The fifty of the two thousand men who rode down to the towers of the city each day were blandly cordial to one another. And without being able to state precisely why, they watched one another with minute care. They learned to read the small signs. They could pick out the overconfident ones who, through talking too loosely and readily, were slamming doors they might have entered. They saw the first signs of decay in the man who would be felled by liquor. They detected evidences of the marital rift or the destructive affair long before the gossip became public property. And they could tell, with an uncanny, unerring accuracy, the ones who were on their way up and out of this narrow routine.

It was all casual, with the desperation carefully hidden away, but each year a few dropped off, and newcomers closed the ranks. They went down or up, and in either case their houses went on the market, and they rode those trains no longer. And at the lunches in the city, and in the idle moments before meetings were called to order, the smallest departures from standard behavior were discussed.

"What's with Weldon, buying a used car? I thought he was crown prince over there. They cut his pay?"

"Maybe he's just smarter than you and me."

"Maybe. Seems funny, though."

"Maybe he guessed the market wrong, or he's playing the horses."

Ben Weldon knew exactly how the system worked. Yet he guessed that if he had less at stake, he would have gone ahead and bought the used car. But when you're playing the game for the house limit, it is stupid to go around handing the world any kind of club to beat you with. It would not be a crime to buy a used car. The crime would be in giving the men who control your destiny any personal questions to ask about you which do not have obvious and reasonable answers.

"If he can't manage on what we're paying him, how could he hope to run this outfit someday?"

Ben Weldon drove home in his brand-new car, and took his family for a short ride at dusk, wondering if he had been intelligent—or just scared.

October was a thin month. November was a little better, but it made Ben feel defeated to think of the onrush of the Christmas season. He made up budget after budget, and tore them up. No matter how he strained over the figures, he could see that, with luck, they could reduce the indebtedness each month, but by such a discouragingly tiny figure that it seemed to stretch endlessly into the bleak future.

When you have a chronic toothache, you eventually end up in the dentist chair. Ben had heard of a C.P.A. in Manhattan who had reputedly done wonders in straightening out the tangled personal finances of some of his friends.

He made one appointment and had to break it, and kept the second one, appearing with all his books and records and copies of his state and Federal tax returns, and his operating budget.

The wonder-worker was J. J. Semmins, with an office on West 43rd Street. He was a small fat man with a permanent scowl of impatience, an unlit cigar, a diamond ring and audible asthmatic breathing. He had a huge bare desk in a very small office off the anteroom where several people were working. He spread Ben's papers all over the top of the desk and growled at Ben to have a seat and be patient. He went through the papers so fast that Ben could not believe he was absorbing what he was reading. From time to time he would scribble a note on a scratch pad. He reassembled the papers, plunked them on the corner of the desk and leaned back.

"Weldon, you keep good records. You should see some of the stuff comes in here. It looks like you're even using your head here and there, but that isn't helping you a bit, is it?"

"That's why I'm here."

"Twenty-three five, you make. And right off the top, for Uncle and the governor and other payroll deductions and that co-operative pension plan comes seventy-one, and none of that can you change, so we're talking about sixteen four. Right? So twenty-six hundred goes into life insurance. It's a little over ten per cent of total income, but with three small kids it isn't out of line. Can you juggle the policies around and get the same coverage for less money?"

"I tried that. I've got a good agent. He couldn't come up with a thing."

"And you're borrowed to the hilt on it. Now we're talking about thirteen eight. Give

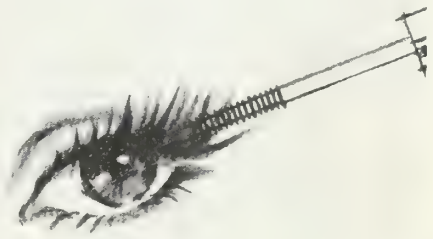
OBSTETRICIAN'S PRAYER

By H. P. DUNN, M.D.

With faintly beating fetal cord
entwined, prolapsed within
my hand,
I search in warm maternal
darkness
Where only touch can understand,
Seeking a tiny foot with which
to draw forth gasping, sobbing
life,
I groan with pain and weariness,
the fight with Death, the
ceaseless strife;
Fear breathes in acrid fumes
of gas and antisepsis.
Keep calm, breathe silent
prayer:
"Divine Physician, inspire,
protect us!"

When I am dead, O God, do
You, I pray,
Thrust Your loving hand within
the dark womb
Of the anteroom of hell, and
from that eternal tomb
Pluck forth my soul before it
burns away.
Breathe life into Your child,
Creator blest,
Transfuse me with Your
precious blood,
See only how I tried at Your
behest
To dam of human pain the
endless flood.

NOW!
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(and just as important)
Coty Duo-Matic
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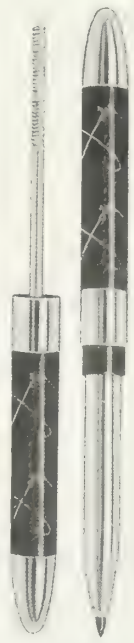


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It's Eyebrow Pencil!
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Complete Duo-Matic $2.50,
Mascara Refill $1.25,
Eye Crayon Refills 50¢
ALL PLUS TAX.

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me the story on this two hundred a month to your mother."

"She's quite old, seventy-four. She had her children late, and my father's been dead thirty years No Social Security to help out. She's out in Columbus, Indiana, living in the house I was born in. We've tried to get her to come live with us, but all her friends are there. She seems to get along on two hundred. I'd send more if I could."

"Any other children helping out?"

"I'm the only one living."

"The house out there is in her name?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Worth anything?"

"I don't know what it would bring. It's not big. A frame house in an old part of town, but she still likes it there. She has a woman come in and help her. The same woman for years and years."

"If she signed it over, you could sell it and rent a nice little apartment for her. Put the money on these debts and cut your debt service."

"I just couldn't do that. It's a matter of pride to her. I've heard her say a hundred times that the house is 'free and clear.' That means a lot to her."

J. J. Semmins sighed. "So we're talking about eleven four. If your house was free and clear, it would make the difference. Two ten a month on the mortgage and nearly six hundred a year town and county taxes. That's a load, those taxes."

"They've been going up ever since I bought the place four years ago. National brought me in from the Cleveland office then. Lawton is growing so fast they've had to spend a lot of money to take care of the services, schools and so on."

J. J. Semmins scribbled for a moment and then leaned back. "Take the mortgage payments, taxes, and call it one fifty a month for heat, light, phone, electric and water and so on, call it five a year goes into that place. It's a lot of house."

"We hunted a long time before we located it, Mr. Semmins. And it scared us a little, even though I knew we bought it right. I can get seven more than I paid for it right now." He paused and looked down at his fist for a moment, searching for the right words. "The firm I work for, Mr. Semmins, takes . . . a special interest in me. When I was brought into the home office, there was a certain amount of . . . gentle pressure brought to bear. They wanted me to live up to a certain standard, and the house and its location are part of that."

"So now we're talking about sixty-four hundred which is what you got left after the house, and your wife takes forty-eight hundred of that. Right? So here's sixteen hundred for car, clothing for you, entertainment, club dues, recreation, commutation expenses and, theoretically, interest and principal payments on your loans, plus medical, dental, personal legal . . . and you come to me with this *impossible* situation and say that there's nothing you can change and I'm supposed to make up a miracle for you? You're brighter than that!"

"I thought a fresh viewpoint might ——"

"I'm sorry. What good is it yelling at you? You're the man in the trap. Can you knock off at least the club?"

"We use it as little as possible, but they come up from New York and they expect ——"

"O.K., O.K. How about this money you've been paying into the pension plan? Can you get your hands on it?"

"Theoretically I could borrow what I've donated at no interest. If I left the firm, it would be turned over to me, the exact amount I've put in."

"How much is the total?"

"About nine thousand now."

"Could you borrow it?"

Ben studied his fist again. "I have the *right* to. But if I exercised that right, it would have to be because of some . . . very obviously expensive and disastrous thing, such as a child in an iron lung or something. If I just borrowed it, it would be evidence that I can't live on my salary."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

WHAT My Son TAUGHT Me

By MAYBELLE WILKES

He never spoke a word in his life, yet he taught me more than all the books I ever read.

He never walked a step, yet he led me to heights I never could have climbed alone.

He lived only a few short years, yet he lives forever in all the children I meet.

Who can say he was a burden when he made me so rich?

That long-ago morning I waited tensely for the famous child specialist to report on the exhaustive tests of my year-old son, Robert. He took my hands in his kind ones and spoke slowly: "Mrs. Wilkes, these are the things we dread to tell mothers. I wish I could give you a different verdict. Robert has cerebral palsy; the brain injury is intense; coordination very poor. He will have little use of himself, his digestion is faulty, he may suffer much pain."

I gasped, "He's intelligent. He smiles at me. He *must* be normal. . . . He's all I have; I couldn't bear it." I sobbed wildly. "He's just tired—tired—tired ——" My hysteria rose.

The doctor put his arm around my shoulder, and his voice was compassionate. "He was born intelligent, but please don't count on recovery. Try not to tear yourself apart. My advice would be to put your son in an institution where he can have good care."

But I took my son home, and began the long, hard task of caring for a helpless, afflicted child. I was a young widow and could afford no help.

At first I wouldn't admit my handsome son was different. I beat my heart out against the bars of my rebellion.

Then began the lessons he taught me—the long, long lessons.

After the pain-filled nights, spent and heartsick, I would look at my son, and over his weary little face would come his radiant smile. If he could smile, I thought, so could I. It was so little to give when it was his whole world. So we smiled together—my first lesson.

Then I found he responded to a happy voice. I read him gay stories, and talked of the birds, and brought him little live things to see and try to handle. And he loved color. We laughed together, bitterness faded, and life was better.

I had at first, from shock and pride, kept away from people. But though my young pleasure-loving friends shied away, I found we attracted people with discerning hearts—whose different look and smile are the signs of those who carry, or have carried, heavy crosses, their banners of courage high.

Doctors were unfailingly kind and helpful, as all dedicated people are. They would carry Robert in their arms, and were so full of love when, with his eyes, he accepted and leaned on their kindness. So I learned to accept and be humble. The lessons went on.

A rector in a small parish, who could never have a larger one because his wife was a hopeless alcoholic, stayed some nights and watched with me. As he saw the anguish he said, "Hell comes in many forms."

Through him we were able to find a small cottage with a yard where I could put Robert in the sun while I worked.

Then I found how he drew people to him. They came softly and seemed to feel his spirit. Although he was weak, he grasped the infinite.

There was a tall, impressive-looking factory owner whose haughtiness as he went through our narrow street I used to resent.

One morning I saw him pause and look at my son. The next day he waved. Robert smiled. They watched for each other. Finally he would tiptoe into our garden and speak to Robert so gently, and smile so tenderly.

Robert would lean his head to him for a pat or a kiss. Who says they don't know? I came out once and the man said to me humbly, "I think he loves me."

And one day he knelt by the child's chair, opened a basket and took out a beautiful white puppy. At the look of ecstasy on Robert's face the man turned tear-filled eyes to me and said, "What would I give if I could help him as he has helped me!"

So I learned not to judge people, but to look into their hearts.

Because Robert loved music, I kept up my practice and played and sang to him. We made friends. Then at last I found God. Closer than my hands. Nearer than my heart. He walked with us through the darkest valleys. We were never alone again.

I learned patience and trust.

The years went by. Robert was six. He began to fail more and was harder to lift and carry; I grew too tired to carry on. The doctor insisted on his going to a hospital. I dreaded making him so unhappy at the end, I dreaded the thought of separation. I asked God not to let us be apart through life. I left it in His hands.

Before hospital arrangements could be completed, God opened the gates to a larger life for my small son.

The lessons were over.



Joy saves your hands for nicer things than dishwashing

Your hands can look as fresh and pretty as this flower if you use Joy every time you wash dishes. It's different from other liquids. Joy has a mildness you can *see* on your hands...leaves them smooth and soft and nice. That's because Joy is as mild as a bubble bath. You get Joy. See how it helps keep your hands nice, for all the nice things they have to do.



Mild as a bubble bath to your hands

NEW Beauty Bottle

Joy

liquid for dishes

pampers your hands

JOY HAS A MILDNESS YOU CAN SEE ON YOUR HANDS

New soft plastic bottle

"Unguentine
for a nasty cut?
I thought it was
only for burns."



For years, doctors have known that Unguentine is most effective for treating burns. Now... science demonstrates...

UNGUENTINE®
TAKES OVER
as no plain antiseptic can
—gives instant aid
to injured skin!

Instantly—the moment it touches the skin—Unguentine fights germs, relieves pain, starts healing and forms a protective dressing as no cream or liquid can! Nothing's safer for children the whole family! And it's painless and stainless! Great for all kinds of skin injuries—cuts, scrapes, scratches, bruises, burns—also chapped hands and lips.

UNGUENTINE

Play it safe—let Unguentine take over!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

"But you can just barely get by on it right now, man, provided you have no more trouble!"

"I'm supposed to live on it," Ben said miserably.

J. J. Semmins threw his yellow pencil against the far wall. It bounced back and rolled under his desk. "I get so sick of this same deal all the time," he said. "Hundreds of you bright guys are in this trap. The big shots you work for made theirs so long ago that they think they're paying you a king's ransom. They want you to live big on it, advertise how good they are to work for. They'll make certain the guys in the factories take home fat money, because the unions have put the fear of God into them, but the bright guys right under their noses, they'll pay them twenty-five thousand and then put the pressure on so you spend all but a couple dimes paying your taxes and living as fat as they could have lived twenty years ago on the same money. Then, if you crack, it's your fault. If you demand more money, you're unreliable. If you start shopping around for more money you're labeled disloyal. Thirty-five would be about right for you, Weldon. You could reduce those debts down to zero and start a little savings program. Taxes would take a bigger bite, but you'd have about the right amount left. Go ask them for thirty-five. If they won't give it to you, shop for it."

"That's a joke I can't laugh at. Sorry."

"There's another choice. Sell the house. Grab that nine thousand in the retirement fund. Pay your debts, drop your insurance and go to Florida or someplace and buy a gas station. You'll live longer. You'd be surprised to learn how many guys in your shoes have done just that. They'll tell you they got sick of commuting and conforming and so on. They won't admit they got starved out. But they did, and it's a shameful thing. Big business needs the guys they're driving away because they're too chinchy to pay them what they *think* they're paying them. You're the forgotten man, Weldon. Go anywhere in the country and beef about not being able to live on your salary, and you'd have them rolling in hysterics. Nobody will ever be sorry for you. You'll get all the sympathy of a man with two black eyes. But from where you and I sit, it is a tragic, unnecessary thing, and we both know it. But it's a story that won't sell."

Ben managed to force a smile. "Like the small-town bank clerk back in the 'twenties, trying to act like a substantial citizen on nineteen dollars a week."

"And a lot of those guys took it as long as they could before they grabbed the money and ran."

"I guess I can at least thank you for . . . confirming the situation, Mr. Semmins."

"I won't bill you, buddy. I don't have the heart."

"But ——"

"Let's have no arguments, please. What will you do?"

"Try to squeak by, I guess. Cut every corner we can. Try to hold on. You see, the stakes are big."

"Sure," Semmins said. "You sit in this great big poker game and you've got twelve dollars and you sit there, folding every hand, waiting for a royal flush, and while you're waiting they ante you to death. Isn't there some guy over there who is interested in you enough to sit down and go over these records with you?" He sighed. "I suppose not. All I can say is good luck."

Ben Weldon reported this to Ginny, but he did not let her see the depth of his feeling of helplessness. He made it light, in so far as he was able, and, as Christmas hung over them, an ominous tinsel avalanche, they vowed all manner of economies as though it would be great fun. Economies can be fun for the recently wed: a romantic game, with the long walks to save bus fare, the happy magic of finding a quarter in the gutter, the painstaking budget to squeeze out the $4 a week to put in the savings account—against the future house, car, baby.

For those longer wed, economies can be a game if there is a special goal—the new house or the cruise or the swimming pool. But when it is part of a struggle to survive, and there seems to be no end to it, and you do not know when some small and expensive disaster may wipe out all your efforts—then there is a corrosive and destructive quality to it all. It can be a dreary battle, waged with the presentiment of defeat.

And there is not really too much you can do. You can put an end to the habit of bringing fond and silly gifts to your wife, little things you happened to see in store windows. You can avoid taxis as much as possible, give up the tenth-of-a-cent bridge game on the train, avoid all lunch dates that threaten to be expensive, try to get a little more wear out of the business suits between dry cleanings, give up the relaxing ceremony of the before-dinner drink. And you can begin a practice you have always avoided, the sly and delicate art of fudging the expense account. He found that he could show a small profit on each trip. Twelve dollars, seventeen dollars. It made him feel like a petty thief, but he told himself it was a practice hallowed by tradition.

Yet, with all these practices, he felt as if he were engaged in an exercise in futility. He was the captain at the wheel of the small boat. The sea was rushing into the hold. Every now and then he could rush down and bail for a few moments with a teacup before returning to his duty station.

There was a more serious aspect to it, one that he could not dare admit to himself. He had attempted to build an impenetrable wall between the increasing tensions of his personal life and the demands of his career.

There was an afternoon meeting ten days before Christmas, and as they were waiting for Brendan Mallory, who would conduct it, Ben Weldon heard Charlie McCain, saying, "—— got them to promise to deliver it Christmas morning, a little M.G.A., robin's-egg blue, and Kath's eyes are going to bug like a stomped frog ——"

Midway through the meeting Ben Weldon was staring off into an equitable world where Ginny was driving her brand-new little M.G.A. down a sunny country road, the wind ruffling her blond hair, her eyes adance ——

"Sir?" he said, falling abruptly back into here and now.

Mallory looked at him oddly and sa "You *do* have the break-even figures on We ern Products, Ben?"

"Right here," he said, flushing, and open the folder to the summary his staff had p pared for him and began to make his repo

As the meeting adjourned, Brendan M lory said, "Spare a few minutes, Ben?"

It was a command. He went with Mall to the office of the president on the te floor. Mallory was a dapper little man wit narrow mustache and a deceptively ineffect look. His voice was unerringly brisk and li and casual. But all the hidden force of man was gathered somewhere and projec through steady bright blue eyes, as intent a merciless as the eyes of a falcon. No man w had endured the special focus of those e tended to underestimate Mr. Mallory.

"Sit down, Ben. We never seem to ge chance to chat lately."

Ben sat in a deep leather chair. Mall perched on the corner of the desk, ar folded, smiling down at him. "All argume and no chat," Ben said, returning the sm feeling inside himself the special alertness c blindfolded man on a tightrope.

"I'm very pleased with what you've b doing, Ben."

"Thank you, sir."

"I discussed it with Ed and he agreed should bring you into the bonus setup, st ing this January."

"I'm very grateful, Mr. Mallory."

"I wonder if you aren't pushing yourse little too hard."

This, Ben knew, was a direct result of woolgathering in the special meeting. He c fully broadened his smile, and said, "I d feel oppressed, sir. As a matter of fact, I th I do better the heavier the work load is."

"Everything outside the office is fine?"

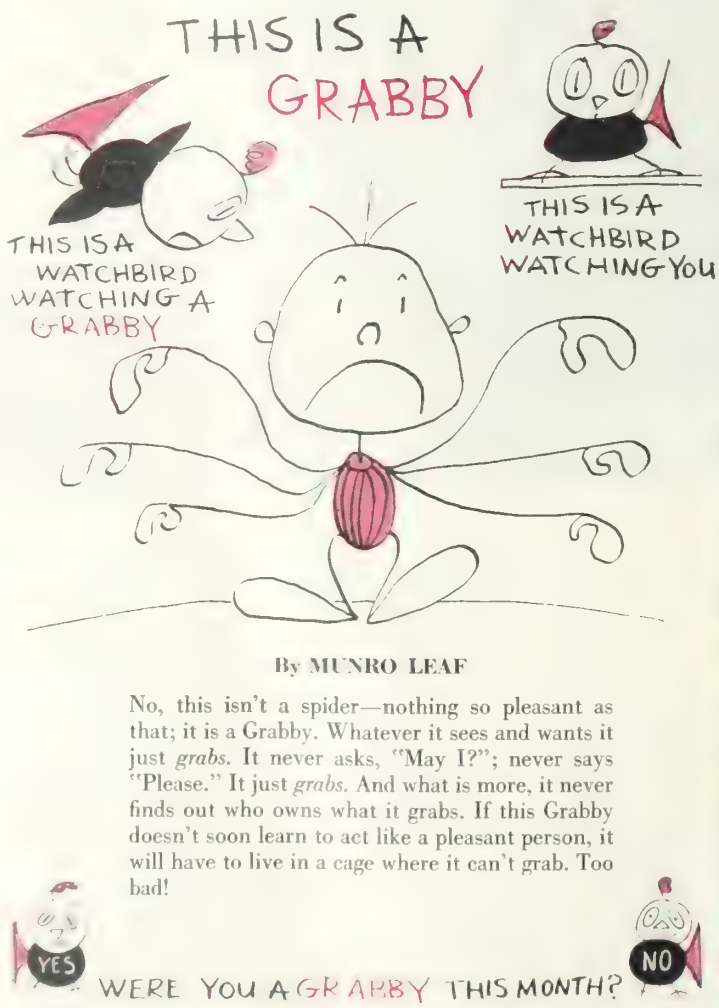
"Yes, sir," Ben said heartily.

"Give my regards to the lovely Virgi please. Tell her you two are coming for dir after the holidays. Alice adores you both.

"We'll both be looking forward to it, Mallory."

"I thought you might be pushing yours little too eagerly, because you've seemed a l

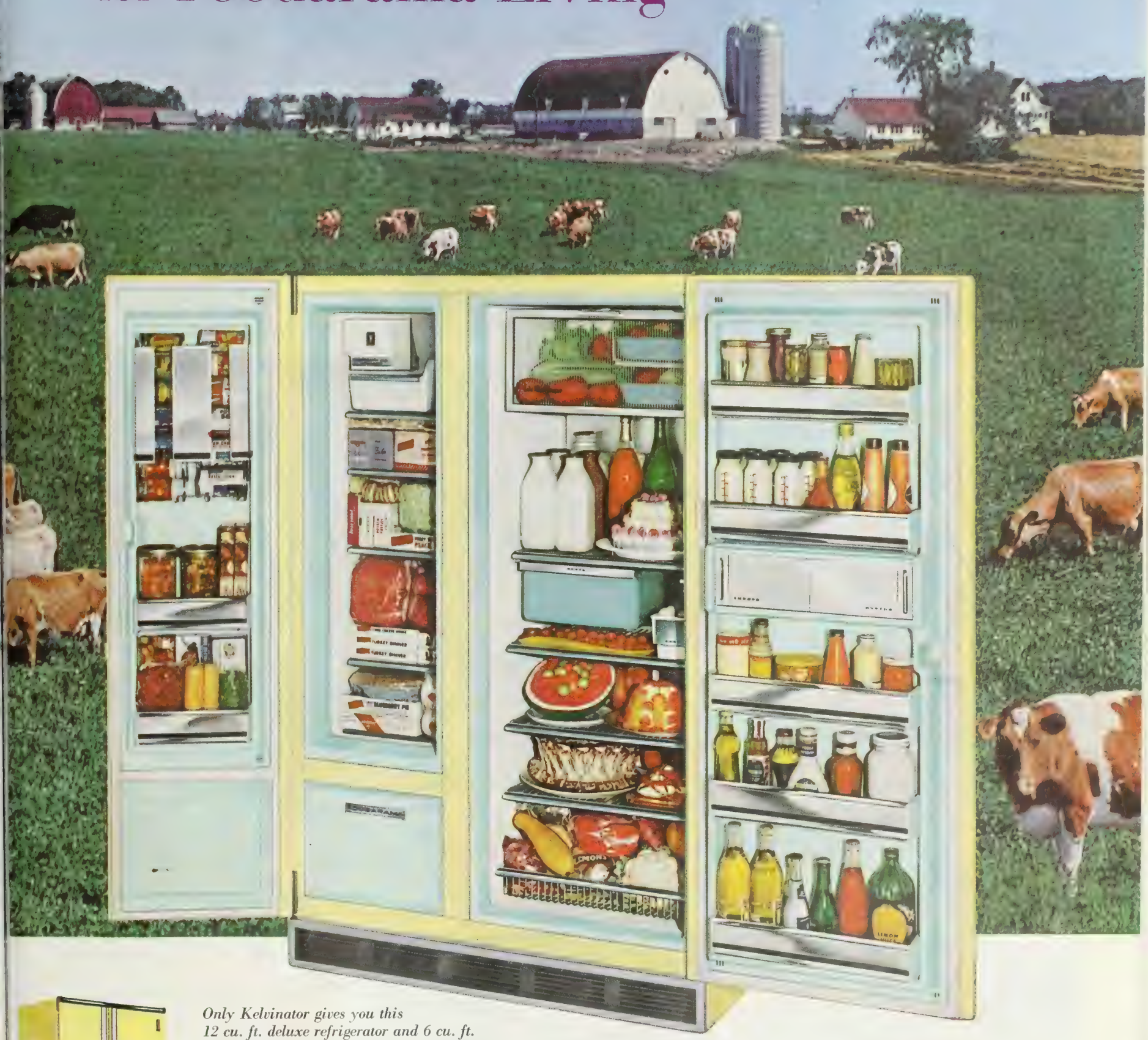
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By MUNRO LEAF

No, this isn't a spider—nothing so pleasant as that; it is a Grabby. Whatever it sees and wants it just *grabs*. It never asks, "May I?"; never says "Please." It just *grabs*. And what is more, it never finds out who owns what it grabs. If this Grabby doesn't soon learn to act like a pleasant person, it will have to live in a cage where it can't grab. Too bad!

From Dairyland, U.S.A.—a panorama of fine foods for Foodarama Living





You may have your Foodarama in Buttercup Yellow, Bermuda Pink, Surf Turquoise, Aztec Copper or Classic White.

Only Kelvinator gives you this 12 cu. ft. deluxe refrigerator and 6 cu. ft. upright freezer, all in one cabinet only 41 inches wide . . .

Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator

Here's a happy new way to get more pleasure from the bounty of America's fertile farms . . . to eat better meals the year round . . . to entertain royally without rush or fuss . . . to save money and save time. It's Foodarama Living!

Foodarama's huge capacity puts an abundance of foods at your finger tips. You shop less but have more on hand. There's always room for supermarket bargains and low-price seasonal specials. And what a joy to have the convenience of ample freezer space right in your kitchen!

You never defrost either refrigerator or freezer. Foodarama's safer "No-Frost" system makes frost a total stranger . . . and does it so much more economically than other systems that you enjoy important savings every year. And you never fuss with ice trays because a remarkable new ice dispenser makes and stores ice cubes for you automatically . . . just reach in and take one or several as you need them!

Even with all this, Foodarama actually costs you less to buy and operate than a separate refrigerator and freezer.

Foodarama is a stunning example of the wonderful plus you'll find only in the kitchen and laundry appliances made by the Kelvinator Division of American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan. Make it yours! Fabulous Foodarama!

New Models! More Models! Which SINGER cleaner is best for you?



The New SINGER® "MAGIC CARPET"

Does a thorough but gentle job on fine rugs and wall-to-wall carpeting. Brush adjusts automatically, to rug nap...from bare floor to rug and back again. Extra-capacity two-section dust bag requires less changing, filters air better, boosts cleaning efficiency.

Reaches w-a-y under low furniture, hangs up flat to store. The "Magic Carpet" cleans a wide swath . . . cuts down strokes . . . lights the way.



The New SINGER® "ROLL-A-MAGIC"

This economy SINGER® cleaner has power equal to many costing twice as much! A boon for homemakers with lots of above-the-floor dusting to do . . . furniture, curtains, drapes, shelves . . .

Does a standout job on rugs, too. Coasts right along with you on ball bearing casters to speed cleaning, reduce fatigue.

New design of the extra-capacity dust bag increases efficiency and makes it the easiest ever to change. Comes complete with attachments.



The GOLDEN GLIDE by SINGER®

More cleaning power than leading canisters . . . glides along behind you without snagging or tipping . . . makes cleaning faster, less tiring.

Its throw-away bag is 3 times bigger than most others. . . and it stands on end for stair cleaning or space-saving storage. Comes complete with attachments including king size floor-wall brush.



The SINGER® "MAGIC MITE" Hand Cleaner

Weighs only 5 power-packed pounds. Ideal for touch-up cleaning in the home or for car or shop.



The REVOLVING BRUSH Attachment

Turns *any* canister into a rug sweeper vacuum . . . for $19.95. No extra wires. Removes stubborn litter.

Phone or visit your local SINGER SEWING CENTER for free home trial. Easy terms available. Prices start with the Full Power "Roll-A-Magic" at $49.50

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

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drawn and . . . remote lately, Ben. This has bearing on your efficiency, but you don't em to have the—ah—lift you used to have. at light touch of yours that can take the sion out of sticky situations. And I do be- ve you've become a little less gregarious. I ow that lunch with the people you work th all day can be monotonous, but some- es things are resolved in little unexpected ys."

Is there anything the little devil doesn't see? n asked himself.

"Maybe I've been getting self-important," n said with what he hoped was precisely the ht amount of lightness.

"Not you, Ben! That's a vice you'll never ve. I'm glad things are going well, and it's en nice to have this little talk."

"I do appreciate the bonus deal, sir," he d, getting up.

Mallory shrugged as he led him to the door. e assured you earned it, Ben. And because unexpected money, spend it foolishly. It ll do you and Ginny good. Sometimes I nder if you young people aren't *too* re- ble."

He gave Ben a parting touch on the shoul- r. Not a pat or a slap, but a barely percepti- touch, a curious gesture of reassurance.

Ben decided not to tell Ginny of the bonus. d he been told the figure, he would have d her. He spent the entire train ride home ing to guess what it would be. He told him- f that it would be a glorious $10,000 that uld get him even with the board, with some spare. But that was ridiculously optimistic. knew the bonus scale of past years, and he ew corporate earnings, and he finally set- l on $3500 as being a conservative and sonable guess.

That evening he went over his financial ac- nts and saw that his most intelligent use the money would be to reduce the bank n by $1500, pay another $1500 on the in- ance loan, and leave $500 in the checking ount for emergencies.

Had they not previously made an agreement the cost of the Christmas gifts they would e each other, Ben, in view of the bonus to ne, might have refused to set such a small ire—no more than $5, and no cheating, ase. After all, they told each other, Christ- s is for the kids. And it isn't the value of the anyway. It's the act of giving.

Something that left a wound deeper than had any right to expect happened to Ginny ldon five days before Christmas. She had to find the proper $5 gift for Ben and she l begun to feel dismayed at her lack of cess.

he was in a gift-shop area, bent on a spe- errand, when she happened to notice in a dow a beautiful English croquet set in a fitted hardwood box. She walked by the window, stopped abruptly and turned back Ben had admired Stan Sheridan's layout the summer before. They had played a few times at Sheridan's at afternoon parties on weekends, and Ben had been quite good at it. Afterward he had paced off their back yard and had told her that if they transplanted a few shrubs, there was plenty of room. He had mentioned getting a set quite a few times, saying it would be fun for them and for the kids. But he had never done anything about it.

Ginny knew that this was the perfect present, in spite of the fact that the season was wrong. It was the unusual sort of thing, the fun thing she always tried to find for him. It would be especially for him, but it would be a present for the whole family too. She was filled with a warm glow of excitement and anticipation, and a delight at having found the perfect thing so accidentally. The mallets, balls and posts were varnished and striped with bright pure colors in holiday mood.

Her happy sense of the rightness of the gift carried her into the shop and into the hands of a supercilious little clerk who called her "modom" and handed her a mallet from the set on display inside the store. As she held it, smiling with the thought of Ben's surprise and pleasure, he told her the set was $124.95.

The blunt figures burst the dream. She handed the mallet back to the clerk, said something about thinking it over and saw him shrug in a slightly patronizing way as he put the mallet back in the open hardwood case.

She walked out, and it took her a few moments to remember the small errand two blocks away. She squared her shoulders as she walked. *This year five dollars is the limit. Stick to it, girl. You promised. Don't cheat, because he won't. And stop feeling so dreary about it. It isn't that important.*

He had stopped talking about croquet and there was, she knew, a whole list of things he had stopped talking about. As she walked she could see the cumulative weariness of her man, in his face and his posture. And it struck her, a sick blow at the heart, a twist of anguish so intense she was not prepared for it. *He doesn't have any fun*, she thought. *He is so good and I love him so much, and he doesn't have any fun any more. Nobody does.*

The sound, inadvertent, moved up through her throat, half sob and half cry of protest, and in the instant she realized other people were staring at her with startled curiosity, she felt the tickling run of tears on her face. She turned from them and stood facing a wall of decorative tile that was part of a store front—stood a few inches from it.

There was an insistent tugging at the sleeve of her coat and she looked down into the tear-blurred face, the soft, concerned, gentle face of a small round woman in a derelict fur coat.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99



"Let's go steady, Betty Lou."

3 times more fresh beef protein

in one can of Red Heart than any dry dog food ...most canned dog foods





Red Heart comes in three tasty varieties: Beef, Beef-plus-Fish, Beef-plus-Liver!

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New Betty Crocker Country Kitchen Recipe Cake Mixes

Make somebody happy in your house with a cake that tastes as rich and keeps as fresh as homemade butter cake!



Bake a cake today, why don't you, with one of our new Country Kitchen Cake Mixes. They're the first mixes ever to guarantee an honest-to-goodness homemade cake.

Homemade high and light . . . the finest cakes a mix ever made. Homemade rich and moist . . . with that fresh, fresh taste you've always wished you could get from a mix. Our new Country Kitchen Cake Mixes bake up just as melt-in-your-mouth good as grandmother's best butter cake recipe.

Your Country Kitchen Cake will keep as fresh as homemade, tastes as fresh and moist tomorrow as the day you bake! The mixing's one-step easy. So why not treat your favorite family to a Country Kitchen Cake this very day?

Betty Crocker — General Mills

Betty Crocker Country Kitchen Recipe Cake Mixes are also available in Canada.

Look for these new packages at your grocery store



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

"You all right, dearie? Anything I can do, dearie?"

"I'm . . . all right. Thanks."

"Sometimes they die around Christmastime, dearie, and it's God's will. They wouldn't do it if they could help it, poor things, but when the next Christmas comes around, it's dreadful hard. Just get through it, dearie, best you can, and next year won't be so terrible bad as this one. I know."

And the woman was gone. Ginny got tissue out of her purse and wiped her eyes. In all the ways of pride she pulled herself together. And she went on with Christmas. She could tell herself over and over that it was too like a petulant child to whine about being unable to afford big glossy presents. But the wound had been inflicted, deep enough so that it could not ever heal perfectly.

In the last moments of shopping she found a walnut pipe rack and humidor thing for Ben for which she paid $4.98. In the shop she had been pleased by the way it looked, but when she unwrapped it to gift-wrap it herself, the finish had that shiny look of cheapness. After she had worked on it a long time, cutting the gloss by carefully rubbing it with steel wool, it was much more handsome.

Ben's present to her was a small antique vase he found in a shop on Second Avenue. She could only guess the amount of stolen time used in finding something so lovely that was within the limit they had set.

The kids had prepared long and discouragingly expensive lists. Ben and Ginny had budgeted $100 for them, and due to the increased pressure of work because of the end of the year, Ben had been unable to help her but, as he told her later, she had performed a vast miracle of judgment and selection.

The bonus came through on January tenth. It was for $1500. Ben managed, for Ginny's sake, to conceal his disappointment. He knew it was a bit churlish of him to feel disappointment. There could easily have been no bonus at all. But he had so carefully worked out just how he would disburse the anticipated $3500, and had dwelt upon how much that amount would ease the endless tension ——

Ginny, thinking it came as a surprise to him, too, was delighted. And it seemed to dilute some of her growing resentment toward National. He said nothing to decrease her pleasure. He did not tell her that, because it was considered 1959 income, a tiny additional tax nip would be taken out of each monthly check for the rest of the year.

He paid $600 on his $2200 note at the Lawton National Bank, reduced the insurance loan by $400, and left $500 in the checking account for emergencies.

And then began the time of waiting. The winter was exceptionally severe again, the fuel bills high. The reserve shrank to $300. The house thermostat stopped working and had to be replaced. Ladybug had flu for a week, and in spite of Ginny's precautions she gave it to Chris, and the prescribed antibiotics were $14 a patient. Ben, returning late from a stormy meeting of the Civic Betterment Committee (men who work for National take an active interest in the affairs of their home communities), took to the deep snowy ditch to avoid a skidding drunk, and the tow-truck fee was $15. The water company, with the approval of all agencies concerned, slapped a special $20 assessment on all users.

These were the small things. A very special guest, a member of the board of directors of National, drops a handsome Danish cocktail glass on the hearth. Once there were a dozen. Now there are seven. So for any special entertaining for more than seven in the future, a new set must be purchased. Little things. Like being pecked to death by sparrows.

So the little things make you irritable with each other. But it is not only the little things which corrode dispositions. It is the unspoken awareness, always just around a dark corner of the mind, that big things can happen, and do happen, and the process of life is in part the knowledge that they will happen and in being prepared for them. They lived with the knowledge of their defenselessness. In a primitive culture, they would have worn charms to ward off evil, and had they been able to believe in the efficiency of the charms, they would have felt secure.

But in suburbia there are no magic things you can wear suspended from a string hung around your neck. You pray for breathing space, for time to plant your feet.

Love was there, in abundance. But an endless worry about money is an astringent that sucks the juice from love, renders it wan and slow-moving. And penury is, perhaps, more endurable in matching surroundings. It becomes grotesque in a $40,000 house.

The stress of enduring an unfair situation makes people seek outlets for their irritability. Ben and Ginny were handy targets for each other. The apologies, in time, became more a matter of protocol than of guilt. And each of them built up a distorted picture of what the other one thought. Ben taught himself to believe Ginny thought him a spineless conformist who dared not complain for fear of upsetting plans so far in the golden future they were meaningless. Ginny grew to believe that Ben considered her spoiled and petulant, unwilling to endure all this for his sake, thinking only of pleasures she was missing. And, in the perversity of all mortals, they made more effort to fit the mistaken conception than to correct it. Some of the warmth went out of the house,

DESIGNING

By MARY WRIGHT LAMB

The children's room was well
designed
for sunlight and for privacy
and free expression of the latent
arts (whatever they might be);
and as to color and arrangement
of the furniture, we tried
to see to it that all of their
most vocal whims were gratified.
Our one mistake was of location;
we perceive, above the din:
The children's room will always be
the room that mother's in.

and a lot of the closeness went out of the marriage during the cold months, and the children felt it and were troubled by it, and acted in ways unlike themselves without knowing why—knowing only that they more frequently deserved punishment, and taking a curious satisfaction in receiving it.

There was no snow in Columbus, Indiana, on the morning of the third day of March, and the temperature was in the low twenties, and dropping steadily. It had been above freezing during the night, and there had been a hard driving rain which had frozen in a cellophane skim over everything the rain had touched.

Martha Weldon had got up early, as was her habit, and had the coffee on before Geraldine Davis came down, smiling, yawning, to the kitchen. Martha was a tall, heavy woman with an air of pious thoughtfulness, an authoritative, rather ponderous presence. Geraldine was also a widow, and she was four years younger than Martha. Geraldine had begun to "help out" at Martha's house seven years ago. She was a small, lean, tireless woman of good spirits but with a talent for malice. Her life income from her husband's insurance was too tiny to support her. She made ends meet by helping Martha and two other elderly women. She had the knack of keeping it on the basis of a friendship between equals, so that the necessary matter of slipping money to her had to be done with greatest delicacy.

Martha also had a small income. It had been larger quite a few years ago, and it was fortunate that, as it dwindled, her only living son, Ben, had been able to contribute to her support.

Three years ago one of the women Geraldine helped had died and the other had gone to Oklahoma to live with a daughter. Geraldine told her problems to Martha. As a result, Martha suggested she give up her miniature apartment and move in with her. There was more than enough room. They would be good company for each other. It seemed an excellent arrangement.

After breakfast on that cool, bright morning Martha sat at the desk in the living room and wrote to Ben and Ginny. She knew that Geraldine knew what she was doing, and she also knew that it would give Geraldine her usual opportunity to make overly casual comments about how long it had been since Martha had seen her grandchildren, and how young people these days lacked consideration, and how you'd think a boy doing as well as Martha kept telling her he was doing, making all that money and all, could afford to send more. Maybe he just never thought of it. Young people were certainly thoughtless.

It was a few minutes after nine when Martha stepped out the front door to put the letter in the mailbox attached to the post at the head of the porch steps. The board floor of the porch was painted a dark green. She took two heavy steps on the dry wood, and a third step onto the slick, transparent, invisible ice. She struck the edge of the top step with a terrible force, felt her thigh snap, and tumbled in a white roaring spin of pain to the cement sidewalk, down the four shallow steps of the porch, and lay there moaning, rolling her head from side to side. She was half aware that Geraldine had come to her, that Geraldine was in great panic. And when Geraldine made a stupid futile effort to pull at her, as though to drag her into the house, Martha screamed once, with the strength of a young woman, and fainted.

Ginny phoned the office at 12:40 and caught Ben just as he was leaving for lunch. Geraldine had not been very coherent. Martha had had a bad fall, and was in the hospital, and Ben should come at once. He told Ginny he would leave right away. He kept a small travel case with the essentials at the office for emergency business trips. His secretary had not left yet. He had her check flights for him and make a reservation. He could use his air-travel card and reimburse the company. The other men were out to lunch. He left it to her to tell them the situation, and he dictated a hasty memo which made staff assignments of the work he was handling, and told her to reshuffle his appointments as best she could.

When he saw his mother in the hospital that evening, he was deeply shocked at the way she looked, and at the uncontrolled trembling of her hands. He stayed in the house. Mrs. Geraldine Davis made up a bed there for him with what he thought was an unwarranted surliness.

He had a long talk with the doctor the next day. Due to the nature of the fracture, they had had to set it immediately. Splintered bones had had to be pinned. Her heart had stood up well under the general anesthetic, but they had had to give her plasma for shock. The doctor would not commit himself on whether she would be able to walk again, but he was ready to admit that she would be bedridden for quite a long time. Ben signed a hospital form accepting financial responsibility. He stayed that day and the next, spending as much time with her as he could, but he was never alone with her. Geraldine Davis was there the entire time. The women were obviously close.

He flew back the morning of the third day, told Ginny the details he had not told her over the phone, and that evening they phoned Martha at the hospital. Ben had arranged for a phone to be put by her bed. Ginny and the three children talked to her. Ben dived back into a brute load of work, work so heavy and demanding that he had no time to think of the extra financial burden her fall had entailed.

Six days later, at midnight, the doctor in Columbus phoned and woke him from a sound sleep to tell him that his mother had contracted pneumonia and she was not responding to medication. She was in an oxygen tent, and it was perhaps best that he come as soon as possible. Ginny packed his things and drove him to the airport.

Air connections were bad. He did not arrive at the small hospital until quarter after ten the next morning. She had been dead for not quite an hour. He made arrangements for the funeral service and the burial with the same firm which had buried his father so long ago. He phoned Ginny and she said she would make arrangements about the children and arrive the next day. He said he saw no reason for it. It was just an added expense, and it could not possibly do any good. She seemed hurt at his attitude.

But he was delighted to see her when she arrived. He had seldom felt as lonely, and the town where he had been brought up had never looked so strange to him.

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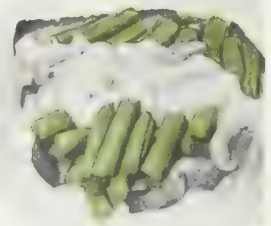
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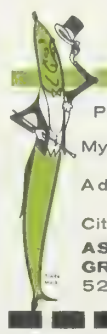
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And he was glad to hold his wife in his arms for a long reassuring moment because he was ashamed of himself. It had happened the night of the day she had died. He had awakened in the night and he had been unable to go back to sleep. Suddenly, in the darkness, there had come to him a sudden tingle of excitement and pleasure and relief as he realized he could now sell the house, and even in a hasty sale it would bring far more than the hospital and the burial expenses. It was a sound house, and the location was convenient to the downtown area. He would come out of it with a profit, and it would no longer be necessary for him to send the $2400 a year to her. It was a despicable and degraded rejoicing that made him feel soiled, but he could not help himself. He mourned her. But mourning was stained by his awareness of being freed by her death from the nagging trap he was in.

Ginny had met Geraldine Davis on previous visits, and it seemed to Ben that Geraldine seemed more friendly toward Ginny than toward him. But when Ben and Ginny were alone later, Ginny said, "I don't think we're the most popular people who ever stayed here, darling."

"I was born in this house and I swear she makes me feel like an interloper."

"The poor thing is probably worried sick about what she'll do now. You can't blame her, you know."

"That must be it," he said.

The service at the church was well attended. The Weldons were an old family. The great majority of the people at the church were elderly. There was the traditional ceremony at the grave, and then Ben and Ginny rode back into town in the limousine provided by the funeral director. There were no words with which Ben could tell Ginny how necessary it was to have her beside him.

They were back in town at two o'clock, and Ben had the driver let them out in front of the old office building that housed the offices of Gebbert and Malone. Old Willis Gebbert had been a friend of his father, and had handled what small legal business the family had had for sixty years. He had made the appointment earlier. Judge Gebbert had been at the church, and Ben had pointed him out to Ginny. "Must be ninety and still practicing," he whispered.

The old-fashioned office was full of dark, heavy furniture and it smelled like dust and medicine.

Ben introduced Ginny to the judge and he was courtly with her. His hair was wispy white, his blue eyes watery, his head in a constant visible tremor, brown spots on the backs of his large white hands. But his voice had not lost its deepness and resonance.

"A sad thing," Judge Gebbert said. "She was a wonderful woman. She made Sam Weldon a wonderful wife, Benjamin."

"I appreciate your saying that, sir. We're going to have to leave today and get back to the children and the job. I was wondering if you'd take on a last chore for the Weldon clan. I'd like to give you a power of attorney to sell that house for me and pay off the medical and funeral expenses—I can have the bills sent directly here—and remit the balance to me."

Judge Gebbert coughed in a slightly artificial way and stared out the window for a few moments, then sighed and said, "Nobody can say Martha wasn't in her right mind, and nobody can say her mind wasn't made up. She came in here almost two years ago, son, and I made up a will for her. Geraldine Davis gets the house and furniture and the money in her savings account, and you get the right to go over the house and take any personal stuff you might want to keep. Want to look at my copy of it, Benjamin? I can get it in no time at all."

"No. Don't bother. I'm sure it's just as you describe it, judge." His mouth felt dry and he felt far away, as though he were dreaming all this.

"She said to me you were doing so good you wouldn't need it, and if anything happened to her, Geraldine'd have no place to lay her head, no kin and no money, and by making out the will that way, she could stop fretting about it. It was going to be a secret, but she told Geraldine about it all later on so Geraldine wouldn't worry either—you know the way your mother was, son."



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"Judge, how about the . . . bills?"

Judge Gebbert looked at him with a slight frown. "I guess you can do that much, can't you? I don't know who else would be responsible."

"Thank you for your time, judge," he said, getting up.

"Geraldine talked to me on the phone just before you came here. Seemed to know you were coming. Asked me about occupancy. I told her she's in her legal rights to stay right here, and it'll go through Probate Court with no trouble at all." He gave an astonishingly vital baritone laugh. "If after all these years I can't draw a will, I better get out of the law business."

They walked the six blocks to the house. There was a faint rumor of spring in the air. Ginny held his arm.

"Darling," she said gently, "we're jinxed. If molten gold was coming down, we'd be out there with sieves, wouldn't we?"

"Don't make with the gallant little jokes. Not now, please."

And at the tone of his voice she took her hand away and walked beside him, half looking away, tears standing bright on her lower lids.

They were on the porch of the house before Ben noticed the new sign in the window. Room for Rent. The door was locked. As he got out the spare key the door swung open and Geraldine stuck her hand out, palm up, and said, "I'll take that key!"

He put it on the narrow wrinkled palm and stared at her. She stared back with a satisfied malevolence. "You don't have to come in further than this front hall either. This place is mine, all legal, and you aren't welcome here, you nor your blond wife either, Ben Weldon."

"What's the matter with you, Mrs. Davis?" Ginny demanded.

"Right here is your suitcases, all packed neat. And here's this big wood crate with everything personal packed right in it, so you don't have to go through my house poking around. I saved you the trouble, I did."

"Why are you acting like this?" Ben demanded.

"Martha—God rest her soul—loved you, but I certainly got no call to. You'd go flying all over the country like a king, and you wouldn't come near her. She wouldn't see her grandchildren from one year to the next. Oh, I know how lonely she was. But you didn't care, neither one of you. Send a little money, that's all you had to do. So little you didn't miss it at all, and you thought you were doing something big. I've been waiting years to tell you off, Ben Weldon. And right now you can get out of this hall and off my land. What do you want done with the box of stuff?"

"You don't understand ——" Ginny said.

But Ben said. "Never mind, honey. Send the box railway express."

"Collect," Geraldine said firmly.

"Collect," Ben said and picked up the suitcases. They walked out onto the porch and she slammed the door.

As they walked down the street Ginny looked back and saw her peering at them from the living-room window. She seemed to be grinning, but she was behind the curtains and Ginny could not be certain.

When all the bills were in, Ben totaled them. They came to $3212.50. There was no hospitalization. The expenses of death are not deductible items for tax purposes. He would be able to claim her as a dependent for the year, and that was all.

This was the final rock that stove the hull of the small boat. He phoned the Lawton National Bank from his office and got Mr. Lathrop Hyde on the line. After he had identified himself, he said he could arrange to come in Monday morning at ten when the bank opened and discuss his note. Hyde had him hold the line while the folder was brought to him

"Right now, Mr. Weldon it's sixteen hundred balance due on a hundred-and-eighty-day note, and the due date is—h'm-m-m-m—next Wednesday. Now I wouldn't want to have to tell my loan committee I'd put through another extension on this note, Mr. Weldon."

"I could pay it off with the proceeds of a new note, couldn't I?"

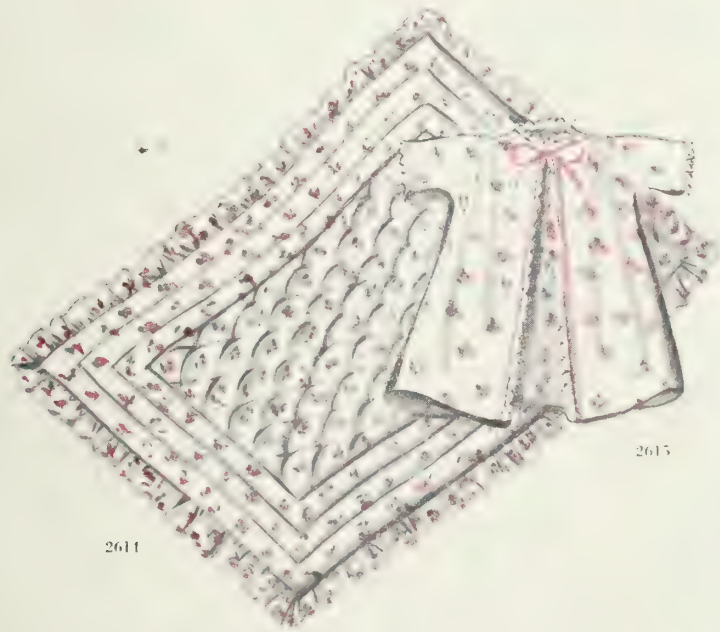
"Well now, we'd have to see about that."

"That's what I want to discuss with you on Monday, Mr. Hyde."

"Tell you what. You bring in an up-to-date personal balance sheet, Mr. Weldon. And bring your wife along."

"It hasn't been necessary in the past to ——"

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"Her signature goes on the notes too."

"But I've always taken the notes and she's signed them at ——"

"You just bring her along, and I'll be looking for you at ten o'clock sharp, Mr. Weldon."

When Ben and Ginny entered the bank on Monday morning, Ben had with him a personal balance sheet on which he had expended great care. It expressed his equity in the house based on current values, and his equity in the car based on purchase price. It included the $9000 in the retirement account. It assigned what he hoped was not too florid an evaluation of household furnishings and equipment. He had managed to squeeze out a net worth of $26,000 before current debts, and it gave him a certain amount of dubious assurance.

Mr. Lathrop Hyde's desk was planted out in the open, against the back wall of the upholstered bullpen adjoining the customer floor of the building. Mr. Hyde greeted them and seated them courteously enough. He was perhaps sixty, long and solid in the torso, with gray hair worn long on one side so that it could be combed across the bald area and pasted in place. He had a long, square-cornered, fleshy face, with odd spots of high color on the cheekbones, pebbly brown eyes and a very wide mouth with thin colorless lips. His habit of dress was incongruously tweedy and informal. He took an active, leadership interest in community affairs. He and Ben had served on quite a few of the same committees.

As Ben handed the balance sheet over, he noticed a folder with his name on the tab centered in the middle of Lathrop Hyde's blotter.

"Let's see what we have here, folks," Mr. Hyde said.

He studied each item on the brief statement with great care, checked the margin beside each one with a very small check made with a very hard pencil. He put it aside and let the silence grow until Ben had to say something and said, "Is that what you wanted from me?"

"I hoped it would look a little better, Mr. Weldon. You'd have a long wait getting that much for the house. Used furniture and equipment—especially in a house where there's children—isn't worth listing. And if you check the blue book, you'll find you have no equity in that car at all. There isn't enough equity in the house to allow a sound second mortgage. I guess I didn't find what I was looking for."

"What were you looking for, Mr. Hyde?" Ginny asked sweetly.

"Security, Mrs. Weldon. Security."

"So are we," she said.

"What? Oh, I mean ample legal security on which we can loan money, Mrs. Weldon. There's no fat left in those insurance policies. You own no securities. And you certainly have a substantial amount of current bills to pay."

"Nearly all of that is because of my mother's recent death," Ben said.

"I heard about that. May I extend my sympathies."

"Thanks. If I can't renew my note when it comes due day after tomorrow, Mr. Hyde, I'd like to borrow five thousand. I'd use sixteen hundred to retire the note, and pay off the balance of those bills."

"A hundred-and-eighty-day note?" Hyde asked mildly.

"Yes."

"And how would you expect to pay it back?"

"I've been sending my mother two hundred dollars a month, Mr. Hyde. That will no longer be necessary. I can pay the two hundred on the note instead."

"Which in one hundred eighty days would be twelve hundred dollars. It is against the law, Mr. Weldon, for us to loan money on an open note when we see little expectation of its being paid back within the stated time. A fully secured note is a different thing, of course. I'm sorry, Mr. Weldon."

"Do you think I'm a bad risk?"

Mr. Hyde frowned slightly. "That's an unfortunate expression, but since you used it, I'll answer you frankly. Yes."

"But ——"

"Just a moment, Mr. Weldon. We are tightening our policy as far as you people are concerned. You bright young men who work in the city are very persuasive, you know. And we—uh—less sophisticated types are apt to be a little too awed by the salaries you are paid. And so, without realizing it until recently, we've let ourselves get into an unhealthy position on open notes to you brisk, successful young gentlemen. You make big incomes, but you live up to them and beyond them. Thrift seems to have become a dirty word nowadays. Personally, I am inclined to think of all this, on old-fashioned grounds, as a lack of character."

Ben glanced at Ginny and saw she was white with anger.

"Mr. Hyde," he said, "you seem to be moralizing."

"Perhaps I am. You people dismay me in a way. You're all house-poor, car-poor, club-poor, party-poor. You seem to try to be proving to each other that you can live on one and a half times your income. At our expense. We have too many renewals. We've been loaning money on promises too slender. One little recession, Mr. Weldon, would shake most of you out of the fragile limbs of your tall trees, and the Lawton National Bank would be holding the bag. And all of you would be without assets or resources. We owe our own shareholders better judgment in these matters." He smiled broadly for the first time. "It would be such a shame if the party suddenly ended for all of you."

"I resent being classified as having . . . this lack of character you mention," Ben said thickly.

Hyde tapped the balance sheet lightly. "Haven't you done the classifying yourself, my dear boy? Right here. You make nearly twenty-five thousand a year and, except for this retirement-account money, which was taken apparently before you could see it, you haven't a dime. What am I supposed to think?"

Ben controlled himself with an effort. "I respect your obligation to your stockholders in the bank. But please don't moralize about situations you don't understand."

"Oh, but I have an intimate understanding of them, Mr. Weldon. Through supplicants such as yourself."

"What can you do for me?"

"I can give you a ninety-day extension on this outstanding balance, and I must ask you to pay the interest up to date on the due date. I can assure you that there will *not* be another renewal. Why don't you borrow from your retirement account, Mr. Weldon? Isn't that permitted? It usually is in most companies."

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"That's my problem," Ben said, standing. "Mail me the renewal agreement. Come on, Ginny."

"Your attitude isn't going to make future relationships any easier, Mr. Weldon."

"It is my deepest wish, Mr. Hyde, that there will be no future relationships of any kind."

Hyde smiled once more. "It's perhaps for the best. After all, you could have the sincerest desire in the world to pay us that . . . unobligated two hundred a month, but you people have so many unexpected social obligations."

Ginny was standing. She leaned toward the desk. "They keep saying banks are friendly. They keep saying bankers are nice. You're a monster, Mr. Hyde. It's not what you do, it's the way you do it."

Hyde chuckled, almost fondly, as they left his desk. They could not reach him. Nothing could reach him, nothing they could do.

Ginny was crying by the time they reached the car. He drove to the station. As he got out she was snuffling, but trying to smile. "I guess we know what we are now," she said.

"He made me bring you along so he could sink the knife a little deeper. That's the thing I resent most."

"But what are we going to *do*, Ben?"

"I'll talk to you tonight."

By the time he got home he had worked out a program for handling this new problem. It seemed to be the only answer, but it depressed him to think about it. It wasn't brought up until Ginny had finished the dinner dishes and the kids were in bed.

Ginny came into the living room and sat in the corner of the couch and pulled her legs up. The floor lamp behind her made her fair hair luminous and left her face in partial shadow.

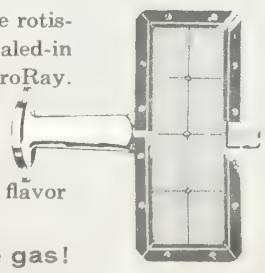
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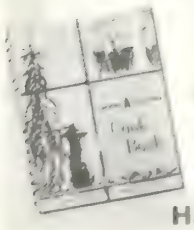
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

She faced Ben, who sat making a protective ceremony of stoking his pipe, lighting it evenly.

There was a quality of expectancy in the silence between them, the product of their separate awareness that this was, at long last, the time of showdown, the obligatory scene that was a product of far too many months of this big, abundant and wretched life.

"What are you going to do, Ben?" she asked.

He noticed it was "you," not "we." He said, "There aren't any miracles, honey."

"But we have to do something!"

"I know that. Two round trips to Indiana. That's top priority. When the air-travel bill comes in, I have to come up with the money fast I'll guess between five and six hundred. We haven't got it. There's nobody I dare borrow from. But I did some very discreet checking, and I'm pretty sure I can get six hundred from a loan company They'll take a chattel mortgage on the furniture, and they'll do no checking on me that will be so obvious anybody will be able to guess. With their service charges, it will come to about thirteen per cent interest. I can get it right after the first of the month, so the twelve payments of fifty-something a month will start the first of May."

"And we'll just owe more money," she said in a dead voice.

"We'll have the two hundred I won't be sending mother starting April first. I'll write the hospital and the doctor and the funeral home and send them each a small payment out of that two hundred as a gesture of good faith, and explain that I'll have to pay them off that way, a certain amount each month. And I'll make a payment on the bank loan out of that two hundred too. I don't think those people in Columbus will raise a fuss. They must be used to this sort of thing."

"So it's your idea to do it all out of the two hundred each month. So we shall be living exactly the same as if we were sending it to your mother. How long will it take? Just tell me how long it will take if nothing happens."

"Including the bank loan, and interest and all . . . call it two years. A little over."

"Two delicious years *if* nothing happens. And something will, so it'll be longer. Believe me, it will be longer. I wanted a miracle, Ben. I didn't want more of the same. You know the miracle I wanted? I wanted you to march up to whoever you march up to down there and draw out that whole nine thousand dollars sitting there, and tell them you were taking it because you need it. But *that's* too big a miracle to hope for."

"You don't under——"

"When will you get a raise, darling?"

"I've told you how ——"

"Tell me again. I want to hear it again."

"There's practically no chance of a raise until Bartlett retires. Where I am, the money goes with the job. I'm slated to take over Bartlett's slot. There'll probably be small upward adjustments, but nothing to get healthy on. He's fifty-eight. He's got seven years."

"And what will you get when you take his job, darling?"

"I believe he gets about fifty-five, with a bonus between fifteen and twenty, and a small share in the stock-option plan. I expect I'd get fifty and a bonus of twelve to fifteen, assuming we're running as far in the black as we are now."

"Fifty thousand dollars," she said with a quiet bitterness. "Oh, whee, oh, joy. You're going to be so terrifyingly important, and yet you can't borrow nine thousand dollars of your own money. Why is it? Just *why?* Explain it to me."

He rose and took slow steps toward the fireplace and turned and stared at her for a thoughtful moment, planning his words. "I'll have to say this, Ginny, with no concession to modesty. I'm surprisingly good at what I'm doing. We deal with a lot of other corporations. I meet a lot of people. I'd say, and this is a pretentious thing for a man to say about himself, that there probably aren't over a hundred guys in my age range with the same potential I have in the whole country."

"Then why aren't we ——"

"Let me finish the explanation. It's what you asked for. Some of those guys have landed, by bad luck, in the wrong slots. Some of them have changed jobs too many times, always pressing for the immediate salary bump. And I don't think there are more than three or four in the whole batch who wouldn't change with me in one minute, salary and all."

She stared at him. "What!"

"I'm in the big big league, Ginny. And it's exactly where I *should* be. I'm watched every minute, because there's so much potential power at stake. It isn't just the officers and directors of National, honey. At the top of the pyramid in big business there's a group of men who know each other. It's become pretty well known that I'm the heir apparent. It'll be years before I'm in the kingbird's seat, but they know of me, and they're watching, too, and if there was any kind of shake-up at National that threatened to sidetrack me, they'd come in with the right offer."

"Why don't they now?"

"Because the kind of fool who would take it they don't want."

"So you can't take out the nine thousand that belongs to you and put it back later when you're making all this big money?"

He suddenly felt inexpressibly weary. He went back to his chair and sat down and said, "Just why do you think I can't ask for it?"

"Because you're supposed to be infallible about everything or they'll think you're not good enough for the top of their pyramid."

"I couldn't have said it more accurately. Apparently you do understand."

"I've listened. You listen."

"Of course, honey."

"I'm proud of you. Keep that in mind. I know you *can* do what they think you can. I can see how it can be pride with you too. But a woman has a different slant. I know you can do it. You know you can do it. So what are we proving and who are we proving it to by standing around in this . . . thin air?"

"What do you mean?"

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"You seem to work harder all the time, and you get less kick out of it. You never come home any more just busting with triumph, Ben. The things we do together are all . . . obligations, carefully planned, never on impulse. I claw you for no reason. You snarl for no good reason. We live with these two kinds of pressure every waking minute—your job pressure, and this stupid, ludicrous thing of just barely being able to make ends meet on a salary most people in the country would consider real wealth."

"I don't think I'm trying to prove ——" He broke off.

"Please don't go all haughty and stuffy. An electrician was here last week."

"What has that got to do with ——"

"He came to fix the refrigerator. He bought a beat old cabin cruiser two years ago. He's been working on it himself for two years. As soon as school is out, he and his wife and two kids are going down the inland waterway to Florida. He found time to study navigation and small-boat handling in night school. It's almost three months away, but he's so excited

LOVELORN

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Every time the postman rings
The letter that he never brings
From you my heart expects, each
time his whistle blows.
I can't ignore him though I try.
Hope will not die

Because one day . . . who knows?

My good sense says you will not
write,
My heart keeps telling me you
might
Although my claim upon you is
my own fidelity
And nothing more. Letters come
daily to the door. . . .
But not for me.

bout it he glows like a lantern when he talks bout it."

"I should go to night school and learn how o fix refrigerators."

"Stop that, Ben. Please. All this *is* hurting ur marriage. You're honest enough to see hat. It's hurting the kids, this atmosphere of ontinual tension. I'm in favor of vast success nd golden years, I guess. But not at this price. mean that. Not at this price."

He looked at her for one long moment. Just what are you saying, Ginny? It has the ound of an ultimatum."

"What good is the golden future if you ruin e good things while waiting for it?"

"Other people are able to ——"

"This isn't other people. This is me. I can't ford the big leagues, Ben. Emotionally, I n't afford them. I'm sorry."

"What do you plan to do?"

"I don't want to hang around and watch hat we have left go the same way the rest of went. I better ask you the same thing. What you plan to do?"

"Live up to . . . my maximum potential."

"When every morsel of joy has gone out of and all you have left is pride? Is that ough?"

"It looks like it will have to be, honey."

"And you won't take the slightest risk of setting their . . . big fat opinion of the crown nce?"

"Not the slightest."

There was destruction in the long silence, d they looked away from each other. When e is twisted, a marriage can end, even ough love is still there. It needs only the rds of ultimatum to be said, and then the adful effects of pride.

The words were there, waiting to be said. Each of them believed the other one to be blindly selfish, and wondered that it had not been more evident up until now.

"We're both tired right now," Ben said gently, and so the words were not said. But the narrowness of it had frightened them both.

Ben Weldon could not sleep that night. He left the bedroom at two in the morning, so quietly that Ginny did not awaken. He made coffee, and he sat at the kitchen table. He went to the drawer where Ginny kept the cigarettes for their entertaining and opened a fresh pack. At dawn his mouth had a bitter taste, and half the pack was gone. He located the budget summary he had prepared for the interview with Semmins, and a copy of the balance sheet he had prepared for his meeting with Hyde.

He thought of many things, and he made a decision, but it gave him no feeling of relief. He sneaked back into bed a half hour before the alarm went off. When he came out to breakfast Ginny stared curiously at him and said, "You were up in the night?"

"For a little while."

"What did you do, smoke five cigarettes at a time?"

"Like a candelabra."

When she drove him down to the station they sat in the car waiting for the train to come into view up the tracks.

"It will rain later on," she said.

"I've got that other raincoat in the office."

"Ben . . . about last night."

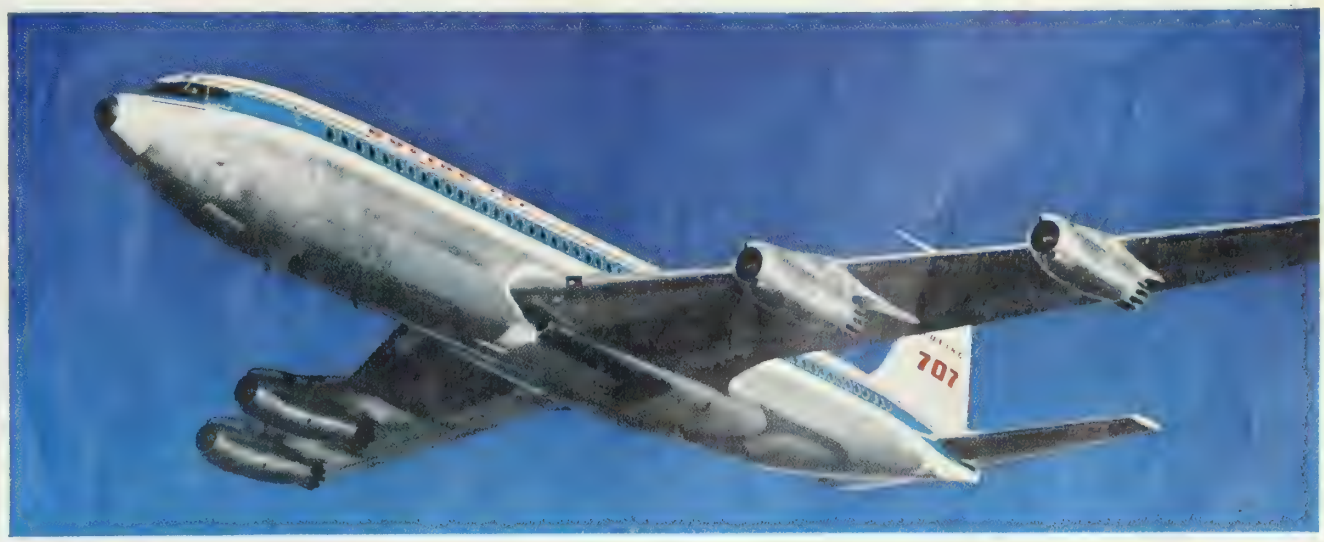
"Yes, honey."

"You should know this. Even if you were willing to do it my way, it wouldn't be easy—I mean I'd always be wondering if you were thinking I'd . . . held you back." She gave a dry little laugh, and he saw where the morning light touched the little network of weather

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

inkles at the corner of her blue blue eyes. Nothing is easy any more, I guess," she said. "Don't fret about it," he said. "Here comes d Unreliable." He kissed her and got on the in and rode down toward the cold arena.

Brendan Mallory had flown back from Lon- n the previous day, and so his schedule was l. But his secretary was able to give Ben an pointment at 4:40. It was a dreamlike day Ben Weldon. All day he had the feeling was standing a half step behind himself d off to one side, watching himself go rough the routines as one would watch a anger.

All day he kept thinking of alternative pos- ilities, some of them logical, some of them surd.

In his favorite alternative, Brendan Mallory uld look up from his study of the figures, eyes vivid with shock and concern, and , "Why, I had no idea we'd been forcing u into such a ghastly position, Ben! Why sn't somebody brought this to my atten- n before? This is absurdly unfair! It shall corrected immediately. A man carrying e load you're carrying these days shouldn't forced to endure this kind of personal xiety!"

In another scene, he had filled a gas tank d wiped the windshield and he was taking e money from the customer when the man oked at him intently and said, "Say, aren't u the Ben Weldon that used to be with ational?"

There was, of course, a background of hot n and sandy beach, and his brown children aying on the beach, with Ginny near them, refoot and splendid, and a boat anchored a dock.

"You're right, friend," he would say, "but got out of that ulcer trap. We didn't know at real living was until we came down here, end."

There was another that kept slipping into mind, making his stomach feel hollow. The rd would be passed around in some mys- ious way, and he would spend the sour, eated weeks and months sitting in waiting oms, filling out forms that would be filed ay and forgotten, and the men he talked to uld treat him with a brusque courtesy that not quite conceal their contempt for the t of man who would quit the team just ore the Series.

"Sit down, Ben. Sit down," Brendan Mal- y said in his light and casual voice. "Some- ng that has to come directly to the top, eh?" Ben knew that when Mallory learned of the uest for the appointment he would have cked with Bartlett, who would be just as ch in the dark as Mallory. So he was out- normal channels, and in National, when bypassed your immediate superior, you to be sure of your ground. He sensed ariness in Mallory. This was it, and it made he day's conjectures seem silly. It was an rt to grope for and remember his planned ning.

"This is a personal thing, Mr. Mallory. ess it's a request for advice."

"You know I'm ready to help in any way n, Ben."

"Before I ask for advice, I'd like to make general point, sir In many ways I've been o believe that I'm considered a valuable . It may be bad taste to bring it up this but can we assume it's true?"

"It's definitely true. Bringing you into the s picture was a pretty good clue as to we all think of you Ben."

"So if I am valuable, can I make the er assumption than an extra effort would ade to keep me happy, Mr. Mallory?"

Mallory reached for the small gold model of itary jet on his desk and gave it a quarter before answering. "That's such a hypo- al question, I can only give a hypotheti- nswer, Ben. We will do our best to treat fairly. Isn't it time we came to specifics?"

"Of course. I've come directly to you be- I know this is a policy question. It may d petty, but I'm asking you to look at the l implications of why I have to bring it can't live and support my family on what you're paying me. We have no other source of income. I have here our budget figures, and a personal balance sheet. We're in debt, with more probability of going further in debt than paying it off. I'd like you to look these over and ——"

Mallory, with a slightly pained expression, raised his hand and said, "Please, Ben. I don't want to pry into the personal details of your life. Statistically you're in the top five per cent incomewise."

"That's no comfort if it doesn't work out, sir."

"I don't want to bore you with reminis- cences, Ben, but Alice and I didn't have an easy time of it, believe me." He chuckled and shook his head. "The macaroni years, that's what Alice calls them. We had to watch every last penny, and sometimes it was a wearisome thing, but I can't say that it did us any harm. I think it did us a lot of good, as a matter of fact. It doesn't hurt anyone's character to be careful, Ben." He smiled and his voice became more confidential. "We both know it's harder on our wives than on us, those lean years. And sometimes a woman can force a man to make . . . a small error in judgment. You can tell Virginia that you made the old school try, and the man said not yet. And we'll both for- get this little chat."

"I can't let it drop, Mr. Mallory. That's the point I'm trying to make. If you'd look at the figures I ——"

"This isn't like you, Ben. It can't possibly be so serious. You have a beautiful home, handsome healthy children, a lovely wife. I can get a little angry when I think of the way you live now compared with the way Alice and I lived during the lean years. It's a sign of our times, I guess."

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Mallory?"

"Nobody is willing to *wait* any more. They have to have it *now*. You people all seem to want to live the abundant life before you earn the right to it."



How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

It's spring; and fashionwise Mollie Farnham, our Barbara J., is ready for it! Not including her seasonless black-and-white silk dress from January, she counts up her investments as follows: From February, she has her polka-dot jacket dress—perfect for daytime or an informal evening ($24.95). By BET HART



To wear over everything— rain *or* shine— her bright blue jersey coat ($25.00).



In March she made a beige dress to wear for everyday ($4.60). The total in $'s is 54.55. The total in fashion is a wardrobe complete, with one exception—a special dress for:

Special Evenings

The camisole top, full skirt and kerchief are all edged with lace. The fabric is a white striped cotton dotted with more white, and the cummerbund (Mollie's own addition) is gingham. Skirt, $12.95; blouse, $6.50.

SEPARATES BY MONA ROSET





PRIGENT



VOGUE

An extra-special evening . . . a very special look. Vogue's "Easy to Make" Blouse Design No. 9643* in shocking-pink cotton to wear with her new skirt. She adds pink roses (from her beau) at the waistline. The blouse costs Mollie only $1.69 to make!

*For back views, sizes and price, see page 111

For a light cover-up, Mollie wears her white sweater trimmed with turquoise (from December). She adds a turquoise belt for a change.

It's the kind of abundant life I'm living that I don't want. And I'm not scrimping for a cabin cruiser or a mink coat for Ginny or an airplane of my own, Mr. Mallory. I want to get out of debt because I feel degraded by being in debt when I make so much. But too much of what I make goes to keeping up the front you people demand of me. Let me unload that house and stop being a clubman and stop doing semibusiness entertaining I can't write off, and I can get out of the swamp."

"We pay you as much as we do, Weldon, because we expect you to live in that style."



"Then it isn't enough. Somebody should make a study of the suburban budget, Mr. Mallory. Too many of us are trapped."

"Trapped? By a need for economy? What kind of a trap is that?"

"We're not communicating, Mr. Mallory. I wouldn't have taken up your time if it wasn't important. I hoped this talk would go better than it's going. I've got to have thirty-five."

"You've *got* to have thirty-five thousand dollars a year!"

"If I'm to go on in the same job, and live on the same scale. I got that figure from an expert who *did* study my figures Mr. Mallory. The tax bite will be much larger, of course. But the difference will be enough for me to get out of hock and begin to save a little, build up an emergency fund, lay money away for the education of my kids."

"Ben, how many people are on your approximate level of pay in this building, in this home office?"

"As a quick guess, fifteen."

"Closer to twenty, I'm afraid. Though salaries are not supposed to be public knowledge, quite a few people work on payroll and on overhead-expense data. An eleven-thousand-five-hundred-dollar raise would not pass unnoticed. And it would be a source of discontent."

"Why should it be? If I am slated for bigger things, as you have hinted, why wouldn't it be considered merely a confirmation of those plans?"

"Traditionally the salary is matched to the job, not the man, until you become one of the top officers of the corporation. But is that all we're here for, Ben? Is that all National is—a money cow to be milked as often and strenuously as possible?"

"On the other hand, Mr. Mallory, should National have an irresponsible attitude toward the personal problems of its junior executives?"

"That's a rather large word, Ben."

"It wasn't said hastily. To maintain the façade of my existence I'll have to get that thirty-five, sir. Somewhere."

It was that final deadly word, with its implications of disloyalty, that immediately changed the atmosphere in Mallory's office. Ben had vowed not to bring that factor into the discussion. It would be there but only by implication. But he had been pushed into the position of saying it, and things would not be the same again.

Mallory studied him for a moment. Ben had the feeling that Mallory had put a small strong hand against Ben's chest and walked him backward and, with a final push, had then slammed and bolted a big door, and now looked at him through an armored peephole.

Or, in a more fitting analogy, two ships had hove to, side by side, exchanging cautious messages, until suddenly one had run up its battle flags opened the gun ports and cleared the decks for action.

"We certainly don't want to lose you, Ben," Mallory said heartily. "You belong in the National family." He had watched Mallory in action too many times not to see that this was the Mallory attitude toward all outsiders. Cordial almost to the point of being effusive, the eyes clear and friendly, the smile correct to the final millimeter of spread.

"Thank you, sir."

Mallory came around the desk as Ben stood up. He put his hand out and Ben took it. "I recognize your problem, Ben, and I'm glad you brought it to me, and you can be assured I'll do my very best to find a solution. I'll be in touch with you as soon as we can come up with something."

"Thank you, Mr. Mallory."

There was no escort to the office door, no light touch on the shoulder. Ben went back down to his floor, his office, his desk. He sat down and looked out the glass wall at the beginning of the rain. *Everything is so gentle and serene here,* he thought. *They don't ride you, would Mr. Mallory and give you a swing and boom! you're out on Lexington Avenue. But somehow it isn't exactly the same.*

A few moments later he called Gearling, the treasurer, and asked to borrow the balance in his retirement account.

"You . . . want to take it out, Ben?" Gearling asked.

"It's permitted, isn't it?"

"Of course! Of course! The—uh—whole amount?"

"Yes."

"How soon do you want it?"

"As soon as you can get it, Edward."

"It has to clear through the trust account that handles the retirement fund, Ben. Three days?"

"That'll be fine. Thanks."

"When will you—uh—put it back in, Ben?"

"Sometime before I retire, Edward. I guess I'd have to, or it would mess up my retirement, wouldn't it?"

SONNET FOR A RELUCTANT SUITOR

By BARBARA SHOOK HAZEN

He will not be too deep in love;
no fears.
No fretting will disturb his
sleeping hours.
His dreams will be as tuneless as
the spheres.
Nor will he weep for bright but
bended flowers.
He will not walk too careless,
will not care
For fallen leaves, for frail and
fragile things.
He will not brave the burning
summer air.
He will not know the anguished
burst of wings.

But oh, he must beware,
beneath soft suns
And silken ways the sudden
tiger runs.
Deeply in the forests of the night,
He moves on pads of silence and
delight
To shatter with one glance the
darkling dove
Who was afraid to be too deep
in love.

Gearling suspected that Ben was making a joke, so he laughed in a slightly hollow and uncomfortable way.

That evening Ben told Ginny what he had done. He wanted to see her happy. He wanted to see her eyes shine. He wanted to get at least that much out of it, the way they give the big loser a free taxi ride home. But she stared at him, her eyes round in shock, and then her face came apart like a small child readying itself for tears, and she fled to the bedroom.

Ten days later Bartlett phoned and asked Ben to come to his office. It had been a curious ten days. There had been a subtle yet obvious change in attitude toward him. He learned indirectly of a policy memo that had not been routed to his desk, and suspected there had been others. Men who had been stiff and rather formal with him in the past were now relaxed and quite friendly in his presence. Those who had sought him out now seemed to avoid him. Bartlett was taking an unusual interest in the details of matters he had previously left entirely up to Ben.

When he walked into Bartlett's office he was not surprised to see Brendan Mallory there, or see his open friendly smile.

"Sit down, Ben. Sit down," Mallory said. "Ed and I have been up one side of this and down the other, and I think we've come up with something that will solve your special problem." There was an ironic emphasis on the world "special."

"I'm glad to hear that sir."

"You're too good a man to lose, Ben. We're quick to admit that, believe me. Gil Walker sent in a formal request for early retirement for reasons of health, and we've been sitting on it, wondering who to put in out there. That's Southwest District, out of Denver, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"With all respect to Gil Walker, Ben, that district does need the kind of talent you can bring to the job. It's a good place to live, I hear. And, traditionally, the district managers do better, salarywise, than a lot of us slaves in the home office."

"I've heard about that, sir."

"From the way it looks, Ben, you ought to make about thirty-two or thirty-three at the beginning, and if you can build it up as I'm sure you can, it could peak at forty in a very short time. So it's quite a handsome promotion, and it seems to Ed and me to be a good solution all around. And it certainly won't hurt your future value to the corporation to have a few years of running a district on your record."

It's so neat, Ben thought admiringly. *You bring the outstanding young men out of the districts into the home office, the way you brought me in, but you never, never bring a district manager to New York. There's good reason. He's acquired an incurably regional point of view. The pay is good because it has to be good, because it is just as high and far as the man can go with National. So you sit out there and you do one gutsy job of following the instructions from the home office, and it is, in a sense, a demanding job, but you never get your fingers into policy. It's a handsome promotion if you think just about the money. But all of a sudden they've dropped the barricade across your highway, and you know just how long the road is. You can move to a bigger district—at their request—and that is all. You'll be the youngest district manager in National. And ten years from now you'll be of average age for district managers, and eventually you'll retire to a little better than reasonable comfort. You can do the job. It's no snap job. It'll take diligence and concentration and good judgment. But there will be no opportunity to exercise that rare executive muscle which creates brand-new plans, programs, policies and attitudes. It will use all the rest of you, but not that.*

So look at us as we sit here, full of face-saving devices and fabrications. Theirs is a salvage operation. They have decided they were wrong in believing they had a machine which would push new roads through the wilderness. But the same machine can be very useful keeping old roads in repair. It is uneconomic to scrap it. So grease it well and put it to work.

The other choice is to resign here and now and get into another outfit where the road to the top level will not be so neatly blocked. But would not that run us into the same thing?

He realized they were looking at him and had been for a few moments too long, but they both wore expressions of polite attentiveness, and the pleased look of men who have found a way to do a seemingly generous thing. They had beribboned the gift with the fictitious hint that he could and would return here after running a district. It could not happen.

"I'm pleased you think I can handle the job, sir." *We all know very damn well I can handle it, don't we?*

"Done and done," Mallory said with satisfaction, moving in quickly for the handshake. "I can speak for Ed, too, when I say we're both very pleased at the way we've been able to work this thing out."

"Now it's decided, Ben," Ed Bartlett said, "there's no point in dragging our feet. Suppose you get cleaned up here by the end of the week and report out there Monday."

"For a quick look," Mallory said hastily, "then fly on back and take care of personal matters and then take your time driving your family out there. See something of the country. I'm sure that will be all right with Gil."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

At this very moment she's giving herself a facial



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

The three men were standing. They smiled at one another. They were all members of the National family, and when these little family problems came up, you made a practice of handling them in a warm, human, co-operative way.

Ben Weldon spent a week in Denver. Gil Walker was delighted that Ben was taking over the district. Gil talked a great deal about the benefits of being a district manager, of being the top dog in the area. He was proud of his staff of sixty-two. The staff seemed competent, pleasant, and as wary of Ben as he expected them to be.

Gil steered Ben to a good real-estate agent who found a house that seemed nearly perfect, at less than he had expected to pay. He told Ginny all about it over the phone. She sounded ecstatic at the description, and told him to nail it down fast—the same advice given him by the agent.

He made the deposit. He was taking an evening flight back, leaving at ten o'clock, Friday night. He had checked out of the hotel. After dinner alone he had time to kill, and so he drove the rental car out to the house where they would live.

It was a very cold night, and the stars were vivid. He parked in the driveway and walked slowly around to the back of the house and sat on the low wall that enclosed the open patio. He smoked the cigarettes that he could afford, and he wore a new sports jacket, new flannel slacks, a new topcoat. He looked at the long slant of the land he would own, and he wondered if he had done it all as well as he could do it. He knew it was a question that could not be resolved, one that he would ask himself, probably, for the rest of his life.

On the evening of the day he had accepted the new job, he had gone home with two bottles of champagne. He beamed at his Ginny and presented her with the champagne. She stared at him in blank confusion. He took the champagne out of her hands and kissed her with splendid emphasis and resounding duration.

When he released her, gasping, she said, "What is this all *about?*"

"It is because you are a woman of rare perception and intelligence. And if I have your solemn promise never to gloat, I'll tell you it is because you were entirely right, and I was dead wrong, darling."

"About the job?"

"What else, pray? I just got bumped ten thousand, baby."

"Ben! I don't know what to say! How incredibly wonderful!"

"And we're going to live one mile in the air, woman. You are standing in the presence of the brand-new district manager, Southwest District, headquarters in Denver." Even as he beamed at her proudly, he was watching her closely. It was the critical moment.

He saw the doubts go out of her eyes. "Then champagne is exactly the right thing, isn't it?" she said.

"Please chill it immediately. And jump when I give an order. I expect more respect around here from now on."

Woman is wanted to be soft and to represent the soft side of life, but softness is part of the formlessness for which she is blamed. She cannot well be one without the other. She has needed to be excessively adaptable so that wherever her husband went she could happily follow; yet she could not possibly do this if she were not somewhat formless. She is told what her role is by nature and society, and then she is belittled if this role necessitates her having certain qualities.

FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL
WOMEN AND SOMETIMES MEN
ALFRED A. KNOPF

"Lord and master," she said, smiling, and came into his arms again.

He held the flame of his lighter to read his watch. Another ten minutes and it would be time to start to the airport. You did what you felt you had to do, and when it was done, you lived with it.

They could be content here, secure and happy. Things might become as good as they had once been, before insecurity began to corrode their contentment.

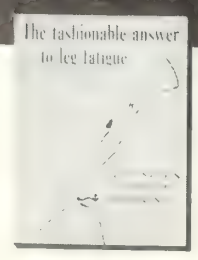
But he knew, and he would always know, that he had once climbed to a high and lonely place, that with the climbing irons and the ropes he had reached the last sheer drop before the summit. He had swung there in the frosty gale until finally, too numbed to make the final effort, he had climbed back down the way he had come, back down to a niche where he could be warm and safe and out of the wind.

He knew he would read and hear about the ones who made it all the way to the high peaks. The lower slopes of the mountains were warm and easy, and the trails were marked. The high places were dangerous. He knew how close he had come, and he could read about the others who had made it. Their powers and their decisions would affect him. And all his life he would wonder just how it felt to be up there.

He stood up and snapped his cigarette into the night and walked back to the car. As he got behind the wheel he found himself wondering if it was a happy ending. He smiled with derision at himself as that ancient phrase came into his mind. Happy endings were reserved for stories for children. An adult concerned himself with feasible endings. And the one was feasible as an ending or as a beginning. You had to put your own puzzle together, and nobody would ever come along to tell you how well or how poorly you had done.

EN





Quick—which is the Burlington Support Stocking?

Both her stockings are all-nylon. One is a regular daytime sheer, the other a Burlington Support Stocking. But—*which* is the Burlington Support Stocking?

It's so sheer, nobody can tell! That's the first exclusive feature of the Burlington Support Stocking (it's on her right leg). You'll also like the two-way stretch top, cottony cushion sole, and the freedom foot that never cramps your toes.

But most of all, you'll like the firm support Burlington Support Stockings give you. Overtired calf and thigh muscles are lifted and comforted. Your legs are molded and beautified, as if by gentle fingers.

With all this, Burlington Support Stockings are only $4.95 a pair—and they outwear many, many pairs of your ordinary nylons. Buy a pair today, and you'll walk happily ever after!

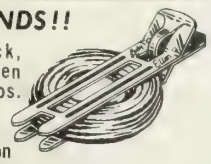
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LUCK OF THE DRAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

still with us she would look after you better than I can."

I knew if my dear aunt had been still with us she would have said, "If your face is your fortune, my poor Liz——"

Uncle Jack was always very kind. "Poor kid, I'm afraid you've had bad luck," he said.

Looking back on it, I have often thought how queer it is the way all my good luck came from shocking bad luck.

Uncle Jack said at breakfast one day, "Some new people are coming, I hear, to Copse Cottage." And that very afternoon, when I was gardening, and looking a pretty mess because it's a clay soil, a taxi stopped and a long thin man got out and asked me the way there.

"That would be the Wilberforces," said Uncle Jack afterward. "There are three of them. Major Wilberforce and his wife, and a brother. They have had appalling bad luck. They had a beautiful farm in Kenya, but their servants turned out to be scoundrels and attacked them. Major Wilberforce got stabbed with a *panga* and badly hurt."

They had sold out and come to England, with very little money. Major Wilberforce had got over his *panga* wound quite nicely. "Though it didn't exactly do him any good," said Mrs. Wilberforce. They were the gayest couple I had ever met, in spite of their misfortunes. Copse Cottage had very little to recommend it and no modern conveniences, but Lorna Wilberforce just laughed about them. You never remembered if she was plain or pretty, or what age she was. When you were with her, you just had fun and a good time.

Major Wilberforce was a large man, the kind who throws a lot of shadow. He mostly just sat and twiddled his thumbs. He didn't say very much, but what he did say was always kind of amusing and interesting, though I never did know when he was serious or when he was pulling my leg.

I had my eighteenth birthday, and Uncle Jack bought a secondhand car. "It will be an economy in the long run," he said. "You can drive me to and from the station and save taxi hire. And it will get you out and about a bit. You sit at home too much."

I hadn't talked to anyone about my book, but I found myself telling Lorna. She was a person you did tell things to. She was delighted and said, "How splendid. I would love to have been a writer, only I never could think of anything to say. You may make a great deal of money, dear."

"The worse you write, the more you'll make," said Major Wilberforce. "Look at poor Tony. He's a writer, but his books are so intelligent no one can understand them. What's your subject?"

I said, "Well, it's love."

Major Wilberforce nodded solemnly. "You're on a good wicket," he said. "Love never fails."

Lorna was going through a pile of letters on her desk.

"Sad," she said. "Mrs. Chessington has asked us to lunch, but we'll have to refuse. It's too far to walk. I must say I miss our car, though it's heaven having no petrol bills to pay."

I had just passed my test. I said, "I'd love to drive you—if you'd risk it?"

"My dear, how delightful. Could you? The three of us? How nice that you are going too."

I said, "Well, I'm not asked to lunch, but I'd love to take you there."

That night Mrs. Chessington rang me up on the telephone. "I wonder if you are free, and could lunch with us on Thursday," she said. I was free Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday *and* Thursday—but I did not tell her that. I said I would love to.

"And I hear you will very kindly pick up the Wilberforces."

When I picked them up, I discovered the tall thin man who had asked me the way was Major Wilberforce's brother Tony.

"Meet Liz," said Lorna gaily. "She's writing a book too."

Tony, I thought, looked depressed.

I sat next him at lunch, which was wonderful—eggs in little pots, and casserole, and the most beautiful ice cream. On my other side was a terribly handsome young man. As Tony talked all the time to the girl on his other side, a lovely blonde, I had to talk to the other young man.

"I'm afraid you have got rather a dull partner," I told him, "because I do not lunch out much."

He narrowed his eyes and looked at me. He had rather long hair which he kept sweeping back with his hand.

"I'm shy," I said, "and I don't get asked."

"You don't make the most of yourself," he said. "You are beautiful in a contemporary fashion. The rather wide mouth and wide-spaced eyes. And all the right proportions."

I said, astonished, "Me?"

"That hairdo of course does nothing for you. All those ragged ends. Terrible. You should sweep it back and brush it till it shines. Then tie it back very neat and sleek. A pony tail if you have to, but personally I would prefer a bun."

"Are you . . . a hairdresser?"

He laughed very loud. "No. I'm an artist. I am painting Mrs. Chessington's portrait, but I could do a much better one of you. Use a



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little eye shadow and a good strong lipstick. Emphasize good points and forget the rest."

"Uncle Jack would have a fit!"

"Nonsense. He will never notice. Your uncle is a solicitor. He will have other matters on his mind. I hope we shall meet again."

"Oh, I don't think we shall," I said. "I only got asked here today to give a lift to the Wilberforces. They haven't a car."

"Splendid—that solves my problem. Lunch with me at my studio next Thursday. It's the windmill up on the hill. And bring the Wilberforces, who are coming also."

Just before the end of lunch Tony turned and said I had been neglecting him. He asked about my book and what it was about, so I said, "Love."

He grinned and said, "Fine. Something you know nothing whatever about, so it will have a fresh and enchanting charm all its own."

"You are quite wrong saying I know nothing about it," I told him. For some reason, perhaps because we were both writers, I wasn't shy with him. "I have been in love with someone or other ever since I was fourteen."

He looked startled.

"It started," I told him, "with a sheep and went on to various sorts of people."

He said solemnly, "I shall certainly buy your book, if you'll promise to buy mine."

"What is yours about?" I asked him.

"The secrets of outer space," he said.

"So that's why you are rather gloomy," I said, sorry for him. It sounded a subject bound not to sell very well.

"Am I gloomy?"

"You aren't as cheerful as your brother."

"No one is as cheerful as my brother, but then I haven't had his advantages. I am not married to Lorna. And I never got stabbed in the middle by a *panga*."

I said, "Lorna is the most wonderful person I have ever met."

Everybody else thought so too. That was what started me off on my successful social life. Everybody wanted Lorna and the ma at their parties. I had to buy an engagem book and jot down dates. I got asked to to dinners and lunches, and cocktail part mostly by telephone, and it always ended same way:

"Would you mind picking up the Wilt forces?"

It was the most wonderful summer I e had.

I did what Graham Prince told me to bought some lipstick, and brushed my h back and really, once I got used to the sho I had to admit I did not look any worse.

"When I've finished Mrs. Chessington, going to paint you," Graham told me.

His lunch party was wonderful. We smoked salmon—I thought at first it was tasting a bit fishy—and then we had bi meat and mushrooms and things stuck skewers and grilled, and then we had cream. I tried the meat on skewers on U Jack next day, but he said, "No, thank y None of this fancywork for me. I like to what I'm eating," which explains why Eng cooking is so dull.

One day Uncle Jack said suddenly at bre fast, "I like that chap Tony. He's a good low. Moreover, I hear he's one of our n brilliant scientists. Pity that blond wor Mrs. Babbington is making such a dead at him."

I had noticed that she had taken to con along with us quite a bit, but it hadn't str me until that moment just why it might b

"If he knows so much about avoiding c stellations in outer space," I said, "he surely be able to avoid Mrs. Babbington i does not want her."

Uncle Jack said morosely, "Widows artful, and men are fools." And as he solicitor I expect he knows. He looked at over his paper. "You need some new clot Liz. Here, take this, and buy yourself so thing pretty and not too serviceable." seemed about to say more, but changed mind, and gave me twenty pounds and parted. Up till that time I don't think I ever had twenty shillings that wasn't hea earmarked for something absolutely essen

Graham rang me next morning. "W about dine and dance at the Golden H phin?"

It was the most glamorous place we and I said I'd love to. "And what time sh pick up the Wilberforces?"

"You won't," he said. "It's thee and r

I knew I ought to have felt more ple than I did, but I had got so used to g everywhere with the Wilberforces that I lost without them, even if it had to be Babbington too. Also, I hadn't had tim shop and it meant going in my one s cotton frock with roses on it.

Everyone else at the Golden Dolphin in the most glamorous evening dress, and first person I saw was Tony Wilberforce corner table with carnations on it, with Babbington, and she took one of the ca tions and stuck it in his buttonhole. seemed to me a good idea, so I did the s for Graham and he was so pleased.

The dinner was beautiful. I had soup, something or other, and an ice, and ther danced. I wished I could do it like Mrs. bington. She simply floated round the r in Tony's arms, whereas Graham and I more like people going from one plac another on steppingstones. I wondered they had managed to get there without give them a lift, and why Lorna and the m hadn't come too.

Graham said, "Let's go. It's a lovely n I'll tool you round a bit."

Well, me being the sort of dancer I a was not surprised. He put down the to his car, and we drove through the lanes i moonlight, which was nice, but then, denly, he stopped.

I said, "Is it a puncture?"

He said "No" and switched off the en Then he pulled undone the ribbon that tied back my pony tail so that my hair tumbling down everywhere. "I never understand why you women want to like the wrong end of a horse," he said, he put an arm round me and kissed me.



Suits shown, 55% "Dacron" polyester fiber, 45% worsted wool.

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DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

AIRANSUN [illegible] Left: muted glen plaid in traditional [illegible] Bros. Co., The J. L. Hudson Co., J. W. Robinson Co., Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, R. H. Stearns, The Union Co., Woodward & Lothrop.

I thought at first I would simply pretend it asn't happening, but presently I had to reathe, which was difficult, with his face ashed against mine, so I wriggled, which aparently wasn't the thing to do, but finally I ushed him away.

"Really," I said.

But instead of being put in his place, he me at me again. This time I turned enough o I could still breathe out of one side of my se. I made up my mind then and there to k him to take me home at once, which ring the next breather I did, but he only ughed, hoarsely I thought, and pulled me to m again and began fumbling with what I ought was the top button of his shirt but hich turned out to be the top button of ine.

I did not know I was going to smack his ce till I heard the *wham*. He caught my two nds then and held them, and laughed softly.

"Don't be a silly little mutt. You're writing book about love—well, it's high time you arned something about it."

"I want to go home," I said.

"Do you want to drive a man mad?"

I said no, I only wanted to drive him off. He felt for a cigarette and I took advantage that free moment to jump and run for it. I eard him fumbling round among the bushes oking for me, and mercifully the moon was n my side for a moment and went indoors ehind a cloud.

"Come out. I'll take you home, damn you."

But I wasn't risking anything. I waited till e door slammed and he drove off and even en I went cannily, for fear he was lurking. was not far back to the village, but in highheeled shoes it seemed farther than it was, and

I think we may safely trust a good deal more than we do. THOREAU

suddenly wanted to cry. It had been a astly evening from start to finish.

When a car drove up and stopped so did my art. I was about to run when a man called y name, and I found it was Tony Wilberrce. The relief was so awful I did begin cry.

"What the ——" he said, and jumped out d came round to me. "What on earth are u doing out alone at this time of night?"

"Never mind," I gulped. "I want to go me."

"Home you shall go." He gave me one long k and packed me in the front seat. "There's nankie in my left pocket if you need one. dn't you have a nice party?"

I said, "No. I had a beastly party. I don't e going to places without the Wilberforces."

He said gloomily, "I had a beastly party ."

"He wanted to teach me about love," I said, d it came out with one of those awful snorts t sometimes get the better of one, "and I n't want to learn."

"Good for you," he said. "Stick to the lberforces."

I nodded. "I will."

I quite forgot to ask him what he had done h Mrs. Babbington. Perhaps he had offered each her about love, and somewhere in the l moonlight she, too, was walking home.

Graham let his windmill rather suddenly, way artists do things, to a man who ted to learn the bagpipes and felt he had do it far from home. Lorna and Major berforce now had an enormous circle of nds stretching over two counties, for everyone who met them thought they must meet n again. I did not expect to get asked to thing while they were away staying with na's mother in Chester, but I found I was usy as ever, because Tony had remained nd, and was always needing a lift.

We were passing Graham's windmill one on our way back from a positively smashlunch—oysters, and something done in y, and ice cream—and I said thankfully: sn't it nice that he doesn't live there any er?"

"At one time I thought you liked him. I thought he was your serious beau."

"I'd never seen him before that first lunch party I drove you all to, though of course I am grateful to him for telling me about lipstick and how to do my hair. Nobody ever looked at me twice before that."

"I looked at you. That first day when I asked you the way to the cottage. You were gardening. Clay on your nose and your hair hanging over your eyes like a darling little Shetland pony. Do you know what I said to myself?"

I didn't, though I could think of several things he might have said and hoped he hadn't. No girl looks her best gardening in clay soil.

"I said, 'That's my girl.' I fell in love with you there and then, but you seemed so young—and I'm so much older and rather a dry stick, but I am sure I could do as well as that sheep. Oh, Liz, darling, are you too young?"

"No," I said and it seemed to me to come out very loud.

"Let's write a book together, instead of two separate ones. I shall never write a love story if you don't help me, but if you will—who knows?—I might even get a bit of romance into outer space."

And then he said, "Darling, darling," and kissed me, and I made the truly remarkable discovery that one man's meat is another man's poison, because when Graham did it I hated it, but with Tony it was quite the contrary.

After that our conversation became completely disjointed. I remember saying suddenly, "What did you do with Mrs. Babbington?" and he said, "I haven't a clue what happened to her, have you? I don't know—maybe she went to Jamaica." And I remember saying, "Oh, I am glad the Wilberforces didn't have a car," but I don't think he ever did have any idea what I meant. END

LA REVOLUTION DE L'AUTOMOBILE *or, how more and more Americans have made their driving fun again.*

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La Situation Today: you've been reading about the great changes in the automobile picture. Well... go compare, see, check. Feature for feature. Dollar for dollar. Then come back and see once more the car that helped bring it all about. (See too, the jazzy Caravelle convertible.) The automobile revolution... she is here.....Allons Citoyens!

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THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN OBSTETRICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Here is the way this ideal begins to look. **It is a system, first of all, that should be flexible enough to be adjusted to the individual needs of the individual mother.**

Its pervasive spirit should be cheerful and sympathetic—and this is more important, by far, than any specific detail.

But, speaking specifically, the ideal certainly includes prematernity classes for both prospective mothers and fathers.

There is no sensible reason why modern young Americans should approach childbirth with any of the fear that ignorance invariably breeds.

As it has worked out at Yale, for instance, two separate courses are given. One, for mothers alone, consists of five weekly daytime classes in such matters as muscle-control and relaxation techniques to make delivery easier; plus a guided tour of the maternity floor of Grace-New Haven Hospital, including the delivery room; plus special classes, for those interested, in breast feeding and in baby care.

The second course, for wives and husbands together, is given in the evening, on four consecutive Wednesday nights. Two talks are by obstetricians, one by a pediatrician and one by a psychiatrist. The parents-to-be learn in considerable detail about human reproduction, childbirth, the newborn, and the intriguing subject of parenthood in the large. The couples who have attended (usually from twenty to thirty at a time) have been wonderfully eager and receptive, and a pleasure to teach. They are hungry for accurate, detailed information. They want to know just about everything we teachers have to tell them—as, indeed, they are entitled to.

As a result, by the time she goes into labor a mother has learned how she can help herself, and just what she can expect in the way of help from those of us who are attending her. "Support" is the word we use to describe what her doctor, her nurses and her husband can do to assist. It covers many things. As one of our nurses once described it, "Support can be warming a cold bedpan, or bringing a cup of tea. It can be helping a mother use the things she has learned in class. It may be difficult to define, exactly, but we nurses can *feel* how much it helps." The idea that every mother should be provided with all possible support during labor—and psychological support, especially—is of the utmost importance.

Each mother should have a private labor room throughout the period of her labor. Her husband shou'd be allowed to stay with her, if she wishes, right up to the moment she goes to the delivery room. Psychologically speaking, the old-fashioned general labor room has been an abomination—a horror in the memories of many mothers. Grace-New Haven's private labor rooms are small but attractive. There are curtains at the windows. There is an easy chair, right beside the bed, for the husband.

It is amazing how much good prematernity instruction and good support are able to achieve. The delivery-room equipment holds no terrors for mothers who have been on our guided tour. It's a familiar place. They have been shown all around it, and they understand what everything is for.

As in every other detail, the Yale program is permissive about pain-relieving drugs and anesthetics. The mother can have exactly what she'd like—within the limits of good medicine, of course. On the other hand, since she is well informed about the advantages of using a minimum of such aid, her preference is likely to be sensible.

Time and time again, the mothers who have participated in the program have required nothing more than the local anesthetic usually used at the time of the actual birth. Most of our mothers, entirely by their own preference, have been completely conscious at the time of delivery.

Not only have they been aware of what was happening, but they have co-operated in the process. Though we have no scale on which the psychological advantage of this can be measured, we know it is very great.

Grace-New Haven's regulations allow the mother, if she feels like it, to come out of the delivery room holding her baby in her arms. She can be wheeled back into her private labor room, and there she and her husband may

AT THE STATION

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

You lingered, smiled, pulled on a glove,
And oh, the clock was creeping!
Too late, I thought, to mention love;
Too early yet for weeping.

And so I smiled as quick as you,
Nor turned my cool eyes down,
But wished you well in all you do,
In any distant town.

Now you are gone, the moment past,
I learn through tears denied
Love may be spoken till the last . . .
It was too late for pride.



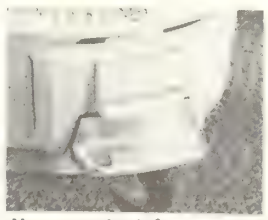
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No other cleaner gives you all these extra work-savers!



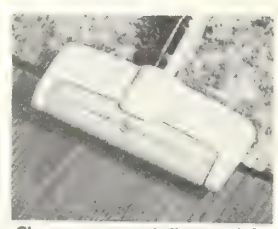
Easy to maneuver. New "Steer-Easy" Wheel lets your cleaner follow you at the slightest pull . . . steers easily around furniture and other obstacles without bumping or scratching. Rolls easily over thresholds.



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Try the General Electric Cord Reel Cleaner at your dealer's. Model C-7 in Glade Green and Chrome complete with de luxe set of attachments. Now, at your dealer's, a complete floor-care center: canister cleaners—upright cleaner, floor polishers. Vacuum Cleaner Dept., General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

have about an hour alone together with their newborn. They are completely uninhibited about handling the baby—and spared a long, sometimes anxious wait to inspect the new arrival.

We believe that a mother should be able to have her baby by her side, during her waking hours, just as much as she likes. In other words, the ideal includes the "rooming-in plan," an arrangement that allows the mother and her baby to be cared for within one small unit of hospital space, and prevents their ever being separated by more than the few feet between her bed and a very small nursery in the adjoining room. Most mothers are unhappy at the thought of their babies off somewhere, down the hall, in a twenty- or thirty-bed general nursery.

Rooming-in has a host of other advantages. It gives the mother a chance to watch the nurse taking care of the baby—an extension course added to her prematernity classwork. It permits her, when she feels up to it, to practice under the nurse's supervision. It even provides an opportunity for the father, properly scrubbed and masked, to hold his child without feeling that he is throwing the entire hospital out of gear. And rooming-in is especially well suited to breast feeding when the mother has decided that she wants to nurse her baby—a matter, once again, for individual choice.

I think that every community should feel dissatisfied with itself until it can at least match what has been achieved at New Haven. The Preparation for Childbirth Program has been a remarkable success. The statistical proofs of its validity have been recorded, at considerable length, in the various medical journals. But its truest value cannot be counted up, or be expressed in percentages. That ultimate proof is the personal satisfactions of the many mothers and fathers who have taken part in it.

No one is more familiar than I with the long list of excuses used to defend an out-of-date, inadequate maternity hospital. Remodeling of facilities, along the lines I've indicated, is indeed a large undertaking.

But modernization is less difficult now than it was a dozen years ago, if only because Yale, among other institutions, has explored these ideas. A great many minds have contributed to the methods I've discussed. It was Dr. J.W. Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, who, as long ago as 1906, suggested prematernity classes in which "mothercraft"—a delightful word!—could be taught.

Dr. Edmund Jacobson, of Chicago, wrote the pioneer book, Progressive Relaxation, published in 1929, which inspired the late Dr. Grantly Dick-Read, of London, and the English physiotherapist, Mrs. Helen Heardman, to apply Dr. Jacobson's principles to obstetrics. Mrs. Heardman served as a volunteer worker in the Yale Obstetrical Clinic, and it was after she had demonstrated her methods in our delivery rooms that the program began. That was in 1947. The Yale Medical Center and the Maternity Center Association of New York were the co-sponsors.

I do not suggest that any community should copy the Yale program exactly, down to its last detail. Lots of good work along these same lines is being done elsewhere. I am particularly interested in the progress other countries are making, especially England, France, Japan and Russia. But I do like to think that the Preparation for Childbirth Program can serve as a standard—a measuring rod, if you prefer—that will be useful until it has been improved upon.

All the excuses for not doing at least this well are, in my opinion, inadequate. The main requirement—an exceptional degree of elasticity in the maternity hospital's routines—calls for a good many additional skilled hands. The shortage of such capable, trained persons may be more of a stumbling block than the perennial scarcity of money for additional salaries and to build hospital rooming-in facilities. (The nation is considerably short of the number of obstetricians needed to deliver this year's expected crop of more than five million babies.) But, in the long run, the manpower problem has a solution: trained women.

The Yale program has depended upon a remarkable group of nurse-midwives—trained nurses who have taken graduate instruction in midwifery. They have assisted in every phase of the work, with one exception. They have not delivered any babies. (Although, had there ever been an emergency, they could have done so perfectly well.) The Yale School of Nursing now gives a course in nurse-midwifery. Despite that term's misleadingly old-fashioned sound, nurse-midwives and obstetrical nurses are destined to become infinitely more important in the scheme of obstetrical practice. Their hands, as well as their hearts, will make great improvements possible.

I foresee the enlargement of this country's schools for training such women. I have no doubt that careers in obstetrical nursing, with its multitude of extraordinary satisfactions, are likely to become more and more appealing to the graduates of our nursing schools.

We have a long way to go. I am impatient with what sometimes strikes me as inexcusable complacence about our standards of maternal care. At the same time, I find myself truly optimistic.

We already have had a glimpse of what having a baby should be like. I count on my fellow obstetricians, co-operating with the parents of the United States, to insist that this view of an ideal be translated into the commonplace reality. END

Under Dr. Herbert Thoms' guidance, Yale University and the Maternity Center Association, beginning in 1947, sponsored a two-year study of natural-childbirth methods. Yale's Preparation for Childbirth Program and the School of Nursing's graduate program for nurse-midwives have followed. Dr. Thoms is Professor Emeritus and former Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Yale University School of Medicine, and is the author of many books and articles, among them Understanding Natural Childbirth (*McGraw-Hill, 1950*) *and the forthcoming* Our Obstetrical Heritage: The Story of Safe Childbirth (*The Shoe String Press, Inc., Hamden, Conn.*).



Good hot Quaker Oats for breakfast
—because you love them so much!



NEW IDEA! Children love variety. Tomorrow, try blending syrup into your oatmeal while it cooks. (¾ cup syrup per 4 to 6 oatmeal servings.) Delicious!

Piping hot Quaker Oats is the breakfast that gives your family all that wonderful *oatmeal* protein. Oatmeal is unequalled among all leading whole-grain cereals in protein, vitamin B_1, food-iron and food-energy.

What wonderful benefits for your family when you give them delicious Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats, the same fine oatmeal.



BEST START FOR ANY DAY:
a hug, a kiss
and a hot oatmeal
breakfast!

DOCTORS CAN'T DO IT ALONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Labor-room practices are coming in for the heaviest criticism of all. A mother's need for psychological support—for even simple companionship during labor—is now accepted so generally that it is no longer a fighting issue in the medical journals. Gradually the practice of allowing husbands to be with their wives during labor (provided the couple wish it) is growing, endorsed by both doctors and enthusiastic mothers. Still, the inertia of many hospital administrations and medical staffs, plus the expense of redesigning labor rooms, makes it often "routine" for husbands to be barred.

Most husbands, however, even if present, are not medical doctors. The responsibility for the safety of mother and child during labor—for recognizing the signs of a baby-*in-utero*'s being in distress—rests with the physician. It does not even rest with the labor-room nurse, who typically has several patients under her care and is not trained in the skills and techniques necessary to spot abnormalities early, or even to do the best possible job of following normal labor. If she picks up these skills through long years of experience, she is still technically forbidden to use them. This is not true around the world. Only in the United States and Canada does the physician assume exclusive responsibility for the progress of a normal maternity patient. According to our standard hospital regulations, there is only one rule when an emergency arises in the labor room: Call the doctor.

Yet the doctor may be twenty minutes or more away. Obstetrical leadership is admitting with greater and greater candor that it has become physically impossible for most doctors to be in attendance during the long hours of labor. The director of obstetrics of a great medical school told a medical congress (in words that cannot be quoted directly, because he feels "the layman" might "misunderstand" his clear and understandable words) that "in all honesty we *must* admit" that most obstetrics in this country is what he ironically called "perineal" obstetrics. This he described as the arrival of the obstetrician at about the time the baby's head first shows, just as the mother is being taken into the delivery room. He delivers baby and placenta, changes into street clothes, looks in once more on mother and baby, and goes home, leaving the patient to the care of "whomever was taking care of her before he got there." He added, "It certainly isn't the general practitioner's fault. He's got all he can do—and more."

Almost every doctor who delivers babies in anything smaller than a large metropolitan hospital will admit in private that he relies until he gets there on the experience and common sense of the nurses on duty in the labor room. Often he relies on the nurses to tell him *when* to get there. Yet the chief of staff of a small hospital who besought his hospital-accreditation committee for permission for his nurses to do sterile vaginal examinations (the most accurate way to gauge how far along a baby is) reported that his petition was denied, and as a result mothers were having their babies in bed. It is a credit to our nurses and to many hard-working doctors that our system works as well as it does, but the possibility exists for the system to break down, and there are times when it does. Wrote one doctor in a sympathetic paper addressed to nurses, "Who manages the first stage of labor in the great majority of hospitals? Is it not the nurse? If this be true, should not the nurse receive special training for that function? In our small rural hospitals, without house staff, who performs the deliveries? Most of them, it is true, are performed by doctors, mostly general practitioners. However, I have evidence (which I cannot, however, document or prove) that in such hospitals as many as 20 per cent of the deliveries are performed not by doctors, nor by midwives, nor by graduate nurses, but by practical nurses or aides. Doctors, of course, ultimately sign the birth certificates, so that our national statistics indicate that all hospital births are attended by doctors. But in respect to the small rural hospitals, I am certain that these statistics are misleading."

As for the delivery room, wise doctors are conceding that, even with the recent advances in anesthetic procedure, there is still a way to go to the ideal. Mothers have been so enthusiastic about being conscious during deliveries that more and more doctors and hospitals are making this possible for those who wish it, using whiffs of gas or the "saddle block" (spinal anesthesia). Yet one great teaching doctor reminded an assembly of specialists that saddle-block anesthesia is still a "major anesthetic procedure," enabling doctors to use the short cut of routine forceps delivery. Delivering a child while still conscious under anesthesia is not the same as natural childbirth, and only a very few doctors and medical centers are making continuous efforts to encourage natural childbirth among their maternity patients. Yet the doctor above pointed out, "Left to herself, the average patient reveals a remarkable propensity for spontaneous delivery. Experience with a variety of races and individuals indicates that approximately 85 per cent are subjects for physiologic or normal childbirth. To the observing eye, nothing seems too wrong with Nature's mechanism of birth."

The one thing that natural childbirth takes is time—time to prepare the mother with prenatal classes, someone's uninterrupted time to give her confidence and support during labor, time for the birth process itself, unhurried by instruments. Not enough doctors and hospital staffs have such time. The use of forceps is so routine to this day that the Joint Commission for the Accreditation of Hospitals sets no standards of justification at all, as they do, for example, for Caesarean sections. Yet the teaching doctor reminded his listeners that nothing in medical literature to date has proved that low-forceps deliveries are safer than properly attended spontaneous deliveries with carefully controlled analgesia. As he put it, admitting that his remarks were controversial, even "unacceptable" to some doctors, "It is a vanity of man to assume that he can beneficially alter the course of normally progressing labor. . . . Thus far in the entire history of the human race no one has been able to improve on, or safely and permanently substitute for, the physiologic mechanisms of the human body."

These are some of the things doctors are saying to one another. Others are calling for more rooming-in facilities for babies in hospitals, better follow-up care for mother and child at home. Every suggestion comes down to a need for more skilled hands with more time to give. Yet the doctors' most urgent words of all are those reminding the profession that the hands threaten to become fewer, not more numerous. "The greatest problem which maternity care will face in the next decade," wrote one well-known doctor, "is personnel. . . . In the last thirty years the output of physicians has merely kept pace with the growth in population. Meantime, the demands for medical services have soared."

In 1957 four million babies were born under the management of already overburdened physicians; five million babies annually are predicted by 1965, six million by 1970. At the most recent meeting of the American Association of Obstetrics and Gynecology, one doctor expressed real fears that this 50-per-cent increase will be "beyond the ability of our physician population to cope with," for the estimated increase in physicians, judging by present enrollments, will be by the same year only 14 per cent. Any increase in those delivering babies will be entirely among general practitioners, for the number of obstetrical specialists is already showing a decline, as fewer and fewer men are attracted to so arduous a field of specialization. Over the last six years the number of such specialists certified annually has dropped 30 per cent. A doctor who has been in the forefront of those sounding warnings has written, "Those of us who have given our lives to obstetrics and who list it high on the roster of essential medical services will admit with reluctance that it is not a popular specialty. But this is the truth."

Is there any answer to this growing problem of personnel? A handful of doctors, most of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAYS:

We should be too big to take offense and too noble to give it.

It has been my experience that folks who have no vices have very few virtues.

Tact is the ability to describe others as they see themselves.

He has the right to criticize who has the heart to help.

A government had better go to the extreme of toleration than do aught that could be construed into an interference with the common rights of the citizen.



"Just wait till I get my Tonette!"

You'll see. Tomorrow I'll have curls . . . the Tonette kind. Soft. Like when you touch a kitty. Shiny, too. And Tonette's over fast. That's good . . . 'cause I get wiggly when I sit. If you have a little girl like me . . . why not give her a Tonette! I know you'll make her real happy.

NOTE TO MOTHER: TONETTE ... Tou... permanent for very young hair. The... trainer ... Just squeeze right on from the ... bottle. Can't dribble down her face or neck.



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FAMILY ROOM



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

them connected with teaching centers, believe they have found one in proposing that specially trained obstetrical nurses take over some of the duties that now burden obstetricians. Most Americans are unaware that trained midwives, working under medical direction, are a commonplace in every Western country except our own and Canada; these women perform many of the duties surrounding childbirth that our physicians hold only themselves responsible for. These duties include prenatal education, many of the routine prenatal examinations, psychological support, and constant, expert care during labor. In many countries midwives actually conduct normal deliveries. There is already a nucleus of such women in the United States, calling themselves nurse-midwives. The high standards already set for them include a nursing degree, postgraduate experience and as much as a year and a half of theoretical and clinical experience in obstetrics.

Yet because they are a new feature in American medicine, their growth in numbers has been slow. Doctors who remember the long medical struggle against the horrors of much old-fashioned midwifery regard them with suspicion, although a doctor who has helped train them has pointed out that the vast difference between an old-time midwife and today's trained nurse-midwife is "greater than that between a first-year medical student and a Board-certified specialist." Then, too, many doctors are extremely wary of sharing any of their medical skills. The trained nurse-midwife, it is true, has the competence to impinge on medical territory; her value is precisely that she is equipped to find emergencies and act upon them if necessary. One doctor entered into the debate on nurse-midwives, in a medical journal, to state angrily that a busy obstetrician should hire as his assistant *never* a nurse-midwife, but a younger obstetrician. This was his solution to the doctor shortage!

So great has been the medical resistance to nurse-midwives that it has been difficult to find hospitals willing to co-operate in training them. The number of accredited general hospitals providing clinical experience for student nurse-midwives can be counted on the fingers of one hand (with fingers to spare)—yet these hospitals are among the finest and most distinguished in the land, all teaching centers headed by farsighted obstetrical directors. Those doctors who have actually worked with nurse-midwives have sung their praises in medical journals. Wrote one, "I would rather see a medical student witness his first normal labor and delivery under the management of a well-trained nurse-midwife than under that of a verdant intern in the first part of his hospital training. I would be assured that the student would be impressed with the perfection of her experience and the confidence and dignity which she would bring to the occasion."

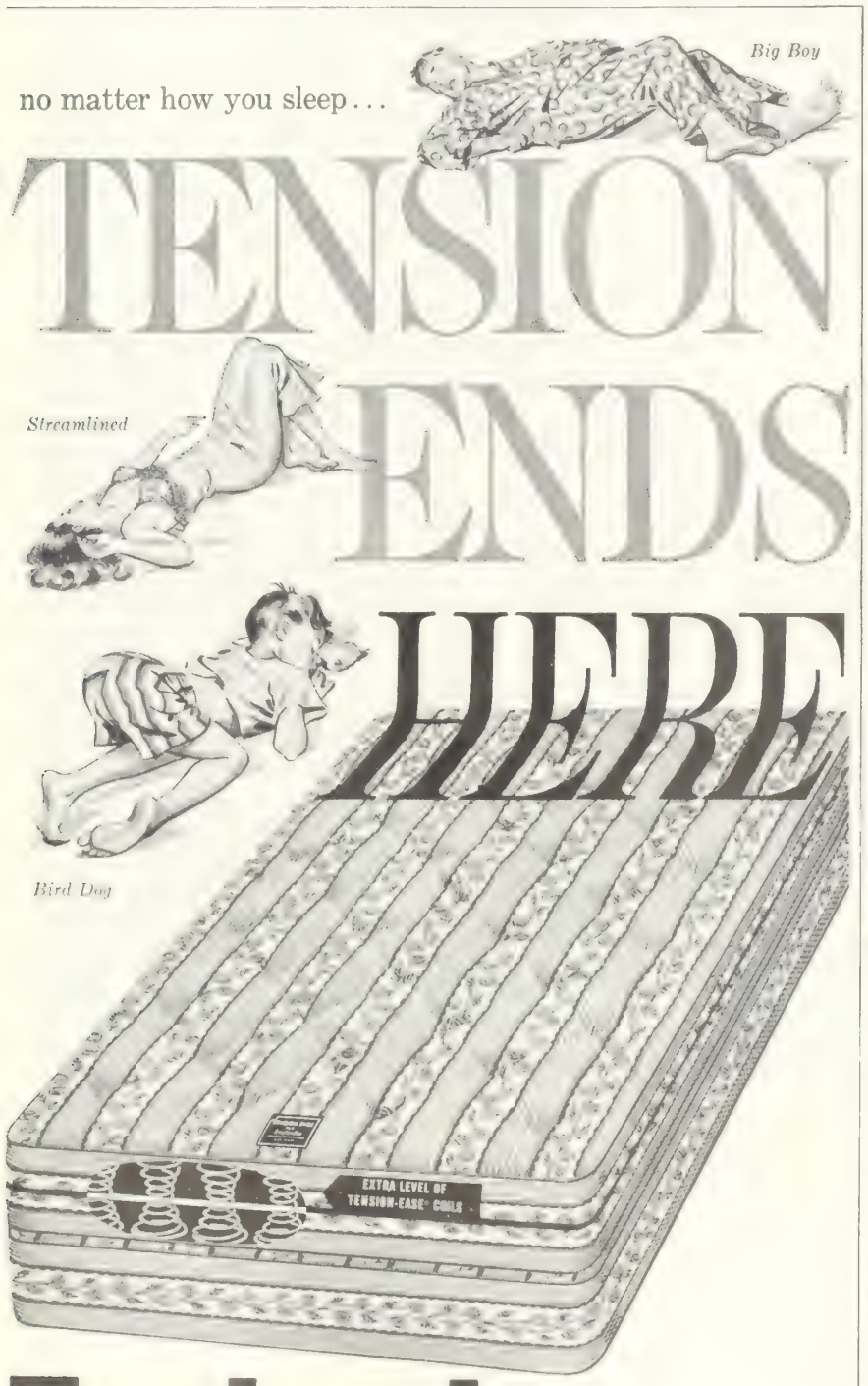
Yet it is a fact that, except for these teaching hospitals, not a single orthodox voluntary hospital in this country has a place for a nurse-midwife as such on its staff. Many American nurse-midwives seek posts abroad, where they are sought after as teachers, supervisors and administrators, and do much to further good maternal care. But the ranks of doctors who advocate training enough nurse-midwives to use in direct patient care are growing only very slowly. Such women would not practice independently, say these doctors, they would not do deliveries (except in emergencies), they would work under medical direction at all times. But they would be the extra hands needed to improve the quality and thoroughness of prenatal care, provide truly expert assistance during labor (support during labor is the cornerstone of nurse-midwifery), bring to new mothers the warm hearts, the extra time, the regard for emotional well-being that they so need.

Last year members of the American Association of Obstetrics and Gynecology heard their president say, "I have known . . . men who delivered between 50 and 100 women each month throughout the year. Instead of sympathizing with the 'dear overworked doctor' I am appalled at the harm he does to obstetrics in general. . . . I don't believe that any physician can give adequate maternity care to more than 200 women a year. Multiply 200 by ten or twelve prenatal office visits by the number of hours required to attend each woman in labor and by the necessary puerperal care, and the truth of this statement becomes crystal clear."

The medical profession is one of the most honored in America, and rightly so. It has continually set itself ever-higher standards of care. The doctors' quotes cited above, although intended for professional colleagues and not for the public, are proof that medical leaders today do not intend to see these standards lowered. Eventually the profession will respond and meet the challenge, as it has always done. But it must have an enlightened public, and the help of the women in the nursing profession, to do so. Is it not time to start preparing them now? END

"Mother" is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.

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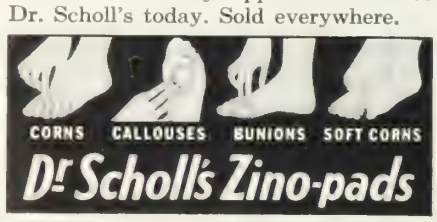


Not just a plain pad, but a scientifically designed, tailored, soothing, thin, softly cushioned application.

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STOPS ITCH—RELIEVES PAIN

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In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

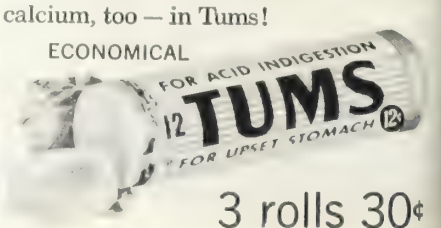
Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters – money back guarantee.

HAVing a BAby?

Happy days! And you can keep them that way with Tums. Keep Tums handy to relieve heartburn and acid indigestion. There's extra comfort – extra calcium, too – in Tums!



TELEVISION, RADIO, COMICS AND MOVIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

at their own children have been exposed to a od deal of storied villainy without changing aracter.

A child acquires his basic standards from s parents. If they are decent people and love m, he loves them deeply, too, and patterns mself after them. In this way he acquires a nscience which will not let him get into seri- s trouble later.

To be sure, a child's standards are affected a lesser degree by a variety of other influ- ces, as he grows gradually away from his rly dependence on parents: the attitudes of hool and Sunday-school teachers, of his assmates, his friends, and friends' parents. can still remember, as a strictly brought up ild, being quite impressed at eight or ten by me of the things that parents of my friends rmitted.) But even an adolescent's standards e not markedly changed by his contempo- ries' (though his urge to conform to them is eat at this age), because he instinctively lim- his friends to those brought up much like mself.

It has often been pointed out, as a reason r not worrying too much about the effects of olence in television programs and comic ooks, that children of earlier generations lis- ned to fairy tales that were every bit as cruel. m not sure, though, that a couple of hours of ese fairy stories *every* night of the week ould have been harmless for young children. nsitive individuals certainly got nightmares om them.

Most important, perhaps, is the fact that a ory read by your mother had a different im- ct from that which comes from seeing live ople apparently involved in brutality, night er night. During storytelling, the pictures u formed in your imagination were pretty ll limited by your experiences. Your moth- s voice and explanations were a constant re- urance that this was make-believe. Her com- nts reminded you that she and you abhorred acts of the villains. On the television screen prevalence of real-looking cruelty must give child the impression that it is widespread, l that it is taken for granted in the outside rld. A nursery-school teacher recently told that since the advent of a popular program ich is loaded with slapstick violence, the ldren have been casually bopping one an- er with great frequency. When she objects, y explain that this is the way it's done on program. So, though I don't for a minute im that good children are being turned into l by such a diet, I think that it may lower ir standards somewhat, and give them a r impression of humanity.

he attitude the parents take in regard to ious programs and comics will make some erence in the effect these will have on a d's own ideals. If the parents are keeping k of what is being viewed, and show their cern by ruling out certain programs and ps, the child will be reminded of what dards he is expected to have, even if he tinues to peek at them. If the parents show disapproval, he will feel none either.

is true that psychologists and doctors luding myself) have been pointing out for s that even the best of children have ag- sive feelings in them which can find healthy ression in playing games of mock violence, hearing stories and seeing shows that in- ve a certain amount and kind of hostility. question of what amount and what kind portant. A cartoon of a mouse punching on in the snoot makes children chuckle satisfaction. A little fellow is getting back big bully. But a man's real face being ered by the fist of a snarling criminal is e a different dose to swallow.

lot of parents have been dissatisfied with e of the programs their children are view- But every time they've tried to rule out a in one, or to put a limit on the total view- time per day, their children have argued gnantly: It's the best program of all; all friends are allowed to see it; the other kids can watch as much as they want to; why do their parents have to be the only mean ones? Strong-minded mothers and fathers are able to stand up to this kind of pressure and make their rules stick. Others have wilted under the heat of their children's reproaches. They've given in right away; or they've relaxed their vigilance after a couple of nights, half suspected that the forbidden program was being viewed again, but done nothing about it. They've had the same uncertainty about how strict to be about comic books and movie shows. I think all this illustrates the point that parents have relatively little trouble laying down the law in matters about which there were definite rules in their own childhoods: bedtime, table manners, lies, bad language. But when new activities for children develop—like television, or car driving in adolescence—parents have no traditions or convictions to guide them. They get conflicting reports about what other parents are doing. They have opinions, but they don't feel sure. They try to make reasonable rules. Then when their children protest violently, the parents vacillate. The children sense the parents' uncertainty and redouble their arguments.

Parents' confidence in their ability to make correct rules has been lowered by other developments of this century too. There has been the entrance into the child-rearing field of the psychologists, psychiatrists, educators, pediatricians, who have written and lectured about the needs and the problems of children. The unfortunate effect on some parents—especially the most conscientious ones—has been to make them conclude that parents are just as apt to do wrong as right.

Another unsettling factor has been the rapid rise in the standard of living of so many families, especially since the end of the war. We think of this as fortunate, and in most ways it is. On the other hand, the histories of many lands show that when the circumstances of life change suddenly it disturbs the stability



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Many things keep baby's appetite bright: lots of sweet sleep and sparkling air—gentle exercise and a tasty bill of fare. To keep baby's menus inviting, Gerber constantly develops new, flavorful foods. The newest offerings are just about the tastiest things that could happen to a hungry baby.



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Gerber Strained Bananas with Pineapple. Creamy-smooth, fully ripe bananas, flavor-flicked with mellow pineapple—that's the luscious sum and substance of this wonderful Gerber Fruit duet. Downright dreamy as a dessert, scrumptious as a snack. And it comes in a junior texture for older tots, too.



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new!

Gerber Strained and Junior Ham with Vegetables. This newest Gerber High Meat Dinner blends heaps of tender, juicy ham with selected garden vegetables for flavor and nutritional benefits galore. Protein for growth. Iron for rose-in-bloom cheeks. Niacin, the important B-vitamin, for general well being. Serve as baby's "main dish"—add some Gerber Creamed Spinach and top the meal off with the new Gerber Bananas with Pineapple. There's an appetite brightener for you!



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BABY FOODS

of the family and weakens parental discipline. And, strangely enough, unusual prosperity is more upsetting than depression or even war. It's apt to produce increases, for instance, in delinquency, crime and suicide. When parents can provide their child with an environment quite different from that in which they themselves grew up, they have fewer reliable guideposts to go by. They have to grope for more of the answers.

Since the beginnings of children's movies, radio and television, doctors have heard from mothers about the problems of the unusually sensitive small boys and girls who are frightened by what they hear or see. They cry, or they're afraid to go to bed, or they have nightmares. A few of these children have enough sense to refuse to have anything more to do with such programs. Unfortunately, a majority of them, being as illogical as other human beings, keep going back for more of the stuff they can't stand. Clearly it's up to the parents to be more sensible than their small fry, and see to it that no more harm is done.

The fact should be faced that a good proportion of children under six years of age fall into the sensitive category. I say this from personal experience years ago in taking my own and other young children, on a very few occasions, to movie houses that were showing cartoons just for children. Adults and older children were laughing happily, but a lot of the young ones were cringing. We have to be reminded by such episodes that wild animals and cruel stepmothers in cartoons are as horrible to three- and four-year-olds as real ones would be.

So far I've been discussing the effects of violence and frightfulness. This leaves the problem of sex. It comes up more commonly nowadays in regard to movies. I realized this recently when we went to a neighborhood theater to see one foreign picture and were given a bonus of a sneak preview of another. The first was excellent. But the second would never have passed a board of review and was so crude—by American taste—that there was a lot of embarrassed giggling in the audience.

All children seek knowledge of the facts of life, not just on a few occasions but bit by bit at each succeeding stage of development. They come to their parents if the parents make this easy. In any case, they ask questions or pick up ideas from older brothers and sisters and from friends. They learn some aspects in school. As they get into the teens they begin to search privately for revealing books. They draw conclusions from movies, television and magazine articles. There is great variation in the rate of romantic and sexual maturity. Some children are much more precocious than average. Others are very shy; they don't want to know much for a long time and so they protect themselves if they can.

More significant than the facts which a child acquires is the emotional or spiritual atmosphere in which the learning takes place. A loving parent, in explaining the facts of life, adjusts the amount of information to the child's readiness and speaks in terms which are in harmony with the family's ideals. A schoolteacher starts with the biological facts and usually does not get so close as parents to the personal and emotional aspects, unless the children draw the discussion in this direction. By contrast, the knowledge (or misinformation) that a more worldly child insists on imparting to a shier one may be shocking rather than enlightening. The same thing applies to a motion picture that is not appropriate for a child. It may confront him with aspects of sex which he is quite unready to accept comfortably. It is more apt than not to present these with characters and with a view of life which are disturbingly different from what he has known.

On the question of the effect of television on schoolwork, homework and reading habits, the studies made have been inconclusive in their results. In most American schools, homework in the elementary grades is omitted or held to a small amount, because educational research has shown that homework does not contribute to performance in school. So television viewing, at this age when it is most absorbing, does not usually interfere with schooling. In the high-school years, when homework is assigned primarily to develop the habit of individual study, most pupils have enough self-discipline to put study first; besides, some of the infatuation with viewing has worn off. At any age—in childhood or adulthood—there are individuals who are sometimes putting off unpleasant work by taking refuge in the television set, but it's not fair to blame the latter for this.

One of the most hopeful aspects of television is that thoughtful educators believe that, despite its drawbacks, it has been beneficial. They are convinced that the programs which have told about something real have, over the years, broadened the horizons of children and kindled their enthusiasm to learn more.

The fear that comic books will debase a child's reading tastes has been strong among parents who themselves read and enjoyed good books in their own childhood. I know this from talking with many of them. But time has proved that *their* children, after fairly wallowing in comic books for years, outgrow them in adolescence and go on to books that are appropriate to the family's intellectual level. On the other hand, the reading matter that absorbed a majority of G.I.'s during the war was the comics. But I doubt if most of these would have been reading Dickens, even if there had never been a comic book. In other words, the main thing that determines the eventual level of a person's reading in adulthood is not the books he read at nine, but the atmosphere in which he grew up.

When it appears that so little is known for sure about the subtle effects of broadcasting, movies and comics, what line are parents to take? Obviously different ones will take different courses, just as they have always done in past generations. That's one reason why children turn out differently in different families and different neighborhoods. Some parents have always had high aspirations about the tastes and ideals they want their children to develop. Others have been quite willing to let nature take its course. I think the main way I can be helpful is to encourage those who are dissatisfied with some of the fare offered in broadcasting, movies and comics to stick by their guns, not let themselves be bullied by their children or by neighborhood opinion.

It is always interesting, in the case of a great man, to know how he affected the women of his acquaintance.
JOHN MORLEY

One method for improving the quality of children's movies and television programs is for parents to communicate directly with the neighborhood-theater manager, the local-station manager, the network, the sponsor. This is a privilege of citizenship that's usually neglected by all but a few cranky souls. Yet the evidence is clear that a relatively small number of sincere letters or calls make a strong impression on an official.

When children are planning to see a movie, I think it's the job of sensible parents to find out whether it's suitable, by checking reviews in the papers, or in parents' and religious publications, or by calling the theater manager—just as they keep an eye on their children's companions and haunts.

In the same way, they need to keep track of what their children are viewing on television and in comic books. They shouldn't feel hesitant in forbidding programs or books which they consider definitely incompatible with the family's ideals.

But in regard to television it seems to me shortsighted to consider only the influence that individual parents may be able to exert on their children or on the industry. There may never again be the opportunity that exists today for all of us who are concerned to ask for a review commission, which will take a fresh look at all aspects of broadcasting and make recommendations.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



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which is a nifty gift of cotton knits —namely, our Carter's polo shirts and matching boxer shorts! Daddy says handsome is as handsome does, and Mother says *exactly*, 'cause these match-mates do handsomely indeed in the washing machine and the dryer, staying soft and in shape—never needing ironing. That's why Mother thinks K is for Kindly-remember-we-can't-get-too-many-Carter's-cotton-knits!







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GOOD COOKING AND COMMON SENSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

to coat the bird with a thick sort of white sauce that would "set" cold, leaving it like a piece of sculpture. Then we were to give it a comb of red pimiento, and a beak, eyes and wing tips of black slivered truffles. The chef-professor was over us constantly, with helps and warnings; but all the time that we worked on this rather clammy masterpiece, which was to be our own lunch, we were tantalized by the homey smell of a pot roast—which he was keeping on the back of the stove for himself.

Such a man, if you asked where to learn day-in-and-day-out French cooking, would send you off to his sister in the country—or possibly to his uncle, because in France the art of cooking is not thought too difficult for men.

Well then, you may ask, if real French cooking is home cooking, and if we've got home cooking, too, whatever is the fuss about?

Volumes have been written to answer that question. All I am concerned with here is the Frenchwoman's willingness to use her intelligence upon very simple dishes, and her humility—or her common sense. What is funny about turnips, even for company? she would ask. Why is cabbage necessarily in poor taste? Tell her that. And why should anybody laugh when you mention such a thing as sauerkraut?

Following her attitude of mind (not her recipes), and keeping to foods available in this country, I suggest to you the following:

MENU I

Only two dishes of this meal take much "doing" and they may both be done early in the day and put aside. These are:

EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

This is a suave and courteous companion to lamb—which is, as you know, a meat that needs something, but not something that will eclipse it. Also, for people-who-think-they-don't-like-eggplant, the casserole is beautifully disguised. (Just don't tell 'em what it is.)

Peel 1 large eggplant down through the greenish underskin and cut into 1" cubes. Slice 2 peeled medium-sized onions paper-thin. Boil both together gently, in water only halfway to cover, until both are soft. Drain them very patiently and, if you like, whip them to a pulp. Drain again. You should have about 4 cups cooked eggplant.

Now make a cream sauce using 6 tablespoons melted butter blended with 6 tablespoons flour. Add, say, 1½ cups light cream and 1½ cups rich milk. For seasoning, add 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and several generous squirts liquid pepper seasoning. Heat and mix well until thickened. Combine the sauce and the eggplant, pulp or cubes as you like, and pour into a baking dish suitable for the table. Sprinkle the top liberally with about ¾ cup dry French bread crumbs that have been tossed with 2 to 3 tablespoons melted butter.

This may stand for hours if you wish. Thirty minutes before the lamb is done, run the casserole into the oven. In this time it will cook through and the crumbs will become golden brown.

APPLE-PECAN DESSERT

Beat 2 eggs until they are very thick and lemon-colored. Fold in the following in the order given: 1½ cups sugar, 6 tablespoons flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla, a pinch of salt, 1 cup tart apples, peeled, cored and finely chopped, and 1 of broken pecan meats. Mix thoroughly and pour into a well-buttered 8"x8"x2" pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 45 minutes, or until the top is browned and crusty.

This also may be put aside for hours. When it is wanted, heat gently, cut into squares and serve with whipped cream. Sprinkle more broken pecan meats on top. The rest of the meal is routine.

ROAST LAMB

Have your butcher oven-prepare your leg of lamb—that is, remove the shank bone, trim the fat and tie it up. Season it with salt, ground pepper and powdered rosemary and, unless you like a kiss without a squeeze, insert little slivers of garlic here and there. Garlic with lamb, if it is properly used, will do its good work without calling attention to itself. Roast in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 to 1½ hours if the roast is small, longer if not. Use a meat thermometer to be safe. . . . And if you are like me (I'm ashamed of myself, but I'm rather fainthearted about mint sauce with lamb), try currant jelly.

PEAR-SHAPED TOMATOES

Now, nothing could be simpler than the tomatoes. Any stewed tomatoes would do, if you don't make them too sweet. However, I do recommend the small pear-shaped kinds sold in cans and often labeled "Peeled Italian Type." These tomatoes keep their shape like so many little fish with neat little bodies, and so also serve as decoration. Simply open and drain two large cans. Heat them through, butter them a bit and sprinkle chopped parsley on top.

BELGIAN ENDIVE SALAD

For the final embellishment and the last thing to do before serving, tear up three large heads of endive which have been washed and crisped. Toss with your own favorite French dressing.

MENU II

This dinner (for four persons) has, besides its modest price, this clinching advantage: the whole meal, including the dessert, is done in the oven and, once done, may be left there for a long time. You will not have to fret if you receive the message (or worse, don't even get it) that one of the children has had a flat tire three miles out of town.

Meanwhile, if your eyebrows go up at the idea of serving "kraut and ribs" at your table, I urge you to get your eyebrows back down. This dish, properly prepared, is neither coarse nor heavy. Far from being indigestible, it is often a rather sprightly cure for certain ailments of the sedentary. As for kraut being fashionable: if anyone should bring that up, I could furnish a list of excellent restaurants—French as well as Alsatian and German—where kraut is an honored dish. You will like it, I think, and I'm positive the men will. This last ought to count. What's the good of using your brains at your range if you haven't an audience to admit you've gone and done it?

For this dish you will want:

2 small sides of spareribs, each cut in half
2 quarts sauerkraut
4 medium-sized onions
8 apples
8 medium-sized potatoes

SPARERIB-AND-SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE

Buy the kraut fresh out of the barrel if you are where you can, or choose the type which many markets now sell in plastic containers; otherwise you will find it in cans.

Cut the onions, peeled, in half. Place them in a casserole later to be brought to the table. Drain the kraut and tuck it around and over them. On top of all this lay the ribs—which you will have salted, peppered and rubbed with sage (fresh or powdered). Run your casserole into a very hot oven, 500° F. When the ribs have browned on one side, turn them to brown on the other.

Now cover the entire dish tight. Reduce the heat to 450° F. and bake for at least 1½ to 2 hours. It's the baking which turns the trick here; therefore, if for some reason you wish to hold things back, lower the temperature and leave for an extra half hour or so. Won't hurt a thing.

The trimmings are simple!

Little Boiled Potatoes. Peel and boil the potatoes—just that. If you had a chef in a white hat and presumed to ask what to have

ith this, he'd say, "Nice, dry, mealy boiled otatoes; they're the perfect foil."

Sautéed Apple Sections. The apples you ill not peel, but core and quarter and cook 1 tablespoon bacon drippings—sprinkling em with a little cinnamon and turning em until they are soft through but keep eir shape.

Put both potatoes and apples aside where ey will stay warm. And now the dessert:

HOT FRUIT DESSERT

You will need:

1 can halved peaches
1 can red plums
1 can halved apricots
1 can pitted Bing cherries

Use a 1-pound-1-ounce can of each. Drain these well, reserving the syrups. Pit the ums carefully, so that you leave them intact. Arrange the fruits in a casserole, beginning the bottom in the order named and in equal vers. Pour on enough of the mixed syrups to ich just about the top, and add a lump of tter the size of an egg.

Now, though you may skip it, if you have it d about 2 ounces kirschwasser. This will ng out the natural flavors of the fruits, but dish is equally good without it.

Put this dessert, so prepared, aside until out 20 minutes before you take your main h in. Then cover the casserole tightly and ve it in the oven at such a temperature as l bring it out hot through at the time you'll nt it. Pass around with it, separately, a ce which you'll have made like this: Pour int commercial sour cream into a bowl and inkle generously with dark brown sugar.

MENU III

SOUTHERN FRIED FISH

the fish, if you are so lucky as to have at nd in your part of the country any such ll fresh fish as spot or channel cat or terfish (not to mention such sporting ndfalls as trout or bass), you will of course these: otherwise, frozen fillets will do. htly dredge about two pounds fish in a e seasoned flour and fry—just through—both sides. You could also use corn meal ead of the flour, if you like.

BUTTERED BABY CABBAGE

the nearest thing to young garden-fresh bage. Shred it medium fine, using some he good green leaves. Drop it into boiling ed water to cover. Bring it back to a boil continue 5 to 7 minutes only. Drain it *oughly*, douse it with butter and add e fresh-ground pepper. If, after a test, ems a bit raw for your taste, turn it with rk for a few minutes over a low heat. This hod is a revelation to people who have tly been revolted by what is usually ed "boiled cabbage."

BATTER BREAD

erfect complement for fish. This is my dmother's recipe, got from heaven knows how long a line of women behind her. It was usually cooked for me in my Virginia childhood by "Aunt Martha"—a colored woman so beloved that tears come to my eyes when I think of her. I shall leave the tears out of the recipe, but I do have two notes, both got from "Aunt Martha": a—we use only the white water-ground corn meal for this dish (if you prefer yellow or can't get white, I have nothing to say); b—the shortening, if you fancy the pioneer taste, ought to be *lard.* Take:

1 cup white corn meal
2½ cups milk
¾–1 teaspoon salt
3 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
2–3 tablespoons lard or other shortening

Put the lard in a 6-cup casserole and set in a 400° F. oven to melt and get the dish piping hot. Sift the corn meal and salt into a heavy saucepan. Add the milk, heat and stir until the mixture is very thick. Take from the heat and stir in, one at a time, the eggs and then the baking powder. Pour the mixture into the sizzling casserole and bake for 30–35 minutes until the bread is puffed and golden in color.

Batter bread should be served immediately. Therefore it would be a good idea to time your meal so that all other dishes are on the table when you bring this one in.

EASY STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

The dessert may be made hours (or a day) ahead of the time it's wanted. It is surely the best and easiest substitute for old-fashioned strawberry ice cream—the kind made on the back porch of a Sunday morning before church, with a vast mess of ice and salt and little boys squabbling about whose turn it was to crank the handle. These scenes are dear to the memory—still, it's nice to make the same dessert in 10 minutes and with no mess at all. You will need only this:

1 10-ounce package sliced frozen strawberries
1 cup sugar
1 pint commercial sour cream

Defrost the berries until they are mushy. Add the sugar and the sour cream—which is of course not really sour, but simply a bit tart. It is the slight tartness which "does" this dish.

Stir the mixture well and put it into a refrigerator tray and freeze. At three intervals of 25 minutes each, stir again, to prevent the formation of crystals. Then forget it until you need it.

There now. I think my late chef-professor and his sister in the country would wipe their hands on their aprons and tell us we've done pretty well. "Don't spend a cent if you don't have to; use your brains on what's at hand"—this is the message of these good people, if I got it correctly.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

I try to write a little every day, and mail from Lisbon. Right now I'm going swim-

Love,
POLLY.

JANET LEGENDRE,
HAMLET, CONNECTICUT

MV Salerno, at sea, June 21

ar Jan: Here I am, three days at sea a week ago I was safe at home. I think I figured out why I didn't want to come. ou know this is the first time I have ever let loose in my life. Always before it's school or the Air Force or college: life has neatly chopped up into days and hours, and vacations, duties and leaves; I feel nfortably lost.

Figure this: all my life there has hung over me that slight, almost unfelt fear of being late or unprepared—which is only consciousness of authority, of course, but it gives form to existence. Now that is suddenly removed. I am for the first time on my own.

This happens to everybody, of course. What do they do? Not just sit around the house, I realize that now. I have been pondering the question and I think I have come up with the answer.

They get married.

But my word, Jan, isn't that a rather chaotic way of putting form into existence?

You were right to make me take the boat: I am recuperating fast. There's an excessively good-looking girl on board called Polly MacMillan who is helping me get my strength back.

She's an odd one and I think that in real life she would drive me crazy. Her father is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125



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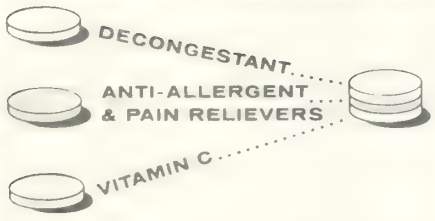
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(critical areas of colds infection)



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DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, sinus congestion and pollen allergies. DRISTAN... amazing medical achievement... contains: (1) The scientific decongestant most prescribed by doctors. Reaches *all* congested areas in minutes... shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes ... promotes drainage ... restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive anti-allergent to block allergic reactions often associated with colds, plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. Relieve body aches and pains due to colds, reduces fever (3) Vitamin C, to help build body resistance t colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTA Decongestant Tablets.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

MacMillan Incorporated; you know, the importer and manufacturer of perfume—I think I've seen the shop on 56th Street—and Polly has persuaded him to let her open a *boutique* in it. (A *boutique* is a place where everything is extremely expensive and extremely useless.) So Poll is on her way to Italy to buy the necessary stuff.

Why such a pretty girl should want to live in New York when she could live in the country, I can't think. She's nuts, I guess. She wants to be Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein, only better.

She's serious, but in this limbo of mid-ocean she's also a lot of fun. I haven't been around with a pretty girl since Kay Rogers married that fathead, and I like it.

Well, I'll mail this in Lisbon. *Lisbon.* What am I doing in Lisbon?

Give your upright husband a kind word, and keep one for yourself. Yrs.,

PETE.

MORE TO: EDWARD MACMILLAN

. . . oh, pop, a ship is an odd place. I've been on this one five days, which on land would mean nothing. But on this . . . this well-run Utopia, time has a way of behaving as Bergson said it does; that is, collapsing at the inessentials and expanding at the moments of importance. (At least I *think* that's what Bergson said.) There's a strange vacuum of safety on a ship, and maybe it's that—that time-stands-still feeling—that accounts for the swiftness of friendships that occur. Or maybe what I mean

Politeness is like lighting another man's candle by yours.

JOSH BILLINGS

s that you get to know people quickly because ou have nothing to do all day long but sit round and talk to them.

But for instance, today we passed the Azores. ete Stewart and I were standing at the rail vatching, when suddenly we both began to ecite Tennyson's "At Florés in the Azores ir Richard Grenville lay ——"

I didn't think anyone remembered that oem except me. But suddenly those lines, *n this ship*, made me feel I had known Pete orever. A very strange experience. Of course hen we arrive in Genoa and get on dry land, will never think of him again. But these are noments ——

I am fine. I am healthy. Don't worry. Will ail this tomorrow in Lisbon. Love,

POLLY.

O: JANET LEGENDRE

MV Salerno, at sea, June 26

Dear Jan: I know now what I was doing in isbon. I was going shopping with Polly Mac-illan. She had a dozen addresses for places hich sell cloth and handbags and such junk nd I went with her while she looked.

I like Lisbon, although it surprised me a ttle. Here we were, just off a boat the whole ay from America, and *everybody* was uncon-rned at our arrival. We might have come om just around the corner.

Have you ever been here? It's a deter-inedly neat city, lots of flowers and gardens. nd they sprinkle the streets with water, hich gives you the impression it's a well-run lace. But why weren't they *expecting* one?

Polly says I'm crazy. She may be right. I ust say she stands up very well on land, I as glad to find out. In fact, I would be pre-ared to like her quite a lot if it weren't for this reer business—carrying on the family name nd all that stuff.

What do you think? Would any sensible girl ant to run a *boutique* if she could get married nd live in the country? It doesn't sound logi-l to me. But Polly says, "Who wants to live the country?"

I say, who wants to live in the city? Is e out of her skin?

Advise. Yrs. perplexed,

PETE.

TO: EDWARD MACMILLAN

MV Salerno, at sea, June 28

Dear Pop: Well. Pretty good news. Enclosed are pictures and drawings of the things I found in Lisbon, and I bought samples and obtained all the necessary data on ordering and shipping. I didn't actually buy. I want to compare in Spain and Italy. But I'm encouraged. It's not going to be impossible to find extraordinary goods.

Today we had a confounding experience at Gibraltar, hardly what I expected.

Pete and I—I mentioned him, didn't I? anyway, he's a fellow on the boat—took a carriage around the Rock, but that's really a short spin, so before noon we found ourselves sitting outdoors at a café. Well, after a while a wildly unlikely character appeared at our table, *but* he had clinging to his arm the sweetest spider monkey you ever saw.

He said to Pete, "Would you want to buy a monkey?"

Pete said, "I hadn't thought about it."

The man said, "A very agreeable companion."

Pete said, "How much?"

The man said, "Ten pounds."

Pete said,"I'll give you three."

The man said, "*Sold!*"

Well this, as you can imagine, created quite a commotion because, as Pete kept pointing out to me, a monkey would be a considerable inconvenience traipsing around Europe, but an offer had been made and accepted, and we were on foreign soil and obviously in the wrong, so it all ended by Pete's owning a monkey.

Very slyly, of course, he tried to present it to me—"The real, correct thing for a *boutique*," he kept saying—but yr. daughter was not born yesterday. So that didn't work.

So we went to a store and bought two cans of monkey food—monkeys are a thing at Gib, did you know?—and then, in a daze, we took Helen back to the ship. Helen is the monkey.

She is shy, poor baby, and probably frightened, so we have to spend most of our time comforting her. Really, the *things* you get into! Love,

POLLY.

TO: JOSEPH STEWART

MV Salerno, at sea

Dear Joe: Did anyone tell you I am on my way to visit you and Eleanor? Jan said she would, but did she? I will send this by air from Barcelona, so you will have a couple of days' notice. I get off this tub in Genoa and will come right up. I'll telegraph from there.

By the way, I fell into some luck in Gibraltar. I was able to buy a spider monkey very reasonably. I've always wanted one, and now I've got it. Her name's Helen, and I know you'll both be as crazy about her as I am. I may even leave her with you for a time while I push around sight-seeing.

Well. See you. Love to Eleanor. PETE.

TO: PETE STEWART

Now listen—I *am* going to spend the day in Barcelona with Mr. Savage. I *want* to. I am not serious about you. Get that straight. I have had to do some careful thinking about this because otherwise what was I doing up on that boat deck with you last night? But I *have* done some careful thinking and I am *not* serious and I *am* going to spend the day in Barcelona with Mr. Savage. POLLY.

TO: JANET LEGENDRE

Barcelona, June 29

Dear Jan: Don't be deceived by this pretty post card. Barcelona is a dull town. Really nothing to offer the tourist. Well, only two more days on that bloody boat. Love,

PETE.

TO: EDWARD MACMILLAN

Barcelona, June 29

Dear Pop: Isn't this view of Barcelona *lovely?* Spent a wonderfully instructive day here with old Mr. Savage, the architect. Still love boats, but I think you can get *enough* of them. So looking forward to Rome. Love,

POL.

TO: JANET LEGENDRE

Geneva, June 30

Dear Janet: Joe has asked me to write you. He doesn't, he says, trust himself. You see, we have heard from Pete and he says he is arriving tomorrow with a monkey named Helen.

Well, you know Joe. I adore him, of course, but there are moments when he can become stuffy. This mission he is part of takes itself, I am afraid, very seriously and he says he doesn't want any fool brother of his around with a monkey on a string, only Joe used quite different words.

This is just to reassure you. I told Joe I would rather have dinner with a monkey than most of the jokes we *do* have dinner with, upon which there was a good deal of door slamming (Swiss doors are *solid*, kid) but everything will work out all right. So.

I do wish you and Charlie would come over. Europe is all right, of course, but it does bring out the chauvinism in one. We're here at least till November. Love to Charles. ELEANOR.

TO: JOSEPH STEWART—TELECTRAMMA—GENOA—JULY 1

DEAR JOE PLANS CHANGED GOING TO ROME FOR A FEW DAYS WILL WRITE BEST PETE.

TO: BETTINA WILSON, HOTEL HASSLER, ROME

New York, June 28

Dear Bettina: Do a little undercover work for me, will you? I've had a couple of letters



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recharges your skin

At night—when skin cell renewal is at its peak—Polyderm Compensating Cream replenishes your skin with polyunsaturates...elements of young skin that time drains away

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from Polly that disturb me. She has apparently run into some oaf on the boat and I don't like the sound of things at all. His name is Pete, I am forced to tell you, and if he has followed her to Rome, please see what goes on and let me know. I told her to look you up the moment she arrived. I can get over there in twenty-four hours, if necessary. Thanks,

ED.

To: PETE STEWART, AMERICAN EXPRESS, ROME

Geneva, July 2

Dearest Pete: Joe and I were *so* sorry you and Helen didn't come straight here to us. You know how anxious we are to see you. Do make it soon.

I must say I had a strange letter from Janet this morning. In it she said to advise you to get rid of a girl who can't live in the country. I presume she means Helen. *Why* would Janet think that monkeys have to live in *cities?* I'm sure if you made proper arrangements Helen would be perfectly happy in Connecticut. Of course I will admit that in all photographs you see of them they're either painting pictures—sometimes quite *good* ones—or else sitting at little tables in dresses having tea and sandwiches, and that *might* be hard for a bachelor like you to arrange. By the way, what kind of dresses does Helen wear? I have a divine little French seamstress here in Geneva who is very good and *not* expensive.

Well, we'll talk about all this when you come. Love from us both,

ELEANOR.

To: POLLY MACMILLAN

Rome, Friday

Dear Pol: Do you want to get married? Failing that, what about dinner? PETE.

To: PETE STEWART

Rome, Friday

Dear Peter: No. Pick me up at 5:30. I'm taking you to have a cocktail with Bettina Wilson, an old friend of father's. POLLY.

To: ELEANOR STEWART

Rome, July 5

Dear Ellie: You must be out of your head. Custom-made clothes aren't necessary for Helen. In the first place, she doesn't *wear* clothes, she *eats* them, so something ready-made is quite all right for the purpose.

I'll let you know, as soon as I have any plans. PETE

To: EDWARD MACMILLAN

Rome, July 7

My dear Eddie: Let me say quickly: Put away your fears. Polly brought her young man around to see me, and while I liked him enormously, he is no threat.

Pete Stewart is what must be a vanishing American type—he is a country boy. I don't mean at all the bashful, gauche, toe-in-the-mud sort of fellow; no, he's quite as intelligent as necessary, a lawyer in fact: he is just someone who does not like the city. He is not afraid of the city even, or the competition (actually I think it's harder to be a success in the country, where everybody knows you, where you cannot hide behind any kind of front or anonymity), he *prefers* the country—the trees, the hills, the animals, the *weather*, the quiet.

This country quality gives him, too, a kind of toughness that I don't often find in the young men I meet these days. I mustn't make him sound a bore—he is amiable and even witty—but . . . well, last night I took him and Polly to a gala Roman party; a lot of quite nice people were there as well as the inevitable floating trash you always find in Rome, and I saw him yawning in the faces of three duchesses—oh, not literally, but he *was* yawning. The odd thing about it was that he made me look around and wonder if *I* were really having a good time, or whether this was just a lot of nonsense. *Me,* old partygoing *me!* In any case, we all left soon afterward, and I was content. And all this morning I kept thinking "I really must go back home, for a while at least." I felt I was *missing* something.

Well, enough. That was this *morning.* Now it is evening. I have recovered.

Here's the point: this strong, quiet fellow is excellent as a *change,* a sort of vacation from the life we know, that Polly knows. That's what makes him attractive.

But you can't make your whole life a vacation, can you? I have nothing against a tree, you understand, and I say good luck to anyone who adores them, but there is a certain sameness about trees, isn't there?

I think Polly realizes this, and that is why I say put away your fears. She's had a good month with Pete, but now time's up, and she is back in the world of people and interests and ideas. She's safe!

So there's your police report, dear Edward. Why don't you come over anyway, just for fun? Best love,

BETTINA

To: JANET LEGENDRE

Rome, July 1

Dear Jan: Well. Here's my news. Tomorrow I am leaving this Old Homestead of Western Culture, this Attic of the Arts, this Eternal City and Cocktail Bar (combined) and going north. In other words, I'm leaving Rome and heading for Geneva. I should have done it long ago.

I don't see how anyone can live in this city. It is a city of only one color and that color is noise. You cannot sleep here, or think; you live in a bath of noise.

And you cannot move. The only way to get from one side of the street to the other is to wait for a bevy of nuns to come along and then conceal yourself in the middle of it. Sometimes that way you can get across, but only sometimes.

Oh, it is no good. I never should have come. I do not like the place or the people or the way they live. I never should have let you push me on that boat. It was all a mistake. If only I had stayed at home this never would have happened.

I would come right back, but I suppose since I am this near I will have to see Joe and Ell.

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ORIENTAL SUPPER BOWL

Cut 1-lb. round steak, 1-lb. pork shoulder into 1-in. cubes. Remove fat. Sprinkle with tenderizer. Beat 2 eggs; then beat in 1 cup flour, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. ginger, ½ cup water 'til smooth. Dip meat in batter, cook in salad oil 1-in. deep (10-15 mins.) in a 12″ Revere Ware Skillet. Drain. *Sauce:* add water to syrup from 14-oz. can pineapple cubes to make 2 cups. Add 2 chicken bouillon cubes, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup molasses, ⅓ cup vinegar. Bring to boil. Add ⅓ cup cornstarch mixed to paste with ¼ cup water. Stir 'til sauce thickens. Boil 3 mins. Parboil 2 cups sliced carrots 'til just tender. Drain. On sauce arrange as shown meat, pineapple cubes, carrots, 2 diced green peppers, 2 tomatoes cut in eighths, 1 can sweet potatoes, 1 can green beans (drained). Cover, simmer 20 mins. Serve with hot rice. Serves 8 to 10.



to prepare these flavorsome dishes

EGGS COPENHAGEN

Melt 4 tablespoons of butter in a Revere Ware Double Boiler. Add 2 tablespoons of finely chopped onion. Combine 12 eggs, slightly beaten, with ⅔ cup of heavy cream and one 8-oz. package of cream cheese, broken in bits, ½ teaspoon of lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon of salt. Add this mixture to the butter and onions in the Revere Ware Double Boiler. Cook slowly, stirring often, until set. Stir the cooked eggs away from the sides and bottom of the pan toward the center. Keep stirring until eggs are well mixed and soft, but not too runny. Serve in a buttered Revere 2-Qt. Stainless Steel Casserole. Serves 6 to 8.



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for a couple of days at least. But as soon as I can get a reservation—and clear permission to bring Helen; there may be some red tape about importing monkeys, you think?—I will be on a plane and home before you know it. Oh, I should never have left.

Ask Charlie to have the battery put back in my car, will you? Yrs.,

PETE.

To: EDWARD MACMILLAN

Rome, July 12

Dear Pop: I am writing this under difficulties, but I hope I will be able to make myself clear.

Pete left yesterday afternoon. You evidently know more about him than I thought, for Bettina told me of your letter. But whatever she wrote to you, understand this: she just couldn't know all his good qualities, because Bettina is *forty*, even if she doesn't look it, and that's just too *old* to know. You have to be young to perceive and explore the qualities of another person. After thirty you get callous, you just don't *care*.

Anyway, Pete left. That's the big statement. He took a train because the airlines wouldn't let him take Helen in the seat with him. I went to the station with them.

I'm trying to remember my feelings as we stood on the platform beside that *wagon-lit*. I think they were, to a large extent, feelings of relief.

I would now be able to do exactly as I pleased, get on with my work, not have to bother about anyone else.

I know that when the train left I turned quickly to walk through that beautiful station

Who recalls when folks used to git along without somethin' if it cost too much?

KIN HUBBARD

and get a taxi. But I fell. I had on a pair of those really awful heels, and one must have caught in something. I wasn't hurt, don't think that.

But my bag spilled all over everywhere, you can imagine, and I felt silly. However, kind hands pulled me up and restored all the junk to my bag and in just another minute I was in the taxi.

But this happened. When I got back to our hotel, I looked in the bag for my purse, and it was gone. There wasn't much in it, not more than ten dollars, but it was gone.

Dear pop, that did it. I can't explain, even to myself, what happened, but I broke up. I have never felt so alone in my life.

The concierge paid the taxi, and somehow, I don't know how, I got up to my room.

Oh, pop, I know this isn't going to sound right to you. I still had you, I still had all my friends, I still had everything I had had just a half an hour before. But I was now alone, alone, alone.

It was the worst time I have ever had in my life. I took off my shoes and walked, up and down, up and down in my room.

I thought of the future, all those *endless* years stretching ahead. What would happen to me?

Would I be like Bettina? She's been through three husbands and has nothing left but a trunkful of Chanel clothes. And no memories, except an address book. (Oh, you be careful of her, pop. She asked me many too many questions about you.)

I don't know how long this would have gone on, but suddenly there was a knock on the door. It was the little maid from the floor above, where Pete and Helen had lived. In her hands she had the can of Helen's food. Pete had forgot it.

Pop, have you ever had a revelation? Well, I had one that moment. I knew exactly what I was going to do.

I kissed the maid and gave her much too big a tip, and then I ran to my cupboard, pulled out all my suitcases and began packing. If the sun had been shining before I hadn't noticed, but suddenly my whole room was filled with brilliant light.

Well, pop, I said at the beginning I was writing under difficulties, and you can see I am. I do not know what is going to happen, but it is tomorrow now, and I am sitting in the lobby waiting for a taxi to take me to the airport. I am going to Geneva.

As soon as I know anything I will let you hear. Love, love,

POLLY.

To: JANET LEGENDRE

Geneva, July 14

Well, My Dear: The *things* that have been going on in this house. First of all, Pete arrived, and in the *most* filthy humor I have ever seen. Even Joe noticed it, and as you know, Joe never notices anything. I have had to put up with a great deal from your family, but this was the worst. If it hadn't been for that enchanting Helen I couldn't have stood it. With me, Helen is *in*.

And then that afternoon as we were having a cocktail, a perfectly strange girl arrived carrying a can of monkey food. Believe it or not, dear, that made all the difference.

Pete says you know everything about this, so I will assume you do. The only thing I can add is that Polly seems essentially quite a nice girl, for which thank heaven, as I have a feeling we're going to see a lot of her in future.

But right now her conversation is downright dull because all she talks about is that she and Pete are going to live in the country. And Pete says they're going to live in the *city*. In the country, in the city. In the country, in the city. Really. You'd think it mattered.

Oh, well, poor kids. I suppose it has got to happen to you once, at least.

But did I—you tell me the truth—did I ever look at Joe in the appalling, unashamed way that this girl looks at Pete? Did I?

I can't remember.

So—love from us all,

ELEANOR.

END

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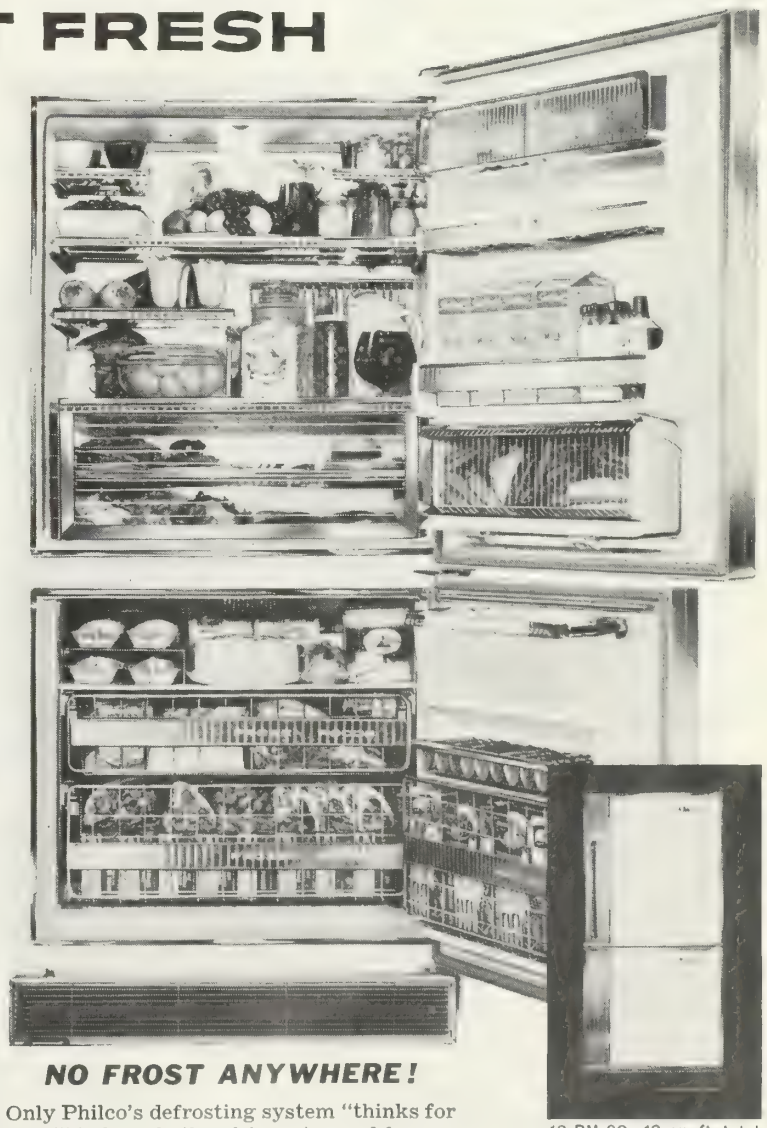
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THE MISTRESS OF MELLYN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

He stretched his legs and turned his gaze from me to the tips of his boots. "You have come from London?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You'll miss the gaiety of the big city."

"I once lived in the country, so I know what to expect."

"Are you staying in Liskeard?"

I was not sure that I liked this catechism, but I remembered Phillida again: "You're far too gruff, Marty, with the opposite sex. You scare them off."

I decided I could at least be civil, so I answered, "No, not in Liskeard. I'm going to a little village on the coast called Mellyn."

"I see." His next words startled me. "I suppose a sensible young lady like you would not believe in second sight, and that sort of thing?"

"Why," I replied, "what an extraordinary question!"

"May I look at your palm?"

I hesitated. Could I offer my hand to a stranger in this way? Aunt Adelaide would suspect that some nefarious advances were about to be made.

He smiled. "I assure you that my only desire is to look into the future."

"But I don't believe in such things."

"Let me look anyway." He leaned forward and with a swift movement secured my hand, contemplating it with his head on one side. "I see," he said, "that you have come to a turning point in your life. You are moving into a strange new world which you will find entirely different from anything you have known before."

I smiled cynically. "You see me taking a journey. What would you say if I told you I was visiting relatives and could not possibly be moving into your strange new world?"

"I should say you were not a very truthful young lady." His smile was puckish. I could not help feeling a little liking for him. "No," he went on, "you are traveling to a new life, a new post. There's no mistake about that. You are going to a strange house, a house full of shadows. You will have to walk warily in that house, Miss—er ——" He waited, but I did not supply what he was asking for, and he went on: "I see a child there, and a man—perhaps it is the child's father. They are wrapped in shadows. There is someone else there . . . but perhaps she is already dead."

It was the deep sepulchral note in his voice rather than the words which momentarily unnerved me. I snatched my hand away. "What nonsense!" I said.

He ignored me and half closed his eyes. Then he went on: "You will need to watch little Alice, and your duties will extend beyond the care of her. You must most certainly beware of Alice."

I felt a faint tingling which began at the base of my spine and seemed to creep up to my neck. This, I supposed, was what is known as making one's flesh creep.

Little Alice! But her name was not Alice. It was Alvean. It had unnerved me for the moment because it had sounded similar. Then I felt irritated and a little angry. Was he laughing at me? He lay back against the upholstery of the carriage, his eyes still closed. I looked out the window as though he and his ridiculous fortunetelling were of not the slightest interest to me.

He opened his eyes then and took out his watch. He studied it gravely.

"In four minutes' time," he said briskly, "we shall pull into Liskeard. Allow me to assist you with your bags."

He took them down from the rack. "Miss Martha Leigh," was clearly written on the labels, "Mount Mellyn, Mellyn, Cornwall."

He did not appear to glance at these labels and I felt that he had lost interest in me.

When we came into the station, he alighted and set my bags on the platform. Then, with a deep bow, he left me.

While I was murmuring my thanks I saw an elderly man coming toward me, calling, "Miss Leigh! Be you Miss Leigh then?" and for the moment I forgot about my traveling companion.

I was facing a merry little man with a brown, wrinkled face and eyes of reddish brown; he wore a corduroy jacket and a sugar-loaf hat pushed to the back of his head. Ginger hair sprouted from under this, and his brows and mustache were of the same gingery color.

"Well, Miss," he said, "so I picked ye out then. Be these your bags? Give them to me.

John Wesley never rode in a railway train, never boarded a steamboat, never rode a bicycle, never used a typewriter, never saw a sewing machine, never used a fountain pen, never preached by electricity, never sent a telegram, never read a penny newspaper, never spoke through a telephone, and yet lived a fuller, richer life than thousands of people in these modern days.

You and me and old Cherry Pie 'ull soon be on our ways to home."

He took my bags and I walked behind him; but he soon fell into step beside me.

"Is the house far from here?" I asked.

"Old Cherry Pie'll carry us there all in good time," he answered as he loaded my bags into the trap and I climbed in beside him.

He seemed to be a garrulous man and I could not resist the temptation of trying to discover something about the people among whom I was going to live.

I said, "This house, Mount Mellyn, it sounds as though it is on a hill."

"Well, 'tis built on a cliff top, facing the sea. Mount Mellyn and Mount Widden are like twins. Two houses, standing defiant like, daring the sea to come and take 'em. But they'm built on firm rock."

"So there are two houses," I said. "We have near neighbors."

"In a manner of speaking. Nansellocks, who are at Mount Widden, have been there these last two hundred years. They be separated from us by more than a mile, and there's Mellyn Cove in between. The families have always been good neighbors until ——"

He stopped, and I prompted: "Until?"

"You'll hear fast enough."

I thought it was beneath my dignity to probe into such matters, so I changed the subject. "Do they keep many servants?" I asked.

"There be me and Mrs. Tapperty and my girls, Daisy and Kitty. We live in the rooms over the stables. In the house there's Mrs. Polgrey and Tom Polgrey and young Gilly. Not that you'd call her a servant. But they have her there and she passes for such."

"Gilly! That's an unusual name."

"Gillyflower. Reckon Jennifer Polgrey was a bit daft to give her a name like that. No wonder the child is what she is."

"Jennifer? Is that Mrs. Polgrey?"

"Nay! Jennifer was Mrs. Polgrey's girl. Great dark eyes and the littlest waist you ever saw. Kept herself to herself until one day she goes lying in the hay—or maybe the gillyflowers—with someone. Then before we know where we are, little Gilly's arrived; and Jennifer—her just walked into the sea one morning. We reckoned there wasn't much doubt who Gilly's father was."

I said nothing and, disappointed at my apparent lack of interest, he went on: "She wasn't the first. We knowed her wouldn't be the last. Geoffrey Nansellock left a trail of bastards wherever he went." He laughed and looked sideways at me. "No need for you to look so prim, Miss. Ghosts can't hurt a young lady, and that's all Master Geoffrey Nansellock is now—nothing more than a ghost."

"So he's dead too. He didn't . . . walk into the sea after Jennifer?"

That made Tapperty chuckle. "Not him! He was killed in a train accident. You must



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ve heard of that accident. It was just as the ain was running out of Plymouth. It ran off e lines and over a bank. The slaughter was rrible. Mr. Geoff, he were on that train, and to no good on it either. But that was the d of him."

"Well, I shall not meet him, but I shall meet llyflower, I suppose. And is that all the rvants?"

"There be odd boys and girls—some for the rdens, some for the stables, some in the use. But it ain't what it was. Things changed ce the mistress died."

Mr. TreMellyn is a very sad man, I supse."

Tapperty lifted his shoulders.

"How long is it since she died?" I asked.

"It would be a little more than a year, I ckon."

"And he has only just decided that he needs governess for little Miss Alvean?"

"There have been three governesses so far. ou be the fourth. They don't stay, none of em. Miss Bray and Miss Garrett, they said e place was too quiet. There was Miss nsen—a real pretty creature. But she was nt away. Took what didn't belong to her. was a pity. We all liked her. She seemed to ok on it as a privilege to live in Mount ellyn. Old houses were her hobby, she used tell us. Well, it seemed she had other hobes besides, so out she went."

I turned my attention to the countryside. It as late August, and as we passed through nes with banks on either side I caught occaonal glimpses of fields of corn among which ppies and pimpernels grew; now and then e passed a cottage of gray Cornish stone nich looked grim, I thought, and lonely.

I had my first glimpse of the sea through a ld in the hills, and I felt my spirits lifted. It emed that the nature of the landscape anged. Flowers seemed to grow more plenully on the banks; I could smell the scent of ne trees; and fuchsias grew by the roadside, eir blossoms bigger than any we had ever en able to cultivate in our vicarage garden.

We turned off the road from a steep hill and went down and down nearer the sea. I saw that we were on a cliff road. Before us stretched a scene of breath-taking beauty. The cliff rose steep and straight from the sea on that indented coast; grasses and flowers grew there, and I saw sea pinks and red and white valerian mingling with the heather—rich, deep, purple heather.

At length we came to the house. It was like a castle, I thought, standing there on the cliff plateau—built of granite like many houses I had seen in these parts, but grand and noble—a house which had stood for several hundred years, and would stand for several hundred more.

"All this land belongs to the master," said Tapperty with pride. "And if you look across the cove, you'll see Mount Widden."

I did look, and saw the house. Like Mount Mellyn, it was built of gray stone. It was smaller in every way and of a later period. I did not give it much attention because now we were approaching Mount Mellyn, and that was obviously the house which was more interesting to me.

We had climbed to the plateau and a pair of intricately wrought-iron gates confronted us.

"Open up there!" shouted Tapperty.

There was a small lodge beside the gates, and at the door sat a woman knitting.

"Now, Gilly girl," she said, "you go and open the gates and save me poor old legs."

Then I saw the child who had been sitting at the old woman's feet. She rose obediently and came to the gate. She was an extraordinary-looking girl with long straight hair almost white in color, and wide blue eyes.

"Thanks, Gilly girl," said Tapperty as Cherry Pie went happily through the gates. "This be Miss, who's come to live here and take care of Miss Alvean."

I looked into a pair of blank blue eyes which stared at me with an expression impossible to fathom. The old woman came up to the gate and Tapperty said, "This be Mrs. Soady."

"Good day to you," said Mrs. Soady. "I hope you'll be happy here along of us."

"Thank you," I answered, forcing my gaze away from the woman to the child. "I hope so."

"Well, I do hope so," added Mrs. Soady. Then she shook her head as though she feared her hopes were somewhat futile.

I turned to look at the child, but she had disappeared. I wondered where she had gone, and the only place I could imagine was behind the bushes of hydrangeas which were bigger than any hydrangeas I had ever seen, and of deep blue, almost the color of the sea on this day.

"The child didn't speak," I observed as we went on up the drive.

"No. Her don't talk much. Sing, her do. Wander about on her own. But talk—not much."

The drive was about half a mile in length and on either side of it the hydrangeas bloomed. Fuchsias mingled with them, and I caught glimpses of the sea between the pine trees. Then I saw the house. Before it was a wide lawn, and on this two peacocks strutted before a peahen, their almost incredibly lovely tails fanned out behind them. Another sat perched on a stone wall; and there were two palm trees, tall and straight, one on either side of the porch.

The house was larger than I had thought when I had seen it from the cliff path. It was of three stories, but long and built in an L shape. The sun caught the glass of the mullioned windows and I immediately had the impression that I was being watched.

Tapperty took the gravel approach to the front porch, and when we reached it the door opened and I saw a woman standing there. She wore a white cap on her gray hair; she was tall, with a hooked nose, and as she had an obviously dominating manner, I did not need to be told that she was Mrs. Polgrey.

"I trust you've had a good journey, Miss Leigh," she said.

"Very good, thank you," I told her.

"And worn out and needing a rest, I'll be bound. Come along in. You shall have a nice cup of tea in my room. Leave your bags. I'll have them taken up."

I felt relieved. This woman dispelled the eerie feeling which had begun, I realized, since my encounter with the man in the train. Joe Tapperty had done little to disperse it, with his tales of death and suicide. But Mrs. Polgrey was a woman who would stand no nonsense, I was sure of that. She seemed to emit common sense, and perhaps because I was fatigued by the long journey I was pleased about this.

I thanked her and said I would greatly enjoy having a cup of tea, and she led the way into the house.

We were in an enormous hall which in the past must have been used as a banqueting room. The floor was of flagged stone, and the timbered roof was so lofty that I felt it must extend to the top of the house. The beams were beautifully carved. At one end of the hall was a dais, and at the back of this a great open fireplace.

"It's magnificent," I said involuntarily; and Mrs. Polgrey was pleased.

"I superintend all the polishing of the furniture myself," she told me. "Beeswax and turpentine, that's the mixture, and nothing like it. All made by myself."

"It certainly does you credit," I complimented her.

I followed her to the end of the hall where there was a door. She opened this and a short flight of some half dozen steps confronted us. To the left was a door which she indicated and, after a moment's hesitation, opened.

"The chapel," she said, and I caught a glimpse of blue slate flagstones, an altar and a few pews. There was a smell of dampness about the place. She shut the door quickly. "We don't use it nowadays," she said. "We go to the Mellyn church in the village, just beyond Mount Widden."

We went up the stairs and into a room which I saw was a dining room. It was vast and the walls were hung with tapestry. Through the enormous windows I saw a walled courtyard.



FOR A WHOLE-MEAL Lipton Sunday Supper, you just add a cup of cubed ham, some toasted croutons, a sprinkling of cheese.

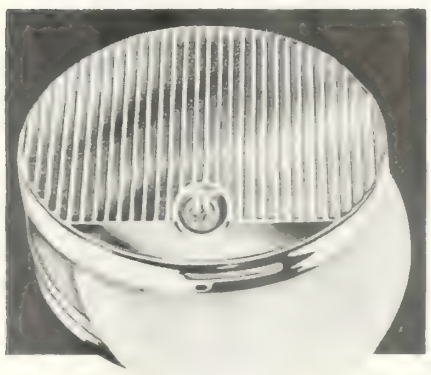


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NEW! Powder + foundation (no grease)


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French Flair

Complete compact make up

12 flattering shades

"This is not *your* part of the house," Mrs. Polgrey told me, "but I thought I would take you round the front of the house to my room. It's as well you know the lay of the land, as they say."

I thanked her, understanding that this was a tactful way of telling me that as a governess I would not be expected to mingle with the family.

We passed through the dining room to yet another flight of stairs and, mounting these, came to what seemed like a more intimate sitting room. I could see that the furniture was mostly antique and that it all gleamed with beeswax and turpentine and Mrs. Polgrey's loving care.

"This is the punch room," she said. "It has always been called so because it is here that the family retires to take punch. We follow the old customs still in this house."

At the end of this room was another flight of stairs; there was no door leading to them, merely a heavy brocade curtain which Mrs. Polgrey drew aside. When we had mounted these stairs we were in a gallery, the walls of which were lined with portraits.

There were several doors leading from the gallery, but we went quickly along it to one of those at the far end. As we passed through it, I saw that we were in a different wing of the house—the servants' quarters, I imagined, because the spaciousness was missing.

"This," said Mrs. Polgrey, "will be *your* part of the house. You will find a staircase at the end of this corridor which leads to the nurseries. Your room is up there. But first come to my sitting room and we'll have tea."

"I fear it will take some time to learn my way about the house," I said.

"You'll know it in next to no time. But when you go out you won't go the way I brought you up. You'll use one of the other doors; when you've unpacked and rested awhile, I'll show you."

"You're very kind."

"Well, I do want to make you happy here with us. Miss Alvean needs discipline. If you show us that you can look after the child, you'll be more than welcome here."

"I gather I have had several predecessors." She looked a trifle blank and I went on quickly: "There have been other governesses."

"Oh, yes. Not much good, any of them. Miss Jansen was the best, but it seemed she had habits. You could have knocked me down with a feather. Well, I suppose appearances are deceptive, as they say. Miss Celestine was real upset when it came out."

"Miss Celestine?"

"The young lady at Widden. Miss Celestine Nansellock. She's often here. A quiet young lady, and she loves the place. If I as much as move a piece of furniture she knows it. That's why she and Miss Jansen seemed to get on. Both interested in old houses, you see. You'll meet her. Scarcely a day passes when she's not here. There's some of us that think —— Oh, my, I'm letting my tongue run away with me, and you longing for that cup of tea."

She threw open the door of the room and it was like stepping into another world. There were antimacassars on the chairs. There was a whatnot in the corner, filled with china ornaments, including a glass slipper, a gold pig and a cup with "A present from Weston" inscribed on it. It seemed almost impossible to move in a room so crammed with furniture.

Mrs. Polgrey looked at the main table and tutted in exasperation; then she went to the bell rope and pulled it. It was only a few minutes later when a black-haired girl with saucy eyes appeared carrying a tray on which were a silver teapot, a spirit lamp, cups and saucers, milk and sugar.

"And about time, too," said Mrs. Polgrey. "Put it here, Daisy."

Daisy gave me a look which almost amounted to a wink. I did not wish to offend Mrs. Polgrey, so I pretended not to notice.

Then Mrs. Polgrey said, "This is Daisy, Miss. You can tell her if you find anything is not to your liking."

"Thank you, Mrs. Polgrey, and thank you, Daisy."

They both looked somewhat startled and Daisy dropped a little curtsy, of which she seemed half ashamed, and went out.

"Nowadays ——" murmured Mrs. Polgrey, and lighted the spirit lamp.

I watched her unlock the cabinet and take out the tea canister, which she set on the tray.

"Dinner," she went on, "is served at eight. Yours will be brought to your room. But I thought you would be needing a little reviver. So when you've had this and seen your room, I'll introduce you to Miss Alvean."

"What would she be doing at this time of day?"

Mrs. Polgrey frowned. "She'll be off somewhere by herself. Master don't like it. That's why 'e be anxious for her to have a governess."

Mrs. Polgrey measured the tea into the pot. "So much depends on whether she takes a fancy to you or not. She's unaccountable."

She stirred the tea in the pot, put on the tea cozy and asked, "Cream? Sugar?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

A Dream of a Bride...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

THESE WEDDING ARRANGEMENTS and trousseaux may be estimated to cost from as little as $408.50 up to and somewhat exceeding $500.00, depending on which wedding dress a bride chooses, whether engraved or printed invitations are chosen, and which menus. Make your own selections and estimates from the following lists, consulting the menus for refreshments on page 60.

The Journal's April bride can choose dotted Swiss, as shown on page 52.	$30.00
Her veil on a calotte of forget-me-nots	10.00
Short white kid gloves	2.00
White kid slippers	6.00
Total	$48.00

OR

Beautiful white silk damask	$45.00
Her veil and headdress	10.00
Short white kid gloves	2.00
Shoes of silk damask to match her dress	9.00
Total	$66.00

Her trousseau (and summer wardrobe) lines up like this:	
The pale beige tweedy coat	$45.00
Hearts-and-flowers printed cotton piqué	14.95
Black silk and acetate dress with printed silk jacket	25.00
White permanently pleated Arnel dress	10.95
White cotton sweater	8.95
Printed silk dress	30.00
Beige tweed suit	39.95
Total	$174.80

To these irresistible essentials, she must add two handbags: one a practical large white all-summer bag, about $5.00; the other a fold-over purse, about $3.00	$ 8.00
A pair of beige kid pumps which will go with her coat and suit and the print silk dress	6.00
A coral chiffon scarf	3.00
A pair of short white cotton gloves, about	1.00
And a white piqué beret	3.00
Total	$ 21.00

which, added to the costume costs, totals	$195.80
The bride who wears cotton (total $48.00, see above) will therefore be spending for wedding dress and trousseau	$243.80
The one who wears the silk damask (total $66.00) will have wedding dress and trousseau for	$261.80

OTHER ATTRACTIVE ADDITIONS can be made as well. Many brides would like to have a pa of black patent-leather sandals to wear with the black jacket dress or the print sil simple chalk-white beads to go with her cottons, a heart pin of cultured pearls to wear on h wedding dress. Daytime bridegrooms, by the way, are correctly dressed in navy-blue sui when striped trousers and cutaways are not worn. Tuxedos are not correct.

Cost of Wedding

	Low	High	Average
FLOWERS—Flowering branches for altar of the average-size church	$ 7.00	$ 7.00	$ 7.00
MUSIC—Accordion for the reception	15.00	25.00	20.00
CHURCH fee to organist	10.00	15.00	12.50
CHURCH fee to sexton or custodian	10.00	10.00	10.00
PHOTOGRAPHER	40.00	50.00	45.00
REFRESHMENTS—approximate costs for punch, sandwiches, and wedding cake at hotels for 50 guests	75.00	100.00	87.50
INVITATION AND RECEPTION CARDS—in Photo-plate Thermography (raised printing), depending on the quality of paper	18.00	38.00	28.00
TOTAL	$175.00	$245.00	$210.00

WITH REFRESHMENTS prepared at home for 50 guests (see menus on page 60) co ing: low, $64.70; high, $119.21; average, $91.95, the total costs would be:

$164.70 $264.21 $214.45

WITH ENGRAVED INVITATIONS and reception cards coming to: low, $51.50; high, $63. average, $57.25, and refreshments at local inns or hotels, the totals would be:

$208.50 $270.00 $239.25

WITH ENGRAVED INVITATIONS and refreshments prepared at home (at prices quot above), the costs would be:

$198.20 $289.21 $243.70

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Series E Bonds

turn $18.75 into $25.00 fourteen months quicker than ever before



Here are three new reasons why today's Savings Bonds are the best ones in history:

1. ***Every Bond bought since June 1, 1959, earns 3¾% interest when held the full term. Series E Bonds now mature in 7 years, 9 months—fourteen months faster than ever before.***
2. ***Your older Bonds now earn more—an extra ½% from June 1 on, until maturity.***
3. ***All Series E Bonds, old and new, carry an automatic extension privilege now. This means they'll automatically keep earning liberal interest for 10 years beyond maturity.***

You get these new advantages, plus complete safety, guaranteed return, and protection against loss or theft when you save with Bonds. And there's no easier way to save. You can buy Bonds automatically through the Payroll Savings Plan at work, or from any bank. Plan to start saving with U.S. Savings Bonds—they're the *best ever*.

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IN JUST 7 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS
WITH NEW SERIES E BONDS

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MOM'S ONE OF US!
SHE'S GOT THE
BLUE LABEL, TOO...
U.S. KEDS



LOOK FOR THE BLUE LABEL*





Canvas shoes may look alike, but that blue label makes a whale of a difference, for it says they're genuine U. S. Keds... made to fit better and last longer. Built over scientifically shaped lasts, with shockproof arch cushions and permanently bonded soles and uppers. From Grandad on down, it's U. S. Keds! *(top)* Superchamp. 50% tougher! Child's 5-12; jr.'s 12½-3. *(bottom)* Mom's Grasshopper.

United States Rubber

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"Yes, please," I said.

"I always do say," she remarked, as though she thought I needed some consolation, "there ain't nothing like a good cup of tea."

We ate tea biscuits with the tea, and these Mrs. Polgrey took from a tin which she kept in her cabinet. I gathered, as we sat together, that Connan TreMellyn, the master, was away.

"He has an estate farther west," Mrs. Polgrey told me. "Penzance way. Left him by his wife, it were. Now *she* was one of the Pendletons."

"When does he return?" I asked.

She looked faintly shocked, and I knew that I had offended because she said in a somewhat haughty way, "He will come back in his own time."

Presumably it was not good form for a governess to ask questions about the master of the house. It was all very well for Mrs. Polgrey to speak of him; she was a privileged person. I could see that I must hastily adjust myself to my new position.

Very soon after that she took me up to my room. It was large, with big windows equipped with window seats from which there was a good view of the front lawn. My bed was a four-poster. There were rugs on the floor, the boards of which were so highly polished that the rugs looked somewhat dangerous. There were a tallboy and a chest of drawers; and I noticed that there was a door in addition to the one by which I had entered.

Mrs. Polgrey followed my gaze. "The schoolroom," she said. "And beyond that is Miss Alvean's room."

Looking round the room, I saw that there was a screen in one corner, and as I approached this I noticed that it shielded a hip bath.

"If you want hot water at any time," she said, "ring the bell and Daisy or Kitty will bring it to you."

"Thank you." I looked at the open fireplace and pictured a roaring fire there on winter days. "I can see I'm going to be very comfortable here."

"It's a pleasant room. You'll be the first governess to have it. The other governesses used to sleep in a room on the other side of Miss Alvean's room. It was Miss Celestine who thought this would be better. It's a more pleasant room, I must say."

"Then I owe thanks to Miss Celestine."

"A very pleasant lady. She thinks the world of Miss Alvean." Mrs. Polgrey shook her head significantly and I wondered whether she was thinking that it was only a year since the master's wife had died, and that perhaps one day he would marry again. Who more suitable to be his wife than this neighbor who was so fond of Miss Alvean?

"Would you like to wash your hands and unpack? But perhaps first you would like to take a look at the schoolroom."

"Thank you, Mrs. Polgrey," I said, "but I think I'll wash and unpack first."

"Very well. And perhaps you'd like a little rest. Traveling is so fatiguing. Well, I'll be leaving you. If you cared for a stroll in the grounds before dinner you could take it. Ring for Daisy or Kitty and whoever is free will show you the stairs you will use in future. It will take you down to the kitchen garden, but you can easily get from there to wherever you want to go. Don't 'ee forget, though—dinner at eight."

As soon as she had gone, the strangeness of the house seemed to envelop me. I was aware of silence—the eerie silence of an ancient house.

I went to the window and looked out. It seemed a long time ago that I had driven up to the house with Tapperty. I looked at the watch pinned to my blouse and saw that it was just past six o'clock. Two hours to dinner. I wondered whether to ring for Daisy or Kitty and ask for hot water; but I found my eyes turning to the other door in my room, the one which led to the schoolroom.

The schoolroom was, after all, my domain, and I had a right to inspect it, so I opened the door. The room was larger than my bedroom, but it had the same type of windows, all fitted with window seats on which were red plush cushions. There was a table in the center of the room. I went over to it and saw that there were scratches on it, and splashes of ink, so I guessed that this was the table where generations of TreMellyns had learned their lessons.

A few books lay on the table. I examined them. They were children's readers, containing the sort of stories and articles which looked as if they were of an uplifting nature. There was an exercise book on which was scrawled "Alvean TreMellyn. Arithmetic." I opened it and saw several sums, to most of which had been given the wrong answers. Idly turning the pages, I came to a sketch of a girl, and immediately I recognized Gilly, the child whom I had seen at the lodge gates.

"Not bad," I muttered. "So our Alvean is an artist. That's something."

I closed the book. I had the strange feeling, which I had had as soon as I entered the grounds, that I was being watched.

IT WILL BE BEST

By BETTY JANE BALCH

I shall not welcome April any
longer
As once I did, nor shall I take our
walk,
Up the tall cobbled hill on windy
evenings,
For surely I would hear you laugh
and talk.
It will be best avoiding all such
places:
There would be you, and more
you, everywhere,
I should but see you kneeling to
feed pigeons
And see the star-dust halo on your
hair;
And yet, my dear, with all this
careful scheming,
I had forgotten that there still is
dreaming.

"Alvean!" I called on impulse. "Are you there, Alvean? Alvean, where are you hiding?"

There was no answer and I flushed with embarrassment, feeling rather absurd in the silence.

Abruptly I turned and went back to my room. I rang the bell, and when Daisy appeared I asked her for hot water.

By the time I had unpacked my bags and hung up my things it was approaching eight o'clock and precisely as the stable clock finished striking the hour Kitty appeared at the door with my tray. On it were a leg of roast chicken with vegetables and, under a pewter cover, an egg custard.

Daisy said, "Are you having it in here, Miss, or in the schoolroom?"

I decided against sitting in that room where I felt I was overlooked.

"Here, please, Daisy," I answered. Then, because Daisy looked the sort of person who wanted to talk, I added, "Where is Miss Alvean? It seems strange that I have not seen her yet."

"She's a bad 'un," cried Daisy. "Her heard new Miss was coming, and so off her goes. Master be away and we don't know where her be until the houseboy comes over from Mount Widden to tell we that she be over there—calling on Miss Celestine and Master Peter, if you do please."

"I see. A sort of protest at having a new governess."

Daisy came near and nudged me. "Miss Celestine do spoil the child. Dotes on her so's you'd think she was her own daughter. Listen! That do sound like the carriage." Daisy was at the window, beckoning to me.

I felt I ought not to stand at the window with a servant, spying on what was happening below, but the temptation was too strong. So I stood beside Daisy and saw them getting out of the carriage—a young woman whom I judged to be of my own age, and a child. I scarcely looked at the woman; my attention was all on the child. This was Alvean, on whom my success depended.

From what I could see, she looked ordinary enough. She was somewhat tall for her eight years; her light brown hair had been plaited and wound round her head. She was wearing a dress of brown gingham with white stockings and black shoes with ankle straps. She looked like a miniature woman, and for some vague reason my spirits fell.

Oddly enough, she seemed to be conscious that she was being watched, and glanced upward. Involuntarily I stepped back, but I was sure she had seen the movement. I felt at a disadvantage before we had met.

I went to the table and, sitting down, began to eat my dinner. Daisy was about to go when there was a knock on the door and Kitty entered.

She grimaced at her sister and grinned rather familiarly at me. "Oh, Miss," she said, "Mrs. Polgrey says that when you'm finished will you go down to the punch room. Miss Nansellock be there and her would like to see you. Miss Alvean have come home."

"I will come when I have finished my dinner," I said.

I rose and went to the mirror which stood on my dressing table. I saw that I was unusually flushed and that this suited me; it made my eyes look decidedly the color of amber. It was fifteen minutes since Daisy and Kitty had left and I imagined that Mrs. Polgrey, Alvean and Miss Nansellock would be impatiently awaiting my coming. But I had no intention of becoming the poor little drudge that so many governesses were. If Alvean were what I believed her to be, she needed to be shown, at the start, that I was in charge and must be treated with respect.

I rang the bell and Daisy appeared. She led the way to the punch room through which I had passed with Mrs. Polgrey on my way to my own quarters. She drew aside the curtains and, with a dramatic gesture, cried, "Here be Miss!"

Mrs. Polgrey was seated in one of the tapestry-backed chairs, and Celestine Nansellock was in another. Alvean was standing. She looked, I thought, dangerously demure.

"Ah," said Mrs. Polgrey, rising, "here is Miss Leigh. Miss Nansellock have been waiting to see you." There was a faint reproach in her voice. I knew what it meant. I, a mere governess, had kept a *lady* waiting.

"How do you do?" I asked.

They looked surprised. I suppose I should have curtsied or made some gesture to show that I was conscious of my menial position. I was aware of the blue eyes of the child fixed upon me; indeed, I was aware of little but Alvean in those first few moments. Her eyes were startlingly blue. I thought, *She will be a beauty when she grows up.*

Celestine Nansellock was standing by Alvean, and she laid a hand on her shoulder. "Miss Alvean came over to see us," she said. "We're great friends. I'm Miss Nansellock of Mount Widden. You may have seen the house."

"I did so on my journey from the station."

"I trust you will not be cross with Alvean."

Alvean bristled and her eyes glinted.

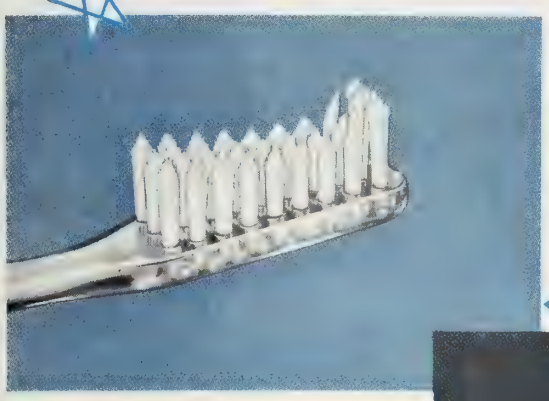
I answered, looking straight into those defiant blue eyes, "I could hardly scold for what happened before my arrival, could I?"

For the first time I gave my attention solely to Celestine Nansellock. She was taller than I, but by no standards a beauty. Her hair was of a nondescript brown and her eyes were hazel. There was little color in her face and I decided she had little personality, but perhaps she was overshadowed by the defiance of Alvean and the conventional dignity of Mrs. Polgrey.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

Here are the tooth brush types America likes best and...

every one a PRO

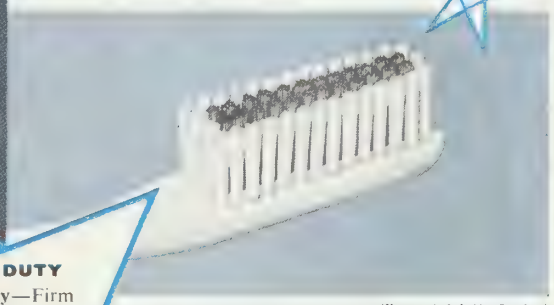


PRO TUFTED
Firm nylon bristles—longer at the end—clean between teeth. 69¢

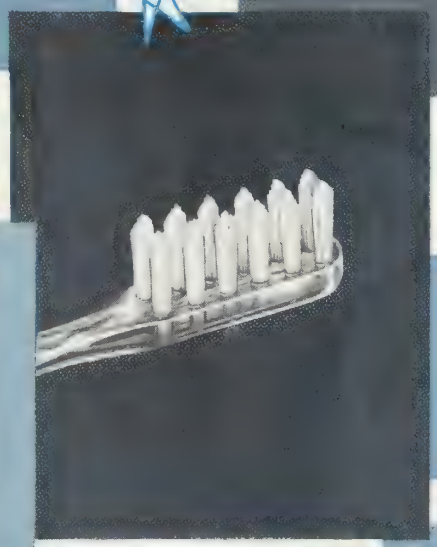


DOUBLE DUTY
Inside Story—Firm bristles polish teeth brighter . . .
Outside Story—Gentle bristles massage gums safely, automatically.

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Revolution in design. First professionally-planned tooth brush. 89¢



PRO DOUBLE DUTY (Natural Bristle Center)
Same as regular PRO Double Duty with center rows of firm, natural bristles. 89¢



PRO NATURAL BRISTLE
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PRO NATURAL BRISTLE TUFTED
Those long bristles really remove food particles that cause bad breath and decay. 79¢



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A folding pocket size of famous PRO Double Duty Tooth Brush. Finest tooth care—anywhere! Kit with tooth brush and paste. $1.19

How old is the tooth brush you're using now? Isn't it time for a crisp, thorough-cleaning new PRO? Look this page over brush by brush. Make your choice, then go to your favorite store and buy a new PRO brush!



PRO "69"
Straight-trimmed bristles, compactly grouped, polish as they clean. 69¢



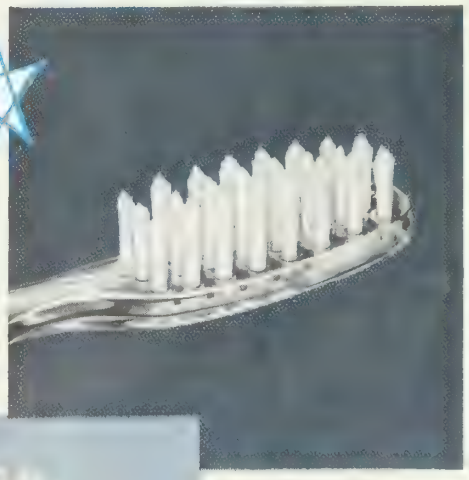
PRO TOTE BRUSH
Now you CAN brush after every meal! This full-sized tooth brush folds and fits into pocket or purse. 69¢
"Pockette" shown.
Kit with paste $1.



PRO CHILD'S BRUSH
One of many styles designed specifically to fit a child's mouth. True PRO craftsmanship. Smaller handle. 39¢



PRO DENTURE BRUSH
Scientifically designed to clean dental plates thoroughly. Note tuft on handle. 69¢



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

"I do hope," she said, "that if you need my advice about anything, Miss Leigh, you won't hesitate to call on me. You see, I am quite a near neighbor, and I think I am looked on here as one of the family."

"You are very kind. I suppose the first thing to do is to get Alvean to bed. It must be past her bedtime."

Celestine smiled. "Indeed it is. She usually has her milk and biscuits in the schoolroom at half past seven. It is now well past eight. But tonight I will look after her. I suggest that you return to your room, Miss Leigh. You must be weary after your journey."

Before I could speak Alvean cried out, "No, Celestine. I want *her* to. She's my governess. She should, shouldn't she?"

A hurt look appeared in Celestine's face, and Alvean could not repress the triumph in hers. I felt I understood. The child wanted to feel her own power; she wanted to prevent Celestine from superintending her retirement simply because Celestine wished so much to do it.

"Oh, very well," said Celestine. "Then there's no further need for me to stay."

She was looking at Alvean as though she wanted her to beg her to stay, but Alvean's curious gaze was all for me.

"Good night," she said flippantly. And to me: "Come on. I'm hungry."

"You've forgotten to thank Miss Nansellock for bringing you back," I told her.

"I didn't forget," she retorted. "I never forget anything."

"Then your memory is a great deal better than your manners," I said.

They were astonished—all of them. Perhaps I was a little astonished myself. But I knew that if I were going to assume control of this child I should have to be firm.

Her face flushed and her eyes grew hard. She was about to retort, but, not knowing how to do so, she ran out of the room.

"Miss Leigh," said Celestine earnestly, "it will be necessary for you to go carefully with that child. She has lost her mother . . . quite recently." Celestine's lips trembled. She smiled at me. "It is such a short time ago and the tragedy seems near. She was a dear friend of mine."

"I understand," I replied. "I shall not be harsh with the child, but I can see she needs discipline."

"Be careful, Miss Leigh." Celestine had taken a step closer and laid a hand on my arm. "Children are delicate creatures."

"I shall do my best for Alvean," I answered.

"I wish you good luck." She smiled and then turned to Mrs. Polgrey. "I'll be going now. I want to get back before dark."

Mrs. Polgrey rang the bell and Daisy appeared.

"Take Miss to her room, Daisy," she commanded. "And has Miss Alvean got her milk and biscuits?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer.

I said good night to Celestine Nansellock. Then I left with Daisy.

I went into the schoolroom where Alvean sat at a table drinking milk and eating biscuits. She deliberately ignored me as I went to the table and sat beside her.

"Alvean," I said, "if we're going to get along together, we'd better come to an understanding. We shall all be happier if we do."

Alvean shrugged her shoulders. "If we don't," she told me brusquely, "you'll have to go. I'll have another governess. It's of no account to me."

Her eyes were malicious and I wanted to slap her. "It should be of the greatest account," I answered, "because it is far more pleasant to live in harmony than in discord with those about us."

"What does it matter, if they're *not* about us—if we can have them sent away?"

"Kindness matters more than anything in the world."

She smiled into her milk and finished it.

"Now," I said, "to bed."

I rose with her and she said, "I go to bed by myself. I am not a baby, you know."

"Perhaps I thought you were younger than you are because you have so much to learn."

She considered that. Then she gave that shrug of her shoulders which I was to discover was characteristic.

"Good night," she said, dismissing me.

"I'll come and say good night when you are in bed."

"There's no need."

"Nevertheless, I'll come."

She opened the door which led to her room. I turned and went into mine.

I felt depressed because I was realizing the size of the problem before me. I had no experience of handling children and not until I had come face to face with Alvean had I realized that I might not succeed with this job. I tried not to look down the years ahead when I might slip from one post to another, never giving satisfaction. What happened to women like myself, women who, without those attractions which were so important, were forced to battle against the world for a chance to live?

I walked up and down, trying to control my emotions. I went to the window and looked out across the lawns. I could see Mount Widden across the cove. Two houses standing there over many years; generations of Nansellocks, generations of TreMellyns and their lives intermingled so that it could well be that the story of one house was the story of the other.



"We're getting up a petition asking parents in the neighborhood to raise their sons' allowances."

I turned from the window and went through the schoolroom to Alvean's room.

"Alvean," I whispered. There was no answer. But she lay there in the bed, her eyes tightly shut, too tightly. I bent over her. "Good night, Alvean. We're going to be friends, you know," I murmured.

There was no answer. She was pretending to be asleep.

Exhausted as I was, my rest was broken that night. I would fall into sleep and then awake startled. I repeated this several times until I was fully awake.

I lay in bed and looked about my room in which the furniture showed up in intermittent moonlight like dim figures. I had a feeling that I was not alone; that there were whispering voices about me. I had an impression that there had been tragedy in this house which still hung over it.

I determined to discover the reason for Alvean's demeanor. I determined to make her a happy, normal child.

It was light before sleep came; the coming of day comforted me because I was afraid of the darkness in this house. It was childish, but it was true.

I had breakfast in the schoolroom with Alvean, who told me, with pride, that when her father was at home she had breakfast with him.

Later we settled to work, and I discovered that she was an intelligent child; she had read more than most children of her age and her eyes would light up with interest in her lessons almost in spite of her determination to preserve a lack of harmony between us. My spirits began to rise.

Luncheon consisted of boiled fish and rice pudding, and afterward when Alvean volunteered to take me for a walk, I felt I was getting on better with her.

There were woods on the estate, and she said she wished to show them to me. I was delighted and gladly followed her through the trees.

"Look," she cried, picking a crimson flower and holding it out to me. "Do you know what this is?"

"It's betony, I believe."

She nodded. "You should pick some and keep it in your room, Miss. It keeps evil away."

I laughed. "That's an old superstition. Why should I want to keep evil away?"

"Everybody should." She was placing the flower in the buttonhole of my coat. I was rather touched. Her face looked gentle and I had a notion that she felt a sudden protective feeling toward me.

"Thank you, Alvean," I said gently.

She looked at me and all the softness vanished from her face. It was defiant and full of mischief.

"You can't catch me," she cried; and off she ran.

I did not attempt to do so. I called, "Alvean, come here." But she disappeared through the trees and I heard her mocking laughter in the distance.

I decided to return to the house, but the wood was thick, and I was not sure of my direction.

I walked back a little way, but it seemed to me that it was not the direction from which we had come. A panic seized me, but I told myself this was absurd. It was a sunny afternoon and I could not be half an hour's walk from the house.

Then I heard singing; it was a strange voice, slightly off key, and the fact that the song was one of those which were being sung in drawing rooms all over the country did nothing to reassure me.

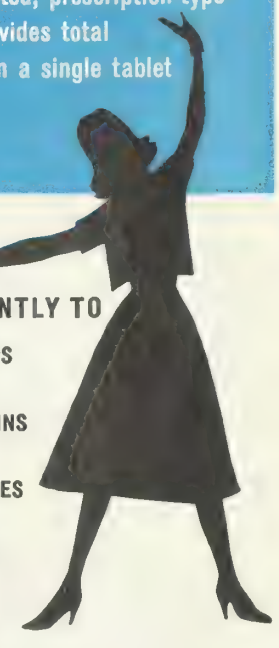
"Alice, where art thou?
One year back this even
And thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me,
Alice, what e'er may betide ——"

"Who is there?" I called.

There was no answer, but in the distance I caught a glimpse of a child with lint-white hair, and I knew that it was only little Gilly, who had stared at me from the hydrangea bushes by the lodge gates.

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I walked swiftly on and after a while the trees grew less dense and through them I saw the road. I came out into this and realized that I was on the slope which led up to the plateau and the lodge gates.

Mrs. Soady was sitting at the door of the lodge as she had been when I arrived, her knitting in her hands.

"Why, Miss," she called, "so you've been out walking then?"

"I went for a walk with Miss Alvean. We lost each other in the woods."

"Ah, yes. So her run away, did her." Mrs. Soady shook her head, as she came to the gate trailing her ball of wool behind her.

"I expect she'll find her way home," I said, hopefully.

"My dear life, yes. There ain't an inch of them woods Miss Alvean don't know. Oh, I see you've got yourself a piece of betony. Like as not 'tis as well."

"Miss Alvean picked it and insisted on putting it in my buttonhole."

"There now! You be friends already."

"I heard the little girl Gilly, singing in the woods," I said.

"I don't doubt 'ee. Her's always singing in the woods."

"I called to her, but she didn't come."

"Timid as a doe, she be."

"Well, I think I'll be getting along. Good-by, Mrs. Soady."

"Good day to 'ee, Miss."

I was hot and tired when I reached the house. I went straight up to my room and rang for water, and when I had washed and brushed my hair went into the schoolroom where tea was waiting for me.

Alvean sat at the table; she looked demure and made no reference to our afternoon's adventure, nor did I.

After tea I said to her, "I don't know what rules your other governesses made, but I propose we do our lessons in the morning, have a break between luncheon and tea, and then start again from five o'clock until six, when we will read together."

Alvean did not answer; she was studying me intently.

Then suddenly she said, "Miss, do you like my name? Have you ever known anyone else called Alvean?"

I said I liked the name and had never heard it before.

"It's Cornish. Do you know what it means?"

"I have no idea."

"Then I will tell you. My father can speak and write Cornish." She looked wistful when she spoke of her father, and I thought, *He at least is one person she admires and for whose approval she is eager.* She went on: "In Cornish, Alvean means Little Alice."

"Oh!" I said, and my voice shook a little.

She came to me and placed her hands on my knees; she looked up into my face and said solemnly, "You see, Miss, my mother was Alice. She isn't here any more. But I was called after her. That's why I am Little Alice."

I stood up because I could no longer bear the scrutiny of the child. I went to the window. I was remembering the mocking eyes of the man on the train, the man who had warned me that I should have to beware of Alice.

Three days after my arrival at Mount Mellyn, the master of the house returned.

I had slipped into a routine as far as my duties were concerned. Alvean and I did lessons each morning after breakfast, and I found her a good pupil. It was not that she meant to please me; it was merely that her desire for knowledge was so acute that she could not deny it. I believe that there was some idea in her head that if she could learn all I knew she could then confront her father with the question: Since there is no more Miss can teach me, is there any point in her remaining here?

I often thought of tales I had heard of governesses whose declining years were made happy by those whom they had taught as children. No such happy fate would be mine—at least as far as Alvean was concerned.

I had been shocked when I first heard the name of Alice mentioned, and after the daylight had passed I would consequently feel that the house was full of eerie shadows. That was pure fancy, of course. It had been a bad beginning, meeting that man in the train with his talk of second sight.

I did wonder, when I was alone in my room and the house was quiet, of what Alice had died. She must have been quite a young woman. It was, I told myself, because she was so recently dead—for after all, a year is not a very long time—that her presence seemed to haunt the place.

> **Bad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God.**
>
> **PHILLIPS BROOKS**

I would wake in the night to hear what I thought were voices, and they seemed to be moaning: "Alice. Alice. Where is Alice?"

I went to my window and listened, and the whispering voices seemed to be carried on the air.

This was the state of affairs when Conan TreMellyn returned to Mount Mellyn.

It was afternoon when he arrived. Alvean had gone off by herself and I had sent for hot water to wash before I went for a stroll. Kitty brought it and I noticed the difference in her from the moment she entered the room. Her black eyes gleamed.

"Master be home," she said.

I tried not to show that I was faintly disturbed; and at that moment Daisy put her head round the door. The sisters looked very much alike just then. They changed subtly when they were in the presence of the opposite sex and I understood what that meant. Their excitement over the return of the master, of whom I gathered everyone was in awe, led me to one conclusion, and I felt faintly disgusted, not only with them but with myself for entertaining such thoughts.

Is he that sort of man, then? I was asking myself.

"He came in half an hour ago," said Kitty.

They were studying me speculatively and once more I thought I read their thoughts.

I said coolly, "Well, I'll wash my hands and then I am going for a walk."

I put on my hat, and even as I went out quickly by way of the back stairs I sensed the change. Mr. Polgrey was busy in the garden, and the two boys who came in from the village were working as though their lives depended on it. Tapperty was cleaning out the stables, so intent on his work that he did not notice me. There was no doubt that the whole household was in awe of the master.

At half past three I went back to the house, and as I was mounting the back stairs to my quarters Daisy came running after me.

"Master have been asking for you, Miss. He do wish to see you. He be waiting in the punch room."

I inclined my head and said, "I will take off my things and then go to the punch room."

In my room I took off my hat and smoothed my hair. My eyes were certainly amber today. They were resentful, which seemed ridiculous before I had met the man. I told myself as I went down that I had built up a picture of him because of certain looks I had seen in the faces of those two flighty girls. I had already assured myself that poor Alice had died of a broken heart because she had found herself married to a philanderer.

I knocked at the door.

"Come in." His voice was strong—arrogant, I called it.

He was standing with his back to the fireplace and I was immediately conscious of hi



at height; he was well over six feet tall, and fact that he was so thin—one could almost gaunt—accentuated this. His hair was ck, but his eyes were light. His hands were ust into the pockets of his riding breeches he wore a dark blue coat with a white vat. There was an air of careless elegance ut him as though he cared nothing for his hes but could not help looking well in n.

Ie gave an impression of both strength and elly. There was sensuality in that face, I ided, but there was much else which was den.

So, Miss Leigh, at last we meet."

Ie did not advance to greet me, and his nner seemed insolent as though he were inding me that I was only a governess.

It does not seem a long time," I answered, r I have been in your house only a few s."

Well, let us not dwell on the time it has en us to get together. Now you are here, hat suffice."

Iis light eyes surveyed me mockingly, so I felt awkward and unattractive. "Mrs. grey gives me good reports of you."

That is kind of her."

Why should it be kind of her to tell me truth? I expect that from my employees."

I meant that she has been kind to me and has helped to make this good report sible."

I see that you are a woman who does not the ordinary clichés of conversation, but ns what she says."

I hope so."

Good. I have a feeling that we shall get on together."

Iis eyes were taking in each detail of my earance, I knew. "Tell me," he said, "how you find my daughter? Backward?"

By no means. She is extremely intelligent, I find her in need of discipline."

I am sure you will be able to supply that ."

I intend to try."

Of course. That is why you are here. If you to make any alterations in the . . . iculum, I think is the word, you must o."

Thank you."

believe in experiments. If your methods not made an improvement in say . . . six ths, well, then we could review the situa- could we not?"

s eyes were insolent. I thought, *He intends t rid of me soon. He was hoping I was a pretty creature not averse to carrying on trigue with him while pretending to look his daughter. Very well, the best thing I lo is to get out of this house.*

suppose," he went on, "we should make es for Alvean's lack of good manners. ost her mother a year ago."

ooked into his face for a trace of sorrow. ld find none.

had heard that," I answered.

f course you had heard. I'll swear there many ready to tell you. Poor child, she o mother. And her father ——" He his shoulders and did not complete his nce.

ven so," I said, "there are many more tunate than she is. All she needs is a hand."

leaned forward suddenly and surveyed onically. "I am sure," he said, "that you s that necessary firm hand."

as conscious in that brief moment of the etism of the man. The clear-cut features, ool, light eyes, the mockery behind —all these I felt were but a mask hiding hing which he was determined to keep n.

hat moment there was a knock on the nd Celestine Nansellock came in.

leard you were here, Connan," she said, thought she seemed nervous. So he had fect even on those of his own station.

ow news travels!" he murmured. "My Celestine, it was good of you to come was just making the acquaintance of w governess. She tells me that Alvean is ent and needs discipline."

course she is intelligent!" Celestine indignantly. "I hope Miss Leigh is not planning to be too harsh with her. Alvean is a *good* child."

Connan TreMellyn threw an amused glance in my direction. "I don't think Miss Leigh entirely agrees with that," he said.

"Perhaps I am overfond ——"

"Would you like me to leave now?" I suggested, for I had a great desire to get away from them.

"But I am interrupting," cried Celestine.

"No," I assured her. "We had finished our talk, I believe."

Connan TreMellyn looked in some amusement from her to me. It occurred to me that he probably found us equally unattractive. I was sure that neither of us was the least like the woman he would admire.

"Let us say it is to be continued," he said lightly. "I fancy, Miss Leigh, that you and I will have a great deal more to discuss, regarding my daughter."

I bowed my head and left them together.

In the schoolroom tea was ready for me. I felt too excited to eat, and when Alvean did not appear I thought that in all probability she was with her father.

At five o'clock she still had not put in an appearance, so I summoned Daisy and sent her to find the child and to remind her that from five to six we had work to do.

I waited. I was not surprised, because I had expected Alvean to rebel. Her father had arrived and she preferred to be with him rather than come to me for the hour of our reading.

I heard footsteps on the stairs. The door of Alvean's room which led into the schoolroom was opened, and there stood Connan Tre Mellyn holding Alvean by the arm.

Alvean's expression astonished me. She looked so unhappy that I found myself feeling sorry for her. In the background was Celestine.

"Here she is," announced Connan Tre-Mellyn. "Duty is duty, my daughter," he said to Alvean. "And when your governess summons you to your lessons, you must obey."

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Alvean muttered and I could see that she was hard put to it to restrain her sobs.

"Connan," Celestine said quietly, "it *is* your first day back, you know, and Alvean so looked forward to your coming."

He smiled, but I thought how grim his mouth was. "Discipline," he murmured. "That, Celeste, is of the utmost importance. Come, we will leave Alvean with her governess."

He inclined his head in my direction, while Alvean threw a pleading glance at him which he ignored. The door shut, leaving me alone with my pupil.

That incident had taught me a great deal. Alvean adored her father and he was indifferent to her. My anger against him increased as my pity for the child grew. Small wonder that she was a difficult child. I would have liked Connan TreMellyn better, I told myself, if he had decided to forget discipline on his first day back, and devote a little time to his daughter's company.

Alvean was rebellious all that evening, but I insisted on her going to bed at her usual time. She told me she hated me, though there was no need for her to have mentioned a fact which was apparent.

I felt so disturbed when she was in her bed that I slipped out of the house and went into the woods, where I sat on a fallen tree trunk, brooding.

I wondered whether I was going to keep this job. It was not easy to say at this stage, and I was not sure whether I wanted to go or stay.

There were so many things to keep me. There was, for one thing, my interest in Gillyflower; there was my desire to wipe the rebellion from Alvean's heart. But I felt less eagerness for these tasks now that I had seen the master.

I was a little afraid of the man, although I could not say why. I was certain that he would leave *me* alone, but there was something magnetic about him, some quality which made it difficult for me to put him out of my mind. I thought more of dead Alice than I had before because I could not stop myself wondering what sort of person she could have been.

As I sat there I heard the sound of footsteps coming through the wood and I hesitated, wondering whether to wait there or go back to the house. A man was coming toward me, and there was something familiar about him which made my heart beat faster.

He started when he saw me; then he began to smile and I recognized him as the man I had met on the train.

"So we meet," he said. "I knew our reunion would not be long delayed. Why, you look as though you have seen a ghost. Has your stay at Mount Mellyn made you look for ghosts?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"My name is Peter Nansellock. I have to confess to a little deception."

"You're Miss Celestine's brother?"

He nodded. "I knew who you were when we met in the train. I saw you sitting there, looking the part, and your name on the labels of your baggage confirmed my guess. I knew that they were expecting Miss Martha Leigh at Mount Mellyn."

"I am comforted to learn that my looks conform with the part I have been called upon to play in life."

"You really are a most untruthful young lady. You are in fact quite discomfited to learn that you were taken for a governess."

I felt myself grow pink with indignation. "Because I am a governess is no reason why I should be forced to accept insults from strangers."

I rose from the tree trunk, but he laid a hand on my arm. "Please let us talk awhile. There is much I have to say to you. There are things you should know."

My curiosity overcame my dignity and I sat down.

"That's better, Miss Leigh. You see, I remember your name."

"How extraordinary that you should notice a mere governess' name and then keep it in your memory."

"You are like a hedgehog," he retorted. "One only has to mention the word 'governess' and up come your spines. You will have to learn resignation. Aren't we taught that we must be content in that station of life to which we have been called?"

"Since I resemble a hedgehog, at least I am not spineless."

He laughed and then was immediately sober. "I do not possess second sight, Miss Leigh." he said quietly. "I know nothing of palmistry. I deceived you."

"Do you think I was deceived for a moment?"

"For many moments. Until this one, in fact, you have thought of me with wonder."

"Indeed, I have not thought of you at all."

"More untruths! I wonder if a young lady with such little regard for veracity is worthy to teach our little Alvean."

"Since you are a friend of the family, your best policy would be to warn them at once."

"But if Connan dismissed his daughter's governess, how sad that would be! I should wander through these woods without hope of meeting her."

"I see you are a frivolous person."

"It's true." He looked grave. "My brother was frivolous. My sister is the only commendable member of the family."

"I have already met her."

"Naturally. She is a constant visitor to Mount Mellyn. She dotes on Alvean."

I turned to him abruptly and said, "You told me to beware of Alice. What did you mean by that?"

"So you did remember?"

"It seemed such a strange thing to say."

"Alice is dead," he said, "but somehow she remains. That's what I always feel at Mount Mellyn. Nothing was the same after the day she . . . went."

"How did she die?"

"You have not heard the story yet?"

"No."

"I should have thought Mrs. Polgrey or one of those girls would have told you. But they haven't, eh? It's a very simple one—the sort of thing which must happen in many a home. A wife finds life with her husband intolerab She walks out . . . with another man. O Alice's story had a different ending." looked at the tips of his boots. "The man the case was my brother," he went on.

"Geoffrey Nansellock!" I cried.

"So you have heard of him!"

I thought of Gillyflower, whose birth h so distressed her mother that she had walk into the sea. "Yes," I said, "I've heard Geoffrey Nansellock. He was evidently philanderer."

"It sounds a harsh word to apply to po old Geoff. He had charm—all the charm the family, some say." He smiled. "He w not a bad sort. I was fond of old Geoff. H great weakness was women. He found the irresistible. And women love men who lo them. How can they help it? I mean, it is su a compliment. One by one they fell victim his charm."

"He did not hesitate to include other me wives among his victims."

"Spoken like a true governess! Alas, dear Miss Leigh, it appeared he did not since Alice was among them. It is true that was not well at Mount Mellyn. Alice w afraid of Connan. Before she married him s had known my brother. She and Geoffi were on the train—running away togethe

"I see." I drew myself away from him b cause I felt it was undignified to be talking past scandals in this way.

"They identified Geoffrey, although he w badly smashed up. There was a woman badly burned that it was impossible to rec nize her as Alice. But a locket she was wear was one she was known to possess. That w how she was identified—and of course th was the fact that Alice had disappeared."

"How dreadful to die in such a way!"

"The prim governess is shocked beca poor Alice died in the act of forming a gu partnership with my charming but err brother."

"Was she so unhappy at Mount Mellyn

"You have met Connan. Remember, knew that she had once been in love w

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Geoffrey, and Geoffrey was still in the offing. can imagine life was hell for Alice."

"Well, it was very tragic," I said briskly. 'But it is over. Why did you say, 'Beware of Alice,' as though she were still there?"

"Are you fey, Miss Leigh? No, of course ou are not. You are a governess with more han your fair share of common sense. You ould not be influenced by fantastic tales."

"What fantastic tales?"

He grinned at me, coming even closer, and realized that in a very short time it would be ark. I was anxious to get back to the house, nd my expression, I know, became a little mpatient.

"They recognized her locket. There are ome who think that it was not Alice who was illed on the train."

"Then if it was not, where is she?"

"That is what some people ask themselves. hat is why there are long shadows at Mount Mellyn."

I stood up. "I must get back. It will soon be ark."

He was standing beside me—a little taller han I—and our eyes met. "I thought you hould know these things," he said almost ently.

I began walking in the direction from which had come. "My duties are with the child," answered somewhat brusquely. "I am not ere for any other purpose."

"But how can even a governess, overburdened with common sense though she may be, now to what purposes fate will put her?"

"I think I know what is expected of me." was alarmed because he walked beside me. There is no need for you to escort me back o the house."

"I am forced to contradict you. There is very reason."

"Do you think I am incapable of looking fter myself?"

"I think none more capable of doing that han yourself. But, as it happens, I was on my ay to call and this is the most direct way to he house."

I was silent until we came to Mount Mellyn.

Connan TreMellyn was coming from the stables.

"Hello there, Con!" cried Peter Nansellock.

Connan TreMellyn looked at us in mild surprise which I suppose was due to the fact that we were together. I hurried round to the back of the house.

In the morning the fancies of the previous night seemed foolish. I asked myself why so many people—including myself—wanted to make a mystery of what had happened in this house. It was an ordinary enough story.

My room was filled with sunshine and I felt exhilarated. I knew why. It was due to that man, Connan TreMellyn. Not that I liked him—quite the reverse; but it was as though he had issued a challenge. I was going to make a success of this job. I was going to make of Alvean not only a model pupil but a charming, unaffected, normal little girl.

I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and went to the window to look out. No one was visible. The lawns looked fresh and lovely with the early-morning dew on them. It was one of those mornings when there was every promise of a beautiful day.

I threw open my window and leaned out, my coppery plaits, the ends tied with pieces of blue ribbon for bedtime, swinging out with me.

Connan TreMellyn emerged from the stables. He saw me before I was able to draw back, and I felt myself grow scarlet with embarrassment to be seen with my hair down and in my nightgown thus.

He called jauntily, "Good morning, Miss Leigh."

In that moment I said to myself, *So it was his horse I heard. Has he been riding in the early morning, or out all night?* I imagined his visiting one of the gay ladies of the neighborhood.

"Good morning," I said, and my voice sounded curt.

He was coming swiftly across the lawn. "A beautiful morning," he cried.

"Extremely so," I answered.

I withdrew into my room as I heard him shout, "Hello, Alvean! So you're up too."

I was standing well back from the window now and I heard Alvean cry, "Hello, papa!" Her voice was soft and gentle with that wistful note which I had detected when she spoke of him on the previous day. I knew that she was delighted to have seen him, that it would make her extremely happy if he stopped awhile and chatted with her.

He did no such thing. He went into the house.

I put on my dressing gown and, on impulse, crossed the schoolroom to Alvean's room. I opened the door and went in. She was sitting astride a chair and talking to herself.

There is no one but yourself who knows whether you are cowardly or cruel, or loyal and devout. Others do not see you, they guess at you by uncertain conjectures; they see not so much your nature as your art. Therefore, do not cling to their judgment; cling to your own. MONTAIGNE

"There's nothing to be afraid of really. All you have to do is hold tight and not be afraid . . . and you won't fall off."

She was so intent on what she was doing that she had not heard the door open, and I stood for a few seconds, watching her.

I learned a great deal in that moment. He was a great horseman, this father of hers. He wanted his daughter to be a good horsewoman, too, but Alvean, although she desperately wanted to win his approval, was afraid of horses.

I quietly shut the door and went back to my room. I looked at the sunshine on the carpet and my elation returned. I *was* going to make a success of this job. I was going to fight Connan TreMellyn, if he wanted it that way. I was going to make him proud of his daughter.

Lessons were trying that morning. Alvean was late, having breakfasted with her father in accordance with the custom of the family. I had to send for her, and that she deeply resented.

I tried to make lessons as interesting as I could, and I must have succeeded for, in spite of her resentment toward me, she could not hide her interest in the history and geography lessons which I set for that morning.

She took luncheon with her father while I ate alone in the schoolroom, and after that I decided to approach Connan TreMellyn.

I saw him leave the house and go across to the stables. I immediately followed him and, when I arrived at the stables, heard him giving orders to Billy Trehay to saddle Royal Russet.

He looked surprised to see me. "I had hoped to have a few words with you," I said primly. "Perhaps this is an inconvenient time."

"That depends," he said, "on how many words you wish us to exchange." He took out his watch and looked at it. "I can give you five minutes, Miss Leigh."

"In my youth," I said, "I was constantly in the saddle. I believe Alvean wishes to learn to ride. I am asking your permission to teach her."

"You have my permission to try."

"You sound as though you doubt my ability to succeed."

"I fear I do."

"I don't understand why you should doubt my ability to teach when you have not tested my skill."

"Oh, Miss Leigh," he said almost mockingly, "it is not your ability to teach that I doubt. It is Alvean's to learn."

"You mean others have failed to teach her?"

"I have failed. There are some people who can never learn to ride."

Before I could stop myself I burst out, "There are some people who cannot teach."

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He stopped to stare at me in astonishment, and I knew that nobody in this house had ever dared to talk to him in such a way.

I thought, *This is it. I shall now be told that my services are no longer required, and I may pack my bags and depart.*

There was a violent temper there, and I could see that he was fighting to control it. He still looked at me and I could not read the expression in those light eyes. I believed it was contemptuous. "You must excuse me, Miss Leigh," he said; and left me.

I went straight to Alvean. I found her in the schoolroom. There was the sullen, defiant look in her eyes and I believed she had seen me talking to her father. "Your father has said I may give you riding lessons, Alvean. Would you like that?"

I saw the muscles of her face tighten, and my heart sank.

I went on quickly, "When we were your age, my sister and I were keen riders. She was two years younger than I and we used to compete together in the local shows. The exciting days in our lives were those when there was a gymkhana in our village."

"They have them here," she said.

"It's great fun!"

She was silent for a moment; then she said, "I can't do it. I don't like horses."

"You don't like horses!" My voice was shocked. "Why, they're the gentlest creatures in the world."

"They're not. They don't like me. I rode Gray Mare and she ran fast and wouldn't stop, and if Tapperty hadn't caught her rein she would have killed me."

"Gray Mare wasn't the mount for you. You should have a pony to start with."

"Then I had Buttercup. She was as bad in a different way. She wouldn't go when I tried to make her."

I hastened to assure her that was the way horses behaved until they understood you. When they did understand you they loved you as though you were their very dear friend. I saw the wistful look in her eyes and I said, "Look, Alvean, come out with me now. Let's see what we can do together."

She shook her head suspiciously.

"There's one thing to learn before you can begin to ride," I said, "and that is to love your horse. Then you won't be afraid. As soon as you're not afraid, your horse will begin to love you. He'll know you're his master, and he wants a master; but it must be a tender, loving master."

She was giving me her attention now.

"When a horse runs away as Gray Mare did, that means she is frightened. She's as frightened as you are, and her way of showing it is to run. As for Buttercup—she's a mischievous old nag. She's lazy and knows that you can't handle her, so she won't do as she's told. But once you let her know you're the master, she'll obey."

"I didn't know Gray Mare was frightened of me," she said.

"Your father wants you to ride," I told her.

It was the wrong thing to have said: it reminded her of past fears, past humiliations; I saw the stubborn fear return to her eyes.

"Wouldn't it be fun," I said, "to surprise him. I mean . . . suppose you learned and you could jump and gallop, and he didn't know about it—until he saw you do it."

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*surface blemishes

The highest achievements of old age are the married couple who have not quarreled too much, who have produced children and not alienated them, and who have received, as their final reward, the collusion of their grandchildren. The true history of the human race is the history of human affection. In comparison with it all other histories—including economic history—are false. It has never been written down, and owing to its reticent nature it cannot be written, but it has continued from generation to generation ever since the human race became recognizable.

E. M. FORSTER

It hurt me to see the joy in her face and I wondered how any man could be so callous as to deny a child the affection she asked.

"Alvean," I said, "let's try."

"Yes," she said, "let's try. I'll go and change into my things."

I gave a little cry of disappointment, remembering that I had no riding habit with me. Alvean was looking at me and I told her, "I have no riding clothes."

Her face fell and then lit up. "Come with me," she said. She was almost conspiratorial.

We went along the gallery until we were in that part of the house which Mrs. Polgrey had told me was not for me. Alvean paused before a door and I had the impression that she was steeling herself to go in. She at length threw open the door and stood aside for me to enter.

It was a small room which I judged to be a dressing room. In it were a long mirror, a tallboy, a chest of drawers and an oak chest.

"There are lots of clothes here," Alvean said. "In the chests and the tallboy."

She opened the chest. In it were dresses, petticoats, hats and boots. Alvean said quickly, "There are a lot of clothes in the attics. They were grandmamma's and great-grand-mamma's. When there were parties they used to dress up in them and play charades."

I held up a lady's black beaver hat—obviously meant to be worn for riding. I put it on my head and Alvean laughed. That laughter moved me more than anything had done since I had entered this house.

"You look so funny in it, Miss," she said.

I got up and stood before the long mirror. I certainly looked unlike myself. My eyes were brilliant, my hair looked quite copper against the black. I decided that I looked slightly less unattractive than usual, and that was what Alvean meant by "funny."

"Not the least like a governess," she explained. She was pulling out a riding habit

ade of black woolen cloth and mmed with braid and ball fringe. It d a blue collar and blue cuffs and was elegantly cut.

I held it up against myself. "I ink," I said, "that this would fit."

"Try it on," said Alvean. Then, No, not here. You take it to your om and put it on." She suddenly emed obsessed by the desire to get t of this room. I thought that she as eager to get started on our les-n, and there was not a great deal of ne if we were to be back for tea at ur.

I picked up the dress and went back my room. She hurried through to rs, and I immediately put on the ling habit.

It was not a perfect fit, but I had ver been used to expensive clothes d was prepared to forget it was a tle tight at the waist, and that the eeves were on the short side, for a w woman looked back at me from y mirror, and when I set the beaver t on my head I was delighted with yself.

I ran along to Alvean's room; she as in her habit, and when she saw e her eyes lit up.

We went down to the stables and I ld Billy Trehay to saddle Buttercup r Alvean and another horse for my-lf, as we were going to have a riding sson.

He looked at me with some aston-nment, but I told him that we had tle time and were impatient to be-n.

When we were ready I put Butter-p on a leading rein and took her th Alvean on her back into the pad-ck.

For nearly an hour we were there d I concentrated on giving her con-ence. I made her grow accustomed sitting her horse, to talking to her rse. I made her lean back full length Buttercup's back and look up at sky; then I made her shut her s. I gave her lessons in mounting d dismounting. Buttercup did no re than walk round that field, but I believe that at the end of the hour I d done a great deal toward making ean lose her fear. That was what I d determined should be the first on.

was astonished to find that it was f past three, and I think Alvean s too.

"We must return to the house at e," I said, "if we are to change in e for tea."

As we came out of the field a figure e from the grass and I saw, to my prise, that it was Peter Nansellock. He clapped his hands as we came ng. "Here endeth the first lesson," cried, "and an excellent one. I did know," he went on, turning to "that equestrian skill was in-led in your accomplishments."

"Were you watching us, Uncle er?" demanded Alvean.

"For the last half hour. My ad-ration for you both is beyond ex-sion."

Alvean smiled slowly. "Did you ly admire us?"

"Much as I could be tempted to pliment two beautiful ladies," he , placing his hand on his heart and ing elegantly, "I could never tell ."

"Until this moment," I said tartly. ur uncle is a joker, Alvean."

"Yes," said Alvean almost sadly. now."

"And," I added, "it is time that we ned for tea."

"I wonder if I might be invited to olroom tea?"

"You are calling to see Mr. Tre-yn?" I asked.

"I am calling to take tea with you ladies."

Alvean laughed suddenly. I could see that she was not unaffected by what I supposed was the charm of this man.

"Mr. TreMellyn left Mount Mellyn early this afternoon," I said. "I have no idea whether or not he has returned. Come along, Alvean."

Peter Nansellock walked behind us, and when we reached the stables I saw him making for the house.

Alvean and I dismounted, handed our horses to two of the stableboys, and hurried up to our rooms.

I got out of the riding habit and into my dress and thought how drab I looked in my gray cotton.

I picked up the riding habit to hang in my cupboard, deciding that I would take the first opportunity of asking Mrs. Polgrey if it was in order for me to use it. I was afraid I had acted on impulse by doing so this afternoon.

As I lifted the habit I saw the name on the waistband. "Alice TreMellyn" was embossed in neat letters on the black satin facings.

Then I understood. That room had been her dressing room. My heart felt as though it were leaping into my throat. *This*, I said to myself, *is absurd. Where else could we have found a modern riding habit?*

Boldly I picked up the riding dress and hung it in my cupboard. *She would be glad I used her habit*, I told myself. *Am I not trying to help her daughter?*

What had happened to my common sense? Whatever I told myself, I could not hide the fact

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that I wished the dress had belonged to anyone but Alice.

When I had changed there was a knock on my door and I was relieved to see Mrs. Polgrey standing there.

"Do come in," I said. "I have been giving Miss Alvean a riding lesson. And, as I had no riding habit, she found one for me. I believe it to have been her mother's." I went to my wardrobe and produced it.

Mrs. Polgrey nodded.

"I wore it this once. Perhaps it was wrong of me."

"Did you have the master's permission to give her this riding lesson?"

"Oh, yes. I made sure of that."

"Then there is nothing to worry about. He would have no objection to your wearing the dress. I can see no reason why you should not keep it in your room—providing, of course, you only wear it when giving Miss Alvean her riding lesson."

"Thank you," I said. "You have set my mind at rest."

Mrs. Polgrey bowed her head in approval. "Mr. Peter Nansellock is downstairs."

"Yes, we saw him as we came in."

"The master is not at home," she explained, "and Mr. Peter has asked that you entertain him for tea—you and Miss Alvean."

"Oh, but should we—I mean should I?" I asked.

"Well, yes, Miss, I think it would be in order. I think that is what the master would wish, particularly as Mr. Peter suggests it. Miss Jansen, during the time she was here, often helped to entertain. I have told Mr. Nansellock that tea will be served in the punch room. Will you come down?"

"Yes, I will."

She sailed out and I found myself smiling not without a little complacence. It was turning out to be a most enjoyable day.

When I reached the punch room, Alvean was not there, but Peter Nansellock was sprawling in one of the tapestry-covered chairs. He leaped to his feet.

"But this is delightful."

"Mrs. Polgrey has told me that I am to do the honors in the absence of Mr. TreMellyn."

"How like you to remind me that you are merely the governess!"

"I felt," I replied, "that it was necessary to do so, since you may have forgotten."

"You are a charming hostess! Indeed, I never saw you look less like a governess than when you were giving Alvean her lesson."

"It was my riding habit. Borrowed plumes. A pheasant would look like a peacock if it could acquire the tail."

"My dear Miss Pheasant, I do not agree. 'Manners makyth the man'—or woman—not fine feathers."

This banter was interrupted by the appearance of Alvean.

"Ah, the little lady herself!" cried Peter. "Alvean, how good it is of you and Miss Leigh to allow me to take tea with you."

"I wonder why you want to," replied Alvean. "You never have before—except when Miss Jansen was here."

"Hush, hush! You betray me," he murmured.

Mrs. Polgrey came in with Kitty. The latter set the tray on a table, while Mrs. Polgrey lighted the spirit lamp. Kitty laid a cloth on a small table and brought in cakes and cucumber sandwiches.

"Miss, would you care to make the tea yourself?" asked Mrs. Polgrey.

I said I would do so with pleasure.

Kitty seemed reluctant to leave the room. I believed that Mrs. Polgrey was also to some extent under the spell of the man. *It must be*, I told myself, *because he is such a contrast to the master*. Peter had that comforting quality of making any woman in his company feel that she was an attractive one.

I made tea and Alvean handed him bread and butter.

"What luxury!" he cried. "I feel like a sultan with two beautiful ladies to wait on me."

"You're telling lies again," cried Alvean. "We're neither of us ladies, because I'm not grown up and Miss is a governess."

"What sacrilege!" he murmured, and his warm eyes were on me almost caressingly. I felt embarrassed under his scrutiny.

I changed the conversation briskly. "I think Alvean will make a good horsewoman in time," I said. "What was your opinion?"

I saw how eagerly the girl waited on his words.

"She'll be the champion of Cornwall; you see!"

She could not hide her pleasure.

"And"—he lifted a finger and wagged it at her—"don't you forget whom you have to thank for it."

The glance Alvean threw at me was almost shy, and I felt suddenly happy. My resentment against life had never been so far away; I had ceased to envy my charming sister. At that moment there was only one person I wanted to be: Martha Leigh, sitting in the punch room, taking tea with Peter Nansellock and Alvean TreMellyn.

Alvean said, "It's to be a secret for a while."

"Yes, we're going to surprise her father."

"I'll be silent as the grave."

"Why do people say 'silent as the grave'?" asked Alvean.

"Because," put in Peter, "dead men don't talk."

"Sometimes they have ghosts, perhaps," said Alvean, looking over her shoulder.

"What Mr. Nansellock meant," I said quickly, "was that he will keep our little secret. Alvean, I believe Mr. Nansellock would like some more cucumber sandwiches."

She leaped up to offer them to him.

"You have not paid a visit to Mount Widden yet, Miss Leigh," he said. "I'm sure my sister would be delighted if you and Alvean would come over and take tea with us."

"I am not sure ——" I began.

"That it lies within your duties? I'll tell you how we'll arrange it. You shall bring Miss Alvean to take tea at Mount Widden. Bringing her to us and taking her home again, I am sure, would come within the duties of the most meticulous governess."



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"When shall we come?" asked Alvean.

"This is an open invitation."

I smiled. I knew what that meant. He was again talking for the sake of talking; he had no intention of asking me to tea.

The door opened suddenly and, to my embarrassment—which I hoped I managed to hide—Connan TreMellyn came in.

I rose to my feet, and he gave me a quick smile. "Miss Leigh," he said, "is there a cup of tea for me?"

"Alvean," I said, "ring for another cup, please."

She got up to do so, alert, eager to please her father. It made her somewhat clumsy, and as she rose from her chair she knocked over her cup of tea. She flushed scarlet with mortification.

I said, "Never mind. Ring the bell. Kitty will clear it up."

I knew that Connan TreMellyn was watching with some amusement. If I had known he would return I should have been very reluctant to entertain Peter Nansellock to tea in the punch room.

Kitty came and I indicated the mess of tea and broken china on the carpet. "And please bring another cup for Mr. TreMellyn," I added.

"Had a busy day, Connan?" asked Peter.

Connan TreMellyn began to talk of estate business, which I felt might have been to re-

The world is filled with people who have worked hard but have little to show for it. Something more than hard work is necessary; it is creative thinking and firm belief in your ability to execute your ideas. The successful people in history have succeeded through their thinking. Their hands were merely helpers to their brains. **CLAUDE M. BRISTOL**

THE MAGIC OF BELIEVING, 1948, PUBLISHED BY PRENTICE-HALL, INC.

mind me that my duties consisted of dispensing tea and nothing else. I was not to imagine that I was in truth a hostess. I was there as an upper servant, nothing more.

I felt angry with him for coming in and spoiling my little triumph. I wondered how he would react when I presented him with the good little horsewoman I was determined Alvean was to become. He would probably make some slighting remark and show us such indifference that we should feel our trouble was wasted.

You poor child, I thought, *you are trying to win the affections of a man who doesn't know the meaning of affection. Poor Alvean! Poor child!*

The cup and saucer was brought and I poured out his tea. He was watching, expecting me to rise and take it to him.

"Alvean," I said, "please pass this to your father."

And she was very eager to do so. He said a brief "Thanks."

I looked at my watch, and said, "I am going to ask you to excuse Alvean and me. It is nearly five o'clock and we have our studies between five and six."

"And we must," said Connan, "on no account interfere with those."

"But surely," cried Peter, "on such an occasion there could be a little relaxation of the rules."

Alvean was looking eager. She was unhappy in her father's presence, but she could not bear to leave it.

"Please, papa ——" she began.

He looked at her sternly. "My dear child, you heard what your governess said."

Alvean blushed and looked uncomfortable, but I was already saying "Good afternoon" to Peter Nansellock and making my way to the door.

That night when Alvean had retired to her room I went for a stroll in the woods. I was beginning to look upon these woods as a place of refuge, a place in which to be quiet and think about my life while I wondered what shape it would take.

The day had been eventful, a pleasant day until Connan TreMellyn had come into it and disturbed the peace. I wondered if his business ever took him away for long periods—really long periods, not merely a matter of a few days. If this were so, I thought, I might have a chance of making Alvean into a happier little girl.

I stayed in the woods until it was almost dusk. Then I made for the house, and I had not been in my room more than a few minutes when Kitty knocked.

"I thought I 'eard 'ee come in, Miss," she said. "Master be asking for 'ee. He be in his library."

"Then you had better take me there," I said, "for it is a room I have never visited."

She led me to a wing of the house more luxurious than any part which I had so far seen.

Kitty opened a door and, with that vacuous smile on her face, announced, "Miss be here, master."

"Thank you, Kitty," he said. And then, "Oh, come along in, Miss Leigh." He was sitting at a table on which were leather-bound books and papers. He said, "Do sit down, Miss Leigh."

I held my head high, even haughtily, waiting.

"I was interested to learn this afternoon," he began, "that you had already made the acquaintance of Mr. Nansellock."

"Really?" The surprise in my voice was not assumed.

"Of course," he went on, "it was inevitable that you would meet him sooner or later. He and his sister are constant visitors at the house, but ——"

"But you feel that it is unnecessary that he should make the acquaintance of your daughter's governess," I said quickly.

"I beg you, Miss Leigh, do not put words into my mouth which I had no intention of uttering. What friends you make must be entirely your own concern. But your aunt, in a manner of speaking, put you under my care when she put you under my roof, and I have asked you to come here that I may offer you a word of advice on a subject which, I fear, you may think a little indelicate."

I was flushing scarlet and my embarrassment was not helped by the fact that this, I was sure, secretly amused him.

"Mr. Nansellock has a reputation for being—how shall I put it?—susceptible to young ladies."

"Oh!" I cried, unable to suppress the exclamation, so great was my discomfort. "Mr. TreMellyn, I do not think I am in need of such a warning."

"He is very handsome," he went on, and the mocking note had come back to his voice. "He has a reputation for being a charming fellow. There was a young lady here before you, a Miss Jansen. He often called to see her. Miss Leigh, I do beg of you not to misunderstand me. Please do not take all that Mr. Nansellock says too seriously."

I heard myself say in a voice unlike my habitual tone, "It is extremely kind of you, Mr. TreMellyn, to concern yourself with my welfare."

"But of course I concern myself with your welfare. You are here to look after my daughter. Therefore it is of the utmost importance to me."

He rose, and I did the same. I saw that this was dismissal. He came swiftly to my side and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Forgive me," he said. "I'm a blunt man. I merely wish to offer you a friendly warning."

For a few seconds I looked into those cool light eyes and thought I had a fleeting glimpse of the man behind the mask. I was sobered suddenly. My feelings in that moment were so mixed that I cannot even at this day define them.

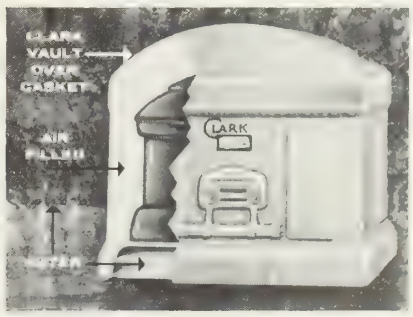
"Thank you," I said; and I escaped from the library back to my room.

Each day Alvean and I went to the field and had an hour's riding. As I watched the little girl on Buttercup I knew that her father must have been extremely impatient with her, for



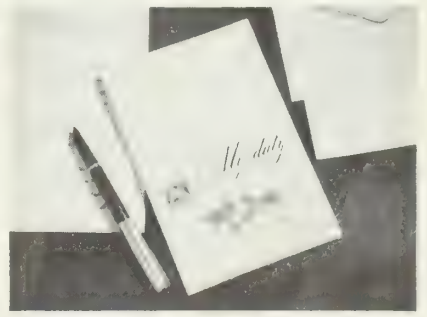
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- what to look for in selecting a casket?
- why it's important to select a proper grave vault at the same time?
- how to be sure it protects against water in the ground?
- whether the closest relatives are expected to greet callers at the home?

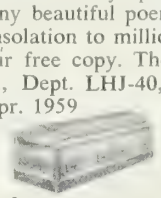


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the child, though not a born rider, would soon be giving a good account of herself.

I had discovered that every November a gymkhana was held in Mellyn village, and I had told Alvean that she should certainly enter for one of the events. It was enjoyable planning this, because Connan TreMellyn would be one of the judges.

So every afternoon I would put on Alice's riding habit (I had ceased to care to whom it had previously belonged, for it had become mine now) and we would go to the field and there I would put Alvean through her paces.

On the day we tried her first gallop we were elated.

Afterward we returned to the house together and as I was with her I went in by way of the front entrance, as I had when I had first arrived at the house.

No sooner were we in the hall than Alvean ran from me and left by that door through which Mrs. Polgrey had taken me. I followed her and as I passed out of the hall I noticed a damp, musty smell and I saw that the door leading to the chapel was slightly ajar. Thinking that Alvean had gone in there, I went in. It was cold in the place, and I shivered as I stood on the blue flagstones and gazed at the altar and the pews.

I had taken a few steps inside the room and was standing with my back to the door when I heard a gasp behind me and a quick intake of breath.

"No!" said a voice, so horrified that I did not recognize it.

For some unaccountable reason my whole body seemed to freeze. I turned sharply, but it was only Celestine Nansellock who stood looking at me.

She was so white that I thought she was going to faint—or perhaps it was the dimness of the chapel which made her appear so. I thought I understood. She had seen me in Alice's riding habit and she had believed in that second that I *was* Alice.

"Miss Nansellock," I said quickly to reassure her, "Alvean and I have been having a riding lesson."

She swayed a little; her face was now a grayish color.

"I'm sorry I startled you," I went on.

"I wondered who was here," she said almost sharply. "Whatever made you come into the chapel?"

"I came in this way with Alvean. She ran off and I thought she might be in here."

"Alvean! Oh, no—no one ever comes in here. It's a gloomy place, don't you think? Let's go."

"You look . . . unwell, Miss Nansellock. Would you like me to ring for some brandy?"

"Oh, no—no. I'm perfectly well."

I said boldly, "You're looking at my clothes. They're . . . borrowed. I have to give Alvean riding lessons and I lacked the suitable clothes. These were . . . her mother's."

"I see."

"I did explain to Mrs. Polgrey, who thought it was quite in order for me to use them."

"Of course. Why not?"

"I'm afraid I startled you."

"Oh, no, you mustn't say that. I'm quite all right. It's the light in the chapel. It makes us all look so ghastly. You yourself look a little pale, Miss Leigh. It's those windows—that particular type of stained glass. It plays havoc with our complexions." She laughed. "Let's get out of here."

We went down the few steps and back to the hall, and then out of the house. I noticed that in these few minutes she had regained her normal color.

She had been shocked to see me. I told myself I knew why. She had seen the back of me in Alice's riding clothes and she had thought for the moment that it was Alice standing there.

"Does Alvean enjoy her riding lessons?" she asked. "Tell me, are you getting along with her better now? I fancied when you arrived there was a little antagonism on her part."

"She is the kind of child who would automatically be antagonistic to authority. Yes, I think we are becoming friends. These riding lessons have helped considerably. By the way, they are a secret from her father."

Celestine Nansellock looked a little shocked, and I hurried on: "Oh, it is only her good progress which is a secret. He knows about the lessons. Naturally I asked his permission first. But he does not realize how well she is coming along. It is to be a surprise."

"I see. Miss Leigh, I do hope she is not overstrained by these lessons."

"Overstrained? But why? She is a normal, healthy child."

"She is highly strung. I wonder whether she is of the temperament to make a rider."

"She is so young that we have a chance of forming her character which will have its effect on her temperament. She is enjoying her lessons and is very eager to surprise her father."

"So she is becoming your friend, Miss Leigh. I am glad of that. Now I must go. I was just on my way out when I passed the chapel and saw the door open."

I said good-by to her and went up to my room by the usual way. I went to a mirror and looked at myself. I'm afraid this was becoming a habit since I had come here. I murmured; "That might be Alice—apart from the face." Then I half closed my eyes and let the face become blurred while I imagined a different face there.

Oh yes, it must have been a shock for Celestine.

I wondered then what Connan TreMellyn would say if he knew that I was going about in his wife's clothes and had frightened practical people like Celestine Nansellock when they saw me in dim places.

I felt he would not wish me to continue to look like Alice.

So since I needed Alice's clothes for my riding lessons with Alvean, and since I was determined that those lessons should continue—that I might have the pleasure of saying, "I told you so!" to Alvean's father—I was as anxious as I was sure Celestine Nansellock was that nothing should be said about our encounter in the chapel.

A week passed and I felt I was slipping into a routine. Lessons in the schoolroom and the riding field progressed favorably. Peter Nansellock came over to the house on two occasions, but I managed to elude him. I faced the fact that I was stimulated by Peter Nansellock and that I could very easily find myself in a state of mind where I was looking forward to his visits. I had no intention of placing myself in that position.

I thought now and then of his brother, Geoffrey, and concluded that Peter must be very like him. When I thought of Geoffrey I thought also of Mrs. Polgrey's daughter of whom she had never spoken.

My interest in Alvean's riding lessons and her father's personality had made me forget little Gillyflower temporarily. The child was

OTHER VIEWS,
SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE
PATTERN ON PAGE 107



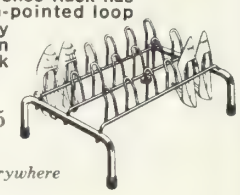
Vogue Design No. 9643. "Easy to Make" Blouses; 10–18 (31–38)'. 60 cents. Version shown requires 1¼ yards of 35″ fabric with or without nap, size 14.

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MOMMY!... MOMMY!...
MOMMY!

To mothers, that cry means that there's another cut, scratch, scrape, or burn. It also means she should get iodine—but she often doesn't, because iodine burns and stings, upsets youngsters. Here's good news. Science has discovered a new kind of iodine that stops infection best yet doesn't burn or sting. It's polyvinylpyrrolidone-iodine*, found only in new ISODINE® ANTISEPTIC. Where other types of antiseptics may kill only 1, 2, or 3 types of germs, ISODINE kills all types—even virus and fungus. And up to 40 times faster. Get painless ISODINE ANTISEPTIC. Money-back guarantee.

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so quiet that she was easily forgotten. Occasionally I heard her thin reedy voice, singing out-of-doors or in the house.

I used to say to myself when I heard it, *If Gilly can learn songs she can surely learn other things.*

I must have been given to daydreams, for side by side with that picture of Connan TreMellyn, handing his daughter the first prize at the November gymkhana and giving me an apologetic and appreciative glance at the same time, there was another picture. This was of Gilly sitting at the schoolroom table side by side with Alvean, while I listened to whispering in the background: "This could never have happened but for Miss Martha Leigh. You see, she is a wonder with the children. Look what she has done for Alvean—and now for Gilly."

But at this time Alvean was still a stubborn child and Gillyflower elusive and, as the Tapperty girls said, "with a tile loose in the upper story."

Then into those more or less peaceful days came two events to disturb me.

The first was of small moment, but I could not get it out of my mind.

I was going through one of Alvean's exercise books, marking her sums, while she was sitting at the table writing an essay. As I turned the pages of the exercise book a piece of paper fell out.

It was covered with drawings. I had already discovered that Alvean had a talent for drawing and, when the opportunity offered, I intended to approach Connan TreMellyn about this. I myself could teach her only the rudiments of the art, but I believed she was worth a qualified drawing teacher.

The drawings were of faces. I recognized one of myself. It was not bad. Did I really look as prim as that? Not always, I hoped. But perhaps that was how she saw me. There was her father—several of him. I turned the page and this was covered with girls' faces. I was not sure who they were meant to be. Herself? No—that was Gilly, surely. And yet it had a look of herself.

I stared at the page. I was so intent that I did not realize she had leaned across the table until she snatched it away.

"That's mine," she said.

"And that," I retaliated, "is extremely bad manners."

"You have no right to pry."

"My dear child, that paper was in your arithmetic book."

"Then it had no right to be there."

"You must take your revenge on the paper," I said lightly. And then more seriously, "I do beg of you not to snatch things in that ill-mannered way."

"I'm sorry," she murmured still defiantly.

I turned back to the sums, to most of which she had given inaccurate answers. Arithmetic was not one of her best subjects.

I said, "Alvean, you will have to work harder at your sums. Now if your arithmetic were half as good as your drawings, I should be very pleased."

Still she did not answer.

"Why did you not wish me to see the faces you had drawn? I thought some of them quite good."

Still no answer.

"Particularly," I went on, "that one of your father."

Even at such a time the mention of his name could bring that tender, wistful curve to her lips.

"And those girls' faces. Do tell me who they were supposed to be—you or Gilly?"

The smile froze on her lips. "Who did you take them for, Miss?"

"Whom," I corrected gently.

"*Whom* did you take them for, then?"

"Well, let me look at them again."

She hesitated, then she brought out the paper and handed it to me; her eyes were eager.

I studied the faces. I said, "This one could be either you or Gilly."

"You think we're alike, then?"

"N-no. I hadn't thought so until this moment."

"I'm not like her!" she cried passionately. "I'm not like that . . . idiot."

"Alvean, you must not use such a word. Don't you realize that it is extremely unkind?"

"It's true. But I'm not like her. I won't have you say it. If you say it again I'll ask my father to send you away. I only have to ask him and you'll go."

She was shouting, trying to convince herself of two things, I realized: one, that there was not the slightest resemblance between herself and Gilly; and the other, that she only had to ask her father for something and her wishes would be granted.

Why? I asked myself. What was the reason for this vehemence?

I said calmly, looking at the watch pinned to my gray cotton bodice, "You have exactly ten minutes in which to finish your essay."

I drew the arithmetic book toward me and pretended to give it my attention.

The second incident was even more upsetting.

It had been a moderately peaceful day, which meant that lessons had gone well. I had taken my late-evening stroll and when I returned I saw two carriages drawn up in front of the house. One I recognized as from Mount Widden, so I guessed that either Peter or Celestine was visiting. The other carriage I did not know, but I noticed the crest on it. It was a very fine carriage.

I went up the back stairs to my apartment. It was a warm night, and as I sat at my window I heard music coming from another of the open windows. I realized that Connan TreMellyn was entertaining guests.

I recognized the music from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and felt a sudden longing to be down there among them. I was overcome with curiosity and could not resist the temptation to ring the bell and summon Kitty or Daisy, who always knew what was going on.

It was Daisy who came. She looked excited.

I said, "I want some hot water, Daisy. Could you please bring it for me?"

"Why, yes, Miss."

"There are guests here tonight, I understand."

"Oh, yes, Miss. Though it's nothing to the parties we used to have. I reckon now the year's up, the master will be entertaining more. That's what Mrs. Polgrey says."

"It must have been very quiet during the last year."

"But only right and proper—after a death in the family."

"Of course. Who are the guests tonight?"

"There's Miss Celestine and Mr. Peter, of course. And I'll tell you who else is here: Sir Thomas and Lady Treslyn."

She looked conspiratorial, as though there was something very important about these two.

"Oh?" I said encouragingly.

"Mrs. Polgrey says that Sir Thomas bain't fit to go gallivanting at parties, and should be abed."

"Why, is he ill?"

"Well, he'll never see seventy again and he's got one of those bad hearts. Mrs. Polgrey says you can go off sudden with a heart like that, and don't need no pushing neither. Not that ——" She stopped and twinkled at me. "*She's* another kettle of fish."

"Who?"

"Why, Lady Treslyn, of course. You ought to see her. She's a real beauty and you can see she's only waiting ——"

"I gather she is not of the same age as her husband."

Daisy giggled. "They say there's nearly forty years' difference and she'd like to pretend it was fifty."

"You don't seem to like her."

"Me? Well, if I don't, some do!" That sent Daisy into hysterical laughter again.

I was ashamed of myself for sharing the gossip of a servant, so I said, "I *would* like that hot water, Daisy."

Daisy subsided and went off to get it, leaving me with a clearer picture of what was happening in that drawing room.

I was still thinking of that when I had washed my hands and unpinned my hair preparatory to retiring for the night.

The musicians had been playing a Chopin waltz and it had seemed to spirit me away



from my governess' bedroom and tantalize me with pleasures outside my reach.

I went to the window. I could smell the sea and hear the gentle rhythm of the waves. The "voices" were starting up in Mellyn Cove.

And then suddenly I saw a light in a dark part of the house and felt the goose pimples rise on my flesh. I knew that window belonged to the room to which Alvean had taken me to choose my riding habit. It was Alice's dressing room.

The blind had been down. I had not noticed that before. Indeed, I was sure it had not been like that earlier in the evening because, since I had known that that was Alice's room, I had made a habit—which I regretted and of which I had tried to cure myself—of glancing at the window whenever I looked out of my own.

The blind was of thin material, for behind it I distinctly saw the light. It was a faint light, but there was no mistaking it. I stood at my window staring out and, as I did so, I saw a shadow on the blind. It was that of a woman.

I heard a voice close to me saying, "It is Alice!" and realized that I had spoken aloud.

Then again I saw the figure silhouetted against the blind.

My hands which gripped the window sill were trembling as I watched that flickering light. I had an impulse to summon Daisy or Kitty, or go to Mrs. Polgrey. I restrained myself, imagining how foolish I should look. So I remained staring at the window.

And after a while all was darkness.

I stood at my window for a long time watching, but I saw nothing more. They were playing another Chopin waltz in the drawing room, and I stood until I was cold even on that warm September night.

Then I went to bed, but I could not sleep for a long time.

At last, when I did sleep, I dreamed that a woman came into my room; she was wearing a riding habit with blue collar and cuffs, trimmed with braid and ball fringe. She said, "I was not on that train, Miss Leigh. You wonder where I was. It is for you to find me."

Through my dreams I heard the whispering of the waves in the caves below; and the first thing I did on rising next morning—which I did as soon as the dawn appeared—was to go to my window and look across at the room which—little more than a year ago—had belonged to Alice.

The blinds were drawn up. I could clearly see the rich blue velvet curtains.

(To Be Continued)

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

The families grandmother used to call "bad managers" are now labeled "overextended."

One way to better your lot is to develop a compost pile.

In the Park

Now boast of his heritage
With pride that's unfeigned,
And acknowledge his parentage-
Baby is "trained!"

Only between the ages when the male child is too old for curls and too young for girls is he pure, unadulterated boy.

In order that they may re-establish credit, parents should have a breather between paying toll charges on telephone bills to college and paying for moments of total silence while waiting for grandchildren to say "Hello."

Weekend: The period when those who go out to work the other days discover what they aren't missing at home.

"Now don't you worry," said the doctor to the patient, "I recovered from the same ailment."

"Yes," answered the patient, "but you didn't have to pay the doctor."

It isn't difficult for other wives to understand what one woman meant when she said of her husband, "He underestimates the things he's unable to fix."

It is appalling to realize that many major crimes originate in little offenses: the dispute over a dollar, the slighting word, the thoughtless action.

Father, presenting three-speed razor to sixteen-year-old son, "The lowest notch will take care of your immediate problem."

The rarest person in the world is the one who has always thought before he spoke.

Friendship, like love, if entered into in haste, may be repented in leisure.

Any woman who tries to erase age from her face runs the risk of erasing character.

Advice to Man Hunters

You cannot bag all of the ones that are flushed
Nor be sure of the right one by aim;
The secret is this, though often 'tis hushed:
You'll learn to "make do" with your game.

Once they have stepped off the active stage in raising children, some parents continue to prompt from the wings.

Man proposes,
Then reposes.

One of the most tactful of wives said to her husband at breakfast, "Yesterday would have been a nice day to celebrate a wedding anniversary, don't you think?"

Heredity is the egg, environment the pan in which it is prepared; with the possibilities of the end product ranging from soft-boiled to coddled to pickled.

Just as some animals shed their skins when they no longer live in them, so people should shed the past when it is a handicap.

March: the month when most of the family photographs received at Christmas can, without fear of hurting feelings, be stored away.

The elderly philosopher in our neighborhood says that in a potential early marriage at least one of the two parties involved doesn't "know from beans" the kind of mate that would be best for him.

Father about his son: "He really has character, that boy! Here's an example: I offered him fifty cents for shoveling snow off the walk and he said, 'Dad, it's worth only a quarter.'"

As people grow older, new acquaintances should be chosen as carefully as new purchases are made; with the clear knowledge that time can no longer be wasted in switching frequently from one brand, design, fad to another.

Mother of the bridegroom: "It was a beautiful wedding! I enjoyed it all until the moment when I realized I had been changed into a mother-in-law."



another Mayflower customer reports:

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MRS. JOHN C. TAYLOR of Portland, Oregon, is shown in the living room of her attractive home, which contains many lovely and useful gifts obtained with S&H Green Stamps. Pictured with Mrs. Taylor are her two charming daughters, Karen 17 and Lucinda 13. Mr. Taylor is an executive with a lumber company.

"I'm dollars ahead—thanks to S&H Green Stamps"

says **MRS. JOHN C. TAYLOR,**
Portland, Oregon housewife



—AND OVER 27,000,000 SMART, THRIFTY WOMEN AGREE...

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Good health idea: Bananas!





Sliceabanana into a jelly sandwich



Splitabanana and top with orange sections



Mashabanana and shake with cold milk



Blendabanana with pineapple juice

Calorie low!
Vitality high!
Bananas belong in your daily diet!

Health and vitality depend on balanced nutrition—and look how *many* vital nutrients you get in one delicious banana: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, C, niacin and 12 essential minerals. All this good nourishment for only 88 calories! And bananas have a mild alkalizing action that makes them so easy to digest. There's no time like *now* to start the banana habit!



Addabanana to your favorite cereal



Enjoyabanana with your favorite ice cream



Havabanana sliced on gingerbread



Grababanana, peel, eat and enjoy!

United Fruit Company

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"At home, Ruth *Newman*." Husband Herman; daughter Candy, 15.

KRANTZEN STUDIO

She Speaks to Seven Million Women

TV's "50-50 Club" makes Ruth Lyons both a star and "the Midwest's most influential housewife."

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Ruth Lyons is an attractive, vital blonde, with a bad slouch such as teen-agers get lectured for, and a sandpaper voice that gets her the highest TV rating of any daytime performer in the country. Millions can hardly wait for her next appearance. Tickets for her show televised from WLW-T in Cincinnati and fed to Crosley Broadcasting stations WLW-C, WLW-D and WLW-I and broadcast on WLW-Radio, sell as far as five years in advance and are actually squirreled away in family strongboxes along with insurance policies and wills. One couple who moved from Ohio before they could use their tickets drove back from New York—two days back and forth of hard winter driving—to catch the Ruth Lyons show. So devoted are her fans, mostly women and numbering 7,000,000 (comprising her TV and radio audience in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia) that one woman once turned up at showtime with the charred half of a ticket she had saved from her burning house. Asked to explain her hold over so many women, the star of the "50-50 Club" says, "Because I'm Ruth Lyons." Two million dollars in advertising revenue a year points up the success of her program.

Ever since Ruth Lyons once remarked that she liked to see women wearing white gloves, her studio audience has resembled the cast of a minstrel show. Even girl babies six months old arrive at the studio sporting white gloves.

One day when her housekeeper was ill, Ruth Lyons hauled the damp laundry to WLW and had a row of ironing boards set up in the studio.

She Speaks to Seven Million Women



"Never blasé," Ruth is as excited by trips abroad as are fans who see her off.

Adoring followers took turns pressing her family's personal laundry while Ruth sang and played the organ.

Although one TV columnist asserts that her singing's a joke and her voice cracks on every note, a recent Ruth Lyons' record album sold 50,000 copies in three weeks. A woman fan who didn't even own a phonograph plunked down $3.98 for the album because she admired Ruth Lyons' picture on the cover.

Ruth Lyons performs without script or rehearsals, ad-libbing ninety minutes a day five days a week. She wears a diamond ring extending from knuckle to first joint. Youthful dresses and spike-heeled pumps display slim legs and lovely ankles. Because she is allergic to most forms of wool, Ruth wears very little of it.

In repose, Miss Lyons' face, with its high blunt cheekbones, firm chin, steely blue eyes, is pure American Gothic. She likes to pretend that she resembles Betty Grable. When someone mentioned that she looked more like Ann Sothern, she replied, "I'm not that fat!" A moment later, she kiddingly asked her studio audience of the lucky 150, "Don't you think I'm naturally adorable?" Most of them agreed. She loves to kid about her appearance.

The thing everyone seems to agree upon is that Miss Lyons is a master showman, responsive to every flickering mood of her audience, and equally quick to vary subject and pace.

"Are you going to be one of those dull groups?" she berates an audience whose attention shows the slightest sign of flagging. "Put on your white gloves, sit up, and smile!" Sometimes she considers the singing style of baritone Bob Braun too high-flown. "Don't be so ultra and operatic," she chides him on the air.

She often cries on her program. When Ruth cries, her whole face shines wetly. When the audience starts sobbing, too, she trips among them trailing her flower-decked microphone and letting the fortunate ones sniff her smelling salts.

Ruth's special interests include children—especially hurt, crippled or sick children—dogs and elderly women. "It's their necks that get me," Ruth explains, "little old ladies with narrow shoulders and stringy bent necks—they break me up." When Denise Darcel appeared on her program recently, they got to discussing the zingy French actress' elderly mother in France and ended up sobbing in each other's arms.

Because she is so passionately concerned for children who are ill in hospitals, Ruth Lyons' annual hospital drive raises more money than any other individual's TV charity appeal in the country. Television marathons may produce a lot of pledges, but Ruth Lyons produces hard, cold cash. And not one cent of the money she has collected—over $1,000,000 so far—is deducted for expenses. All of it goes to the hospitals for children.

At home Ruth Lyons raises six or seven Japanese spaniels, all beauties. When one of them gets sick, which is frequently, she sits up rocking the dog in her arms half the night, singing and talking to the animal. (Every room in her house has a rocking chair; there are two in her spacious kitchen.) Sometimes she takes the ailing dog right into bed with her.

According to Miss Lyons, her fans look upon her as an extension of themselves and part of their lives. "If I get a new ring, or a fur coat, they're thrilled. There's never any envy. When I take a trip, they want to know every single detail about it."

When she left on a European trip last year, she happened to mention on the air which train she was taking from Cincinnati. (Neither she nor her husband ever flies anywhere.) When the train carrying Ruth and her husband and daughter pulled into Springfield, Ohio, 500 women were waiting in a pouring rain for a glimpse of their idol. When Ruth finally appeared on the back platform, she was weeping copiously.

"Ruth's so sentimental she cries at the 'coming attractions,'" says a close friend CONTINUED ON PAGE 159



Magic formula for long-term popularity? "Never fool an audience, never talk down to people."

KRANTZLER STUDIO



"Frantic, productive, frustrating, delightful—life is never dull."

"Life has a Lovely way of Living"

By RUTH LYONS

EDITORS' NOTE: *In interviewing busy, interesting people, our editorial staff encounters temperament, lack of time, evasions, and other tricks the inquiring journalist has to experience to believe. To obtain this story of how a famous and well-beloved TV star lives, we met with some of these obstacles.*

In Ruth Lyons we discovered, first, a person who was not particularly eager to have an article written about her, even in LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *one of her favorite magazines. But we persisted, thinking so striking a personality ought to be known to the nation as well as to her 7,000,000 followers. We suggested that she write about herself on the basis of her favorite belief that "life has a lovely way of living" (a line from one of her songs) while we assigned Betty Hoffman to write about her career as it looks to the outsider looking on. This is what she wrote about herself.*

ME • I am Ruth Lyons Newman, professionally known as Ruth Lyons. I live in Cincinnati, Ohio, and have always lived here.

I have been married for the past seventeen years to Herman Andrew Newman, a professor of English at the University of Cincinnati. He is as handsome as I once thought Clark Gable to be, more intelligent than I will ever give him credit for being, and as stubborn as any descendant of German forebears inevitably would be. I am primarily a homemaker, mother of a fifteen-year-old daughter, Candace, and a devout believer in "living the good life."



"Close to my heart," Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund for children's hospitals raised $242,662 last year.

"Life has a Lovely way of Living"

My childhood centered around the activities of the Presbyterian church of our neighborhood. I played the piano and later the organ, sang in the junior choir, rehearsed the Christmas pageants, and accompanied my father, two uncles and my grandfather in their vocal quartet. I could play tunes on the piano when I was three years old, could remember melodies after hearing them once, have always had perfect pitch. I studied piano, organ and violin, and learned to play the ukulele by stringing an old tennis racket with four lengths of wrapping cord to simulate the instrument.

My grandfather on my mother's side was a captain on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Living on the Ohio, I loved its boats and fascinating stories—and still do. My mother was dainty, gay, old-fashioned, delightfully superstitious and gently determined. My father was an expert mathematician, witty, extravagant, and absolute putty in mother's hands.

My paternal grandmother was a delight to my young soul—soft and plump, inflexible in her religious beliefs, energetic, full of fun, and a member of the WCTU. One of her best friends and greatest admirers was the saloonkeeper, who connived with her to keep local millworkers from spending their entire week's wages every Saturday night.

My family's greatest claim to local fame was ownership of the first phonograph in our neighborhood, complete with a large collection of records by Caruso, Melba and, a bit later, the ever-popular John McCormack.

From these beginnings I emerged with two prime interests in life: music, and a profound interest in people.

ME—LATER. In high school, the magic of radio touched my life. I was in constant demand as an accompanist and pianist at the local stations in Cincinnati. And I was completely fascinated by this new enigma. I would rush home after a fifteen-minute session in one of the first velvet-draped isolation booths ever built, to find my mother frantically and vainly still trying to tune me in with a cat whisker tracking over a strange little crystal gadget.

I was a Tri Delt at the University of Cincinnati during the era when "Stardust" first became a hit. In college I was interested in boys, modern music, playing the piano, languages, boys, clothes, eradication of intolerance and class distinction, boys, tennis and boys.

But when I finished at the university, I was asked to take a job as a pianist and organist with a Cincinnati radio station. I couldn't believe radio was here to stay—but a salary of $25 a week wasn't to be ignored, either. So I went to work. Work? Yes, if you call it work having every day come up with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154



"Not a job." Ruth calls her scriptless, hour-and-a-half TV show. "A daily visit with thousands of people who have the same problems and pleasures that I have."

HOW AMERICA LIVES


KITCHEN
TREASURES
Hunt
Hunt's
TOMATO
CATSUP
HUNT
FOR
THE BEST

AMAZING OFFER:

For only 50¢

we will send you or a friend a box of

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"FLUSH-AWAY"

DIAPER LINERS



A WONDERFUL CHANGE FOR BUSY MOTHERS! Quickly inserted in cloth diapers . . . easily, neatly removable . . . completely disposable! The coupon below with 50¢ brings a box of 144 to you or a friend by return mail.

THEY NEVER WRINKLE, BUNCH OR STICK TO BABY'S SKIN! Placed inside the regular cloth diaper, these silky-soft, extra-strong, lint-free work-savers guard baby's comfort.



HELP PREVENT DIAPER RASH, TOO! Formulated to check the cause of diaper rash, they're recommended by doctors, nurses, hospitals.



Completely disposable

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Dept. D-1, Framingham, Mass.

I am enclosing 50¢ to cover the cost of mailing a box of 144 Dennison Diaper Liners.

I am not now using them ☐

Please mail to:

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

This offer good only with this coupon. Offer expires September 30, 1960.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

something funnier and more hilarious than that which happened the day before. There was no limit to what was done by performers, announcers, even station personnel, during the early days of radio to keep the laughs coming. It became the thing to try to "break up" any performer who seemed to be anxious to maintain any decorum whatsoever.

There was the night a well-known basso profundo was guest singer, and among his selections was the booming "Song of the Volga Boatmen." Just as he launched into the lusty boatman's favorite mood music for "totin' that barge" down the Volga, the studio door opened and in came four of the station personnel, wrapped in overcoats, their heads bound with turbans made of towels from the men's room, dragging, by heavy ropes, in perfect rhythm to the purple-faced boatman's chant, a full-sized gray coffin, in which sat another staff pixy, clutching a bunch of beets and clad in a raccoon coat circa 1930! The basso received the accolade of all concerned—he never missed a beat of that measured dirge of the Muscovites—but he nearly popped a number of blood vessels later in one of the most beautiful tantrums of outraged dignity that it has ever been my pleasure to witness.

Because of the sudden illness one morning of our woman commentator on affairs current and sundry, I was pushed into a studio and told to read a script. I did this for the first few minutes, but the content of the so-called discourse was far too saccharine and trite to make me speak with any credence. So I suddenly started to converse with the stricken announcer across the table from me—and from that day, thirty years ago, until today I haven't finished what I have to say. A disastrous flood in the Ohio Valley, giving me the opportunity to be of service at scenes of disaster, gave a believability to the news I had to put out on the air waves, and from those dark days in 1937 until the present I have tried to keep that believability alive. This has been possible because I am employed by a company that sustains the same policy, and because I take this business of radio and television as a serious and happy obligation!

ME—EVEN LATER

In 1942 I joined the staff of WLW, owned by the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation, an organization which in my opinion has been and continues to be one of the greatest contributors to radio and television development in the entire country. I was asked to create two shows: one, "Morning Matinee," at 8:30 A.M. each day; and a noontime luncheon show.

And in 1942 I married Herman. We were married on a Saturday, drove to Beaumont Inn near Lexington, Kentucky, returned home Sunday evening, and I was back on "Morning Matinee" on Monday. Since then we have had the good fortune to make wonderful trips all over Europe—Scandinavia, Russia, Poland—the Caribbean, Canada, Hawaii and every section of these United States, so Herman's and my honeymoon worked out on a "delayed basis" plan, and our later "honeymoons" were even more delightful in that we shared them with our daughter Candy every time.

In 1944 the most remarkable, completely miraculous event ever recorded occurred: our daughter Candace—Candy for shortness and sweetness—was born. From here on this outline *could* be devoted to no subject other than the beauty, charm, lovableness and the fascinating development of this one beloved little girl—but every mother would realize, as I do, that whatever I said would be wholly inadequate. Candy is now fifteen, she is an inch taller than I, and every inch she has added is composed of pure delight and beautiful understanding between her and her father and her awe-struck mother. She has been, and always will be, the greatest gift of our lives—and we shall ever remember to give thanks for her being.

MEANWHILE—

While Candy was learning to walk and talk, along came a strange new Circe, activated by a small snap-on switch, full of more wiles and enchantments than any pony-tailed Lorelei. Her name was Television. We were content within the well-organized, lucrative environs of radio. Now we were being ordered by young television producers, from behind their smoked glasses, to stand here—walk there—smile brightly—pick up object with left hand—in other words, to become automatons in a new sphere of entertainment, without the slightest resemblance to our own personalities or ways of doing things. After our first few telecasts, I felt that it was definitely "the end of the road" for me.

However, I still believed that people preferred naturalness, honesty and believability in television as they had so evidenced to me in my many years in radio. And so, in spite of pressure to dye, to toupee, to make up, to walk gracefully, to speak the speech "trippingly on the tongue" and, above all, to keep "moving" on that magic screen, we continued and are still continuing to be ourselves in television. We emerged from sound into sight without conforming to many of the ridiculous, unnatural mandates of this new medium.

Our noonday show we called the "50 Club" because we had fifty women each day for lunch and as participants in the telecast. Members of the audience buy tickets for the luncheon, which is served at the studio before showtime. When the first sale of tickets produced requests which would take nine years to fill, it was apparent that we should increase the studio audience. Thus we became the "50-50 Club"; and later yet, without changing the show title, increased the audience to 150 people each weekday for the hour-and-a-half show.

NOW

And what is this show all about? Why does it continue 5 days each week, 7½ hours each week, 52 weeks a year, in living color on television, and on radio as well? I believe it is because, although it is enervating and makes tremendous demands on me, both physically and mentally, it is still not a "job." Rather it is a daily visit with thousands and thousands of people who have the same experiences, problems, pleasures and anxieties that I have. And what is more therapeutic than to sit down with good friends and discuss whatever subject comes to mind? This is exactly what we do day after day.

We are ready to stir up arguments, discuss clothes and our love for them, review last night's network television shows, criticize, praise, argue, laugh, cry and, in truth, experience and express every emotion peculiar to human beings. We are extremely grateful that our eighteen sponsors a day, top quality in every way as people and also as far as their products are concerned, are lenient to the degree that we are given complete freedom in presenting their commercials in whatever way we consider to be most interesting. We use no film, no script; as a matter of fact, I have no doubt that the sponsors sometimes wonder just what it is they are paying for on the "50-50 Club"! But they stay happy, sell their products, and have proved to be really stanch friends.

We are grateful for the opportunity this radio-and-television show affords us to do a vital job each year in the name of humanity. This is our "Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund." This project is launched each October and is designed to raise, by voluntary contributions, a substantial sum of money to maintain the Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund in twenty-six children's hospitals throughout our viewing and listening area.

I started this fund nineteen years ago after a visit to our Cincinnati Children's Hospital, when I was made aware of the lack of anything in the hospitals to divert a sick child's mind from his own anxieties and pain. There were no books, no pictures, no toys, no radios—nothing in the way of material things to hasten his tedious recovery. And most unfortunate of all, there was no money available to make these things possible. So, as I always do, I put the problem before my radio audience, primarily to raise a fund to give hospitalized children a truly wonderful Christmas.

The first year the fund raised $1000. This past year, our nineteenth year, our good viewers contributed $242,662.55, every dollar of which is used to maintain a year-round fund in twenty-eight children's hospitals in the area that we reach on our show. The children themselves have an abiding faith in this fund, and there have been hundreds of wonderful stories told to us by nurses and doctors in the hospitals as to what has been accomplished in making these little ones as happy as possible while they are hospitalized.

We raise this money each year by starting Christmas in October. Many Christmas songs I have written over the years, which we released last year in an album "Ten Tunes of Christmas," have played a major part in bringing alive the Christmas spirit of giving in the hearts of our audience. These people know these songs and sing them with us, and play them in their homes, so they tell me, all year long.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

FIRST QUARREL

By ANTHONY BAILEY

Nothing quite like it, this row between friends
Who are lovers, moreover, used to the unspoken.
Now he is baffled by silence, nearly broken
When kindness, so he thinks, defeats his ends.
She screams, "Get out!" and when he's gone she cries.
In the next room he takes the yell for token
That love, for her, was mischief in disguise.

Nothing quite like it: you might well suppose
They were the first pair tricked to a cross word,
Or made to think "the whole thing is absurd;
Marriage is silly; we are natural foes."
He sulks and fumes, half wishing he could say
How much he hates her. He would not be heard:
She phones her aunt and throws a dress away.

Nothing quite like it—but that's true as well
Though mischief skips and leaves the ending trite.
No knowing counselor has ever quite
Conjured their kisses, or can justly tell
Either their words are old, their thoughts long said.
It is their own: first grief, and first delight
That what they thought had gone had grown instead.



Raisins–here in Raisinland are everywhere you turn your eyes And every time you nibble one you get a great big Taste Surprise!

That Taste Surprise happens *wherever* you meet up with a raisin–and that can be most everywhere! Lots of raisins come in handy *little packs*–just right to carry in pockets, purses, lunchboxes, glove compartments...stack them in the refrigerator, too, where after-school snackers are sure to look. And be sure *you* look for raisins in cookies...muffins...sweet rolls...raisinbread...

Isn't it amazin' how easily you can lead a raisin fruit-full life!

Do that–just for the Taste Surprising, energizing fun of it.

YOU can carry quite a few
raisins right along with you
In the handy little packs
made especially for snacks

P.S. *Like this Raisinland picture—no words except a charming new verse—to frame for a child's room? Free! Send postcard request to: California Raisin Advisory Board, Dept.LH-460,Box 1963, Fresno, California*



BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE INSIDE A TIN OF TUNA...

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YOU'LL WELCOME THIS NEWS FROM UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY!

Today you have a guide to quality in tuna. Breast O' Chicken is now *the* tuna that's certified for quality, flavor and texture, by the United States Testing Company.

Enjoy the satisfaction of knowing you are serving only the best o' tuna. Choose Breast O' Chicken Tuna for your family!

Breast-O-Chicken Tuna

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Breast-O-Chicken Solid TUNA Light

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QUALITY
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Beautifully designed with the future in mind, the Incomparable MUNTZ TV is made by Americans for American tastes . . . with American components

For quality and value, MUNTZ TV leads the pace Illustrated: The Wedgwood, Console
See the complete selection on display throughout America!



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GET THE GENUINE WATER MASTER
America's Largest Selling TOILET TANK BALL

Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.

75c AT HARDWARE STORES EVERYWHERE
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OPPORTUNITY

IF YOU want extra money and have free time to put to use, this is for you! Spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss! Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you. Write that postal today to Joe Disque.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
251 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

The generosity of our audience is not limited, however, to the Christmas Fund. It is evidenced constantly in many other ways. We maintain a year-round TV Fund from which we have purchased hundreds of radios and television sets for veterans' hospitals, homes for the aged, county hospitals, and schools for the deaf, blind and retarded children. This fund is completely separate from the Christmas Fund, and all contributions are from the same wonderful audience.

Somewhere along the line, I know not where, the nickname "Mother" was bestowed on me. It seems everyone calls me "Mother"—newspaper columnists, truck and taxi drivers, my boss and my co-workers, people I don't even know and most of those I do know call me "Mother."

DAILY

This is my life—busy, frantic, creative, productive, frustrating, delightful, maddening, but never dull. And when the show is over, after a few thousand words with my secretaries Mickey Walker, Rose Lupton and Jean Tellman; conferences with my producer-director George Resing and assistant Elsa Sule; at least one meeting a day with a sponsor or someone from our Sales Department, a reassuring call from my long-suffering boss, Robert E. Dunville, president of Crosley Broadcasting Corporation, to the effect that I am not going to be fired this time, but watch it—then I go home to be Ruth Newman . . .

Wife of an understanding, delightfully argumentative professor of that unintelligible subject, English . . .

Mother to an intriguing, cowboy-enamored daughter of fifteen . . .

Godmother to six Japanese spaniels, one Irish setter, a pale-yellow canary, and a huge Persian cat . . .

Overseer-in-name-only of a ten-room house but in reality slave to Pauline and Callie, our two devoted housekeepers, who tell me what to do . . .

And, most of all—be *myself*, free to read, watch every television show I can work in, write some new tunes and hope they'll record as well as our last two albums, eat, talk, and talk and talk with Herman and Candy . . . sit quietly by the fire and be thankful that "I has a lovely way of living"—and so to bed.

OH—I FORGOT

I like Early American furniture, old new papers and magazines, chocolate ice crea an open fire, traveling anywhere, playi bridge, perfume, old people, ships, babies, ho est opinions, and like any other woman, m lions of bracelets!

I heartily dislike intolerance, injustice any form, women over eighteen who try to coy, pomposity, discrimination, licorice a mice. I love music by Tchaikovsky, Puccin Bach, Rodgers and Hammerstein (and esp cially the score of *The King and I*).

I have met and especially liked, among ma other people, the late Gen. George Marsha counted Robert Taft as a warm person friend; enjoyed interviews with Dr. Nels Glueck, writer and explorer and president Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College; Eva G bor; Jack Webb; Roger Smith, star of " Sunset Strip"; Rod Serling, one of my mo successful personal friends; Carol Channin Liberace, Victor Borge, Eydie Gorme a Jack E. Leonard—to mention just a ve few.

I would still most like to meet: Dr. Albe Schweitzer, Joseph Welch, Sir Winst Churchill, Clark Gable, President Dwig Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson.

I would love best to revisit Paris, Amste dam, New York; Lucerne, Switzerland; H waii and New Orleans, in that order.

I like best the writings of Shakespeare, T stoi, James Michener and Pearl Buck.

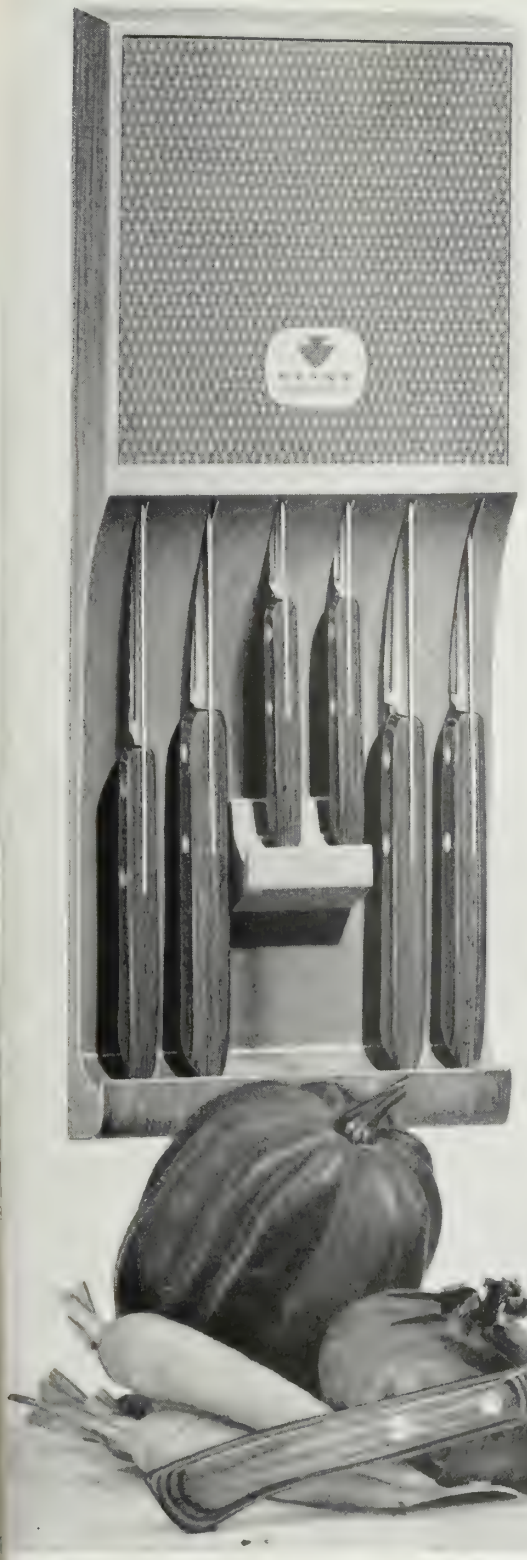
My unsatisfied ambitions are to learn to t dance, be a professional photographer, and shoot at least an 80 in golf.

The most exciting experiences I have e joyed were: the day the Christmas Fu reached $242,662.55 last year; being present the coronation of Elizabeth II in Westminst Abbey; being aboard the first cruise ship to g into Russia and Poland since World War I and receiving the wonderful news that a l tle five-year-old girl walked for the first ti in six months, after a serious accident, becau on my show before doing a little "Christm Marching Song" that I wrote, I said, "No everyone, let's get up and march!" . . . She di

EN



"Do I have to salute anyone?"

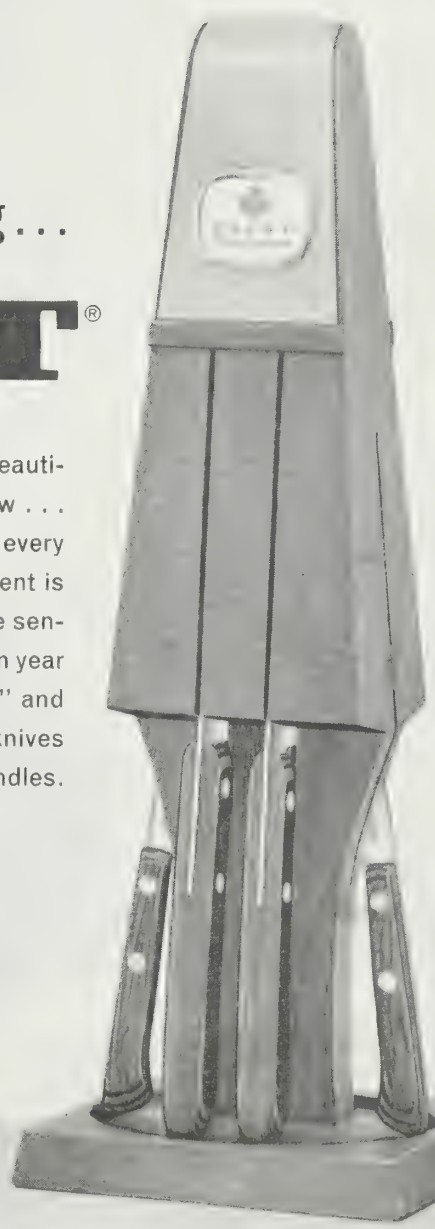


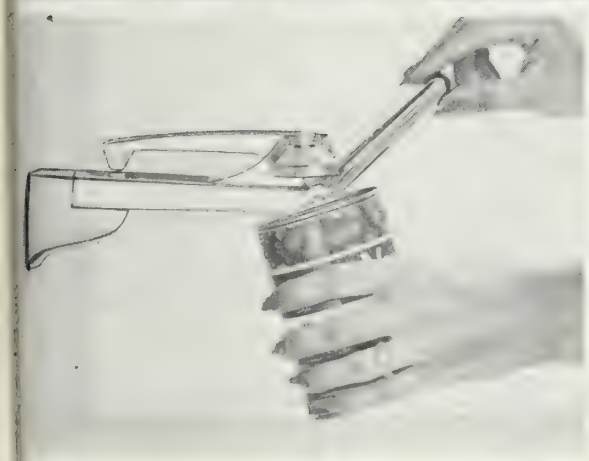
NEW!

The gift to give or get for carefree cutting...

FLINT®

If you want to give pleasure, give one of these beautiful new Flint Holdster Sets. They're smartly new . . . with a custom assortment of the right knife for every cutting job. Exciting discovery in each assortment is the first new kind of knife in your lifetime . . . the sensational Flint Waverly Edge that stays sharp from year to year. Both the new Flint counter top "Susan" and the new Flint Wall Holdster Sets include six knives with stainless steel blades and Pakkawood® handles. Each set $19.95.





New handsome stainless steel Flint Wall Can Opener has an extra-fast "zipper" action. Zips open any size or shape can with safe, smooth edge—then "hands" you the lid. Only $7.95.



Flint stainless steel Cookware is made to give you years of carefree cooking pleasure. Shines without polishing. Can't break if you bounce it. 2 qt. double boiler $11.75. 36 other pieces and sets. Also available with thick copper bottoms.



New Flint Mixer never tires your arm. Smart easy-grip handle and amazing Rhythm Beaters whip the heaviest batters smooth . . . quickly and easily. Convenient hang-up hole in handle! $4.95.

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There's no other dog in the world like yours:

Available in 1 pound and economy size 26 oz. cans.



For 8" x 10" print of picture alone, send 25¢ in coin to Dog Picture 40, Box 7366, Chicago 77, Ill.

There's no other dog food like Ken-L-Ration with Lean Red Meat*

More dogs, old and young, large and small, eat Ken-L-Ration than any other dog food in the world. Reason? Ken-L-Ration provides *exactly* the kind of diet every dog is known to need to stay fit and fun. High protein Lean Red Meat! Delicious steaks, roasts and chops of *Gov't. Inspected Horsemeat plus other essential ingredients. So wholesome every can receives the Dept. of Agriculture Seal of Approval—one of few dog foods that do! Your dog is one of a kind. So is the *quality* of Ken-L-Ration.

Packed Under Continuous Inspection of U.S. Dept. of Agr.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN KEN-L-RATION...MORE PEOPLE DO!

SHE SPEAKS TO 7 MILLION WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

sympathetically. "Another thing about Ruth—that clutches her audience's interest: she always feels terrible."

Ruth's constant aches and pains have become a running gag on her show. She is always at death's door, yet never actually sick. "Give me some hearts-and-flowers music," she'll direct her seven-piece band, and then she will enumerate her complaints: "Oh, my back!" and "Oh, my neck!" and so on. Her staff will long remember the time she broke her little toe. It was not only done up in an enormous white bandage, but had a big red bow and a bunch of flowers as well. According to Ruth, the spotlighted toe throbbed unbearably every minute of her ninety-minute show.

"I have miserable elbows," she sometimes moans. "They give me trouble all the time." She may discuss her ideas of how the nation's tax laws should be changed, or advise her listeners, "You know, Cleopatra didn't smell so good." And, "Always buy white cars," she tells them, "nothing but white. It's the only color. And besides, they're safer."

The band on the "50–50 Club," Cliff Lash and his "Uncertain Seven" as Ruth Lyons has dubbed them, and vocalists Marian Spelman, Ruby Wright, Bonnie Lou and Bob Braun rehearse the musical numbers for the show, but more often than not Miss Lyons decides they will rehearse and perform right on the show a number different from that programmed. Or, seated in her rocking chair built for three and covered in gaudy patchwork quilting to show up well on the color telecast, she may take off on a talking jag. Her coworkers Peter Grant, a charming but confirmed bachelor whom she is trying desperately to interest in romance, and Bob Braun, a handsome chap who is the idol of the teenagers, give her plenty of opportunity to start any type of discussion or controversy. She will wave her flower-bedecked microphone (her "trade-mark") in the direction of the audience occasionally, and receive its 100 per cent approbation.

The same band has been with Ruth Lyons' "50–50 Club" for fifteen years, and the vocalists for twelve years. Miss Lyons considers them a vital part of the show, and includes them in her out-of-studio activities as well. She has released several records and albums which have become hits in the WLW area, and has always shared the income from them with the members of the cast of "50–50 Club" who participated in making the records. Her recording sessions, by the way, as well as the rehearsals, are all done outside of the studio, after she's concluded her business of the day—her show, meetings, conferences with clients, and so on.

Although the audience of "50–50 Club," both in the studio and out, is chiefly women, Miss Lyons' mail and telephone calls show an increasing number of men who are show regulars. When there are quite a number of males in the studio audience, she calls on them to do the commercials for her. The late Louis Bromfield was a devoted listener to her show, and wrote her often. Another outstanding male fan is William F. Hopkins, outstanding Cincinnati defense attorney, as are Mayor Donald Clancy, former Gov. C. William O'Neill, and Judge Carl Rich of Common Pleas Court of Cincinnati.

To her audience, Ruth confides, "My husband Herman has terrible taste in clothes. How about your husbands?" Most of the housewives present nod in agreement. Or, "Herman's very hot-blooded." She laughs merrily. "I mean he hates hot rooms and heavy clothing."

Herman is an English professor at the University of Cincinnati, handsome, mild-mannered and, according to his wife, "a free-thinker." He frequently phones while she's on the air to correct her grammar or pronunciation. Ruth picks up the real phone on stage and listens impatiently. "Don't *bother* me, Herman! Did you remember to carry out the garbage?"

According to a close friend, Ruth is "a very female female" and "a very shrewd businesswoman." As a member of the Management Planning Committee at WLW, she acts as liaison between sales and programming.

"Ruth Lyons is a very dominating kind of woman," a former associate explains. "She's successful and powerful and is free to say exactly what's on her mind. She needles and browbeats the men on her program, and this delights the housewives." They love to hear someone push men around though they wouldn't dare try it themselves.

Ruth Lyons has thirty-seven sponsors happily paying $2,000,000 a year for the privilege of being mentioned on her show. There is a long waiting list of advertisers equally eager to support her. She deals directly with sponsors herself, both local and national. She won't accept a product unless she herself likes it. She refuses to use canned copy, considering most prepared advertising copy not down-to-earth enough for her type of program. "What do those charcoal-gray boys know about the housewife and what she wants and needs?" she asks her listeners in disgust. Once she read aloud a sponsor's ad about fruit juices and then tore it up right on the stage. She ridicules what she thinks is ridiculous and sells products her own way.



Tom and Marian Hutchison had three small children and "there just didn't seem to be enough hours in the day for all that had to be done." Then triplets arrived.

SIX UNDER 6

By NELLE KEYS BELL

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the May JOURNAL

Recently she was demonstrating a sponsor's cheese dip with a piece of celery. "Are dips hygienic?" she pondered, pausing in mid-air before her second dip into the cheese.

One day Miss Lyons may spend five minutes discussing the merits of a product and why people should buy it. The next day she may dismiss it in three words: "Buy Blank's meat." No matter what she says, people apparently scramble to buy the product. When she conducted a prize contest for Kroger bread, 165,851 entries poured in. The bakery installed three shifts to meet the demand for its loaves. A line of canned vegetables, after only ten weeks on her show, moved from seventh to first place in three big cities within sound of her insistent voice—Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus.

On Madison Avenue, Ruth is sometimes referred to as a "fresh new breeze" in broadcasting, but actually she's been in radio and TV for thirty years. Two experiences on a national network were enough for her. She contends that she is a Midwest personality and is content to remain one. "Her roots lie deep in Ohio and most of the appeal of her show is local," explains a staff member.

In 1952, a half hour of the ninety-minute Ruth Lyons show was on the national NBC network for a year. Although the mail count was high, after a year she asked to be released from the seven-year network contract, saying that the loss of her local clients (not acceptable on the national network) did not conform to her show "ideal." And somewhat more than a year ago Miss Lyons appeared for two weeks on the Dave Garroway "Today" show. She enjoyed working with Mr. Garroway, who was wonderful to her, she said, but she prefers the informality and spontaneity of a show such as her own "50–50 Club."

This past January, when WLW-T originated an NBC-network color telecast of a Cincinnati Royals-New York Knickerbockers pro basketball game, Ruth Lyons and members of the "50–50 Club" cast appeared at half time with their spouses to toss baskets for a charity benefit. Following the telecast, Miss Lyons received mail from as far as Texas and Colorado from fans who had seen her during her 1952 and 1958 network appearances and who wrote that they were delighted to see her again.

Today Ruth Lyons is probably the most valuable, most sought-after non-network property in television. When she was shown a script for a national network show in which it was hoped she would be the star, she pointed to a list of a dozen or more people at the top of the first page and asked, "Who are these? The actors?" She was told that they would be the executives on the show. "Nothing doing," she replied. "Right now I have only one boss; and to be truthful, I have trouble enough with him!"

Ruth Lyons is not afraid to enter into controversial or touchy subjects. She cannot stand intolerance. One day recently Miss Lyons and a woman acquaintance were waiting for a cab on a street corner in downtown Cincinnati. When a cab pulled up, her friend opened the door and then slammed it, announcing loudly that she wasn't going to ride with a Negro driver. Miss Lyons got into the cab herself and questioned the driver about how often this happened. "Five or six times every day," the Negro replied. The next day on the air Miss Lyons treated her audience of 7,000,000 to a twenty-minute diatribe against racial prejudice, one of her favorite subjects. Subsequently, the cab company said that her speech had done more to speed the acceptance of Negro drivers than all their efforts over the space of two years.

When celebrities visit Cincinnati, they are generally invited to appear on the show. Ruth loves good interviews, and believes that she can retain the spontaneity of her show best by not meeting the guests prior to the show. So her audience meets the guest as soon as Miss Lyons herself does. Lisa Kirk was so popular with Miss Lyons and with the audience that she appeared on "50–50 Club" every day for a week and loved it. Eva Gabor chattered away with Ruth like the housewife next door. When Steve Allen appeared on the show, his three managers had told the show's producer that he had only four minutes to spare from his busy schedule. And although Steve looked tired, which Miss Lyons frankly told him, a half hour later he was still pounding the keys of band leader Cliff Lash's piano in a jam session with the orchestra and Ruth Lyons at the organ, while the managers sat in the back with their faces in their hands.

The result of this type of interview makes possible rewarding entertainment, and the stars love it. They tell one another when they meet on Broadway or in Hollywood to "get on the Ruth Lyons show in Cincinnati when you are there." Many shows in Cincinnati have hung out the "SRO" sign after a star's appearance on "50–50 Club."

Not all the best interviews are with guest stars, either. Ruth often finds fascinating interviews in her studio audience, and gives them the same treatment she gives to those more widely known.

Ruth Lyons receives more than three quarters of a million pieces of mail a year; the count for 1959 totaled 790,345 pieces, of which more than 164,000 were Christmas Fund contributions. Her Christmas Fund hospital drive in 1959 brought in almost a quarter of a million dollars—$242,662.55, to be exact—largely in one- and two-dollar donations. She doesn't encourage large, tax-exempt contributions from corporations. Those, she feels, would commercialize the project. What she wants is "a spontaneous outpouring of small sums of money from people everywhere.

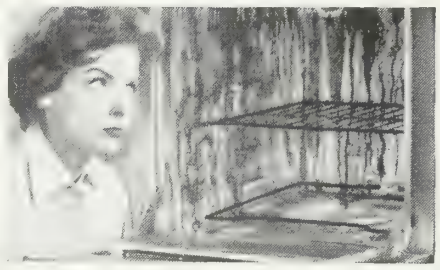
"People tell me that the *best part* of Christmas to them is contributing to the Ruth Lyons

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161

Dirtiest Ovens SPARKLE

IN LESS TIME... WITH LESS WORK

this quick EASY-OFF Way!



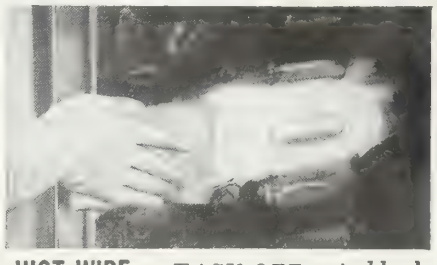
DOES YOUR OVEN LOOK LIKE THIS?

Greasy-grimy . . . can smoke and cause a dangerous fire

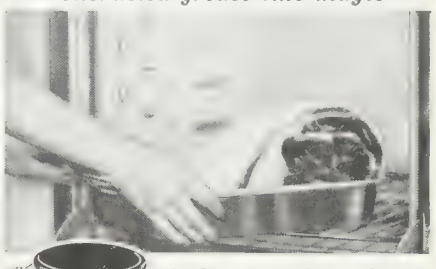


APPLY EASY-OFF OVEN CLEANER

and let set . . . then . . .



JUST WIPE... *EASY-OFF cuts black encrusted grease like magic*





A clean oven bakes better, roasts better . . . makes you a better cook

Depend on ® EASY-OFF OVEN CLEANER

Quality at your feet

BROWN SHOE COMPANY

The best children (*yours, of course*) deserve the best shoes (*ours, of course*)

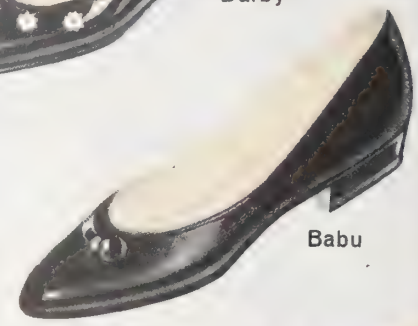
Good shoes, well-fitted, are a must for growing feet. That's why we've used only the finest materials and workmanship in Buster Brown Shoes for more than three generations. And why Buster Brown dealers take such care to ensure perfect fit with the famous Buster Brown 6-Point Fitting Plan.

Buster Brown is the oldest and best-known children's shoe in the world. And mothers know why!


Falcon


Darby


Atlas


Babu


Up Front


Funny Bunny

Buster Browns are priced 5.99 to 8.99 according to size. Higher Denver West. Buster Brown Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

BUSTER BROWN

MORE BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE GROWN UP IN BUSTER BROWN SHOES THAN ANY OTHER BRAND ®

Here are stores in your area that have these new Buster Brown Shoes

ALASKA

ANCHORAGE — Monty's Dept. Store
FAIRBANKS — Monty's Dept. Store
KETCHIKAN — The Bon Marche

ARIZONA

FLAGSTAFF — DeVaney's Bootery
PHOENIX — Korricks
SCOTTSDALE — Goot Shoes

CALIFORNIA

ALAMEDA — Grandes Shoes
ALAMEDA — Jerry's Shoes
ALHAMBRA — Prober's Shoes
ANAHEIM — The Broadway (Orange County)
ANAHEIM — Clark's Children Bootery (132 E. Center & Corral Shop. Ctr.)
ANTIOCH — Famous Fashions
ARCATA — Hornbrook's Shoes
BAKERSFIELD — Ricard's Bootery
BARSTOW — McQueen's Shoes
BELL — Richard's Shoes
BELLFLOWER — Rabb's Shoe Store
BERKELEY — Hodgson's Shoes
BRAWLEY — Desert Shoes
BUENA PARK — Buster Brown Shoes
CANOGA PARK — [illegible]
CHICO — [illegible]
CHULA VISTA — [illegible]
COALINGA — [illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]
CRESCENT CITY — [illegible]
CULVER CITY — [illegible]
EAST BAKERSFIELD — Ricard's Bootery
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] — D'A[illegible]
EUREKA
FAIRFIELD
FILLMORE
FT. BRAGG
FRESNO
FRESNO
FRESNO
FRESNO
FULLERTON
GARDENA
GARDENA
GILROY
GLENDALE
GRANADA HILLS
GRANADA HILLS
GRASS VALLEY
HANFORD
HAWTHORNE
HAYWARD
HERMOSA BEACH
HIGHLAND PARK
HOLLYDALE
HOLLYWOOD
HOLLYWOOD
HUNTINGTON PARK
[illegible]
LAKEWOOD TRIANGLE
LAGUNA BEACH
[illegible]
[illegible]
LONG BEACH
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

More stores with these Buster Brown Shoes



CALIFORNIA (Continued)

NTA ANA	Wetherby-Kayser (Fashion Sq.)
NTA BARBARA	Rodenbeck's
NTA CLARA	The Merry Mart
NTA CRUZ	Leasks Dept. Store
NTA MARIA	Broadway Bootery
NTA MONICA	Matchett's
NTA ROSA	Smith's Shoes (527 Fourth St. & 528 Farmers Lane)
RATOGA	Saratoga Shoe Service
MA	Leon's Shoes
ERMAN OAKS	Samuels Shoe Store
CKTON	Katten & Marengo
CKTON	Smith & Lang
IDIO CITY	Wesley's Shoes
NNYVALE	Grandes Shoes
SANVILLE	Gene's Shoes
T	Taft Bootery
RZANA	Brown's Bootery
RRANCE	The Broadway (Del Amo)
AH	Davis Shoe Store
AND	Dier's
AVILLE	Jim McElroy Shoes
LEJO	Higgins Shoes
LEY FAIR	Webster's Shoes
NUYS	Berman & Corson
NUYS	The Broadway (Valley Store)
NICE	Jackson's Bootery
NICE	Jerry's Shoes
NITURA	Bushell's Shoe Store
NTORVILLE	McQueen's Shoes
SALIA	Cassidy's Shoes
UNUT CREEK	Kushins Shoes
ISCO	Kay's Shoes
ARCADIA	Nash's Dept. Store
ESTCHESTER	The Broadway
EST COVINA	Lee's Shoes (West Covina Plaza)
LOS ANGELES	Westwood Bootery
LOS ANGELES	Wetherby-Kayser
EST VAN NUYS	Steven's Bootery
ESTWOOD	Fedways Store
NTTIER	Nash's Dept. Store
WILLIAMS	Worsley's
WILLOWS	Johnson's Shoes
WILMINGTON	Coty's Shoe Store
WOODLAND	Burton's Shoes

COLORADO

LORADO SPRINGS	Vorhes Shoe Co., Inc.
RIVER	The Boy's Store
RIVER	Denver Dry Goods Company (Downtown, Cherry Creek, Lakeside)
ELEY	Randall's
UNTA	Inge's
EBLO	B & A Bootery

IDAHO

SE	C. C. Anderson Co.
RLEY	Hudson's Shoes
DWELL	Garber Shoe Store
HO FALLS	Hudson's Shoes
ISTON	Gregson's Shoes
SCOW	David's Dept. Store
ATELLO	Hudson's Shoes
BURG	Ashliman Shoe Co.

MONTANA

EMAN	Egbert's Shoe Store
TE	Gamer Shoe Co.
AT FALLS	The Paris of Montana
ENA	Gamers Shoes
ISTOWN	H & K Shoes
SOULA	The Mercantile

NEVADA

VEGAS	Children's Bootery
O	Folk and Campbell's

NEW MEXICO

MOGORDO	Rouse's Shoes
UQUERQUE	Paris Shoe Store (2 stores)
ANOLA	Becker's
TA FE	Buster Brown Shoe Store

OREGON

ANY	Long's Shoe Store
VERTON	Arnold's Shoe Store
D	Moore's Shoe Store
S,BAY	Buster Brown Shoe Store
UILLE	Lorenz Dept. Store
VALLIS	Leeart's Shoe Store
ENE	The Bon Marche
NTS PASS	Buster Brown Shoe Store
SBORO	Eric Marggi Shoe Store
MATH FALLS	Bogatay's Shoes
EVIEW	Maxwell's
DFORD	Buster Brown Shoe Store
WAUKIE	Nickles Buster Brown Shoe Store
GON CITY	Nickles Buster Brown Shoe Store
EGO	Vandenburgh's Shoe Store
DLETON	C. C. Anderson Co.
TLAND	David's Shoes
TLAND	Geo. Kady Shoes
TLAND	Lipman Wolfe & Company
TLAND	Miller's Hollywood
TLAND	Vandenburgh's Shoes
EBURG	Gimre's Shoe Store
EM	Arbuckle's Shoe Store
EM	Lipman's
DALLES	Van Buren's Shoe Store

UTAH

NTIFUL	Andersen's Shoes
EN	The Bon Marche
EN	Kiddie-Ville
VO	Randall's Shoes
T LAKE CITY	The Paris

WASHINGTON

RDEEN	Earle Morgan Shoes of Quality
URN	Kettman's Family Shoe Store
LINGHAM	The Bon Marche
LINGHAM	Spencer-Pancoast
VILLE	Boucher's Shoe Store
ONDS	Orner's Shoe Store
ENSBURG	Mange's Buster Brown Shoe Store
RETT	The Bon Marche
NEWICK	Davids Shoes
T	Van's Shoes
GVIEW	Zimmerman's Shoes
VERNON	Gish's Shoe Store
NOGAN	Marline's Shoe Store
MPIA	Miller's Dept. Store
K	Marv's Buster Brown Shoe Store
T ANGELES	Riedel's Shoe Dept.
SSER	Rodman's Buster Brown Shoes
ILMAN	Empire Dept. Store
TON	Van's Shoes
HLAND	C. C. Anderson Co.
HLAND	Davids Shoes
TTLE	Christensen's For Shoes
TTLE	Dahl's
KANE	The Bon Marche
KANE	Galloway's Shoes
OMA	The Bon Marche
COUVER	Spellman's Shoe Store
LA WALLA	Wilton's Shoes
ATCHEE	Trosper's Shoes
IMA	Wilton's Shoes

WYOMING

PER	Casper Commissary
YENNE	Flory Shoes
Y	Kelley's Shoes
AMIE	Flory Shoes
RIDAN	Goar's Shoe Store
RLAND	Kelley's Shoes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159

fund." Each contributor, whether he gives pennies or dollars, qualifies for an impressive list of prizes which Ruth Lyons persuades businessmen to donate for nothing.

Every cent donated to the Christmas Fund is turned over to hospitals—twenty-eight last year—to help make Christmas a happy one for hospitalized children. Not only at Christmas, either. Parties and gifts the year round mark birthdays and other special events. Operating expenses for the fund drive are paid by WLW, which hires a complete crew of girls beginning in October to handle fund mail.

Last year the prizes included three automobiles, an air trip to Copenhagen, a $1000 gift certificate, a mink stole and 90 other big prizes. The two days these prizes are distributed through a series of phone calls to listeners' homes, the streets of Cincinnati are practically deserted, people say.

On her program Ruth frequently reminisces about her old-fashioned middle-class upbringing in Cincinnati. "Why, I was twelve before I was unshackled from long underwear," she tells her delighted listeners.

During high-school years, she earned money by playing the piano. During college she tutored slower classmates in any subject they required—Spanish, calculus, Latin or anything else. "I had a terrific desire to pay my own way," she acknowledges. She was hired by local radio station WKRC as a musician, but she also operated the switchboard, typed letters, and even swept cigarette butts out of the waiting room, old-timers recall.

In 1942, shortly after joining WLW's staff, Ruth met Herman Newman, who studied at Oxford to be a Unitarian minister but had turned to teaching instead. Ruth was sitting behind him at a Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra concert and wondering if she knew this tall, handsome, blue-eyed guy who looked vaguely familiar. During intermission he spoke to her and reminded her that they had been classmates at the University of Cincinnati. Then he asked for a date. Ruth had decided that she had worked too hard for success to give it up for some man. Nor did she believe the man existed who wouldn't resent her career.

So when Herman asked for a date, she accepted but later phoned and begged off, pleading a business engagement that Saturday night. "Look here," spoke up Herman. "I've waited ten years to get up the courage to ask you for a date and I'm not sure I'll ever find the courage again." Somewhat shaken, Ruth agreed to see him Sunday and they went to a night club.

Ruth didn't then, and doesn't now, touch alcohol. "I can't work as hard as I do and drink, and so I don't drink," she explains. (She has also been heard to remark that liquor is "the curse of the earth.")

At the night club the waiter came up and said, "Good evening, Miss Lyons. Would you like your usual?" Ruth nodded yes.

"I'll have the same," Herman added with an air of anticipation.

A few minutes later the waiter reappeared with two large strawberry sundaes. By the end of the evening Herman and Ruth had all their mistaken notions about each other straightened out. From then on, they dated every single night until their marriage some months later.

The Newmans live in a 150-year-old gray brick house called "Four Chimneys" near the Mt. Airy Forest section of Cincinnati. It sits on five acres with a one-hundred-foot hackberry tree in front which is Herman's special pride. The Newmans had admired the house for years, but it was never for sale. Then one day Herman came home and said he had seen an undertaker's hearse in the driveway of their dream house. From that time on, from June until the following February, they watched the real-estate ads. When the house was eventually put up for sale, they bought it the same day.

"Four Chimneys" is decorated in a style which can perhaps be best described as Rampant Early American. "You can't go wrong on Early American," says Ruth. "It's always in good taste and it never depreciates." Even her suite of offices at WLW is done in Williamsburg blues with antique pine pieces and rocking chairs. In her office Miss Lyons herself sits in a rocking sofa before a fireplace with fake glowing logs. At home, *red* is the dominant color, calico the dominant material, with a strawberry motif everywhere—a sentimental reminder of those first strawberry sundaes they shared together.

Ruth Lyons' TV rating has always been about five times that of all competing TV shows combined, the records show. Only once was her supremacy on the air waves even threatened. A national network announced a new high-budget show with Don Ameche and Frances Langford in the same time slot as the Ruth Lyons show.

Ruth met the challenge head on. For weeks prior to the beginning of the threatening competing show, she told her viewers she was sure she was going to lose them to "that doll" Don Ameche. She had the male commentator on her show imitate Ameche while she tried to warble like Miss Langford. On the day the Ameche show had its *première*, she told her audience she was going back to her office to watch her competition, and she did, while the rest of the cast of her show struggled on without her. Half an hour later she reappeared before the television cameras, looking more cheerful. "Ameche's hair is getting thin," she reported sadly, "and do you know, Frances Langford is *fat!*" In the succeeding weeks, while the Ruth Lyons show continued to show a rating between 28 and 31 (phenomenal for a daytime show), the competing Ameche show never pulled more than a 2 rating in Ruth's area, and died quietly after its initial thirteen weeks as far as Cincinnati was concerned.

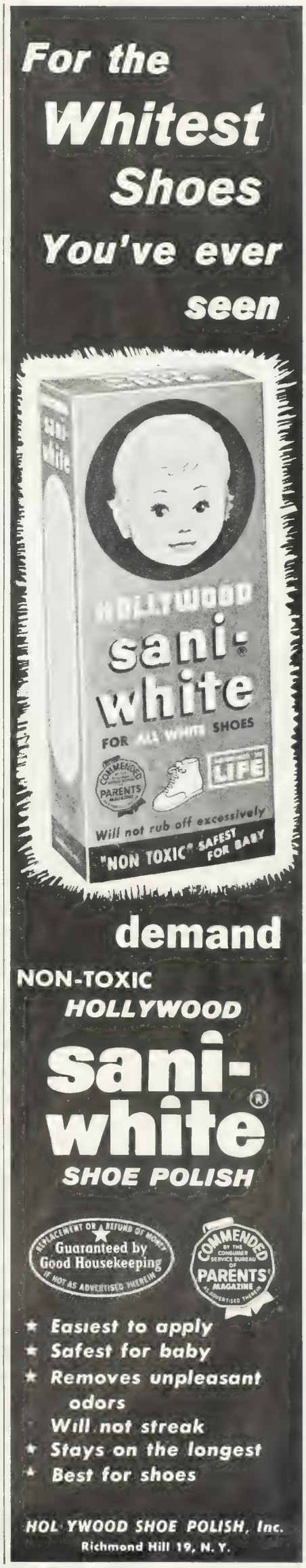
> Every ship that goes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all round with the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.
>
> RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The trouble with television, Ruth feels, is the insularity of its script writers, who she thinks spend their days lunching in the East Fifties of New York or around kidney-shaped Hollywood swimming pools. "My show appeals to salt-of-the-earth people, real people," Ruth believes. "Such people exist in Boston and Atlanta as well as Cincinnati and Indianapolis. I know that because when I was on national network these women wrote to me. They told me that most women performers on TV give them a pain, with their minks and affected voices and private show-biz jokes that nobody outside the studio can understand. What does this kind of woman know about a housewife? I always assume my listeners have at least as much intelligence as I do. I never talk down to them and I welcome their comments, good or bad."

Promptly at five o'clock Ruth's daughter Candy phones Ruth at the office and this TV star, who nibbles two chocolate cookies for lunch, hurries home to an early supper and bed. Her staff seldom dares phone her after seven o'clock, when she climbs into bed and watches TV or reads. She loves sad books, the gloomier the better. "I can't wait to start The Curse of the Misbegotten," she gloats.

The Newmans' social life is practically nil. "If I go to a party, I'm very quiet and then everybody thinks I'm sick," complains Ruth.

Sharing your every thought and feeling with 7,000,000 women a day can be exhausting. "I'm tired all the time," moans Ruth, looking fresh as a rose. "For years I've been looking for a successor, but do you know I can't find one? No one will take over my hospital drive either. I can't even take a decent vacation. At our last ticket sale, we sold out every show for 365 days a year for the next five years. How can I stay away for even a single day and disappoint all these good people?" END



DON'T TOUCH THAT PLANT!

IT'S POISON!



WHO CARES!

AQUA IVY TABLETS made me Immune!

Aqua Ivy Tablets actually made me immune to poison ivy and poison oak. Imagine . . . after suffering every summer for years, now I don't even get a blister!

Chances are, Aqua Ivy Tablets can make you immune — they really work — even for chronic sufferers.

AQUA IVY — proven effective
AQUA IVY — safe, season-long immunity
AQUA IVY — easy-to-take tablets

REMEMBER: Don't wait till summer. It takes time to build full immunity. So start your family on Aqua Ivy AP® Tablets now, and be immune! Available at your nearby pharmacy in U.S. and Canada.

Send coupon for free informative booklet that tells all about poison ivy and poison oak, and how Aqua Ivy Tablets were developed to provide immunity. Includes research data and clinical documentation.

Dept. MC1
SYNTEX CHEMICAL COMPANY, INC.
BOX 117, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Please send free booklet "Facts You Should Know About Poison Ivy and Poison Oak."

My Name _____

Address _____

City *Zone* *State* _____

A SHOCKING STORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

though he had materialized, in shirt sleeves, out of the winter night. It was nightmare. But it was real, and it was happening to me.

Seeing me standing there, momentarily paralyzed, the man straightened to his full height and catapulted himself upon me, forcing me back across the room to my bed. Into my mind came the certainty that this was an insane rapist. I would be murdered. I remember thinking, "When they find me I hope they will realize that I fought as hard and as long as I could."

Much of the detail of that struggle has grown dim now in my memory. Partly, perhaps, because I thrust the recollection resolutely out of my mind when it threatens to return. But mostly, I believe, because the whole thing had such an aspect of nightmare that it vanished from my mind as one forgets a bad dream.

Next day, as I thought back, I believed the struggle had lasted for almost half an hour. The first shock passed off quickly. I had never been more alert. I found a strength in my body I had not dreamed I possessed. Believing I was going to die, I concentrated all my force on giving the best account of myself I could before I was killed.

The first clear memory I have is of his face above me, white in the moonlight, completely expressionless. I saw his hands come down as in a nightmare onto my throat. I thought, "Now he will kill me." I didn't propose to die tamely. I seized his hands, pulled them from my throat. That was the only intentionally hurtful gesture he made.

After I realized that it was not his intention to kill me, at least not at this point, I began talking to him while we struggled.

I kept telling him over and over that I believed he was someone in trouble. I offered to get him something to eat—while fending him off with all my might. I kept asking him where he came from, if he wasn't cold, if he wasn't hungry. He paid no attention for quite a while. Finally, in reply to the often-repeated question, "Where do you come from?" he paused long enough to say in a halting voice, "What do you want to know for?" I said I wanted to know about him, that I felt he was someone in trouble.

After this he would answer me, and sometimes the struggle would halt while we exchanged several sentences. He told me that he had come from a nearby hostel for homeless men; that he was twenty; that he had no mother.

The struggle became even more strenuous as more effective ways of fighting occurred to me. Finally I managed several times to wriggle off the bed. He would seize me and throw me back on it, but as he stooped over me I lashed out at him hard with both feet. Once I slammed him against the dresser, another time against the wall, so hard that the iron foot of the floor lamp was bent out of shape when he crashed against it. I can see him now on the floor, looking up at me with that expressionless face. That was the first time in my life I ever kicked anybody.

The last time, he threw me down so hard that when my head hit the window sill, I was partially dazed. I feared the end of my effective resistance was drawing near. I had escaped so far only because my reactions had been quick. If I were slowed down, I would be done for. I was half lying, half sitting against the wall, trying desperately to get my wits back, when he suddenly collapsed onto the floor. He stayed there, leaning against the bed, making no further move toward me.

Somehow I knew the battle was over. I must have said something to him about not reporting the affair if he would leave the house now. For he snarled, "Yeah, you would just get me for breaking and entering," and reeled off a long string of charges to which he evidently knew he had laid himself open. I stood up, and he made no move to stop me.

He got to his feet. I earnestly repeated my assurance that if he would leave the house now I would tell no one of the encounter. He snarled at me again—in this phase he seemed a young guttersnipe—using a coarse phrase. I stiffened, showing my distaste.

Before my eyes, I saw a new person appear. The man who stood in my room now seemed mature and poised, tall, straight with an athletic build. I judged him to be around thirty and I later learned that was his age. He said, "Of course you know who I am."

I replied that I did not, that I had never seen him before. He seemed to accept that.

We both knew that in this new mood he did not wish to harm me. He appeared to be an entirely different person. But he didn't want to go to the penitentiary either. The problem now was his fear that if he left me alive and in possession of all my faculties, I would promptly call the state troopers.

I again earnestly assured him I would not—hoping to placate him and get him out of the house. I told him I would let him out of the house the front way. "You came in through the cellar, didn't you?"

He told me he had, and admitted that he had been lurking under my bedroom window before he entered my house. If I had looked through the other east window, I might have seen him and called for help.

"Why don't you keep your cellar door locked?" he demanded accusingly.

I told him I had never dreamed anyone would molest me. "I'll keep it locked from now on." He nodded approvingly.

I went to the outside door nearest us, took off the spring lock. It was this action that saved me, later on.

Then I walked into the kitchen to get him out of my bedroom—and he followed. We still had to work out how he could be sure of his safety, in return for mine. As we entered the kitchen, he picked up his suit coat from a chair and slipped it on. Evidently he had stopped in the kitchen as he came through and prepared himself for the attack. I made no comment, nor did he. The door to the cellar was standing wide open. I closed it, shot the bolt home; also without comment.

I realized that my mouth was extremely dry. I went to the sink and drank glass after glass of water. I suppose I was in more of a state of shock than I realized at the time. Presently he joined me there. Bending far down over the counter, till his head almost touched it, he exclaimed, in what seemed an agony of shame and self-loathing, "Would you believe that I was married once to a good woman?" I said I could believe it.

Then he said, "Why, you're scared half to death!"

I was in fact shivering violently, partly from nervous reaction, partly from cold. I had on only a nightgown, was barefoot; I had turned down the furnace when I went to bed.

I replied, "Well, this is the first time anything of this kind ever happened to me!" Then matter-of-factly, "I'm going to get on a robe and slippers."

I don't know how I got the courage to go back into the bedroom. I didn't linger. I pulled a warm robe out of the closet by touch. Not seeing my bedroom slippers where I had left them—I discovered next day that they had been kicked far under the bed—I snatched a pair of sneakers out of the closet and put them on. This was my second lucky break, for my bedroom slippers would have been poorly adapted to that later desperate dash up the hill. The man sauntered after me, but remained in the bedroom doorway, keeping me always under observation.

Decently covered now, I walked back to the kitchen. He followed. We returned to a discussion of our problem. He told me he had been on the road for four days. Told me, in answer to my questions, that he had no place to go; that he would now go over to the railway and hop a freight. I was not afraid of this assailant in his present guise. Nevertheless I felt the situation called for extreme caution. I decided the thing to do was to try to behave as naturally as I could.

He leaned against the counter, watching me. "Why, you're in complete command, aren't you?" he commented. "You know, I could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

WHEN DID I LOVE HIM MOST?

By MARGARET PARTON

When did I love him most?

Across the room, under the lamplight, he is curled around his grandmother's arm and shoulder, almost like a little fur tippet. He has had his bath, and is wearing now the plaid cotton bathrobe (he says wool "tickles") and the pajamas which are too big for him. One slipper has fallen off, and I can see the small pink sole of his foot, very clean, and longer than I would have expected. His grandmother is showing him a geography book, and he is absorbed in contemplation of the universe. "When can I go there?" he asks, enthralled. He is five years old, just five.

When did I love him most?

He was a tiny baby, and he slept in a laundry basket. It was dawn, and he cried for milk. I stumbled into the room and bent over the basket. He smiled at me, the first smile. His gums were toothless, and it was dawn. And I wept. But I never told anyone. I just said, "He smiled today."

When did I love him most?

He was a year old, and trying to pick up food for himself. I had read somewhere that children should be allowed to make a mess when they ate. So one day, when we were alone in the house, I stripped him naked, and put him in the empty bathtub with a plate of mashed potatoes and squashed carrots. I came back a few minutes later, to find him ecstatic, coasting down the back of the bathtub on a slide of carrots, with potatoes in his hair.

When did I love him most?

He was two years old, and he'd just learned, in a rudimentary way, the facts of life. Whenever there were guests in the house, he would pat his round little stomach lovingly. "My baby here," he'd say.

When did I love him most?

We were living in the country when he was three years old, and often there was snow and wind. He would tug on his red boots and the coat of his snow suit, and disappear into the twilight. A few moments later he would return, staggering under the weight of an apple log for the fireplace. "It's my job," he'd announce, with all the pride of the faithful workman in his voice.

When did I love him most?

Four years old . . . memories of tumult and growth. But once we walked in the woods beside a silver stream, over the deep moss. "I like to walk quiet in the woods, with no shouting or louding," he said.

When did I love him most?

I look at him again, curled up on the green couch beside his grandmother, and as I gaze this child seems not a present, but a past and a future; the baby, the boy, the adolescent, the man. Yet he is unaware—his cheeks flushed and his eyes shining as he intently follows his grandmother's finger, moving from earth to sun to moon to planet. "But what about gravity?" he asks.

Now, I think. *Now, now, always right now.*

END



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

have killed you in there. I don't think you care a lot, one way or the other."

It was true that I had been prepared to die. But I thought it best not to talk about the idea of killing, that I knew he might have killed me. I answered, "I thought you were someone in trouble and didn't really know what you were doing."

He said quickly, "That was it. I didn't know what I was doing. I would give anything if I could undo it."

Now he appeared ready to go. I offered him a package of cigarettes. He accepted them. My grown children had left at the house a variety of warm coats for country wear. I offered him one. He put on a foul-weather jacket that I hurriedly snatched out of the kitchen closet. I told him I had around $10 in my purse, that I would like to give it to him. He replied that he wouldn't take my money.

We were standing now at the kitchen door, just across from the outside door which I had unlocked. If I had been cleverer, perhaps I would have contrived to get him out of the house then. But if he had gone then, I would not have recognized how dangerous he was.

I believe he would have returned, and I would not have been prepared. Or that if he had not come back to my house, some other lone woman would have been attacked.

He didn't move. There was an awkward pause. Then he said earnestly, "I wish I could talk with you."

Perhaps this was where I made a big mistake that was so nearly fatal, but I hesitated only briefly before replying that I would be glad to talk to him.

We sat down at the kitchen table across from each other. First my visitor had slipped off the foul-weather jacket, saying he would not take it after all.

I suppose it had occurred to him, though it had not occurred to me when I gave it to him, that to be picked up wearing that jacket would be damning. It is ironic that this gesture of mine, instinctively motivated, enabled the bloodhounds to trail him; established one link in the case against the man whom I shall now call Jack Smith.

It bothered a member of the grand jury, later on, that the man had been in my house for so long a time, yet no light had been turned on.

That had been part of my strategy. In the semi-isolated spot, in the middle of the night with the nearest neighbor over the hill, I hadn't a chance in the world to get help from outside. I had to convince Jack Smith, somehow, that he would not put himself in danger with the authorities by leaving me unharmed. When we first entered the kitchen, I had started to turn on the light, then stopped, saying to him, "I won't turn on the light. That way I won't be able to give a description of you."

We didn't need artificial light anyway. The moonlight was flooding into the kitchen through the bay windows in the south wall. Jack Smith sat in the shadow, the moonlight reaching only as far as his ankles. I refrained from trying to get a look at his face when he lighted a cigarette. I was sure, however that I would recognize him.

I have worked a great deal with young people. Many have brought their problems to me. I know of no more valuable contribution than now and then to be able to touch a troubled young mind and soul, but I had never before dealt with a young person as deeply troubled as this one. So even though he might have killed me, and might still, I was not untouched by his plight, and in his present state he seemed capable of being helped.

He apologized again, saying he wished we could be friends, but knew we could not be, because of the way things had started out. I told him we would try to forget that. "We will figure our acquaintance began when we came into the kitchen."

He replied, "Maybe I could forget. But I know you never could."

He betrayed curiosity about me, asking many questions about who I was, what I did. He asked about my work; when I said it was vocational guidance, he wanted to know what my training had been, why I had gone into it in the first place. He asked about my children. I sized him up as a young man who had not had a great deal of formal education—I later told the troopers Jack Smith might have finished high school but I did not believe he could possibly have gone beyond that. He seemed to have good native intelligence. Now and then he would say, "You're just stringing me along." I would earnestly reply that I was truly interested in young people, that I would truly like to help him if I could possibly do so. He said once, "You're sort of the mother type, aren't you?"

I hadn't minded answering his questions, for they had been entirely respectful, but all at once I realized how tired I was. I had risen at 5:30 that morning, had had a busy day before that violent half hour of terrifying physical combat. (Next day my body was a mass of deep muscle aches, in addition to the bumps and bruises acquired in the course of the struggle.)

I stopped talking, leaned back wearily in my chair. It was then that my subconscious mind noted something unusual about the man's footgear, plainly revealed by the moonlight. Tired as I was, I did not grasp the significance until the next day. Then I told the troopers. When Jack Smith was picked up a week later, he was wearing sneakers of the type I had described.

He said, "Why did you sigh?"

I thought it best not to display any weakness, so I rallied my forces and told him that this was a strange experience for me and I felt rather inadequate. "You said you wanted to talk to me, but I don't want to pry. If there is anything you would like to say to me, I will be glad to listen."

He told me his trouble had been that he never had been able to adjust to society's requirements. "I don't seem to be able to find out what they want of me."

I asked if he had ever had anyone to help him with his problems. He said he had not. I know now a number of attempts had been made to help him. But perhaps in a deeper sense what he said was true. For it requires more than love and good will to get at the problems of a seriously disturbed person.

Suddenly he said, "Go to the phone and call the troopers!"

I asked, "Do you really want me to?" I knew I could not make a phone call unless he was entirely willing for me to.

"I may as well go and give myself up to the cops," he said. "I've got to face this thing sooner or later. This has happened over and over again." Then bowing his head low again on his hands, he exclaimed in that voice of shame and self-loathing, "Oh, I'm a mess, an awful mess! I'm a sick man!" He did not again tell me to call the troopers, however, and so the moment passed.

I asked if there was any chance that he might go somewhere new and make a fresh start. He said, "I tried that once, out in ——" (naming a distant state) "but they were after me like a pack of rats."

Thus far his conversation had been completely rational. I was unprepared for the phantasy element when it suddenly appeared. The first sign that something malign was taking place in his mind was his question: "What I would like to know now is why have you been haunting me all my life?"

I laughed at that. "You must be thinking of someone else. Your grandmother probably." For I had been laying great stress on the age difference between us.

He said, a querulous note in his voice, "No, not my grandmother. At least, I don't think so." He kept repeating that he would like to know, before he died, why I had been haunting him all his life. His talk became disconnected, his questions ceased to convey what he was trying to express, I could see he was losing control.

He said, moving his head in a tortured way, "You were cruel to me. You hurt me in there."

Then he began to talk in a flirtatious manner, completely at variance with the deference he had recently shown. I said firmly, "The time has come for you to go," and stood up. He, too, got to his feet, reluctantly. As we stood there facing each other, he took both my hands in his. He apologized again for his actions, told me it had helped him a great deal to talk to me, asked if he might come to see me.

Disengaging my hands, I answered hurriedly, "Yes, you may, if you will come in the daytime and will telephone me first."

Then he asked me to kiss him good-by. I said "No."

He asked wheedlingly, "Why not?"

He made a move toward me and I stepped back, saying sharply, "Don't start that again!"

He stood there, swaying a little, a foolish, uncertain grin on his face.

Now I was again afraid—utterly, terribly afraid. By his expressions of remorse, his respectful attitude after he had returned to his other self, the man had erased somewhat the sordidness and indignity of his initial attack. Or perhaps it was sheer relief to find myself alive, safe. Now the full horror of the situation swept over me again. I doubted I would be able to talk my way out a second time. I saw only one desperate chance—to get him out of the house, if I could.

I grasped him by the arms, turned him around and resolutely marched him toward the door. Surprisingly, he let me. His body under my hands felt rigid, poker-stiff. He walked with the jerky step of a robot. But he let me propel him to the outside door. I

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reached around him, turned the doorknob, opened the door wide. Just then he turned and faced me. His arms clamped tightly around me with the mechanical motion of a trap. For an instant that expressionless face, with the round black holes for eyes, again looked into mine.

But we were by the door, and it was open. I reached my hand down, caught hold of the doorjamb, pulled myself out through the door. I ran to the road, faster than I'd ever run before, and up the hill crying, "Help, help!" I knew no one would hear me, but I thought he might think someone would. Part way up the hill, I turned and looked back. He had followed me out of the house, was standing beside my car.

I turned then and ran on, as fast as I could. I did not look back again until I was well over the brow of the hill. I could not see him at all, now, and I knew I was safe. But I did not slacken my pace until I reached my nearest neighbors' house. They telephoned the state police.

After the troopers had left, I walked back and forth through my house for many minutes murmuring, "Thank You, God, thank You, God, thank You, God!" Over, and over, and over.

The state police, a wonderful organization, were at my door within twenty minutes. Two days later bloodhounds were used to pick up the trail which led up the hill to an old wood path behind my home. Here my assailant evidently hid, watching the police until it was safe to cross the highway and retrieve his car from a deserted barn. When the troopers presented me with a large selection of photographs of men who had criminal or sex-offense records, I easily identified the picture of Jack Smith, who had been in three mental institutions, an escapee from the third. The picture showed a good-looking young fellow with a cocky, self-conscious smile; but the eyes were troubled, confused.

The next day I signed a warrant calling for the arrest of Jack Smith; the charge: housebreaking and attempted rape. The local justice of the peace, a kindly man, knew Jack Smith and his family. I was told that Jack would be sent away for thirty days' observation when he was found. If adjudged insane, he would be placed at once in an appropriate institution; if sane, he would face criminal prosecution. If, after being institutionalized, he were later pronounced cured, he would still be brought to trial on my charges. This was the situation, as described to me. I took some comfort in this, since it sounded like a sensible and practical plan.

One week elapsed between that dreadful night and the arrest of Jack Smith. During this week I slept in my living room, lights on all over the house, every door and window doubly barricaded. It seemed that every time I picked up a newspaper I read of the rape or murder, or both, of some girl or woman. The police seemed always looking for some criminal or mentally deficient person who had served too brief a time in prison or had been released prematurely from a mental institution. Society seemed to bungle the job of dealing with these obviously sick men.

Still, I took heart in the hope that in the case of Jack Smith, the seriousness of his illness was evident, and he would be given a chance at effective treatment. This was my hope.

My disillusionment began when I discovered that Jack Smith was not sent away for observation. He was placed immediately in the county jail. The justice of the peace explained that Jack had waived examination at the time of his arrest, which permitted local authorities to hold him in jail for thirty days without being brought to me for identification. (I learned later that Jack had not understood what it meant to waive examination.) In the end, Jack Smith sat in the local jail for almost three months without identification; without a psychiatric examination; without any kind of treatment.

I was haunted by the one conversation I had with Jack Smith's mother—a pleasant-looking woman slightly younger than myself. She told me that Jack had been an honor student at a

LATE MARRIAGE

By CECIL ROBERTS

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dreams,
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beams
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And one tall lad had kept my
strength,
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surprise
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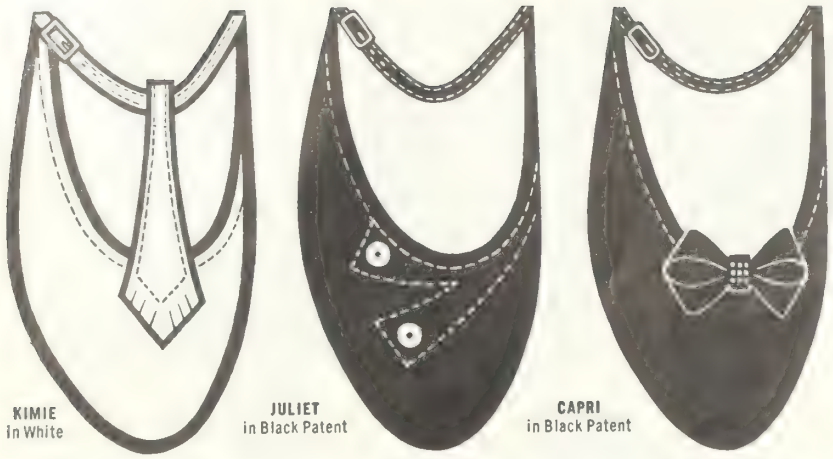
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well-known military academy until he voluntarily entered military service during World War II—before he was eighteen years of age. His trouble seemed to show up after his release. His trouble had been diagnosed as schizophrenia, but he had never admitted that he was sick.

I was advised by lawyer friends that I should not, on my own motion, go to the jail to identify the prisoner, or see the district attorney; I had to wait until I was sent for. Only the defense counsel or the district attorney has the power to secure a psychiatric examination of an accused man.

As the weeks dragged by, I began to worry about the identification. Although there was little real doubt in my mind that Jack Smith was my assailant, I did not like the feeling that my charges were keeping a man in jail, and that these charges could blast his life and make him an outcast from society. I kept hoping that Jack had confessed, or in some other way had given evidence, that he was the man who had attacked me.

Not until the day the case finally came up before the grand jury did I have my chance to identify the prisoner. The confrontation could not have been accomplished in a way more effective to defeat its purpose. I had seen my assailant three months before, by moonlight. Today I was shown a grim, unhappy being, standing directly beneath a brilliant neon light. There was little resemblance to the photograph I had so easily identified. This man glared down at me out of cruel, cold eyes. His face was deeply grooved, furrowed with bitterness and hatred. I had described my assailant as lithe, athletic. This prisoner was heavy, starting to run to fat. He seemed years older than the man in my house on that horrible evening. But the trooper explained, "It isn't strange he is heavier; he's been sitting in a cell month after month. Wouldn't you feel mean and bitter if you'd been sitting in that jail for three months?"

I cannot describe the shock and horror of that moment. Not so much at the realization of the danger which I had faced, greater even than I realized, at the hands of this pitiable creature, but at the realization that society had perhaps destroyed a possibly salvageable human being.

Jack Smith had not confessed; the evidence turned up so far was strong, but circumstantial. Shocked and undecided, I had to go at once into the grand-jury room. So confused and upset was I that I had no idea what portion of my information was truly important to the case.

The members of the grand jury listened attentively; the questions they asked me were searching and to the point. I failed to recall certain details which I had been trying resolutely to shut out of my mind. Since I relied entirely upon the services of the district attorney, whose duty it was to represent the people against violators of the criminal laws, I had no previous legal coaching.

When the district attorney and I left the grand-jury room, I felt that the jury must have been left with grave doubts. I could not say, on that day, that Jack Smith was actually the man who had attacked me, so terribly had he changed in appearance in the months of imprisonment. Later, I was able to be sure he was the man. But this knowledge might have come too late to prevent the release into the community of a dangerously and criminally insane man. I asked what would happen if the grand jury failed to return an indictment; could not the authorities then order a psychiatric examination of the prisoner on the grounds that he was an escapee from a mental institution?

The district attorney replied regretfully, "Unfortunately, we find that the institution has marked Jack down on the records as having been given a release. That was to make them look better, I guess."

I looked at this pleasant man in consternation. Knowing these things, our county attorneys had left the identification of Jack Smith until the last possible moment; had left the part I must play in his indictment entirely to chance. That lives could be disposed of so casually, that responsibility toward the safety of women in the community be held so lightly—to me this seemed the most incredible phase of the whole unfortunate affair. And in this process, a sick and troubled man had been turned into a still less reasoning being, full of hatred and hopes for revenge—and this man had a good chance of returning to the very community which had wronged him so gravely.

The grand jury did return an indictment and Jack Smith was arraigned. But he still sat in the jail for another month before he was given a psychiatric examination and pronounced a paranoid schizophrenic, unfit to stand trial. (A paranoid schizophrenic is a person with a split personality and delusions of persecution.) Eventually he went to the state prison for the criminally insane.

Would it be possible for Jack Smith to get special treatment? I wondered. I was told, "Not a chance. The prison is overcrowded and understaffed. He'll probably stay there the rest of his life. Too bad, really, because he was a nice chap to begin with."

Sometimes men escape or are released from these prisons, returning to society still less equipped to cope with their compulsions. Would Jack Smith one day escape or be released prematurely? Would he return to terrorize another victim, less able to protect herself than I? I have asked myself these questions many times. The answers leave me deeply concerned. END



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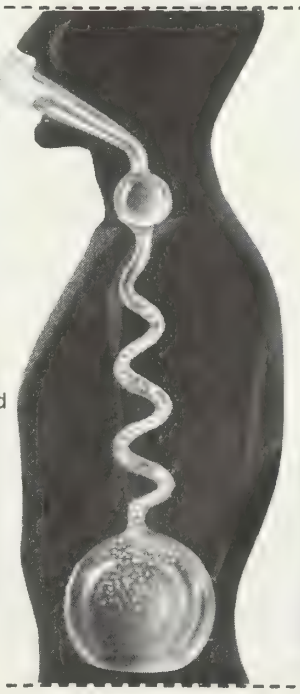
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In medical journals, eminent doctors consistently acclaim aspirin for its great and ever-growing values.

In newspapers, public health officials have repeatedly recommended aspirin as the one thing for headaches, muscular pains, fever of a cold.

In personal interviews, hundreds and hundreds of doctors said *they* recommend aspirin. And for the *best* aspirin the world has ever known—be sure you buy *Bayer* Aspirin!





'Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

her arms around him, but that he had pushed her off. He was a little too glib. Somehow I didn't believe him. I broke down and cried. At once he began talking—Greg practically hypnotizes me when he talks—and he promised to reform. He promised to put me ahead of his friends, to keep them out of our hair and to stop visiting the tavern.

"For several days there was an improvement. Then the boat-building project got under way again, and again our apartment was overrun. It was impossible to keep the place picked up and clean. Whenever it rained, the gang settled inside and played cards, drank beer and smoked cigarettes. Our horrible concrete floors were covered with cigarette butts, piled with fishing gear and shotguns—guns frighten me—and everybody's dirty clothes. I couldn't change my own clothes with any peace of mind; I was always afraid one of the fellows, constantly roaming around, might blunder in on me. There weren't any regular meal hours. Greg and his pals ate when they felt like it—our refrigerator was regarded as community property—and I was supposed to fit in with the whims of a dozen men. My marriage didn't seem like a marriage to me.

"Greg seldom noticed what I wore or complimented me on my appearance. He and I had no sexual problems at first—both of us are warm-natured—but he was too offhand and casual about making love. Frequently he forgot to kiss me when I left for work or when I returned. The next day he might be very ardent, but only after he put in hours playing cards, tinkering with the boat, cleaning his shotgun. I got the feeling that our love was an afterthought and came last with him. This spoiled my pleasure and shook my confidence and I became less affectionate and responsive. He didn't comment on the change in me and his obtuseness made me feel worse.

"During our courtship I talked a great deal about the children I wanted. After we married Greg seemed quite willing to start a family immediately, but I was afraid to take the risk. Our apartment and our whole setup were unsuitable for a baby. And Greg seemed too irresponsible to be a father.

"I couldn't trust anything he said. One time he told me that a friend of his, who represented an electrical-appliance firm, would put in a dream kitchen for us at a huge bargain. The friend lived with us for three weeks and left behind a stock of nonfunctioning pop-up toasters, and that was the last heard of the dream kitchen. Greg promised me floor-length draperies to cover the front window, which was bare to the street. He finally brought in a hunk of unhemmed ugly red cloth—I detest red—and nailed the cloth along one side of the window. When I protested, he declared the effect was artistic and said my taste in household decoration was banal and inferior.

"Despite all his talk, he kept his income and his finances a big secret. I bought most of our groceries from my pay. Occasionally he handed me a few dollars, but I couldn't count on it. Whenever I mentioned a budget, he grinned and agreed a budget would be a dandy idea for us—someday.

"Two months after our marriage, he was going off without me two evenings out of three. I knew his friends were picking up girls and I suspected he sometimes did the same. I found bobby pins in the car and once there was a compact in his pocket. He told me the compact belonged to the girl friend of a buddy. And then he kidded me about my evil mind.

"In our third month together he took the car on a hunting trip, saying he would return in a couple of days. He was gone for a week and I didn't hear from him and was terrified he might be wounded or dead. Much as I hate to complain—complaining goes against the grain with me—when he finally walked in I threw a scene and accused him of making the trip with some woman. He denied it. He seemed sincere and I believed him. He then cooked up a tale to explain what he had been doing on all the other evenings when I'd been left alone.

"He said he had enrolled in a night-school course in salesmanship to surprise me, that since I was so anxious to move to a better apartment he wanted to improve and increase his earnings. For the next few weeks I sat by myself nearly every evening hiding my loneliness and nerves, but inspired by the idea that I was helping Greg. Then one evening after he drove off with a couple of his buddies, supposedly headed for class, I suddenly decided to check up and telephone the school. It wasn't listed in the book. There was no such school.

"Maybe I should have been prepared for the blow. I wasn't. I have religious convictions against separation and divorce. Nevertheless, I was so brokenhearted by Greg's deceitfulness I knew I had to leave him for the sake of my own self-respect. My parents would have gladly made a place for me in their small apartment—I used to share a room with three younger sisters—but I didn't care to listen to them criticize and abuse Greg. My father, in particular, runs down Greg while he praises me, and I can't stand it. After I packed my clothes I called Greg's parents.

My mother-in-law and I get along just fine; I admire her tremendously. She drove over in their big car and collected me, had their maid unpack my things, and put me in a fine guest bedroom. Greg's parents own and operate a small restaurant chain, and by my standards they're rich. Their house is beautifully furnished and has four bathrooms. As a boy Greg had a room and bath of his own. That's what makes it incomprehensible to me that he now has so little ambition and is content to live in a slum.

"Greg's mother is baffled too. She says that Greg has always been hard to handle, overly independent, and more loyal to his friends than to his family. Apparently he always preferred sports and fun to application and study. His two brothers, one older, one younger, finished college, but Greg dropped out as a sophomore. Both his brothers are employed in the family business and have nice houses and nice families. I wish Greg resembled them.

"Next morning my mother-in-law telephoned and told him where I was and gave him a good lecture. He promised both her and me that he would locate a regular job and begin to behave like a real husband. I doubted it. For almost a month I stayed in the guest bedroom, although my mother-in-law wouldn't let me pay any rent. Every evening Greg came to the house and tried to convince me he had reformed. Finally he found a nine-to-five job, or so he said, and I went back to him. His buddies were on hand to greet me. They had a new hobby to keep them underfoot, a hobby Greg insisted was bound to make a fortune. He and his friends were selling to pet shops the fish, turtles, eels, and such, that they trapped on their skin-diving expeditions. Hundreds of fish, turtles and eels were swimming around in six big tanks parked all around our living room.

"When I saw that living room I had hysterics for the first time in my life. The six tanks were moved to somebody else's boardinghouse. Greg then had the excuse to spend hours at the boardinghouse helping clean the tanks; he allotted the rest of his free time to skin diving and calling on pet-shop proprietors. My loneliness became intolerable. I packed and left him again.

"I was ashamed to bother my in-laws any more. I went back to stay with my parents. Greg showed up there; he and my father had a monumental argument. I sided with Greg, whom I couldn't bear to see insulted, and consequently I was finagled into another reconciliation.

"Why Greg chases after me, I don't know. He has no need of a wife and no use for marriage. All he really wants is to fool around

njoy himself. Last September, practically ight, he went into a partnership with iends to import tropical fish from South ica. All three chipped in to buy a plane to Rio, but Greg took the trip. He told e pet-shop business was booming and flew, brushing aside my protests.

nce then I have rented an apartment, a ble apartment in an elevator building, 'm crazy about it. I share the expenses nother girl. I'm glad I had the sense to on to my job and am capable of self- rt. Greg has been gone for three months. s written me occasionally and I've oc- ally written him. I feel quite friendly to- Greg, but I don't feel that he and I now ever were a married couple. I've begun other men and I find their company nt. I doubt I will meet anybody else as ating and stimulating as Greg, and I I don't. Someday I want to marry again ave a family and lead a normal married

e already contacted a divorce lawyer. day I received a cable from Greg. He is g South America soon and expects to ne waiting at the airport. I won't be But I'm afraid of his persistence and siveness. I want to know just what to d just how to act in order to put him nently out of my life."

TELLS HIS SIDE:

tty is too immature for marriage, but es me and we belong together," said -six-year-old Greg, as he seated him- a counseling office at the American te of Family Relations. With his rum- urly hair and innocent expression, Greg younger than his age. "Maybe Letty u she wanted a divorce, but she didn't it. She is so childish she doesn't know n mind from one minute to the next. A eeks ago she wrote a letter to South ca saying she missed me desperately. I ort an important business trip and hur- ack to the States, only to discover she had moved out of our apartment again, a fact she hadn't mentioned, hired a lawyer, and was asking you people to counsel me right out of her life.

"She refused to see me until I promised to listen to your advice and make changes in my personality. I don't pretend to be an ideal husband—who is?—but there is nothing particularly wrong with my personality. Letty didn't used to complain about my personality or complain much about anything else. She's a good kid who doesn't whine and nag. Like all married couples, she and I have had our little spats, but they're unimportant. A few times she's got mad and walked out, but she always came back.

"If Letty wants counseling on our marriage I will provide it, as soon as she agrees to talk to me. The minute I arrange to be alone with Letty I can persuade her to stop this divorce-talk nonsense. I know Letty through and through, how her mind works, how to handle her. We've been married two years; we've been acquainted for nearly ten.

"She and I ran in different crowds in high school—I was one of the live-it-up kids and she was definitely a square—but I guess I've been more or less hooked by Letty since the day we met in Social Studies Two. As usual, I was gabbling in the back row of the lecture room and I got caught at it and was ordered to come up front and sit in the first row. I happened to take a chair beside Letty. After class I said something uncomplimentary about the teacher. To my surprise Letty bristled, stood up for him and told me off. She was a terribly shy girl—the few girls in my crowd weren't shy—and I thought it was cute of her to speak her piece that way.

"But I had no notion of getting myself involved with Letty—or with any other girl, for that matter. I was too busy in activities with the other guys. In those days hot rods were the thing and I had a hot rod and whenever no weekend races were scheduled the gang and I got together and tuned up my heap. I've had plenty of friends since I was in elementary school, because I planned it that way. My oldest brother, who is six years my senior, has never had any use for me, and when my parents opened the first restaurant in their chain they boarded my baby brother with relatives, which left me more or less stranded. I was then eight years old. I can remember afternoons I came home from school to our empty apartment—at that time my folks couldn't afford to pay a sitter—and felt so lonely I was almost sick. Often after I fixed my sandwiches for supper I couldn't eat. I would go and sit on the floor in my mother's closet so I could be near her clothes. That seems funny now, since I'm anything but a mamma's boy; I admire my mother and the success she and dad achieved, but I don't feel close to either of them.

"By the time I was nine or ten I got tired of being lonesome. It was then I went all out for friends. I'm well co-ordinated physically and by practice I made myself proficient in the activities that interest boys. I spent hours batting a tennis ball against the side of a wall; I sent away for a course in judo and became fairly expert; I built the biggest model railroad in our neighborhood, buying the material from junk yards. Maybe it sounds boastful, but at school I was invariably listed as the leader type, although my marks were in the cellar. Wherever I am, wherever I live, always automatically becomes the natural meeting place for a bunch of nice guys.

"Letty ought to understand that I need my friends and they need me. As I look back I realize she was always a little mean-spirited about my friends—she never made any friends of her own—but I wasn't overly concerned at the beginning of our acquaintance. I didn't think she and I would ever get serious. We were too dissimilar in our interests.

"The first time I took her riding in my hot rod she darn near fainted from fear. The other girls I knew weren't chicken. When I tried to teach her how to swim she passed out cold, or else she pretended to. She claims she has a mortal terror of water, which I accept, although in view of the recreations I enjoy her nervousness is very inconvenient. She never once stepped on board a boat my gang and I built, despite all my urging. When I bought her a life preserver for a birthday present, she burst out crying and I surrendered on the project. Once I took her on a hunting trip—in order to please her I invited nobody else—and she got blisters on her heels and nearly froze to death. In the end I had to call off the trip and practically carry her five miles down a mountain to our car. Letty is not a good sport.

"Why we stuck together for the eight years before our marriage is still a mystery to me. We broke up many times—that is, I decided to stop seeing her—but for some reason I always went back. Letty continually pestered me to go steady with her and I continually refused. If I let a week go by without telephoning, she would drown me in tears when I did call. The other girls I knew didn't act that way. I felt

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

ACHILLES WEPT

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

We must assume I do not hear
  Your cries,
Old-fashioned child with brown
  Emblazoned eyes.
Hiding medallion head in arms
  Whose slight
Circumference is all you have
  Of might:
Achilles wept, and heroes all
  May fall,
But mothers cherish myth
  For gods so small.



NORTHAM WARREN : NEW YORK · MONTREAL · LONDON · PARIS · COLOGNE · STOCKHOLM · MADRID · MILAN : RIO DE JANEIRO · BUENOS AIRES : MONTEVI



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did you know ODO-RO-NO is the leading deodorant in Paris

CO

ottons

Continued from Pages 78 and 79

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO · BODI



Black and white dots are a perennial favorite. The blouse is bound with black cotton braid. The patchwork handkerchief print skirt is just four yards gathered to a waistband. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 9643. "Easy to Make" 10–18 (31–38). 60c. The sleeveless version shown requires 1¼ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 14.



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apartment.
could feel was worthy of her. My father-in-law is a fine man, in his way. However, he and his family occupy a run-down rental property, he owns nothing, and I have no regard for his judgment. When I reach my father-in-law's age I'll be a landlord myself. By living in a dump and paying low rent, I've managed for the past five years to invest a hundred dollars a month in real estate that is rapidly rising in value. Letty wouldn't understand the deal even if I were willing to let her in on the details of my business, which I'm not. She thinks strictly in terms of nine-to-five jobs. She is glued to her own job. Now that she and I are married, I wish she would turn in her resignation and stay home and start the family she used to talk about. Because I refused to be conned into the nine-to-five bit, she sticks to her office on the grounds that she doesn't trust me to support her. Her worry on that score is absurd. If she would agree to resign I might even agree to move, although it's beyond my comprehension why our place, which I'll admit isn't much, is so shocking to a girl who grew up with considerably less.

"Nor do I understand why Letty dislikes each and every one of my buddies. All the guys think she is O.K., if something of a wet blanket. Most girls would be pleased and flattered to go out to dinner with a husband and three or four of his presentable-looking friends. Not Letty. Whenever the fellows and I did drag her out with us, she began yawning and clamoring for bed before dessert was served. I'm a night owl. By nine P.M. Letty is



"Your aunt had planned to divide her fortune among you, until one day while standing at a busy street corner . . ."

living quarters, as well as his overweening devotion to his friends, as a direct and deliberate slam at her. Greg confirmed her in this conviction by his reluctance to reveal his business and financial circumstances; it was obvious that Letty, who had worked since high-school graduation, was qualified to understand his plan of savings if it were explained to her.

Although Greg badly wanted a reconciliation, he found it difficult to speak to Letty about his private affairs and ambitions. In his self-assigned he-man role, he thought it unmanly to share business confidences with any female. He was equally loath to inform his friends that he was no longer available for fun and frolic at all times. Even after Greg came to understand through counseling that a complete turnabout in his attitudes was essential to salvage his marriage, he shrank from the pain inevitable in such change. Consequently he launched himself on a second courtship, inviting Letty to dine and dance in plush night spots, showering her with attention and gifts. Often a second courtship helps to mend a broken marriage. Greg's best efforts failed with Letty.

"But then one evening Greg burst free of his inhibitions and Letty followed his lead. The two held a long, serious conversation that went on for hours, probably the first serious conversation of their ten-year relationship. What was said I don't know, but judging from later reports to me I gather Letty and Greg acquired important, intimate knowledge of each other, their anxieties and fears, their secret hopes and dreams. The next day Greg did a very hard thing. He told several of his buddies in plain words that as a married man, who loved his wife, he hoped to maintain his masculine friendships, but had found their constant company an embarrassment. This news was passed around. No doubt some of his pals were offended, although nobody said so. Greg still sees bachelor friends, but rarely. A year ago one member of the old gang was married; he and his wife are now included in Greg and Letty's circle of mutual friends.

"Letty moved back to the unsatisfactory apartment, pleased to be with Greg without his gang. She dropped her deeply entrenched habit of keeping quiet. She began to speak up and voice objections when something seemed wrong or unfair to her, instead of swallowing her complaints and then bewildering Greg with prolonged spells of cool silence which inevitably culminated in explosions.

"Greg accustomed himself to initiating and taking part in candid man-woman talk. Letty became reassured, relaxed, much less stiff. Greg then decided his wife was more fun than tavern pickups, cadging meals and drinks. One day he took Letty shopping for a new sofa and was amazed to find their tastes in furnishings were very similar.

"When Letty was advised of his investment program, she cheered it. She proved immediately that she trusted his ability and financial acumen: she resigned from her job. She put some of her spare time into studying cookbooks; she hadn't known she was a poor cook until Greg was prodded into telling her. Nor had she realized how she annoyed him with her addiction to nine-o'clock bedtime. Short naps in the afternoon helped her to stay up longer and become a livelier companion.

"Letty tried hard, but apparently was unable to learn to share in Greg's passion for outdoor sports. She still dreads water and is an indifferent swimmer, despite numerous swimming lessons. Maybe someday in the future she will conquer her nervousness and happily go hunting, fishing and skin diving with Greg. At the moment that particular problem is academic.

"Just last week Letty and Greg became the proud parents of twin boys. Greg was overjoyed by the double triumph that (in his own mind) firmly established his masculinity in the sight of his financially successful parents, his prosperous brothers and the rest of the world. And Letty is rejoicing in his delight and her own fulfillment. Their marriage, I'm sure, is on a sound basis."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



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Another version of the giant zinnia print on page 79. This one is in heavenly shades of pink and orange. This version is street length and it zips up the back. Add a gay headdress. Vogue Design No. 9991. One-piece dress and stole; 10–16 (31–36). $1.00. Ankle-length version of the same dress and stole requires 7¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap. Street-length-version dress requires 4¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9990. Shirt and slacks; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 2⅛ yards of 35″ fabric without nap and 2¼ yards of 4″-wide novelty banding for shirt and 1½ yards of 15″ fabric without nap, for the pink slacks, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 4108. One-piece dress, apron and cummerbund; 10 18 (31 38). $1.50. Version shown requires 5⅛ yards of 35″ fabric and 5½ yards of 9″ novelty banding, size 14.

Cottons

Continued from Pages 78 and 79

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO · BODI



Black and white dots are a perennial favorite. The blouse is bound with black cotton braid. The patchwork handkerchief print skirt is just four yards gathered to a waistband. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 9643. "Easy to Make" 10–18 (31–38). 60c. The sleeveless version shown requires 1¼ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.



A beautiful print is often prettiest when made up in a very simple design. Our bias-cut bodice takes advantage of the striped design on the fabric. The skirt is gently gathered. The dress has a convenient back zipper closing. Vogue Design No. 9989. One-piece dress and cummerbund; 10–16 (31–36). 75c. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 50″ fabric without nap, size 14.







Vogue Design No. 4104. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). $1.50. Version shown requires 5 yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9967. One-piece dress; 8–18 (30–38). 75c. Version shown requires 6¼ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE

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ADLAI STEVENSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

This fact is shown in a number of ways. By fan mail that still pours into his law offices in Chicago at the rate of 100 or more letters a day. By an overwhelming flood of valentines every February fourteenth. By the "Draft Stevenson" clubs which have sprung up spontaneously all over the country, organized by people who feel that only President Eisenhower's magnetic popular personality was responsible for Governor Stevenson's defeats in 1952 and 1956. By 45 requests for magazine and newspaper interviews awaiting his decision one day last winter. And by the procession of political figures, ranging from ward leaders to governors, who continue to visit Mr. Stevenson and ask his advice and opinions.

Meanwhile the governor (as he is called in Illinois, and by all who know him or work with him) does nothing to encourage the build-up. A bit ruefully he accepts his role as titular head of the Democratic Party, and agreeably presents the public image of country squire, statesman and elder sage (not so elder, for he numbers his years by the century, and was sixty on February 5, 1960). Privately, he continues to live the busy, almost hectic life of a prosperous lawyer, world traveler and doting grandfather; in the last three and a half years he has not stood in a corner, biting his thumb, but has as always been thinking, working, talking, thinking, making friends, looking, thinking, writing, reading, and just plain living.

When the governor is not traveling he is likely to be found during weekday working hours at the offices of his law firm (Stevenson, Rifkind & Wirtz) on the forty-third floor of the Field Building in the Chicago Loop. His private office, which used to belong to Marshall Field, Sr., has magnificent views over the city and Lake Michigan, paneled walls, and the atmosphere of a living room rather than an office. A huge painting of blades of golden wheat hangs over a couch—a reminder of the governor's deep affection for the Illinois farmland. On one wall is a campaign poster from 1892, when his grandfather Adlai Stevenson I successfully ran for Vice President on a ticket with Grover Cleveland. On a window embrasure is a small bronze head of Franklin D. Roosevelt; on another, a bust of Albert Schweitzer, whom Mr. Stevenson visited in Africa. Across the room is a photograph of the two men, smiling together, and above it on the wall a huge world map. One end of the room is lined with books. Most of them are on politics and world affairs, and some of them were written by Mr. Stevenson, whose recent book, *Friends and Enemies*, deals with his trip to Russia in 1958. In front of the shelves is a long dining table.

"We've fixed up a little kitchen in the office, and when the governor really wants to talk to guests without being interrupted, we serve lunch here," explained Carol Evans, the tall, handsome, highly discreet blonde who has been the governor's secretary since 1947.

"He gets in around nine-thirty and goes through the day like a whirlwind," she continued. "He doesn't like to go out to lunch at restaurants or even private clubs because so many people come up to the table to speak to him. People are always after him for something or other. For instance, he gets about sixty or seventy requests to speak every week, and he accepts only a fraction of them, if any. He likes to do things which can be nationally rather than just locally helpful. And he gives a lot of time to organizations which were connected in some way or another with his family. And to the Field Foundation, and the Encyclopaedia Britannica—he's chairman of their film division.

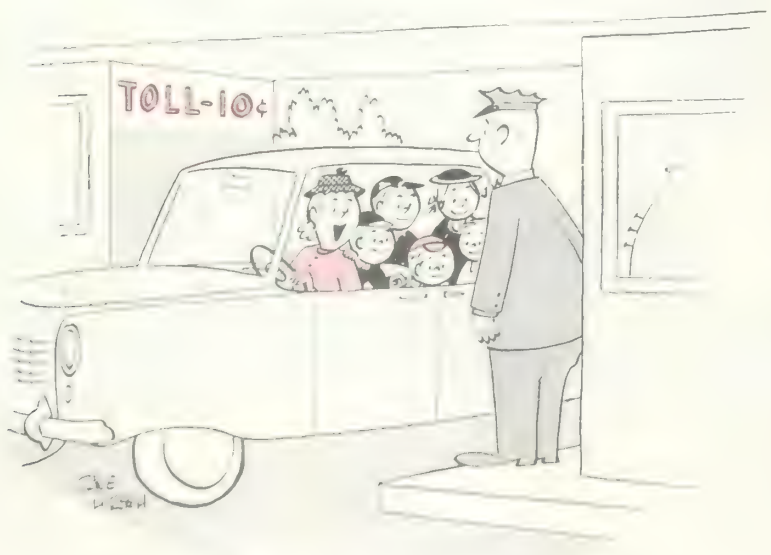
"Then there's the mail. He still gets a lot from women who think they're in love with him and want to marry him. He was mildly intrigued by these letters at first, but now he's sick of it and I screen them all out. But there's a great deal of other mail he has to see for himself, of course. It takes up a lot of time, particularly as he's away from Chicago so often."

Miss Evans produced a list of the governor's appointments for one typical month last fall, as an illustration of the infinite variety and pace of his present life. Meeting with Brooks Hays, former Democratic congressman from Arkansas, who lost a recent election largely because of his antisegregationist beliefs. Attendance at a World Series game. Two days' work at home, writing an article. A luncheon at home for Sir Julian Huxley, the British biologist, and his wife. A meeting with the board of editors of the Encyclopaedia. Overnight house guest: former Senator William Benton, of Connecticut.

That was the first week. The second included a flight to New York, where his law firm has a branch, as it has in Washington. Lunch and a football game with President Robert Francis Goheen at the governor's alma mater, Princeton. A dinner for Mme. Vijayalakshmi Pandit of India. A dinner with members of the Democratic Advisory Council, and a visit with the President of Mexico, who was then touring the United States.

The next week the governor was back in Illinois, where he gave a Democratic fund-raising party at his home for about 450 people, and lunched on another day with Governor Edmund G. Brown, of California. A few days later he was in Boston, having dinner with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the author and historian who is also a former speech writer for Mr. Stevenson. Then on to New York to see "The Miracle Worker," and to keep various business appointments. The end of the month found him back at home, going quail hunting with friends, and entertaining President Sekou Touré, of Guinea, at dinner.

"Typical," commented Miss Evans. "Except that during the month he didn't happen to travel outside the country."



Governor Stevenson has a vast curiosity about the rest of the world, which fits in nicely with his law firm's international interests. Between 1952 and 1956 he visited most of Asia. He goes to Europe every summer, and the West Indies or other points south every winter. In 1958 he made a long tour of Russia, where he represented the Authors League of America in efforts to arrange royalties for the Soviet use of American literary works. He failed, and came back remarking, "It is as useless to argue with a dedicated Communist as it is with a right-wing Republican." During the trip he also visited Scandinavia, Eastern Europe and the Sahara, and in 1959, while on a cruise with Senator Benton, he took a look at Spain. In February and March of this year he was scheduled to tour most of South America.

On his foreign travels the governor is usually accompanied by William McCormick Blair, Jr., one of his law partners. Mr. Blair, a tall, sardonic, youngish man-about-Chicago, has worked with Mr. Stevenson for years in and out of campaigns and is an expert at advising his boss on strategy, press relations, foreign lands and when to put on his galoshes.

"Bill Blair is the only person who can disagree openly with the governor," a mutual friend said. "Other people can do it, but they have to be diplomatic."

Another partner is Newton N. Minow, a brilliant young lawyer who frequently joins Mr. Stevenson on the New York trips. Mr. Minow often twits the governor about two of his well-known characteristics: frugality; and his love of food, any food. Furthermore, he can provide stories to prove it.

"When we're in New York we usually stay at Senator Benton's apartment in the Savoy Plaza," he says. "Since a lot of our business is down in Wall Street and we always get lost getting there, I usually suggest taking a taxi. But no, the governor says that's wasteful, and we take the subway. Sure enough, we get lost. When we're finally through our business it's lunchtime, and we start looking around for a restaurant. And sure enough, he heads right for some little greasy spoon of a place, with the kind of food you wouldn't feed to your worst enemy. But he hops up on a stool and devours everything he can get.

"Senator Benton's apartment has a little kitchen, and the last time we were there the governor said he'd cook dinner. He turned out the most nauseating mess you've ever seen—something involving eggs and tomatoes and I don't know what all—and he couldn't understand why I said he could have my share. But he ate it all up."

In New York Governor Stevenson, a devoted father, always sees his youngest son, John Fell, who is in the real-estate business there. Bordon, the middle son, is working in Boston. Adlai Stevenson III, the oldest son, practices law with a firm unconnected with that of his father, and lives in Chicago. Adlai III, a gentle and diffident young man ("Just like the governor when he was young," said a friend) is married and the father of two-about-to-be-three children.

"The gov's the most wonderful grandfather you could imagine," says his daughter-in-law, Nancy Anderson, a beautiful Smith College graduate with green eyes and hair the color of buckwheat honey, met young Adlai when he was stationed with the Marines near her home in Louisville, Kentucky. They were married in June, 1955, and little Adlai Stevenson IV was born on November 4, 1956, two days before the governor's second defeat. Typically, Mr. Stevenson told his disappointed followers, "Let there be no tears for me. If I have lost an election, I have won a grandchild."

Today young Adlai IV is a direct, sturdy, straw-thatched three-year-old who resembles his grandfather, likes hard toys, and shows a scientific turn of mind. His little sister Lucy, who was born on July 2, 1958, is a moonbeam-haired child who looks like a Vermeer painting and constantly collapses in paintable poses. She loves people and stuffed animals.

The young Stevensons live in a comfortable old brick house, painted gray with a white trim, on a quiet Chicago side street. When the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 177

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INSIDE STORY

How The Stars Reduce Without Telltale Aging

By BOBBIE REYNOLDS



Beautiful, blue-eyed Yvonne De Carlo has, without a doubt, one of the youngest-looking figures on the Hollywood scene. Read how she keeps it that way.

It was a star-studded audience at Romanoff's and everybody was dressed fit to kill. Yvonne De Carlo looked like a living doll in a strapless sheath that showed off her figure to perfection. In fact, she looked younger, slimmer and even more glamorous than when we'd met five years ago—prior to the filming of "The Ten Commandments."

Later in the evening, I asked her outright how she keeps her gorgeous figure. "Or don't you have to worry about your weight?" I added with the slightest trace of envy in my voice. Her answer took me completely by surprise.

"After my second son was born," Yvonne confided, "I decided I needed to lose a few pounds. You see, I'd signed for my first TV appearance and on a 'live' show, with no chance for re-shooting, I knew I'd be better off a few pounds *under* than one pound *over* camera proportions."

"But what did you do?" I said impatiently. "Try a crash diet?"

"Absolutely not!" said a shocked Yvonne. "I reduced the safe way. I simply ate candy."

A studio dietitian had warned Yvonne against starvation diets and rigid regimens. She knew how easily they can ruin health and looks. Instead, she recommended a special low-calorie candy that helps make you thin. And it actually does! I've seen plenty of proof walking around the cinema town.

What a pity some of the box office belles and matinee idols of the silent era never knew about this amazing reducing-plan candy. Blitz pills, rubber sweatsuits, reducing salts, dangerous drugs, dehydration diets—that's how they punished themselves in the old days. And what could be worse than a leading lady with lines that can't be covered up with cosmetics or with skin that's lost its firmness from a sudden weight reduction! Yet even worse things have happened to Hollywood stars in their struggle to reduce.

Take, for instance, Lilyan Tashman, who made a name for herself in "The Gold Diggers of Broadway"—or Barbara La Marr, the raven-haired beauty of "The Three Musketeers" or Renée Adorée of "The Big Parade" fame. Old timers tell me these beauties made themselves desperately ill from starvation dieting. Another sad case, in later years, was that of Maria Montez.

But for the most part, stars today have given up dangerous diets that work faster at "aging" them than reducing them. They now keep their figures looking younger than their years a safe, sensible way. They actually eat a delicious, low-calorie vitamin- and mineral-enriched candy, especially made for reducing.

Lovely Virginia Bruce confided that she's tried both the vanilla caramel kind and the chocolate fudge-type and finds they work equally well.

"So many women 'over thirty' become careless about their figures and looks," said Virginia at lunch one day. "And that's the time to pay special heed to these things."

Then holding up two candy squares, she added: "These let me eat all my favorite foods—beef stroganoff, macaroni, even ice cream—but keep me from *over*eating." Interesting sidelight: Virginia has lost 9 pounds on this reducing-plan candy, and I've never seen her look better.



Everybody wants to know Hedy Lamarr's secret of staying slim—and it looks as if she's telling all her friends. She says she eats candy!

Quizzing Virginia further, I found that she'd read about this candy in a magazine article, based on a medical journal report. To satisfy my own curiosity, I dug up the report and learned this. The candy is not a pill, not a drug. It's what's known as an "appetite deterrent."

Taken before meals as directed, the candy (which, incidentally, is called Ayds) curbs your appetite, so you automatically eat less . . . lose weight naturally.

It's been tested on scores of overweight men and women in clinical studies at a Boston medical center and in a recent study at a Chicago university. And when compared to other leading weight-reducing products, plus a strict diet alone, doctors found that those on the Ayds Plan lost the most weight—three times as much as those on the diet alone. What's more, they suffered no hunger pangs, no nervous jitters or sleeplessness.



It's plain to see riding instead of walking hasn't hurt Virginia Bruce's lovely figure. Fact is, she's lost nine pounds.

News as good as this couldn't help but travel fast over the theatrical grapevine. In New York City, the other day, I talked to the secretary of a talent agent who had taken off 28 pounds on the Ayds Plan. And she was just delighted. In fact, the reliability of Ayds and its success over the past 18 years have been so outstanding that its makers guarantee you'll lose weight with your first box or your money is refunded.

What people like most about these delicious Ayds candies is that they not only help you reduce—but they help you *stay* reduced!

Hedy Lamarr confirmed that! I ran into her at a masquerade party and noticed she was wearing a costume from "Samson and Delilah," a film she'd made in 1950. When I remarked on it, she said: "Thanks to Ayds, it still fits. I never thought losing pounds could be so easy and so pleasant."

And there it is! The inside story not only of how the stars reduce without telltale aging, but of how thousands of folks have achieved youthful figures, too. For any who'd like to follow their example, see your doctor before reducing and have him write for the medical journal report. Then pick up a box of Ayds (vanilla caramel or chocolate fudge-type) at drug or department stores.

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TINUED FROM PAGE 171

rnor remains in town overnight he some-
s stays there, but he is reluctant to do so
Lucy has to be moved out of the guest
n when he comes.

We don't mind at all, and neither does
" says Nancy Stevenson, "but Gov thinks
bother for us, and he hates to put us to
trouble. So he often spends the evening
with us, and then goes on to the home of
ld friend where there's always plenty of
n for him.

He's terribly patient with the children, and
ves to have us bring them out to his farm.
happens to be having a cocktail party and

DAUGHTER

By PHILIP BOOTH

Birthday girl, you rate a barker,
rounding your circus year's one
ring:
bottle and all, on stilted rocker
feet, you topple, grab, and hang
on—our unstable laughter, a
walker
and talker both, who milks the
air
of adult praise and then, as a
mimic
going nowhere, walks from here
to almost there in a mist of
comic
talk that might get a grown
girl far.

Stages away from our reach,
you'll clown
to balance your own world out,
while we,
who watch the floor of our world
tilt up, learn
to match your new words with
silence, and see
you, as we do now: a daughter
grown
birthdays from here, when you'll
play
a more worldly part, where the
words
you risk will be the world you
stay,
and down a long aisle, slowly,
toward
other hands, you will walk the
full way.

hildren start running around and pulling
le's skirts, Gov just thinks it's terribly
y. And he'll read to them for hours—silly
ss things like 'Chug chug chug chug
s the train'—and never get bored.

He's really an ideal grandparent—he never
feres with how we raise the children, or
s any suggestions. Oh, if they've been
g a lot of colds he may ask if I've taken
to the doctor. But that's all, *ever*. Maybe
inks we don't discipline them enough, but
ver says so. And instead of flooding them
a lot of useless presents, the way some
dparents do, he always asks me what they
and then he pays careful attention to
I tell him. For instance, I once told him I
ed a special kind of snow suit for Lucy—
k him all morning and a dozen shops, but
ound it.

Yes, I think the grandchildren have helped
I in a kind of gap in his life. But I really
t think he's very lonely. He's got lots and
of friends who are devoted to him, and to
m he's devoted—they see to it that he isn't
lone too much. And then he's so busy . . .

he never seems to relax! Ad and I worry about that sometimes, just as we worry a little about his putting on weight.

"But I suppose he does get lonely sometimes. For instance, once in a while at night when he's working at home he'll call us up, just to say hello and see how we are. And I think of him out there alone, playing classical records to himself. We all wish he'd get married again—but I honestly don't think he will. Oh, he knows lots of lovely single women, and he goes out with them. But somehow, nothing ever seems to happen."

Mr. Stevenson and his wife, Ellen Borden Stevenson, were divorced in 1949, when Mr. Stevenson was governor of Illinois. The governor still lives in the home which they built in 1938, and as the years pass by he is more and more likely to be found there—writing, thinking, walking or, as he was one week last winter, posing for an oil portrait.

Governor Stevenson's home is a white, two-story wooden house on a seventy-acre farm near Libertyville, forty miles north of Chicago. To get there, you take an hour-long train ride to Lake Forest, a comfortably wealthy community filled with Republicans, limousines and pseudo-Tudor architecture. At the station (if you are lucky and have made careful arrangements) you are met by the amiable tenant who farms the governor's land, and are driven eight miles through open countryside which could be described as "rolling" by only a Midwesterner.

The car turns left off the highway, goes for a mile or two along an unpaved road, and whirls into a gravel driveway where an open white gate is marked "A. E. S." One third of a mile ahead the house stands on a little knoll, surrounded by what looks like an English park—wide stretches of grass beneath tall, magnificent trees. A flock of sheep dot the meadow to the right, and on a little hillock beyond them a neighbor's sleek chestnut horses prance in the keen wind of this bright blue-and-white winter day. A thin crust of old snow still lies in patches on the ground; morning sunlight bounces from a puddle of ice in the driveway and dances across the governor's bright yellow front door.

On just such a day, Carol Evans led us through the front door and into the paneled, red-tile-floored entrance hall. To the left were a guest room and bathroom; to the right, the kitchen and the housekeeper's quarters. A staircase, up which Miss Evans and her briefcase swiftly disappeared, led to the upstairs and, one gathered, the governor. The living room lay straight ahead.

The first impression of Governor Stevenson's living room is one of light, comfort and gaiety. The walls are pale yellow, and the fuzzy rugs on the hardwood floor are a paler yellow. Across the room from the fireplace a glass door leads to a flagstoned patio. On either side of the door are two tall, pale green tables, each bearing a vase of yellow flowers and red berries; two matching mirrors with wide silver frames hang on the walls above the tables.

Two comfortable mustard-colored couches face each other on either side of the fireplace, and a blue occasional chair with a gay flower pattern stands near them. On one side of the fireplace is a copper tub full of logs; on the other, a low, round table bearing a philodendron planted in a copper half-bushel measure from Somerset, England, a dagger from India, a sword from Africa, and a stone axhead which the governor found long ago in one of his fields.

Against one wall is a glass-fronted secretary filled with souvenirs of the famous family, and antique glass and china. In one small wineglass is a note: "Dear Adlai: George Washington drank out of this glass . . . go thou and do likewise . . . preferably . . . cider!" The signature is invisible. Nearby is an inlaid side table displaying a letter from Lincoln to Major General Meade, a picture of Lincoln (to whom Governor Stevenson is particularly devoted) and various historic medals. On this particular day the table also bore three small books: *The Pocket RLS* (Robert Louis Stevenson), *Travels with a Donkey*, also by the no-relation Stevenson, and Thomas More's *Utopia*.

Other books lay in casually happy piles around the room. A stack of new novels on a sideboard, between a ship model and a basket of juicy red apples. *Candidates 1960* (which contains a particularly felicitous chapter on Adlai Ewing Stevenson) lay on a small table near one of the couches, along with several new books on current politics. Before a sunlit corner seat a big table was piled high with magazines: The French edition of *Réalités; The Saturday Review; The New Republic* (folded open to a critical article on Vice President Nixon); *Life* and the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*. Art and picture books fanned across the coffee table in front of the fireplace.

One of them, *The Quiet Eye*, contains a quotation from the Book of Discipline of the Religious Society of Friends: "True simplicity consists not in the use of particular forms, but in foregoing overindulgence, in maintaining humility of spirit, and in keeping the material surroundings of our lives directly serviceable to necessary ends, even though those surroundings may properly be characterized by grace, symmetry and beauty."

"Yes, yes, I'd subscribe to that," said Mr. Stevenson, when he was asked about this later on. And: "Yes, certainly that is what I believe." Although he is a Unitarian, there are those who believe that the Quakerism in his ancestry has had a strong influence on his character. The famous "frugality," for

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instance, might be looked upon as Quaker spareness and dislike of ostentation; his refusal to make glib campaign promises is seen by some people as a deliberate attempt at political suicide, and by others as a Quakerlike refusal to sacrifice the principles of conscience to expediency. His home, comfortable and spacious but not the opulent mansion which his wealth would permit, is in keeping with this interpretation. (People close to Mr. Stevenson estimate his wealth at "around a million dollars.")

Beyond the living room is the library, three of its walls lined with books, the other occupied by windows, a fireplace and a sunny, pastoral oil painting. There are four shelves of poetry, and most of the volumes looked well thumbed. There are shelves of scrapbooks containing up-to-date clippings about the governor. Reminders of his world travels are here in the form of a folded golden Japanese umbrella, a pair of golden slippers from India, and presentation swords and daggers from everywhere. His political adventures are commemorated in a collection of rather awful Democratic donkeys and, displayed prominently if perhaps ironically, a string of white ivory elephants.

A radio is built into one of the bookshelves, and below it is a phonograph. On this particular day a pile of records which the governor had evidently been playing recently lay beside the phonograph: Excerpts from Richard Strauss' *Arabella;* Berlioz; Tchaikovsky.

Nearby was a row of books which later turned out to be the "ones-I'm-intending-to-get-around-to-soon" books. In their wild variety they were a fine indication of the governor's wide-ranging interests: Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent; Richard Nixon*, by Earl Mazo; *Can Man Be Modified*? by Jean Rostand; Suzuki's *Zen and Japanese Culture;* and *More in Anger*, by Marya Mannes.

The governor's voice could be heard on the stairs. "I *hate* posing for my portrait," he was complaining to Miss Evans. "My mind goes blank. I can't *bear* to have my mind go blank. I want to go for a walk. Now where did I leave my boots?"

He hurried into the room, a medium-sized man in tweed trousers and a mustard-colored corduroy jacket, a man obviously intending to look under a couch for the missing boots but who swerved from the search just in time to say hello. His eyes were bluer than one had expected—very, very blue eyes in a rather pink face.

"You want to go for a walk?" he asked. "Good! We've got to hurry, only an hour until lunch. Let me see, did I remember to order tea for lunch? Yes, I'm almost sure I did. How are you fixed for shoes? My goodness, you can't go walking in the snow in those! They're very pretty, but they'll get soaked. Let me see what I can find."

The governor dived into the hall closet and began tossing possibilities out into the hall. One thigh-high rubber wader. A pair of hip-high fishing pants. A pair of heavy leather African safari boots. Two tennis shoes which didn't match.

"H'm," said the governor, looking with dismay at the collection. Suddenly he dashed upstairs, and a minute later came back with a pair of sheepskin-lined suède duck-hunting boots. They fitted perfectly.

The phone rang, and Governor Stevenson took it in the hall—we counted five telephone extensions in the house, and there are probably more. "Where's a pencil? Where's a pencil? There ought to be pencils here!" he exclaimed as we wandered back into the living room to wait. Even there, his slightly raspy voice sounded clearly: "Limitations and consortions . . . renegotiations . . . well, all right, I'll draft the letter . . . let's see . . . now remember, new nations are touchy about their sovereignty . . . let's not let a minor obstacle stop the freight train." The governor is often accused of "pathological indecision," but this one small glimpse into the conduct of his law business suggested that in that area, at least, he is as decisive as a diamond cutter.

When the call was over, when the governor had discovered that everyone else was booted but that he was still wearing his slippers, when he had finally found his boots and put them on, when he had checked again to make sure he had really ordered tea for lunch, the walkers set out. Joker and Merlin came too—Joker is a big black "stable dog" and Merlin is the fourth generation of Stevenson Dalmatians, all of which have been named after characters in the King Arthur legends. Two famous forebears, Artie and Lance, are no longer among the living.

The governor led the way past the winter-empty vegetable garden, and showed us the neat stables where he used to keep horses until he decided they were too expensive. Near them is the new aluminum barn, smelling like old barns of warm hay, manure and sunlight. A red canoe and an aluminum skiff were las to a beam for winter storage. We opene gate and crunched through wet oak leaves crusty snow down a gentle slope to the Plaines River. The governor talked of Kickapoo Indians who had lived in the area the French who had come down the r bringing perfume bottles ("Of all things!" the Indians, of the arrowheads his boys u to find in the fields.

"From this very spot," he said, point "you can take a canoe and paddle all the to New Orleans!"

"How far have you gone?"

He grinned. "To the outskirts of Chicag

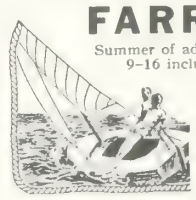
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We walked on briskly, following a well-worn path beside the river, and after half a mile circled the houses of some neighbors back toward the governor's house. The governor talked of his farm, of selling a few bales of hay a year, of butchering a few sheep a year for the freezer, of how he wished he hadn't sold his bigger farm in Central Illinois, of the difficulties of absentee landlordism.

We climbed a split-rail fence and headed back across the lawns toward the house. The governor pointed admiringly at a stretch of virgin forest behind us, and told of how it had been saved from the developers by a benevolent neighbor. He pointed out his tennis court, and the places where daffodils carpet the ground in spring. Tidily he collected broken branches as he walked, placing them in neat piles to be used later for firewood. Before we went in the house he stopped for a moment to gaze at his sugar maples, the bare branches, intricate as thought, lashing with apparent indecisiveness in the winter wind, the trunks, sturdy as conscience, rooted firmly in the rich Midwestern soil.

"Trees are my great love," he said.

Lunch was announced a short while later by Mrs. Viola Reardy, the governor's housekeeper and sole domestic employee. Long ago Mrs. Reardy used to work for the governor's sister, Mrs. Ernest Ives, in the old family home at Bloomington, Illinois; after Mrs. Reardy was widowed about a year and a half ago she heard that the governor (like everyone else) was desperate for efficient domestic help and decided to take on the job.

"The governor was afraid the work would be too hard for me," said tiny, gray-haired Mrs. Reardy. "But I convinced him that I was wiry and strong, and that after I got organized everything would be fine. And it *is* fine now. He's easy to please—he'll eat anything, although he likes to plan menus when guests are coming. And he never complains—unless I forget and move something so he can't find it. He's like all men: he likes things to be where he left them!"

The dining room, like the other rooms, is gay and cheerful. On one side a large picture window with blue-white-and-yellow-flowered draperies frames the distant view of fields and trees and the near view of a bird-feeding station and a red-berried crab-apple tree; on the opposite wall a huge mirror reflects the view for guests seated with their backs to the window at the long, rectangular table.

Tomato soup, broiled fish, salad, fruit compote and tea appeared smoothly and disappeared swiftly. The conversation moved from India to foreign policy to domestic policies (warily) and rather quickly on to the governor's travels.

"In England last summer I stayed with John Steinbeck," he said. "Funny little place way out in the middle of a field—not far from Glastonbury. He's been working for years on the Arthurian legend, maybe ten years. He's been trying to find the real Camelot, and I guess he's found eight or ten possible ones.

"He has a theory that it is necessary for humans from time to time to create versions of the Arthurian legend—round-table coalitions of the bright people and the stupid who call themselves good in opposition to all the other evil people. It's an old legend, goes back to Egypt, maybe to India. . . . I was fascinated, fascinated!"

But it was time to get down to real work, to posing for the portrait again, and talking seriously. The governor led the way upstairs to a spare bedroom, and leaned against a table in the required pose. ("Darned uncomfortable!" he muttered.) Willard W. Cummings, a young artist from New York, squinted at the documents the governor held in his statesmanlike right hand, and squeezed out some Chinese white on his palette. Midafternoon sunlight filtered softly through the gauze curtains.

"What have I been doing in the last few years?" the governor asked, echoing the question reflectively. "Well, I've never satisfied my travel wanderlust (although I'm reaching the point where I may have) and so I've been traveling a lot.

"Then there's my law firm. I have to earn a living, you know, and it keeps me pretty busy. And I have to keep up to the correspondence and the public demands still made upon me. I guess I've done what I've been called upon to do to the best of my ability. Anyway, I hope so.

"And I've been finding time to enjoy my family more than in the busy past, and to relax a little. I got caught up in an angry world from the beginning, and I can hardly remember a time when I wasn't working or involved in it. Why, even as a boy going back and forth to school on the train, I was reading; I always had a book in my hand when I traveled, but I wish now that I had looked out the windows a little more often.

"My life has been beset since I first went to Washington and got caught up in the anguish of the depression, in the days of the New Deal. Then from there I went on to the anguish of the war. I spent the summer of 1939 in Europe, and saw war coming, and when I returned I got involved in fighting the America First movement, fighting isolationism. *That* was a bitter fight! After that I went off to war, with Frank Knox and the Navy Department in Washington. And after the war came work with the United Nations, and then I was governor of Illinois. Then I ran twice for the presidency. . . . I guess I never slowed down at all from 1933 to 1957. So now I'm beginning to slow down a little, and enjoying it."

The governor stopped a moment to think, wriggled slightly and muttered a curse at the

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sharp edge of the table, glanced guiltily at the painter, and went back into his pose.

"In the realm of thought," he continued, "I guess I think most of all about world affairs, which seem to me of the most importance. And in the field of world affairs the two most important facts are the existence of nuclear weapons, which could destroy us literally, and the disparity of living standards, which could destroy our free institutions if we can't do something to narrow the gap.

"Internationally, I think our main goals should be nuclear disarmament to eliminate the threat of war, and a narrowing of the economic disparity between the living standards in the world. We can't go on much longer living in a world where, for instance, the average yearly income in America is two thousand dollars a year, and the average yearly income in India is sixty dollars! No wonder great political, social and scientific revolutions are sweeping the world, and that instead of seeing the world go democratic we've seen eleven countries (I think it is) turn to other forms of government in the last few years. Democracy is not winning in the world, it is losing.

"Domestically, the important problem is growth. To pay for what we wish to accomplish as a nation you have to have a larger net income, and to have that you have to grow. You have to take some of the bold steps toward growth, such as our forefathers were not afraid to take, and such as we took in the depression.

"Education is another vital domestic issue. Obviously, we're going to have to double our national expenditures on education. To me, it's shameful that we have permitted the fear of inflation to block all our big schemes and dreams!

"We say it would be nice to have clean, wholesome cities for our children to grow up in, and adequate schools for them to go to—but it's too bad we can't afford them. I just don't settle for that. We *have* to contrive ways of doing these things. We must be bold, we must be imaginative. We must not be paralyzed by large fears and little aims!"

Again he was silent, and his face looked pale now in the fading blue light of the waning afternoon. The artist's brush rasped on the canvas and the governor stared at him somberly, without appearing to see him.

"In America the spirit has had no nourishment for a long time," he said at last. "We're preoccupied with getting rather than giving, with tail fins and barbecue pits and gadgets. Young people are withdrawing to the joys of home life and are less and less interested in public service. And the television scandals were just a small glimpse of a widespread moral corruption.

"Perhaps it's because we didn't suffer material losses in the war—we weren't bombed. The rest of the world has been reminded of the eternal verities in a hard and cruel way, but we have not been. So perhaps we've lost sight of them. And we're filled with euphoric complacency.

"This state of mind goes on and on in spite of Sputnik and all the other Russian accomplishments, in spite of our knowledge of the countries turning away from democracy, in spite of the population explosion, in spite of the world revolutions taking place today! But surely our people know what is happening in the world today, don't they? *Don't* they?"

SILHOUETTES

By DAN JAFFE

Behind their silhouetted kiss
Shadows are ciphered in the
stone.
Must they be frightened knowing
this?
Lovers have never loved alone.

Beyond the bare black trees and the cold horizon, the sunset was deepening. The room was sapphire with dusk and the artist worked quickly, squinting at his palette. The governor sighed, and somewhere in the house a telephone rang. He hurried off to take it on the extension in his bedroom, where he was joined a few minutes later by Miss Evans and his visitor.

The governor's bedroom has pale blue walls, a gray rug, and a triple-size bed with a chartreuse spread. On the wall above the bed are two rather surprising and very lovely Renaissance cherub heads of gilded wood. A magnolia tree brushes a window on one side of the room, and a glass door leads to a sun deck. On tables and dressers round about the room are family photographs in silver frames.

The governor stood at a window and looked across his fields to the sunset.

"I love this place so much," he said slowly. "I know every blade of grass, and every tree . . . I like to watch them grow, and I hate to be away from them. If I am leading a life of semiretirement, as some people say, it is only so that I can stay close to this place. I *hate* going away as much as I have to. I am always happiest here."

But once more it was time to go. The governor had been invited to ask some friends to a preview of a new movie in Chicago, and he was giving a dinner for them first at the Racquet Club. We were already late, but after he had changed his clothes he bustled around the living room and library, turning off lights. Then we were off on the hour's drive, the governor at the wheel. He is a fast and competent driver, although he tends to overlook direction signs and take wrong turnings when he is thinking and talking. During the drive he was thinking and talking, mostly about his own life.

"I have a *good* life," he said firmly. "Sometimes I think I've been one of the most fortunate men of this century—I've had a tremendously good life! I'm lucky because I like to do so many things. I like to play tennis and walk and hunt and fish a little. I like to read and to work and to write. I go to the movies only about once a year, and my television set doesn't work—it's in the gameroom in the basement —— Oh, didn't you see the gameroom? Too bad! Oh, it's just a sort of relaxing room where I dump everything. But I do manage to go to the theater quite often, and I play a lot of music to myself. And of course I travel a great deal.

"I have a great many guests at the house. And I see a lot of my friends, particularly in New York—and I get there once or twice a month. I wish I could see more of my grandchildren. Maybe I can fix that for next summer. And I wish I could see more of my old Lake Forest friends. It's just that I'm busy and away so much of the time! Well, anyway, we'll see some of them tonight."

And we did, for the governor had invited about sixty friends to his little party. Top Chicago lawyers, and heads of corporations. Smart, gray-haired Lake Forest matrons whom he has known since what a friend terms his "tennis shoes and camping days," and whom he calls by odd, affectionate nicknames like "Mudge" and "Hank." (Most of them are Social Register, and most of them were violently active in his political campaigns.) Young people, too, were there. His law partners and their pretty wives. Adlai and Nancy Stevenson. And several decorative but unexplained girls with bubble hairdos and pale lipstick. There wasn't a professional politician in the lot.

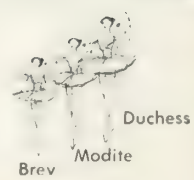
Affably, the governor moved from table to table, stopping to shake hands, to kiss a cheek, to make a joke. A mood of affection and gaiety, friendship and loyalty seemed to glow in the room, and after dinner the spirit spilled over into the bus which the governor had chartered to take his friends to the preview theater.

As the bus bounced merrily along, an old friend who had worked as a volunteer in both campaigns for the presidency glanced at her host and then turned to a friend. "I'd like to start everyone singing 'Happy Days are Here Again!'" she whispered, smiling. "But I don't dare—at least, not yet." END



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Journalities



D. A. Rayner

Let those who claim to know what a "woman's story" must be classify D. A. RAYNER's *The Long Haul* on page 56. It's a novel of action and character, of ships and men at sea in time of war—in short, a good, absorbing story for any reader. The writer is a British sailor, home from the sea. "I write because I have stories to tell," he says. Now *that* is the very best reason.

MARIAN GAVIN (*The Changing of the Guard*, page 52) lives in Arlington, Texas. "I was born in Mississippi, raised there, went eventually to the University of Oklahoma, where I managed to get a husband instead of a degree. I began writing stories and poetry in the first grade, have been at it ever since—and expect to be, as long as I live."



Marian Gavin



Jean Anderson

JOURNAL staff member JEAN ANDERSON (*Wanted: Dinners in a Dish and a Dash*, page 174) is a writer, photographer, a superb short-order cook, an art student and a pianist; also a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism, where she was awarded a Pulitzer fellowship for travel in Europe.

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Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

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LETTERS our readers write us



NEW YORK CITY

BUTTON UP HIS OVERCOAT

Dear Editors: I have been a widow for two years, and I have what the Quakers call a "concern." Only I want to shout mine out, to all wives everywhere: appreciate now, and do all you can to prolong, the privilege of *being* a wife. Or you'll be sorry. Men are dying at an earlier age than women; sooner or later most of you will be widows too.

Recently a onetime neighbor looked me up. "I'm divorced now," she advised me quickly. "A free-lance decorator. It's nice work, if you can settle for living-once-removed, once you've had the real thing." She stared at my furniture. "Joe bought you all this?" she asked thoughtfully. "And all your clothes, everything, all those years! Think of one man doing so much!"

Suddenly I did think. I thought of Joe, who would have liked to do nothing but sail the seven seas without ever putting a foot ashore, working in a cubicle office from the month we finished college together, to buy me any idiotic thing I pointed to. Joe nailing up, rewiring, building a plant shelf, a playhouse, collecting and setting the step stones for five separate gardens. (I wouldn't *let* him do that again.) Joe, being a husband.

It is too much, you learn too late, for one human being. Don't *let* him carry the suitcases for all the women. Oh, they'll accept, and he, victim of the popular concept that gallantry and muscle are synonymous, recognizes no alternative. Don't let him spend all his weekends fighting traffic. On weekdays have dinner earlier—lunch to seven-thirty is a long, depleting stretch without refueling. Nor is two hours of cocktail quite what the doctor ordered, nor five hours' sleep. It's up to you to rescue him from these cumulative heart strains, whether he likes it or not. Husbands wear out.

There is, truly, no relationship like marriage. Someone chose you. He gave you the gift of status: his name, his place in the world, his respected knowledge or talent or specialized skill—or just his delightful foolishness. He also gave you the only attempt at understanding that will again come your way, once your parents are gone. Half a man's life on a platter. That's a pretty magnificent gift.

A wife has a built-in best friend. Someone familiar and congenial and available to play with—to walk in the first snow with, watch an oriole build its nest, read an old letter or discover a new record, wrap the Christmas presents, turn into a queer little restaurant on impulse, do nothing, or read the travel ads and plan with on a Sunday morning. *With.* Someone who remembers the same people and places and times and your own young selves. And the children as children. Widowhood is a whole new land, stranger than the moon. Even in the new emptiness there is no quality of peace; and in the familiar things is the most strangeness of all.

Oh, you'll manage. Sell the house, the car, find a cheaper place to live, watch the sales, don't use taxis, don't get sick. Be very wary, very alert, and very grateful to those who do help you. But *you're on your own.* From the exact moment of that knife-sharp cleavage, you are alone as you've never been alone in your life.

To each of you who still has her husband, I say violently, *take care of him.* He can't and won't do it for himself. Keep him as long as you can. You'll never have it so good again.

Sincerely,
GLADYS CLUFF

TV VIOLENCE

NEW JERSEY

Dear Journal Editors: A week ago, I showed my five-and-a-half-year-old son a house we had lived in when he was smaller. Thinking of his current kindergarten sweetheart, he commented, in a very matter-of-fact manner, "When Janie and I grow up and get married, I'm going to kill the people who live in that house so we can live in it."

When I caught my breath, I said, "But Johnny, you don't kill people to get their house. You get a house of your own. It is wrong to hurt other people, you know."

Johnny looked at me as if he thought me hopelessly behind the times and commented in a pitying tone of voice, "Oh, mother, that's not the way they do it now. On TV they shoot people all the time."

I am not the sort of mother who allows the children to watch any old thing on TV; but when I questioned the older children, what I heard curled my hair. The fact that the "good guy" kills *only* the "bad guy" can hardly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



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New 1 1/16-inch dentist-preferred, three-row design. 1050 firm yet pliant flexi-tuft bristles in slightly curved brushhead. New grip-tight handle. Designed for medium and hard bristles and for the correct "rolling motion" brusher. "Germ-fighter" treated.





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New! More natural protection . . . for the woman who wants to feel free as air, clean as air! In new formula Mum, Bristol-Myers gives you a way to stop odor without "stopping up" pores. Remarkable new Mum does *not* depend on aluminum salts. It contains *no* harsh chemicals. Instead Mum works with *hexachlorophene*. So gentle, yet it destroys the active *cause* of odor more effectively.

It's the only leading deodorant that stops odor without "stopping up" pores

Leading medical authorities say that oxygen, carbon dioxide, fluids and other substances pass in and out of the skin. This is what we mean when we say the skin "breathes." All other leading deodorants interfere with the natural "breathing out" process. New Mum works in a *different* way.

Unlike other leading deodorants—cream or spray, ball-types or pads—new Mum does *not* interfere with the natural function of the skin. New formula Mum keeps your underarms wonderfully sweet and odor-free without "smothering" your pores. It gives you *more natural protection.*



New formula Mum lets your skin "breathe" freely, naturally. Nature never intended the pores of the skin to be "stopped up." Yet all other leading deodorants "smother" the normal "breathing out" action of the pores (Illustration A). But new formula Mum stops odor without "stopping up" pores (Illustration B).



Protects you every minute of the day! Even when you're on the go from morning to midnight, new Mum cream keeps on working—doesn't let you down. Effective as it is, new Mum is so safe for normal skin even a "beginning" teen-ager can use it daily. Mum is gentle to delicate underarm tissue—won't cause redness, itching or irritation.

So much softer, fluffier, whiter, new Mum is a pleasure to use. It vanishes the moment you smooth it on. Won't harm delicate fabrics—even cashmere or chiffon.





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left: with floral stripe, 10.95 center: organdy trimmed, 12.95 right: with red applique, 10.95

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MEDIEVAL HOSPITALS—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

Although hospitals were known in Buddhist and Moslem lands long before Christ, they were given their greatest stimulus in the Western World by Christian organizations. Like this "Great Room of the Poor", in the Hôtel-Dieu of Beaune, France (founded in 1443), most early institutions were hospices for the poor and indigent before they acquired their more modern role as a place for the care and treatment of the sick.

The clean and efficient hospitals we know today are a development of the last century. Today, one may enter a hospital with a new assurance that he will receive fine medical and nursing care. Gone is the fear of personal safety that was well justified before the use of anesthetics and antiseptics became routine in hospital procedures.

During the past century, too, Parke-Davis has become one of the world's foremost pharmaceutical firms; a leader in discovering, developing, testing, manufacturing, and distributing better medicines for physicians' use in their offices, in hospitals and in homes – medicines that contribute to longer life and better health for the people of the world.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BRUCE GOULD
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NIVEAU GALLERY, NEW YORK CITY

FLOWERS IN A BASKET. Picasso's bright chalk drawing shows the childlike gaiety found in much of this master painter's later work.

It's All the Fault of the Women!

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

As long as I can remember there have been hues and cries about the failure of women to perform their proper function in society.

Just now the criers are divided into two diametrically opposite camps of deplorers. One, coming from many colleges and universities, asserts that a great national resource of feminine brain power is being lost because potential mathematicians, scientists, writers and artists marry early, have large families, and never put their higher education to public use.

The other says that women are being miseducated by being given the same training as men. Their place is in the home and their education should concentrate on homemaking and fitting them for their special roles as wives and mothers. Their absence from the home contributes to juvenile delinquency. It is more important that they put a good dinner on the table than that they talk Greek, said a correspondent to the *Times* of London, where the debate is raging as it is here.

Into the debate enters the fact of earlier marriages and childbearing which led an Oxford University educator to say that Britain had too long made the education of girls a reflection of that of boys—that decay of family life is the loss of a factor of immense value to national well-being.

In the deluge of letter writing that ensued most of the men contributors agreed with the educator, while a number of women insisted that girls no less than boys needed a "tough straightforward education" and that "the object of education is to develop sound value judgments to the extent attainable by each individual." One woman snorted, "What about a suitable education for future fathers?"

Which leads us to ask a few primary questions, the first being one of *fact.* Are women being overeducated in subjects shared by men?

In the United States today more girls than boys graduate from high school, but 65 per cent of men in contrast to 35 per cent of women make up the total college enrollment. Of the students in the upper 10 per cent of high school classes who do *not* go on to college, two thirds are women.*

Where women do go on to college their number more nearly approaches that of men (44 per cent) only in the independent colleges of arts and sciences where the traditional liberal-arts program persists. In short, most of them are looking for a general education rather than training for a specific "career."

Is such liberal-arts education of girls bad for marriage? Well, one thing that breaks up CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

* Statement by American Association of University Women

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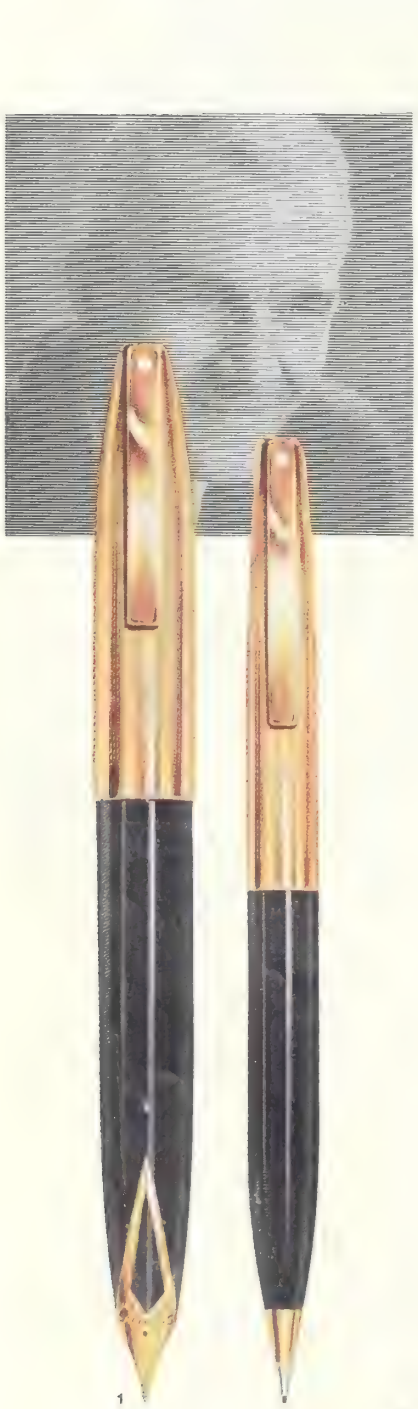
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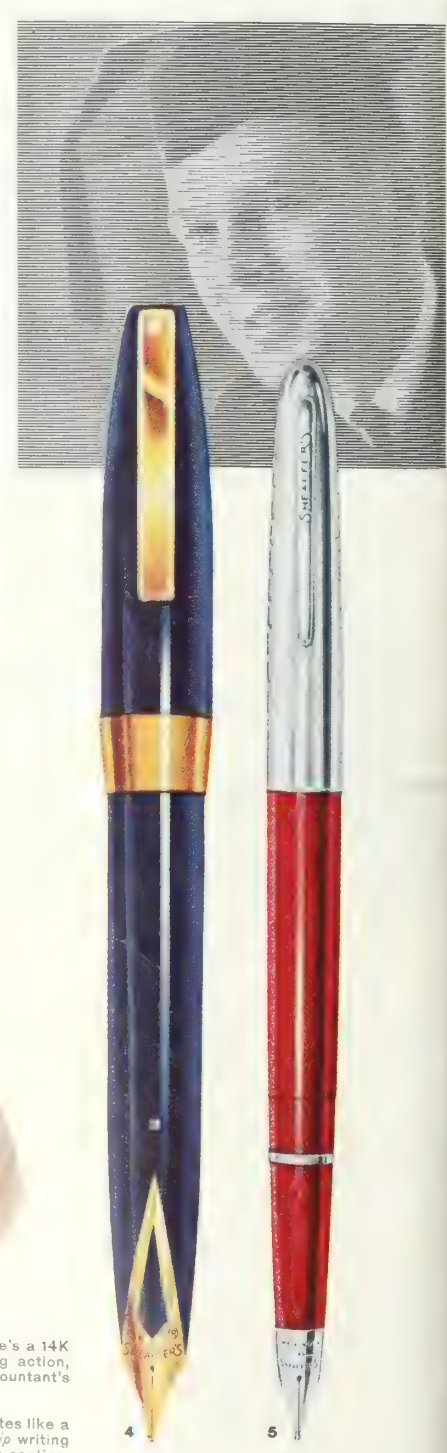
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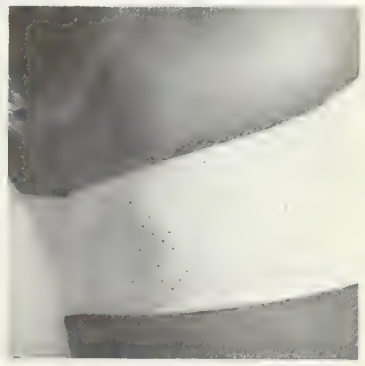


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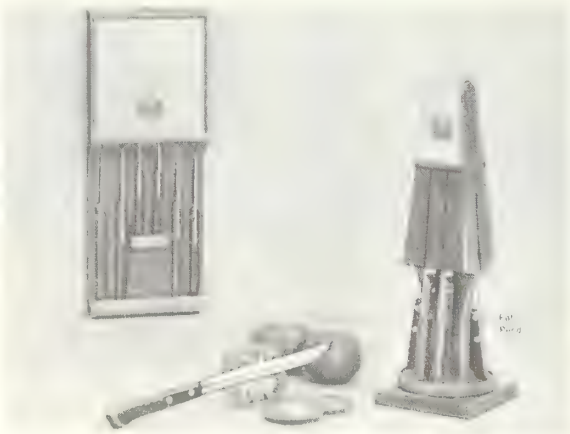
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

marriages is that an educated man, who must keep on learning to advance in his work, finds himself, after a few years, stuck with a wife who may put a good dinner on the table but bores him to death.

And one wonders just how a general liberal education can interfere with being a good wife, mother and housekeeper. In my own experience, educated women who are not simultaneously pursuing careers demanding most of their thought and energy are better in each category of homemaking than the uneducated. Their minds are better organized; they plan their work more efficiently; they budget household expenses; they take a greater interest in their husbands' work; they are better able to supervise their children's homework and guide their interests, *and they marry later*. If a girl completes a college course requiring in all sixteen years of schooling, she will usually be 22 years old, and will in all probability marry a man several years older than she.

I omit mention of the really exceptional woman—the woman of genius. Such women, like men of genius, are *driven* by their gifts to self-expression. They must compete in the world of men and require the same education as they. One could not design one sort of scientific education for a Madame Curie and another sort entirely for a Nils Bohr, or recommend one kind of language education for a Katherine Mansfield and another for a Joyce Cary.

Be they scientists, writers or artists, if they achieve distinction that may outlast their lifetimes they do so because they are obsessed by their work to the exclusion of almost everything else. They leave their households and children, if they have them, to other women. They are as difficult to live with as male geniuses. They are often emotionally susceptible and likely to be personally unhappy. Their husbands are affronted by their one-track minds, and their marriages often break up. Men are afraid of them—and rightly so—as candidates for matrimony. There is nothing that can be done about them. They play a negligible role in the statistics and in the problem we are discussing.

In speaking of the decay of the home we must not overlook the growing number of teenage marriages—not only of girls but of men. And we must face the fact that many of these, among high-school and college students who quit school to marry, are shotgun marriages, carried through because the girl is pregnant.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in February reported that the number of children born to teenage husbands increased by two thirds between 1940 and 1957 while the number of marriages of males under 45 increased by only one third.

Such immature marriages have not the best chance of success. Neither party has any experience of life and reality. The romantic notions fed into them by TV and movies do not prepare them for the problems that assault *every* marriage. Being immature, they are impulsive and impetuous, too easily hurt and disappointed when their marriages do not work out as they had dreamed. And more often than not there is exaggerated trouble with the in-laws who try in vain to guide an immature marriage.

These marriages occur partly because of the sexual and moral looseness that pervades the whole of our society.

The girl who will not indulge in "petting" and sexual play sometimes finds herself without dates, and if she does so indulge often finds herself pregnant. Never has there been so much counseling of students, but such school counseling as they are given on sex and marriage is apparently not wholly effective and many parents seem to have abdicated before the phrase "all the others do it." Hundreds of thousands of parents don't know where their sixteen-year-old daughters are at three o'clock in the morning!

The education of girls primarily requires sober counseling about the advantages of chastity and a great deal more supervision by parents, who ought to get together on this issue.

Teenage marriages mostly occur among girls who do *not* go to college. For the college-bound group, boys and girls have access to the same program, though boys tend to take more science and math and girls more English and foreign language.

Girls who intend to go only through high school choose and receive less of an "education" than they do of training for homemaking and "marketable skills"—in occupations that, for years, have been largely preempted by women. Incidentally, these are usually the less well-paid positions.

Our modern comprehensive schools, in addition to home economics, have "commercial programs" or "business training" to fit girls to become stenographers, typists, office clerks, receptionists or office-machine operators. For stenography a course in typing must previously have been completed—and by no means all girls can master stenography: it requires that they possess a good vocabulary, ability to spell, and a level of understanding of what they are hearing that many girls lack, either through poor primary-school training or lack of native intelligence.

There is also "distributive education" (*training*, I insist), where work experience is provided for both boys and girls in retail shops in the community. This program is usually elected more heavily by girls than by boys. Opportunities for it depend on the number of openings in the community.

Most of it is training for certain occupations outside the home that have always been assigned largely to women and which men have no desire to undertake. There is no surplus in any of these fields, and in some others, notably nursing and teaching, requiring more than high-school education, there is a shortage. Many girls enter and leave such occupations to marry and are better homemakers from having acquired through their experience certain disciplines and skills.

If I do not love my neighbor whom I know, how can I love the human race, which is but an abstraction? If I have not learned to work with a few people, how can I be effective with many?

ARTHUR E. MORGAN
TAKEN FROM "DAILY READINGS"
PUBLISHED BY HUGH BIRCH-HORACE MANN FUND

But hundreds of thousands of women marry and continue to work at these and other occupations because one breadwinner, they feel, is not enough for the family. Apart from those women who feel a real vocation for this or that occupation, this is the outstanding reason why married women work outside their homes, even at the cost of their children's care. Household help is scarce and relatively so expensive that if the average woman hires a substitute for herself at home her outside work adds up to little income.

It is all very well to say that the American home is luxurious and extravagant. This is true in very few cases. The homes that have, for instance, wall-to-wall carpeting are in a minority and usually confined to those of men who are well ahead in their occupations. A TV set has (unhappily, considering many of the programs) become an automatic baby sitter. For women who do all or most of their own laundry, washing machines are essential, and where homes provide no space to dry clothing, so are dryers. Women who do all or most of their own housework need modern cleaning equipment, and modern refrigeration. The investment in these things amounts to hundreds of dollars and, in addition, there are the utility bills.

An automobile is no longer a luxury for most families. Men often live long distances from their work and with no other means of transportation than the car. Shopping centers and supermarkets have closed down many of the little neighborhood stores where women used to buy food and carry it home. And if

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19



Look what you can do with hot cling peaches and hamburger!

Add glamor to budget meats with a golden garnish of cling peaches, *baked*, *broiled*, or *heated* in a saucepan . . . hot cling peaches are that 'something different' you've been looking for! And heating really brings out the tangy-sweet flavor of the fruit. Remember, only clings will hold their flavor, sunny color and plump shape during heating.

Peachy Burgers: Broil cling peach halves with hamburgers. (*Or* heat 'em in a saucepan.)

Midas Meat Loaf: Follow the family's favorite meat loaf recipe. Then, for the final 10 minutes of baking, crown with cheese slices and surround with cling peach halves. Before serving, fill peach hollows with mustard and catsup if desired.

SUNNIEST WAY TO BRIGHTEN ANY MEAL—CANNED CLING PEACHES FROM CALIFORNIA • CLING PEACH ADVISORY BOARD



There's no other dog in the world like yours:



Available in 16 oz., handy 6-Pak, and 26 oz. sizes



For 8" x 10" print of picture alone, send 25¢ in coin to Dog Picture 50, Box 7366, Chicago 77, Ill.

There's no other dog food like Ken-L-Ration with Lean Red Meat*

Most dogs nowadays can't run off a diet too rich in fats and carbohydrates. Which is why protein-rich Ken-L-Ration suits your dog to a healthy T. Contains delicious *steaks, chops and roasts of U.S. Gov't. Inspected Horsemeat. Plus other essential ingredients. Ken-L-Ration's U.S. Dept. of Agriculture seal of approval tells you *officially* that it's good. But your dog's wagging tail and pup's health tell you even more. **PUT YOUR TRUST IN KEN-L-RATION...MORE PEOPLE DO!**

Packed Under Continuous Inspection of U.S. Dept. of Agr.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

automobiles in the last few years have been bigger and gaudier than ever, the public bought them because there was nothing else available. Many turned to smaller, cheaper, gasoline-saving compact cars when they appeared.

But people also buy things before they actually need them, in anticipation of rising prices. Inflation always encourages a flight from money to things.

Then there is the matter of tax exemptions for dependents. The Federal Government allows $600 exemption per child as tax-deductible. This law has been on the books for twelve years. Meanwhile the cost of raising a child through the years of compulsory schooling has doubled and although family incomes have also increased the increase is by no means evenly distributed. Organized workers have won the greatest proportional increase. But in many middle-class occupations salaries have decreased in actual purchasing power.

I know a bricklayer whose annual income averages $10,000 and who, between jobs, draws unemployment compensation. An assistant professor with a doctor's degree, in an Ivy League college, draws $7000—and averages nearer a sixty- than a forty-hour week. The bricklayer spends money on an expensive TV set, an occasional movie, and a high-priced car. The professor wants (and needs) books, publications, symphony tickets, live theater and travel.

The bricklayer's wife does not work except at homemaking. The professor's wife, a university graduate, does research work *outside* her home under conditions where she need not leave her children when they are out of school. Except for a weekly cleaning woman and an occasional baby sitter, she does all the housework, all the laundry except sheets and shirts, all the cooking and all the dishwashing. The combined earnings of husband and wife approach that of the bricklayer. Yet they have a highly civilized home, and extremely well-mannered and helpful children.

Where mothers of children under twelve work outside the home the Federal Government finally got around to allowing the working mother to deduct for a baby sitter—absolutely essential to the mother's work. But, at the same time, it put a ceiling on such services of $600 per year and disallowed any deduction if the joint family annual income is over $4500.

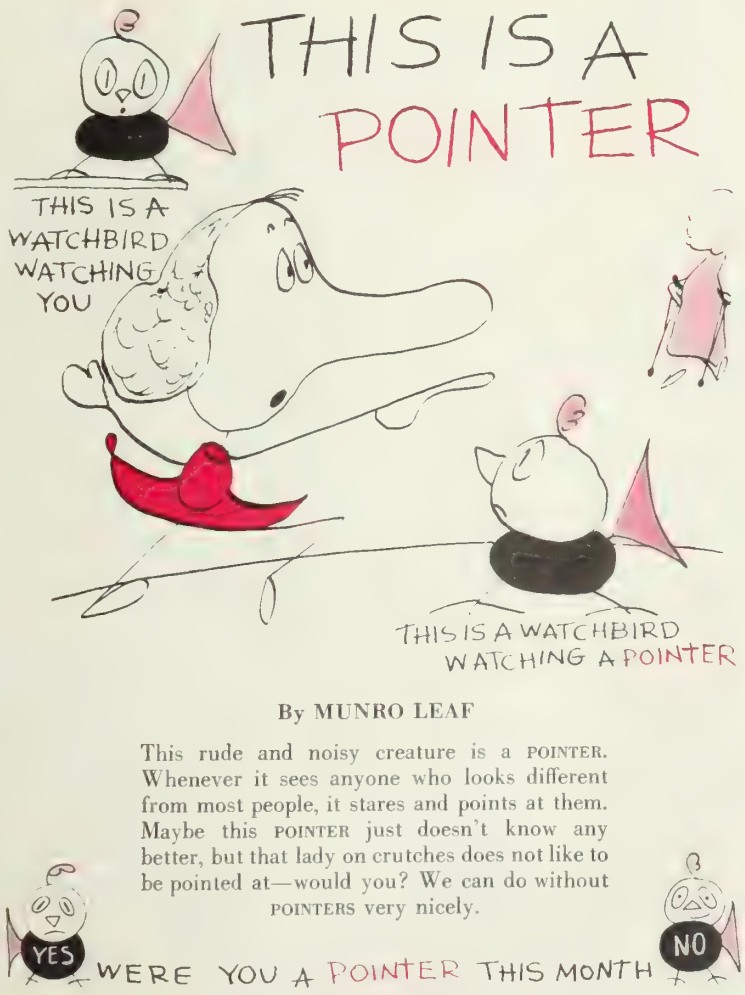
For a woman who holds a full day's job the tax deduction, if she is eligible for it, will not half cover the necessary home services.

To take a specific illustration: In an Ohio city a brilliant young woman with a master's degree in history, the wife of a college teacher, decided to respond to a frantic call for substitute public-school teachers at $18 per day. She has two children of school age who come home for lunch, and a year-old baby. She is a thoroughly responsible mother. She is absent from home seven hours a day for five days a week, and has a mature, quite reliable woman who takes care of the baby, tidies up the house, and gets the children's lunch and her own for $1 an hour or $7 a day. The school year consists of 180 days, so her sitter costs her $1260 a year. But the working mother cannot deduct anything at all for the sitter's services, because her husband's income and her own are more than $4500! She pays income tax on her own salary of $3240 a year though she is actually getting only $1980! And the baby sitter also pays income tax on hers. If the teacher's husband who teaches also had a secretary in his office he could deduct her entire salary. There would be no ceiling on it at all, and his income would not be pertinent. Yet the baby sitter is absolutely essential to his wife's work, and the work, from the viewpoint of the public welfare, is highly desirable. While conditions like this exist many educated women are unable to "prove" the value of their education by professional work or service.

The test of a good wife and mother is her willingness and ability to assume her full share of the duties and responsibilities of life—as it is the test of a good husband and father. And the better her education and her training in life's realities, the more likely she is to meet the test. In the end it will always be an individual matter, demanding an individual family solution.

Women have had the vote for over forty years and their organizations lobby in Washington for all sorts of causes but why, why, why don't they take up their *own* causes and obvious needs?

END



By MUNRO LEAF

This rude and noisy creature is a POINTER. Whenever it sees anyone who looks different from most people, it stares and points at them. Maybe this POINTER just doesn't know any better, but that lady on crutches does not like to be pointed at—would you? We can do without POINTERS very nicely.

Is the tooth brush you're using a

MENACE

to your gums?

No scratching or scraping with the Double Duty Tooth Brush—yet it polishes teeth brighter!

Often—before you're even aware of it—hard-bristled tooth brushes scratch and damage your gums. Soft brushes have their drawbacks, too—they can't polish teeth really bright. Only the new Pro Double Duty gives you "hard-brush" cleansing and gentle, safe gum massage in one! All nylon bristles, or nylon and natural. Child's size, too. Get a Pro Double Duty for everyone in your family.

THE INSIDE STORY is firm blue bristles that clean teeth better . . . polish brighter!

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"Views not equalled anywhere" — Cincinnati Times-Star

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IN SOUTH DAKOTA'S BLACK HILLS

Write for... FREE COLOR BOOKLET

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Publicity Director, PIERRE 3, SOUTH DAKOTA

Now...a special laxative for

women

Gives gentle relief more naturally than any ordinary laxative



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"Correctol is the kind of laxative I've always looked for and never expected to find," writes Mrs. Kerchak. "It's prompt, gentle—never gives me stomach pains. You can be sure I'll keep on using it!"

Correctol® has been specially developed for a woman's delicate system. It is completely different from harsh, all-purpose laxatives.

Its secret is a *non-laxative miracle regulator* that simply softens waste. Along with this, Correctol contains just enough *mild laxative* to give regularity a start.

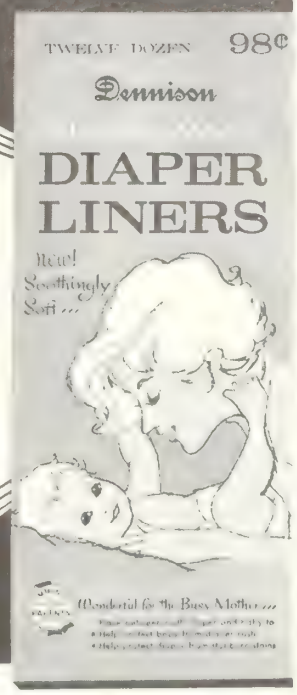
Working together, these two gentle ingredients make Correctol bring relief *more naturally* than any ordinary laxative can. Even in pregnancy and following childbirth. In menstrual periods—and after middle age, too!

Do try Correctol soon. 30 tiny pink tablets, $1.00 —at any drug counter.

Satisfaction or a refund of money. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping. If not as advertised therein.

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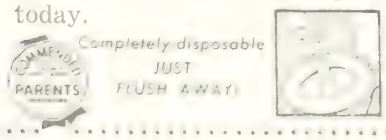
delights mothers of diaper-age babies!



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HERE'S THE EASIEST, CLEANEST WAY TO CHANGE DIAPERS EVER! Dennison Flush-Away Diaper Liners are quickly inserted in cloth diapers . . . easily, neatly removable . . . completely disposable. No soaking or scrubbing. All muss and fuss are flushed away. The coupon below with 50¢ brings you or a friend a full month's supply.

THEY HELP PREVENT DIAPER RASH! Dennison Flush-Away Diaper Liners are formulated to check rash-causing bacteria. Moreover, these soothingly soft, silky-smooth, lint-free liners do not wrinkle or cling to baby's tender skin. No wonder many doctors, nurses and hospitals recommend them! Mail coupon today.



DENNISON MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. E-128, Framingham, Mass.
I am enclosing 50c to cover cost of mail-

City

Offer expires November 30, 1960.



"Parents can do their best by a handicapped child if they are able to think of him, feel toward him, care for him as a child who in most respects is like other children, with the same needs and responses."

Parents' feelings about Children's Handicaps

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

JOSEPH DI PIETRO



No child is perfect, and parents react to imperfection in their offspring in somewhat similar patterns.

All mothers and fathers can learn something from the problems faced by parents of retarded and handicapped children. That's because no child is perfect, and we all react to imperfection in our offspring in somewhat similar patterns. But it's much easier for us to see and understand the reactions to such disappointments when the handicaps are severe than when they are mild.

At the time I began to work in the pediatric clinic of a large New York hospital in the early 1930's, the buildings of the hospital and the medical school were brand-new. When a new medical center is built, it draws patients not only from the locality but from miles around. They come hoping that the new center will have new solutions for old problems. And so we saw many cases of mental retardation in children. Some had been diagnosed long before, and the parents had accepted the diagnosis. But now they wanted to be sure that there was not a new cure. Other parents had been told their child was retarded but weren't ready to believe it and came to this hospital for an independent opinion. Others still only suspected that there might be something amiss and were coming for their first consultation.

Two things made an impression on me as an inexperienced pediatrician. One was the widely varying degrees of distress in the parents and the very different ways in which it was expressed. The other was the frequency with which emotional and behavior problems were added to the symptoms of intellectual retardation in the children.

In fact, I worked in the clinic for several months before I saw a situation in which the child was very happily adjusted and in which the parents were quite serene. As you can imagine, this made a particularly profound impression on me. I wondered what the explanation was.

He was a boy six years old. When eventually he was tested he was found to have an I.Q. score of about 65, but I didn't know that, of course, when I was taking the history. His father was a moderately skilled laborer. Both parents were plump, warmhearted, sincere people. They were obviously not intellectual in their interests. They had a happy family life. They loved their son and were very proud of him. When I first asked what the problem was, they said that the teacher had suggested an examination because the boy was not learning readily in first grade. The parents had apparently not been too upset by this news, but had co-operated willingly. When I went on to get the rest of the history, the parents said he had no other problems at all. He had developed from infancy in a way that entirely satisfied them, eating well, sleeping well, being trained and managed easily. He had an unusually sunny disposition and was popular with the children in the neighborhood. When I asked whom he played with, they said they had noticed some tendency in him to prefer younger children. When he played with his own age group he sometimes had trouble getting the fine points of the game, but the kids liked him so well they made allowances for him.

When I had received the test report I told the parents that the boy wouldn't be able to make progress in an ordinary class, and that we would find out whether there was a special class in his neighborhood where he could be trained in other skills than academic ones, and where he would feel on a par with other children. The parents were disappointed for his sake that he couldn't go on in the regular class, but they did not seem deeply upset. There was no evidence that they altered their estimation of their son, or their feelings of pride and pleasure in him. I liked him too.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

WIN UP TO $10,000 FOR YOUR BABY'S FUTURE!

GERBER

HAPPY FUTURE CONTEST

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NATIONAL BABY WEEK

★ APRIL 30TH-MAY 7TH ★



Gerber HAPPY FUTURE Contest

$42,500 IN PRIZES

ONE FIRST PRIZE * **$10,000**	NEXT FIVE PRIZES * **$1000** each
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Just think of what you could do for your baby with the First Prize—$10,000 Cash, when baby reaches age 18!



COLLEGE MARRIAGE OWN BUSINESS TRAVEL

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f your baby is 36 months of age or younger—you can win any of the 25 prizes. There are no pictures to take, nothing to do except complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "I like the wide election of more than 100 Gerber Baby Foods because....." end in your entry with any five labels and/or boxtops from any of ie more than 100 Gerber Baby Foods varieties. Enter as often as ou wish, but each entry must include five labels and/or boxtops.

HERE ARE SOME HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN A HAPPY FUTURE FOR YOUR BABY!

he Happy Future Contest is built around the more than 100 arieties of wholesome Gerber Baby Foods, including cereals, juices, gg yolks, meats, vegetables, high meat dinners, cookies, teething iscuits and desserts—in either Strained or Junior textures. Your ompletion of the statement need not mention any of the varieties y name. It should relate to the importance of a wide selection of holesome foods, of a well-balanced diet, and of foods with the ppealing appearance, flavor, and texture your baby likes best.

$4500.00 IN CASH BONUS PRIZES!

If you win one of the top ten prizes, you can also win an extra cash prize for your immediate use. Just make sure that the 5 Gerber labels or boxtops you send are from 5 of the 24 varieties listed on the Gerber Baby Week Menu. Enter as often as you wish, but any entry intended to qualify for Cash Bonus prizes must include 5 labels and/or boxtops from 5 varieties on the Gerber Baby Week Menu.

IF YOU WIN A TOP PRIZE OF:	EXTRA CASH BONUS POSSIBILITY:
$10,000.00	$1500.00
$ 5,000.00	$ 750.00
$ 2,500.00	$ 375.00
$ 1,000.00	$ 150.00

GERBER BABY WEEK BONUS MENU

Your baby will get a bonus in eating pleasure and you a possible Cash Bonus if all 5 labels and/or boxtops you enclose are from these 24 Gerber varieties:

STRAINED OR JUNIOR	JUNIOR
Bananas with Pineapple	Spaghetti and Beef
Ham High Meat Dinner	Chicken Noodle Dinner
Cottage Cheese *with Pineapple*	Cereal, Egg Yolks and Bacon
Chicken	• • •
Vegetables with Beef	Any Gerber Baby Cereals
Applesauce	Cookies for Toddlers
Carrots	Teething Biscuits

Gerber



BABY FOODS

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

Complete the following sentence in your own rds—no more than 25. "I like the wide selec- n of more than 100 Gerber Baby Foods be- use . . ." Submit as many entries as you like, t accompany each with 5 labels and/or boxtops m Gerber Baby Foods products or reasonable csimiles.

Top ten winners will receive an extra cash nus prize if the 5 labels and/or boxtops accomnying the winning entries are from 5 Gerber rieties included in the official Gerber Baby ek Menu.

Contestant must be mother, father or legal ardian of a baby not more than 36 months of e as of June 15, 1960. Entries should be subtted in English and be the original work of the ntestant. No more than one prize, excluding bos prize, will be awarded to any one family. Mail ch entry individually—use adequate postage.

Please fill out the entry blank completely. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 15, 1960, and received no later than June 22, 1960. Mail your entry to Gerber Contest, Post Office Box 8-B, Mount Vernon 10, New York.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity, and interest by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the case of ties. Decision of the judges will be final. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, Local and Dominion regulations.

6. Contest is open to all residents of the United States and Canada except employees and their families of Gerber Products Company and subsidiary companies, Gerber Products of Canada Limited, their advertising agencies, and The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. All entries become the property of the Gerber Products Company and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail on or before July 31, 1960. If a list of winners is desired, send a pre-addressed, stamped envelope with your entry.

GERBER HAPPY FUTURE CONTEST— GERBER CONTEST, P. O. BOX 8-B, MOUNT VERNON 10, N. Y.

Please enter the following statement in your Happy Future Contest: *"I like the wide selection of more than 100 Gerber Baby Foods because*.....

.....

Note: Limit sentence to no more than 25 additional words. Please print. Enclose 5 labels and/or boxtops from any Gerber Baby Foods products or reasonable facsimiles. Furnish following information accurately and completely.

CONTESTANT'S NAME ..... STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE STATE .....

BABY'S NAME ..... ☐ **Check if Bonus Prize desired:** The 5 labels and/or boxtops I enclose are from 5 varieties on the Gerber Baby Week Menu



Underpinnings for the family

Spanky Pants!

Our wash-and-wear family endorses Carter's Spanky Pants for their superior washability—their wonderful wearability. Your family, too, will appreciate the extra care Carter's takes in the making of these soft cotton knits! This spring, look for the newest additions to the Carter's Spanky Pants family: Orlon acrylic blended with cotton, and Dacron polyester added to cotton. Spanky Pants come in women's S-M-L, 85¢-$1.15; junior 7-15, 79-89¢; teen 8-16, 79-89¢; girls' 2-16 years, 69-85¢.

Carter's

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

I thought hard and long about this case, wondering what the reasons were that made this boy's limitation relatively easy for these parents to take. One factor was that the boy had no physical handicaps and was able, through his early preschool years, to do about what other children did almost as well as they. There were no brothers or sisters to compare him with. Probably more important was the fact that the parents had grown up in simple surroundings in Europe and had had only a modest amount of schooling. They did not apparently think of formal education as an absolutely essential preparation for a successful life, as so many Americans assume it to be.

We forget that throughout a good part of the world there isn't any schooling at all, and that even in our country millions of people have led happy and productive lives in past generations with mighty little of it. We of the so-called "civilized" portions of the world don't realize that we are a bit peculiar compared with the rest of mankind in having come to almost worship the intellect—not only for what it will gain for us but for its own sake.

But apparently the most significant factor in this case was that the parents had some simple basic faith in themselves, in their child, and in whatever God they worshiped. This faith made them invulnerable to deep wounds when a professional person pointed out that their child had certain limitations.

But most of us have nowhere near that amount of faith, or inner security, or whatever you want to call it. When we first hear the diagnosis, whether it is deafness or blindness or mental retardation, we may simply refuse to believe it. This despite the fact that we have sought advice because we were not satisfied with the child's progress in some respect. Disbelief is a basic kind of self-protection. We have to ward off any kind of blow that life deals us for as long as we possibly can, while we gather our resources to cope with it. So we ask highly skeptical questions of our doctor or other adviser. We may request a consultation with another expert.

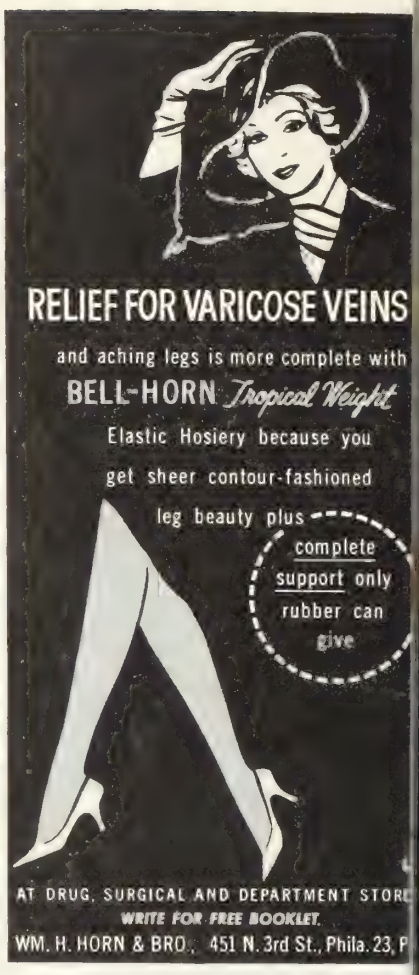
None are so old as those who have outlived enthusiasm. THOREAU

Of course we are trying, to one degree or another, to fend off, from the start, a feeling of responsibility for the defect, a sense of guilt. It doesn't help very much when the doctor tells us that this particular handicap is not due to heredity, or that it is not caused by anything that we have done wrong or by anything that we failed to do. Our deepest and most primitive feelings whisper to us that it *is* our child who is impaired. We created him. Therefore we must be responsible, somehow or other, unless we can justifiably shift the blame to someone else. Here is a situation which reveals how different people are. At one end of the scale is the individual with the kind of conscience which makes him always blame himself first and foremost. At the other end of the scale is the one who, just as soon as he begins to feel the merest twinge of guiltiness, starts to accuse someone else. I have known parents to get so angry at the diagnosis of retardation that they stormed right into the office of the hospital superintendent to demand that the physician or psychologist be fired for carelessness and incompetence. I have admired their spunk.

Most of us parents are mixtures of the guilt-admitting and the blame-shifting types. We try to defend ourselves by asking such logical questions, in the case of brain damage, as whether the obstetrician's skill was adequate during the delivery or whether the pediatrician used the right treatment soon enough when our child had the high fever. But then we shift back to blaming ourselves.

But where do we find the reasons to blame ourselves? I've already mentioned the over-all

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surger

STOPS ITCH—RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found new healing substance with the astonis ing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relie ing pain, actual reduction (shrinkag took place.

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Advertisement



INFECTIONS OF YOUNG INFANTS AN URGENT PROBLEM...

VIRULENT "STAPH" THREATENS BABIES

By Gene Wilburn, Medical News Writer, Houston Chronicle

A recent medical journal reveals that doctors have noted a marked resurgence of infections of the skin, the gastrointestinal tract and the lungs, which have resulted in deaths among young infants, all over this country and in other countries as well. The majority of these infections have been described as caused by antibiotic-resistant staphylococci or "staph" germs, as doctors term them.

The coming of age of antibiotics has lulled us into believing that infection is no longer a serious menace to mothers and babies. Yet virulent staph is again claiming its victims. This is particularly serious in view of the fact that antibiotic-resistant staph strains are not limited to hospitals, but are emerging in increasing numbers in the home. In view of these facts, it is of utmost importance that homemakers be aware of the dangers of an invasion by staph.

Staph is spread not only by direct contact, by objects touched by hands and other body areas, but also by room-dust through the air. The ease with which "staph" can be transmitted emphasizes sharply, how vital it is to practice scrupulous personal cleanliness, including regular hand washing, as well as to maintain proper standards of disinfection.

Anyone—sick or well—can carry "staph" and deposit it on the cleanest of surfaces! You can pick it up by touching a contaminated faucet, bowl or basin. In fact the bathroom can become a danger zone for the spread of infection. So a *true disinfectant* should be used as the bathroom cleanser. Unlike so-called "sanitizers" that may not kill all disease germs they touch, Lysol Brand Disinfectant kills disease germs including "staph," on contact. In laboratory tests its anti-germ action was found to last 7 full days. That is why Lysol is so important for weekly bathroom cleaning. A few drops in the cleaning solution will disinfect from one cleaning to the next as nothing else can.

Here are 3 basic steps for weekly bathroom cleaning: 1. Use Lysol in cleaning solution as directed. 2. Wipe floors, walls, bowls, fixtures with this solution. 3. When laundering bath mats and lid covers, soak in Lysol solution before adding detergent. Note: If anyone in your family has a boil (a direct source of "staph" contamination), disinfect bathtub, basin, bowl, seat, with Lysol after every use. Lysol now comes in pine scent as well as regular and a bottle costs as little as 29¢.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

conviction that since we created the child we must have created the defect too. But it's not hard to find other, specific sources of guilt. We were all naughty enough in childhood to have earned our parents' moral disapproval, several times a day, at least. This has left us with some sense of unworthiness. More specifically there is the whole area of sex, about which most of us were made particularly guilty, partly because our parents worried about it anyway (whether or not we gave them any cause for concern), but also because it involves an instinct which insists on some form of expression, if only in our thoughts. You could say with justification that we are all condemned from early childhood to feel guilty about sex, in societies like ours which must repress it to a degree. And sex also happens to be the origin of babies. So the inevitable guilt left over from childhood—about touching the genitals, about sex play with others in early childhood, about petting in adolescence, about sexual thoughts in all stages of childhood—is stored up in a compartment of our conscience, all ready to beset us if there is anything wrong with our child. Many Christians assume that the Biblical phrase about the sins of the fathers being visited on the children refers to sex. I doubt that Biblical scholars think so. As if this weren't enough, the conscientious obstetrician adds another link to the chain of potential guilt by prohibiting intercourse for such a long period before childbirth that a fairly large percentage of couples probably find themselves disobeying occasionally.

I think myself that there is another quite different source of guilt, and that is the very natural and normal impulse to turn away from any kind of defect. I remember the situation that first made me aware of this factor. A childless couple, after years of waiting, were given a handsome baby boy for adoption. They were delighted with him and gave him loving care. But when he was a few months old they began to suspect he was blind. Eventually the diagnosis was confirmed. At this point the adopting mother stated definitely she did not want to keep the baby. The people in the adoption agency pointed out that this baby would need a loving family just as much as any child would. The adopting father was in favor of their keeping the baby, too, saying that they had loved and enjoyed him up to this time, so why couldn't they keep right on? But his wife just kept repeating, "I wouldn't know how to take care of a blind child." I assumed that I myself would take the same position as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

BLUE FEATHERS

By ELIZA LOUISA DAWSON

Away across the river
A log cabin grew:
There you plucked on a dulcimer
With a feather of blue.

There I sang the old songs
To you all alone—
To you and your dulcimer
And your feather, my own.

There we raised our children.
Two times two.
Who pluck on dulcimers
With feathers of blue.

Now the children and dulcimers
And my love and I
Go searching for feathers
In the blue of the sky.

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BRADENTON Harry Butler Bootery
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ALBANY Miller's Dept. Store
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Here's a thrifty dish that'll get calls for "seconds"—a tuna and rice casserole topped with tomatoes and crisp potato chips. And it'll cost you less than 25¢ a serving.

Toss it together in a jiffy. Just pour long-grain Minute Rice—right out of the box—into the savory seasoning. Then layer with tomatoes, sliced onions and Star-Kist Tuna (that real good meat from the sea). Pour zesty cheese sauce over the layers to hold them together while they bake to savory goodness. Try it on the family tonight. Encore guaranteed.

CAPTAIN'S CASSEROLE

1 can (10½ oz.) condensed cream of mushroom or cream of vegetable soup • ½ cup milk • ⅔ cup grated Cheddar cheese • 1⅓ cups Minute Rice ½ teaspoon oregano (optional) Dash of pepper • 1 can (1 lb.) whole tomatoes 1 cup water • ½ onion, thinly sliced 2 cans (6½ oz. each) Star-Kist Tuna ⅓ cup sliced stuffed olives ½ cup crushed potato chips or dry bread crumbs

Heat soup, milk and cheese until cheese is melted, stirring occasionally. Combine rice, oregano and pepper in greased 1½ quart shallow baking dish. Drain tomatoes, measuring ½ cup juice. Stir juice and water into rice. Slice tomatoes. Arrange most of the tomatoes on rice. Add onion, tuna and olives. Pour on sauce; sprinkle with potato chips. Arrange remaining tomatoes on top.

Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes six generous—and delicious servings.

Minute is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corp.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

the father, and couldn't really imagine how the mother could feel so differently. Then a couple of months later I happened to see another case which was almost identical with the first. I realized then that the first mother's reaction wasn't an inexplicable exception, but that it represented a very basic biological response. It reminded me of how birds and other animals immediately remove a defective offspring from the nest. When ancient Roman and Greek civilizations were at their highest, it was the custom and the law to sacrifice any baby with a defect. This has also been the rule in many other parts of the world since. All of us are bothered by the sight of an accident or death. So the impulse to avoid is probably a fundamental one. Only at a later stage of civilization, as we have acquired a stronger sense of responsibility, have we learned to overcome aversion with compassion.

So I came to admire the two women, for being honest enough to say that they doubted their capacity to be good mothers to blind adopted children. I realized that this response would not be revealed in the usual case where the handicapped child was the parent's own by birth, because the parent's feeling of responsibility would predominate over and conceal the other. Then I suspected that the two fathers and I weren't so noble, as I had thought, but were only more used, as most men are, to suppressing their deep feelings.

Before we leave the matter of the impulse to run away, I want to confess how often it is fostered unwittingly by the professional adviser. I am thinking again of that New York hospital. When I would walk into the examining room and see a child of two or three years who was not able to do anything more advanced than lie on his back and play with his toes, my heart would sink. I felt bad about the problems the parents and child faced. But worst of all I dreaded being the one who would have to tell them that their fears were justified. I felt guilty in giving them the diagnosis, almost as if *I* were the creator of the defect. So I would put on my severest professional face and drag out the history and physical examination as long as possible, to put off the painful moment. When I sensed that the parents were searching my face for signs of my conclusions, I bent lower over my desk. Finally when I had told them the diagnosis I would go on to give them the talk which I knew was theoretically right: that though there was no cure for the retardation, this child like all children would need cheerful, loving parents who would appreciate his good qualities (rather than dwell on his limitations) and who would provide him with companionship and suitable playthings and training. But how hollow this talk must have sounded coming out of my grim face. I must have been really convincing them, by my manner, of how tragic I thought their problem was. This could only have the effect of making them more uncomfortable with their child, rather than reconciling them to him.

When I made the diagnosis of mongolism on a newborn baby I (like most pediatricians of that time) believed that I was giving the best possible help to the parents by advising them, if they could afford it, to place him at once in a nursing home, preferably without ever seeing him. This was on the theory that then they would not become painfully attached to him, and would be better able to provide a cheerful atmosphere and plenty of attention to their subsequent children. As if anguish and guilt could be solved by trying to forget.

It was years later before I realized that though having one's child live somewhere else than at home might be the better solution in one case (after much thought and discussion and perhaps after a trial at home), it certainly would not be better in another. The important point here is that when a professional person advises parents not to see a baby and tells them that they might do better with their other children if the baby did not stay at home, he may make the situation seem more tragic than the parents would have considered it by themselves. His well-intentioned efforts to spare their feelings and facilitate their care of other children may, in itself, give them a stronger sense of shame and guilt than they might have had otherwise. Even if this advice proves in the long run to be right, its effect at the time has been to make the parents feel more uncomfortable toward, more distant from, the baby.

One trouble with the training of doctors and psychologists is the heavy emphasis put on making the correct diagnosis. Is the child healthy or sick, normal or abnormal? If sick or abnormal, which disease does he have? To just what degree is he impaired? Their professional diagnosis is considered more fundamental than treatment, because treatment can be sound only if it is based on correct diagnosis. If diagnosis is wrong, then treatment may be worse than useless, no matter how skillfully given.

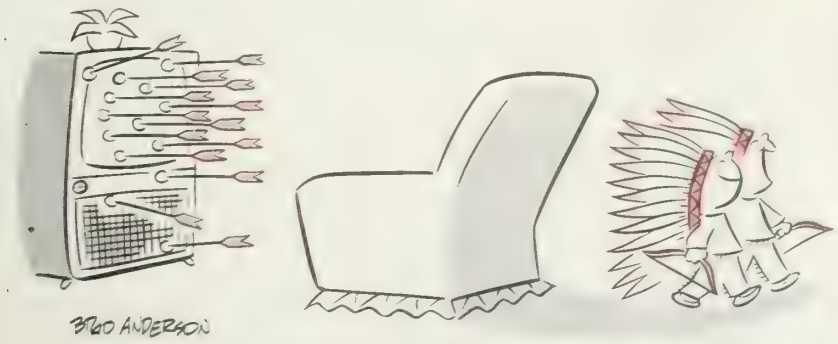
What I am emphasizing is that the training of physician and psychologist tends to make him focus on the *differences* between the healthy and the impaired child. It makes him put children in separate categories. To be sure, if he could not make a diagnosis he would be no great help. But what is so clear is that parents can do their best by a handicapped child if they are able to think of him, feel toward him, care for him as a child who in most respects is like other children, with the same needs and responses.

Another result of the training of the family doctor or pediatrician is that when he thinks of treatment he thinks first of whether there is a medicine, or an operation, which will cure the basic condition. If not, he feels that he is quite limited in his effectiveness and that, in honesty, he must admit this. So when the parents of a retarded child ask, "What is the treatment?" he may reply in effect, "There is none." This will block unbearably the parents who have the healthy impulse to find a course of action and get started on it. They will feel impatient or angry with him, as they do with school administrators and government officials who won't give them the means for doing something, *now*, for their child.

The professional people working in the fields of rehabilitation and education of children with various handicaps are more apt to think first and foremost of the worth-while techniques now available, and will start talking in a positive manner about all that must be done.

In another article I want to discuss the general management of handicapped children at home.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



"Wasn't that a swell Western!"

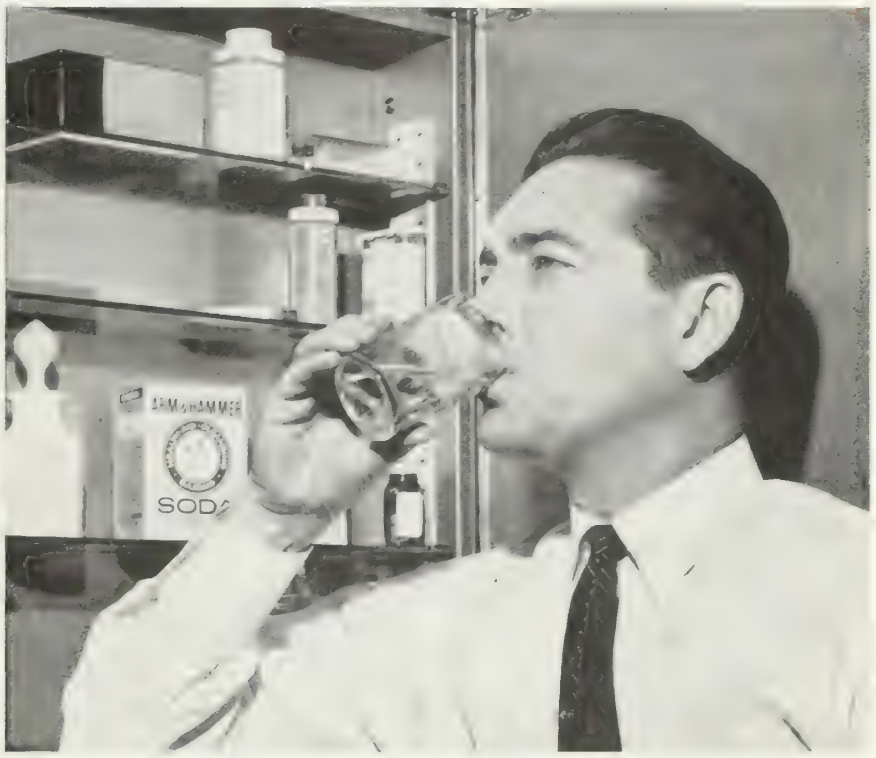
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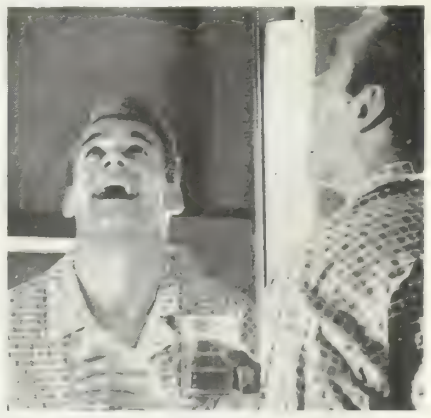
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UNDER COVER

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

"It must be writers that grow so tall," said Artur Rubinstein, greatest of pianists. It was at a large party where the masculine guests standing about were all towering, among them John Hersey, over six feet; Roald Dahl, a good six feet four; Andrew Heiskell, of *Life*, still taller. Mr. Rubinstein himself remained discreetly seated. Beethoven was 5'2", he said. Michelangelo was a shrimp. Copey of Harvard was only 5'1½", and he stood close to the top of the literary ladder of his day. Of our day, too, one might add, for the innumerable popular writers we know who attended his famous English 12. From John Reed to Walter Lippmann to T. S. Eliot, from Bob Benchley and Bob Sherwood and Heywood Broun to Van Wyck Brooks and Brooks Atkinson, the roll call would spill over this column. **COPEY OF HARVARD, A Biography of Charles Townsend Copeland,** by ***J. Donald Adams*** (Houghton Mifflin), is good reading, full of anecdotes and sparkling with Copey's wit.

For those who have not trod the fair paths of poetry, I strongly recommend **THE POWERS OF POETRY,** by ***Gilbert Highet*** (Oxford). Poetry lovers will hold it close. Each piece is a gem—the frustration, the inspiration, the strange incident in the lives of many poets. Lady Montagu and Pope; Byron and self-starvation; the tragedy of growing old, as Coleridge and Wordsworth and Dylan Thomas found it; Macaulay's neat propaganda; the torn soul behind *The Waste Land*. Careful scholarly probing, every word of it fascinating.

My favorite novel of the year is **THE LEOPARD,** by ***Guiseppe Tomasi, Duke of Palma and Prince of Lampedusa.*** *This is the story, beautifully written, of a Sicilian aristocrat. Still sipping the fine wine of his wealth and power and boundless possession, he recognizes by the signs that the end of his world is not far away. It is the incredibly gilded world of the 1860's, pierced by Garibaldi. The old prince, mathematician and famous astronomer, was the author's great-grandfather. The author himself died in 1957, at sixty-one, a year before this remarkable book—his only book—was accepted by a publisher.* (*American publisher, Pantheon.*)

No matter how hard a father tries to be casual, his letters contain at least a glimpse of his love and of his hope. **THE FATHER, Letters to Sons and Daughters,** edited by ***Evan Jones*** (Rinehart), will bring a lump to your throat—letters from Jack London, Andrew Jackson, Martin Luther, Tolstoi, Truman, Scott Fitzgerald.

THE WORLD OF JOHN SMITH, *by* ***Genevieve Foster*** (*Scribner*) *is my choice for a juvenile. It is one of that outstanding series by the same author:* George Washington's World, Abraham Lincoln's World, Augustus Caesar's World, *each picturing what was happening all over the world at the same time.* John Smith *includes Elizabeth I, Boris Godunov, Rubens, Henry Hudson.* (*For 12-year-olds but equally good for 22-, 42- and 62-year-olds.*)

AN EASY LESSON IN HEALTH and ENERGY





PING
P-I-N—for Pineapple
I—for Grapefruit

Made of field and orchard-ripened fresh fruit. Ping is the best pineapple and grapefruit blend you've ever tasted!

PONG
P—for Pineapple
O-N-G—for Orange

Blended of the fruits picked at the peak of quality—no wonder Pong tastes so much better than any drink like it!

PI-LI
P-I—for Pineapple
L-I—for Lime

The treat from the tropics. Really new and different. Only Stokely makes Pi-Li (say "pie . . . lie"). Try it tonight!

*Ping, Pong and Pi-Li are trademarks of Stokely-Van Camp, Inc.

3 Delicious New Drinks BY STOKELY-VAN CAMP

Enriched with Vitamin C. Non-carbonated. Not too sweet. Serve ice cold!

PUBLIC CONCERN

for all American Youth

By JAMES BRYANT CONANT



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

James Bryant Conant, distinguished scholar and former president of Harvard University, has been analyzing the nation's junior high and senior high schools for the past three years.

"It is worse for a boy to remain in school and become frustrated than to leave school and get a satisfying job."

How much misery on the part of parents and children would be avoided if the "snob values" clinging to our educational system could be eliminated. False prestige implying a higher social status for those who have "attended" college threatens improvement long overdue in educating our boys and girls for the kind of world in which they must live and work. For several decades education beyond the high school, merely because it represents a *longer* education, has been regarded as a *better* education.

To my mind, full-time education beyond the high school should be thought of not as a matter of prestige but as desirable only to the extent that it is a fruitful development of the potentialities of the student. For the scientist, doctor, lawyer and future scholar, six years beyond high school is a minimum. For other occupations, shorter periods of time are justified. And for still others, full-time education may well terminate with graduation from high school, or *even earlier.* I am not one to judge a high school unfavorably if the "drop-out" rate is high. It all depends on who drops out and what happens afterward. **It is worse for a boy to remain in school and become continually frustrated by his academic difficulties than to leave school and get a satisfying job.**

In part, juvenile delinquency arises from the existence of academically frustrated youth who are unemployed. There are, of course, many other factors. The purpose of this article is not to supply an answer to the complex problem of how to reduce juvenile delinquency; my intent is rather to direct the attention of all public-spirited citizens to the need for public concern for *all* American youth. In particular, I wish to point out to parents the danger of trying to force down the throats of all children of high-school age a diet suitable only for those with academic talent.

No one would consider requiring all boys and girls, irrespective of their talent, to spend hours trying to play a musical instrument. Yet some recent proposals I have read about a high-school curriculum seem to me equally absurd. To be sure, if the United States is to survive in the kind of world in which we live, rapid improvement of the education of the academically talented youth must take place. But in our zeal to upgrade the schooling of one group of students—the exceptionally bright boys and girls—we must not forget the needs of all the others. We must not neglect the development of the manual skills or the education of future voters.

In our desire to plan a curriculum which will provide a wide academic base for the later university education of professional men and women, we must remember that a vast majority of high-school students have no intention of becoming engineers, scientists, doctors, lawyers or university professors. Their vocations require a shorter period of formal training. If their interest in high-school work is to be maintained, they must see the relation of their studies to their plans for later life. For every teacher of experience knows that if education is to be anything more than "rote learning," the pupil's interest in the subject must first be aroused. Particularly boys and girls who have failed to enjoy success in mathematics, English and social studies in the lower grades must be motivated (the educators' word) by a realization of the connection of the high-school work with their ambitions. For this purpose some portion of the school day in the eleventh and twelfth grades should be devoted to practical courses. For girls, these may be courses in home economics, typing, stenography or the use of clerical machines; for boys, vocational courses such as auto mechanics or machine-shop work. I can testify

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

"The shine is the sign it's really clean!"

says **PRUDENCE POTTS** the Pan Inspector

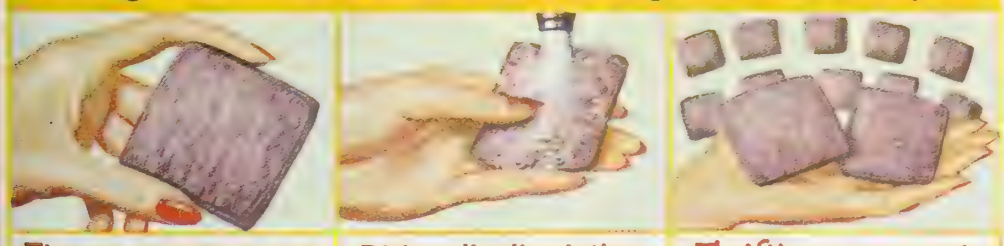


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Brillo Soap Pads

contain special soap with Jeweler's Polish to get pans shining clean!

Nothing else cleans so fast...shines so bright...your best buy too!



Firmer, sturdier pads
A Brillo Soap Pad just has to clean more pots. The only pad that's tightly knit with firm "hemmed" edges—to stay in shape longer—give extra cleaning surface for crusty scouring jobs.

Richer, livelier lather
"Lavish" is the word for Brillo lather. Foams up faster because each pad is packed with soap clear through. Brillo with its exclusive polishing soap cleans faster, shines brighter!

Thriftier, more pads
Count the extra pads you get in the 5, 12 and 20 pad boxes. No other product gives you so many pads—such long-lasting pads—plus special soap with Jeweler's Polish. Your best buy!

GUARANTEED! A NEW UTENSIL FREE IF BRILLO FAILS TO CLEAN!



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Nothing shines aluminum like **BRILLO**

From the Rexall Laboratories comes this amazing statement:

Now you can actually ...and feed back into it the natural life and beauty other



New Awakenings

for your hair

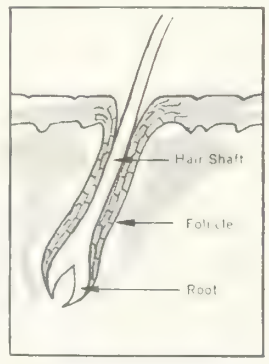
by Rexall

Nature intended your hair to be beautiful—and provided everything necessary to make it so. Yet many of you have never known this *true, natural* beauty simply because so many women in America have some kind of hair problem. Now—Rexall scientists have demonstrated that the solution to practically all of these problems lies in the delicate and complex structure of hair.

Each hair on your head is composed of a root contained in a tubular sheath called the hair follicle, and the shaft which grows from the extreme end of this follicle. The hair shaft is the only part you can actually see and feel... and it receives its necessary nourishment from blood vessels that extend into the follicle and, for a short distance, into the shaft itself.

Why Hair Dries, Breaks... Loses Lustre and Manageability

If yours is a normal scalp, you have from 100,000 to 200,000 individual hair shafts... each one a living, growing organism ...and Nature is constantly supplying it with nutrients essential for healthy growth and beauty. *Protein,* a vital part of all life, is the basic building block that gives your hair body and strength. *Panthenol* is a vitamin that is a natural component of your hair. *Sebum* is the natural lubricating element that gives your hair lustre... keeps it elastic and resilient... helps protect it from drying, splitting, breaking.



This, then, is your "crowning glory"—an amazing life cycle designed by Nature, and she meant every moment of it to be beautiful.

But Nature's plan meets resistance, and each shaft of hair begins to die the moment it is born. Natural moisture, protective oils, pigment—all are constantly being lost through exposure to sun, wind, dust, air pollution and other environmental contaminants—plus harsh shampoos, bleaches, dyes, and improper care.

Is There an Answer?

Obviously, your hair is going to be constantly exposed to the elements—to dust, sun, wind, water. No woman can be expected to live in a vacuum. Just as obviously, you want to "do something with your hair." Not just clean it... but curl it, wind it, braid it, part it here and swirl it there, change its color, heighten its natural lustre and sheen.

Over the years "medicine men" ranging from voodoo priests to trained cosmeticians have tried to concoct formulas that would clean or condition or embellish a woman's hair. Many of them, alas, only intensified the problem.

Rexall scientists reasoned that if Nature's own replenishment cycle could be aided and abetted by actually penetrating the hair shaft with substances similar to those Nature herself uses, then real and lasting improvement could be achieved, no matter what the present condition of your hair or the things you want to do with it. Such a discovery would make possible these, until now, impossible achievements:

- You could cleanse your hair without robbing it of precious natural oils and substances essential to healthy growth and body... *indeed, you could actually protect these precious nutrients during cleansing.*
- You could protect and prolong the life of these nutrients... reinforce natural moisture, resilience and lustre.

A message to the Women of America from Dr. Henryk S. Rudzki



Director of Research at the world-famed Rexall Laboratories.

EVERY HAIR ON YOUR HEAD is an individual marvel of Nature... and Nature intended it to be beautiful. That's why she designed a marvelous process constantly to revive and protect it. But ancient and ever-present enemies combine to defeat her. Dust, wind, water, and sun are some of them. Improper care due to misunderstanding of the nature of your hair, inferior products—these are additional enemies of natural hair beauty. Singly or in combination, they are constant traitors to Nature's plan. No single formula... no single product, however superior, could hope to combat all of them.

"For years Rexall scientists believed that if a way could be found actually to penetrate the hair shaft itself with the same precious nutrients Nature herself created, then Nature's own replenishment cycle could be aided and reinforced... and victory over the enemies of natural hair beauty would at last be at hand.

"On these pages we want to tell you the simple truth about your hair—what it's composed of, how it's fed and renewed, what it really needs, and how at last—through NEW AWAKENINGS BY REXALL—you have real help to reveal, revive and develop the natural beauty of your hair... as well as constantly protect it from the damage which modern living inflicts on it."

penetrate the hair shaft

products may be stripping from it.



That after-shampoo squeak you're so fond of may actually be a scream of hunger. But now your hair can squeak with cleanness and still not be robbed of Nature's own precious beautifiers.

★ You could sustain your healthfully clean hair between shampoos...help maintain its natural moisture balance.

★ And finally, you could enhance natural strength, body, lustre and sheen.

All these miracles are exactly what you *now can* do with NEW AWAKENINGS FOR YOUR HAIR by Rexall—the complete, modern, scientific formulas with special hydrophilic and lipophilic carrying agents, so they *actually penetrate the hair shaft* to fulfill basic grooming needs while they feed precious substances into each individual shaft of hair on your head.

At Last! A Shampoo That Doesn't Wash Away Natural Oils and Substances by Over-Cleaning

For years you've been testing the cleanness of your hair by its after-shampoo squeak. But that squeak can also mean your hair is *over-clean*. Over-clean is exactly what many ordinary shampoos do. They get rid of dirt, yes—but they rob your hair of the very substances that sustain it... precious oils, sebum and Panthenol vitamin. Now your hair can squeak with true *cleanliness*—unmarred by the loss of Nature's own beautifiers.

It's a *NEW AWAKENING FOR YOUR HAIR* called CONTROLLED-ACTION SHAMPOO. This unique and exclusive Rexall formula is actually automatically controlled to cleanse your hair while protecting Nature's own precious nutrients. The scientific base for such a formula is *amphoteric*—which means that the ingredients are so balanced and buffered they *automatically* meet the cleansing needs of your hair.



The result? Every hair on your head is not only controlled-cleansed, it actually retains the essential nutrients you've been washing out of it—week after week, year after year. Your hair is left with more of its *natural* moisture balance, softness and sheen, its *natural* body and strength. It falls obediently into your favorite wave or style, glowing with the life Nature originally gave it.

Now... An Invisible Shield That Actually Repels Dust and Dirt Can Protect and Extend the Beauty of Just-Shampooed Hair

Now you must preserve the healthful cleanliness and beauty New Awakening Shampoo is beginning to revive. Your hair needs defense between shampoos. And that means another *New Awakening For Your Hair* called SHEEN 'N' SHIELD RINSE.

This exclusive formula is fortified with revolutionary Prolanovite—a Rexall Laboratory secret that combines precious protein with a unique lanolin compound more nearly approximating the function of natural sebum in your hair, plus Panthenol—a vitamin found in the hair. And New Awakening SHEEN 'N' SHIELD RINSE *actually takes miraculous Prolanovite right into each individual hair shaft.*

What's more, this amazing formula protects the health and beauty-promoting action of *New Awakening Shampooed*-hair by leaving an invisible, anti-static shield on every single hair—a silken sheath that actually repels dust particles and other contaminants in the air. It makes even the stubbornest hair more controllable... banishes those irritating fly-away, after-shampoo days when you "can't do a thing with your hair."



Just as Your Body Needs Exercise Between Meals, Your Hair and Scalp Need Conditioning Between Shampoos

Once you have New Awakening-shampooed and rinsed your hair, you are ready to face the most active days. But you can't completely ignore your hair's ancient enemies—dust, wind, sun—not to mention the wear and tear of most permanents, color rinses, and so on. Your hair and scalp need a daily work-out to keep your hair free of simple dandruff, excessive moisture loss and dryness between shampoos.



Rexall Scientists have given you the one Nature would welcome most. Another *New Awakening For Your Hair,* this formula is called MOISTURE-GUARD CONDITIONER. Used for just a few moments each night or morning, Moisture-Guard Conditioner will constantly reinforce the natural elasticity of your hair... constantly restore and sustain its natural moisture balance. Dandruff and excessive dryness are quite simply denied the conditions that help cause them. Broken and split ends become a fading memory. Your hair becomes more and more obedient to your comb.

And remember, MOISTURE-GUARD CONDITIONER also contains miraculous Prolanovite... and that means you'll be giving your hair and scalp a daily treatment with beauty-promoting protein, lanolin and Panthenol vitamin.

Now You Can Hold Your Hair-Do and Heighten Sheen in Nature's Way

There's yet another *New Awakening For Your Hair* called CRYSTAL CLEAR HAIR SPRAY, a unique Rexall formula containing lanolin and Panthenol vitamin. It can hold your hair in the most delicate, fragile, natural style, yet there's not a single tiny ingredient in it that will dull or darken... or disturb the beauty other New Awakening formulas are promoting for you. Absolutely transparent, without the slightest trace of lacquer or goo, CRYSTAL CLEAR HAIR SPRAY is also anti-static... actually repels the dust and dirt so many other hair sprays attract. And miracle of miracles, every time you use it you're giving back to your hair precious beautifiers Nature herself would endorse.



And for those special, special dates or evenings, Rexall Scientists have provided STAR SHINE—one more *New Awakening For Your Hair.* Compounded of the most delicate oils, it makes your hair dance with highlights, gleam with a natural radiance you never dreamed was there. Use it as often as you like. It's fortified with lanolin and Panthenol vitamin... and Nature herself will rejoice with you.

New Awakenings for Your Hair



Controlled-Action Shampoo ...	$1.75*
Sheen 'N' Shield Rinse	1.75*
Moisture-Guard Conditioner...	1.75*
Crystal Clear Hair Spray	1.75*
Star-Shine Hair Gloss	1.75*

*Plus tax

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Full Information at your Drug Store

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/ONLY YOUR REXALL DRUG STORE HAS NEW AWAKENINGS FOR YOUR HAIR

I made this dress on a *SLANT-O-MATIC* machine (in a sewing class at SINGER)



Andrea chose lush silk brocade to create [illegible] top award- in a national -ewing contest last fall!). "You know how silk has a tendency to crawl," says Andrea, "well, the sure-[illegible] SLANT-O-MATIC machine was a real lifesaver. And with the slanted needle I could see to control the work much better."

Lovely Andrea Wise, a senior at Marymount College, New York, enrolled in a dressmaking course at her local SINGER SEWING CENTER . . . discovered the famous SLANT-O-MATIC* machine . . . and you see the beautiful results at left.

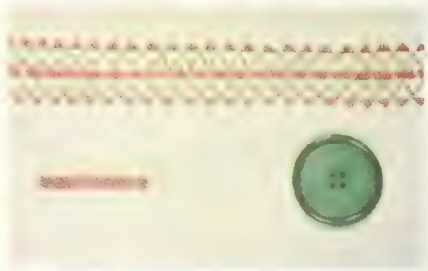
Says Andrea, "Imagine everything you wish a sewing machine could do—and be—and that's the SLANT-O-MATIC machine. It's fantastic!"



Discover what you can do with a new *SLANT-O-MATIC* machine



Simple to run . . . beginner simple! You just "tune" the dial to the kind of stitch you want. Threading's foolproof (the chart's built in). Bobbin drops in *in front* of the needle. And there's even a built-in guide so you sew straighter seams.



So versatile! The things you used to have to do by hand can now be done on the SLANT-O-MATIC machine. Sew buttons, buttonholes, even darn socks. Beautiful finishing work, too—monograms, fancy stitches galore.



Smoothest, fastest straight stitching. No other zig-zag machine can match it because the SLANT-O-MATIC machine completely disengages its zig-zag mechanism for straight sewing. Never slips or stalls, either—not even on leather!

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

Also Headquarters for SINGER* Vacuum Cleaners

Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

*A Trademark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

Tell me, doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler discusses some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names used are fictitious.

"My new doctor says that the fibroid tumor which I've had for years should come out, and my uterus with it. It hasn't been giving me any trouble at all lately. What do you think about it, Doctor?"

The doctor greeted his patient cordially—a plump, cheerful-looking woman in her mid-forties.

"How good to see you, Mrs. Fordyce! Is it really five years since I saw you last? How has that fibroid tumor been behaving since you moved? I hope you've had it watched."



ABBOT MILLS

"Indeed I have, Doctor. I went regularly to Dr. Knowles, whom you recommended. But perhaps you've heard Dr. Knowles has retired now. I went to our new young doctor, Dr. Hargreaves, for my last checkup. That's why I'm here. All he did was to give me a pelvic examination—it lasted about three minutes—and immediately wanted to make an appointment for a hysterectomy.

"Of course I told him that you and Dr. Knowles had warned me that fibroid *might* have to come out someday. Then I added that you had been my doctor for years, and I really would feel more comfortable if you agreed to an operation too. He was perfectly agreeable about it, but he seemed pretty certain you would back him up."

"You say he did only a pelvic examination. Did he make any tests at all—pulse, urine, blood pressure, for instance?"

"No, he did not." Mrs. Fordyce's tone sounded slightly injured. "I started to tell him my history, but he didn't even seem very interested in that. It was as though he was basing his whole decision on that three-minute examination."

The doctor smiled. "Suppose you tell *me* your history—of the last five years, at least. Let's see, you're forty-five now, aren't you? What about your periods?"

"I'll be forty-five next month. My periods are still perfectly normal. I haven't had any hot flashes or anything of the kind."

"No flow or spotting between periods?"

"No. The periods arrive on the dot and I have no pain whatsoever."

"Fibroids often cause heavy or prolonged periods. You haven't been troubled that way?"

"Well, yes. The flow *is* heavier than it used to be and lasts a little longer."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Don't buy your next cleaner 'til you see these... at SINGER!



The New SINGER* "MAGIC CARPET"

Thorough but gentle on fine rugs and wall-to-wall carpet. Floating Brush adjusts instantly to rug nap. Dual fan suction. Extra-big bag increases suction, lasts longer. Light, durable aluminum construction. Reaches w-a-y under low furniture, hangs flat in closet. Cleans a wide swath . . . cuts down strokes . . . lights the way.



The New SINGER* "ROLL-A-MAGIC"

This economy cleaner has power equal to many costing twice as much! Ideal for dusting furniture, blinds and shelves, it does a standout job on rugs, too. Coasts along behind you on ball-bearing casters to speed cleaning, reduce fatigue.

New design of the extra-capacity dust bag increases efficiency and makes it easier than ever to change. Durable hose. Comes complete with attachments.



The "GOLDEN GLIDE*" by SINGER

New, streamlined, extra-power design—more cleaning power than many other leading canisters! Glides over the floor without snagging or tipping . . . makes cleaning faster, less tiring. Stands on end for stair cleaning or compact storage.

Triple-capacity throw-away bag . . . convenient toe switch . . . durable hose. Comes complete with attachments including king size floor-wall brush.

Phone or visit your local SINGER SEWING CENTER for free home trial. Easy terms available. Prices start with the Full Power "Roll-A-Magic" at... $49.50

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

*A Trademark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



buttons



n bows are popping up all over this season. These new frivolously feminine decorations look especially fetching on matched ather accessories. The Button Set and The Bow Set by **LADY BUXTON**

best for your money

SETS IN WHITE WITH BLUE DECORATION, WHITE WITH RED DECORATION, ALL RED OR ALL BLUE

FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE

Help Stop Bad Breath All Day!

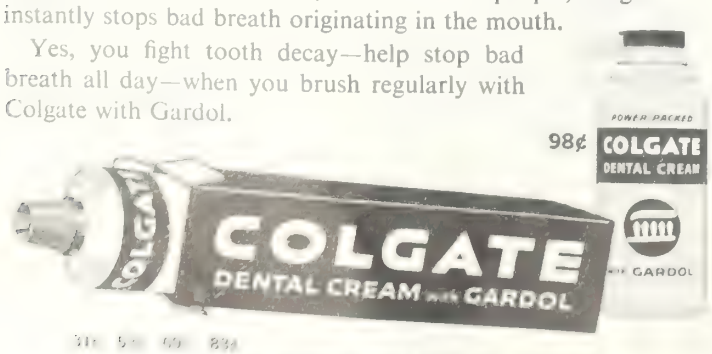


Every mother should give her family the benefits of Colgate with Gardol and its help against tooth decay!

In two-year clinical tests, young adults who brushed with Colgate Dental Cream averaged far fewer new cavities than those who used a plain toothpaste.

Of course, nothing completely stops decay. But, for *fewer* cavities, have your family brush with Colgate with Gardol right after eating. Remember, too! For most people, Colgate instantly stops bad breath originating in the mouth.

Yes, you fight tooth decay—help stop bad breath all day—when you brush regularly with Colgate with Gardol.



CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"Do you have any soreness low down, or backaches? Any feelings of pressure, kind of bearing-down sensations?"

"Absolutely not. I can even play golf now."

"Have you any bladder frequency, or bowel difficulty? Do you notice differences in *any* of your bodily functions or in the way you feel?"

"The only difference is that my health and spirits seem to be getting *better*."

"That's good news. Now I'm going to examine you, Mrs. Fordyce. If you'll go on down the hall, Mary Ann will take some blood samples and I'll be along shortly."

"You should know," said the doctor after the examination was over and he and Mrs. Fordyce had returned to the consulting room, "that there is quite honest disagreement among doctors as to the best treatment of fibroids in women of forty-five or older. Dr. Hargreaves evidently belongs to the school that holds fibroids in a woman your age call for hysterectomy routinely. That's probably why he appeared uninterested in the details of your history. I belong to the school that holds surgery should be decided from the particular facts of each case."

"You know, I *am* confused about this, Doctor. When you first told me I had a tumor, I was sure you would operate immediately. I was glad you didn't, and I certainly haven't felt better in years than I do right now, in spite of the tumor. Yet so many of my friends have had hysterectomies because of fibroids."

"There may have been perfectly good reasons for those hysterectomies. But the word 'tumor' frightens many people. They think at once of cancer. Medically speaking, a tumor means merely a swelling, or an enlarged or swollen structure. A malignant growth may be a tumor, but very few tumors are malignant.

"Fibroids in the uterus, like yours, have nothing to do with cancer. As far as I know, there is no greater chance of a cancer's beginning in a fibroid than in a normal uterus—or at worst, very little more chance. With a few exceptions, they are harmless in themselves. Careful watching is often all the care they need."

"What causes fibroids, Doctor?"

"They begin when the muscle of the uterus somehow gets out of alignment. As you know, the uterus is a muscular organ. It expels menstrual products, and babies, too, when they are ready to be born. Its walls are what we call smooth muscle, similar to the muscle in the intestinal walls and other involuntary organs. These smooth muscles have a tendency to group into spherical bundles, and sometimes the bundles become knotted, form lumps or swellings. The lumps are given the rather sinister-sounding name of tumors. They occur in other smooth muscles, too, but the uterus seems to be a favorite spot.

"Tumors of this type have a tendency to grow, but their growth is very different from that of cancer. In cancer there is a fantastic duplication of cells, destroying blood vessels and eating into surrounding tissues and organs. Cancer cells may spread through the body and start cancers in other locations. But the fibroid merely gets bigger—quite slowly, as a rule.

"Sometimes a uterus forms many fibroids. They may make the uterine wall bulge all out of shape, or mix up the uterus' functions. Menstrual bleeding may become greater than normal. But ordinarily they are painless, and they certainly don't do the kind of damage a malignancy does."

Mrs. Fordyce nodded. "That's right. I never did feel any pain. But I did used to have that bearing-down sensation you spoke of. Especially when I did something extra strenuous."

"Our smooth muscle has amazing qualities. It can be cut or burned without causing pain. It hurts only when *pulled*, and naturally a tumor tucked away inside the uterus rarely gets pulled.

"However, a tumor *does* exert pressure on surrounding structures, doubtless aggravated by strenuous physical activity. This can cause congestion and different kinds of abdominal discomfort, depending on where the pressure falls. It may bring about bladder frequency, or constipation of an entirely mechanical kir There is more likelihood of hemorrhoi Pressure on the pelvic veins can increase t tendency to varicose veins in the legs.

"But such things are usually the result large tumors. We usually catch them long l fore they get to that stage."

"How big do fibroids get?"

"Well, a doctor I know once took out fibroid weighing a hundred and fifty poun But that was a case where there had been earlier medical care. Most doctors prefer r to let a fibroid get beyond the size of a fist o small grapefruit."

"Would you have operated if my fibr had kept growing bigger and bigger?"

LAND WHERE THE HONEY-COLORED WIND IS FAIR

By JESSE STUART

Give them leaf-laundried wind
to breathe again,
Land where the honey-colored
wind is fair.
Fondling the yellow stems of
dying grain,
Combing the broom-sedge
fields' long golden hair.
Give them a land of melancholy
wind
To stir music in them
eternally;
They would want sight if they
were going blind,
And if tone-deaf they would
love melody.
They have breathed carbon on
too many roads
And choking smoke in cities
near and far;
They have been too submissive
to strange fads,
Now let them wear the wind
and sun and star.
The lonesome water's wordless,
soothing songs
Are great for them beneath
their bluer skies;
Nature's mistakes are better
than man's wrongs,
Give them love language of
the wild birds' cries.

"I certainly would have! There are oth types of fibroid development that call for eration too. One type combines smo muscle and glands, buried deeply in the wall the uterus. This kind often *is* very painful, a may cause profuse bleeding. Fortunately, i not very common.

"A peculiarity of another kind is that t tumors grow on small stems instead of fo ing within the wall of the uterus. They wa around loosely in the pelvic cavity, or ev grow clear outside the uterus and want about in the abdomen. They're called pedunc lated fibroids. If a stem gets twisted and c culation is impaired, it's a serious emergenc But we prefer them out anyway because th are prone to degenerate and become infecte Pregnancy, especially, endangers their blo supply."

Mrs. Fordyce's eyes grew round. "Wh Doctor, I thought fibroids in the uterus pr vented pregnancy!"

The doctor smiled. "That's one of the rumors you'd better not rely on. They don

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

MAX FACTOR creates a fashion-first!

California Case-Mates

matching lipstick cases and make-up compacts inspired by famous California designers

FASHION IS A CASE OF COLOR...and matching accessories! Colorful new CALIFORNIA CASE-MATES by MAX FACTOR match each other...your fashions...and all your accessories.

The dainty HI-SOCIETY mirror-case comes complete with lipstick refill ...in long-lasting HI-FI or new creamy-moist HI-SOCIETY texture, in a lavish range of colors. CREME PUFF, the complete make-up in a compact, comes in your choice of 10 flattering shades. New CALIFORNIA CASE-MATES in 12 fabulous designs, *$1.35* to *$5.35* each.



HELEN ROSE inspires
GOLDEN CLASSIC WHITE CASE-MATES
with a gracefully feminine
chiffon cocktail dress.



PAUL WHITNEY accents
his new distinctively detailed pale blue
silk ensemble with MAX FACTOR'S
SKY BLUE CASE-MATES.



GALANOS compliments
his famous evening tunic of muted
mauve silk this season with
MOTHER-OF-PEARL CASE-MATES.



IRENE accessorizes
her mustard-gold sheer wool suit
in lines of classic simplicity with
TORTOISE-TONE CASE-MATES.

MAX FACTOR matches *hi-society* lipstick cases and **Creme Puff** make-up compacts for a stunning new look in accessories. Designed to match and accent all your fashions and accessories—from casual to elegant!





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"Does wife's working create conflict?"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

"How do love and infatuation differ?"

Romance without responsibility is infatuation; romance with responsibility is the normal prelude to love.

ASK YOURSELF:

Are You Hard to Live With?

A close relationship between husband and wife (and the ability to communicate understandingly) is often blocked by the personal disposition, quirks and habits of either spouse. Honest "Yes" and "No" answers to these questions may help you spot characteristics that need correction.

DO YOU OFTEN:

1. *Snap at your husband or children?*
2. *Wake up feeling quite grouchy?*
3. *Nag at your husband?*
4. *Get into arguments with him?*
5. *Make unwise, impulsive statements?*
6. *Get into "jams" with in-laws?*
7. *Have an unpredictable temper?*
8. *Work by "fits and starts"?*
9. *Fail to get sufficient rest?*
10. *Feel tired or listless?*
11. *Have erratic changes of mood?*
12. *Pick at your food?*
13. *Feel sorry for yourself?*
14. *Think nobody appreciates you?*

Credit one point for each "No" answer. The average wife earns a score of 9 to 10. With a score of 11 or more, you should have a happy and pleasant relationship with your husband. But if your score is 7 or less, you should have your physician check to see what is wrong. Getting sufficient sleep and revamping your living schedule to allow for rest and recreation should also help greatly. Consult a counselor if marked improvement is not noted within three months.

WIVES WHO HOLD JOBS

Three recent letters focus attention on different aspects of the question of a wife's holding a job after marriage. There is no simple answer, since a sound decision must take into account the couple's particular circumstances and personalities. But the situation confronts an increasing number of couples, since more than half of all women who work are married, and the proportion is rising.

1. "When I marry in June, I plan to continue in my present secretarial position. I have never liked housework, and the money I bring home will take care of all extra expenses and leave something over. Jim opposes my working for more than a year, but I would rather have a job than be a housekeeper."

2. "Bill and I were married almost four years ago. My extra earnings have added to our happiness, because we have been able to have lots of things we couldn't have afforded otherwise. I thought of quitting work last year to have a baby, but it would have meant so many sacrifices that we decided to put it off. I am now twenty-seven, we are no farther ahead financially, and I don't think we should wait much longer. But I don't see how I can afford to quit."

3. "We've been married six years, and have children of five and three. Tom's take-home pay is $98 a week, but we get a little deeper in debt every month. Monthly payments on our home amount to $182, without installments on other things. I've been offered a job at $175 a month, and this should help us get caught up. I hate to leave the children with a sitter, but don't you think I should take the job?"

The bride-to-be of the first letter seems to wish to work primarily to avoid irksome household tasks rather than to fulfill ambitions for a career. Perhaps she is unconsciously seeking to evade the other responsibilities of marriage as well. Her reason for working is questionable; and in any event, she should think long and hard about her readiness for marriage before planning to work permanently against her husband's will.

The second letter illustrates one of the major risks that working after marriage entails. This wife and her husband, instead of using her income as an investment in their future, have used it to raise their standard of living and satisfy immediate wishes. Now they find themselves too dependent on these extra comforts and luxuries to be willing to give them up, even for the sake of a family. Unless she and Bill face up to the situation and drastically modify their way of life, she will never stop working.

The third letter reflects a different problem. The young mother's only reason for working is to relieve genuine financial pressure. The big question she and her husband must answer is whether her *net* earnings will amount to enough to accomplish the purpose, without creating new problems and tensions. Out of her salary must come taxes, lunch money, transportation costs, the baby sitter's wages, along with unforeseeable extra expenses that arise when the homemaker is cramped for time. A little figuring with pencil and paper reveals that she will be lucky to clear as much as $50 a month. Is that sum enough to justify the extra pressures?

As said before, the decision must be tailor-made to fit the situation and the people involved. The woman with special qualifications and a strong desire for a career, or trained for some field of public service (nursing, teaching, and the like), may feel an obligation to continue her work. The woman whose children are grown may find that household tasks no longer fill her time; she and her husband may both be more content if she finds work outside the home, perhaps part time. But there are certain principles that must always be taken into account:

- The husband and wife must always agree on the desirability of her working. If he is opposed, her job will bring little satisfaction to either.
- Financial returns must be realistically appraised.
- The wife's earnings should not be used to raise the day-to-day standard of living, except in emergencies. Nor should they be regarded as the wife's personal income to be spent for her own pleasure.
- Psychological and emotional benefits and hazards must be considered, from the point of view of both husband and wife. (Will the husband resent his wife's success? Will he be grateful that she, too, is glad to stay home at night after a day at the office?)
- The wife should of course seek employment that conflicts as little as possible with her home responsibilities, in terms of hours, unpredictable demands, and pressure. (In the great majority of cases, only stringent necessity justifies the mother of preschool children in taking a job.)

Usually arguments can be found both for and against a wife's taking a job; but under any circumstances, it takes a good husband and a good wife to make marriage work when both work!

SEX DURING ENGAGEMENT

"Jerry and I will be married this summer. He is twenty-three, graduated from college last year and now has a fine position. I am twenty-two and will graduate in June. We have been deeply in love almost from the time we began dating two years ago, and our parents fully approve of the marriage.

"Like most couples in love, we felt the physical attraction between us grow steadily, and our problem was to set limits on our intimacy. During Christmas week we got carried away, and made love without reservation. I cannot say that either of us really regrets it; but once you begin such a relationship, it builds up and seems to become the main reason for being together.

"It's the only thing I've ever kept from my mother, and I know she would be shocked if she knew. She has often said that sex should be reserved for marriage. But when two people love each other as Jerry and I do, what else can they do? Are we behaving more extremely than most engaged couples? Are we likely to hurt our marriage if we keep on?"

What this girl really wants to know is whether she and Jerry have done something "wrong." This is a question the counselor cannot answer for them, though he might try to help them reach a sensible decision before the fact.

Moral standards are norms established by society in terms of what it considers to be the best interests of its members. But among different societies, and within the same society, variations from the norm are always found. What is considered wrong in one culture, or even within a particular group in that culture, may be viewed from an entirely different perspective by another society or group.

Generally, parents and other custodians of morality are opposed to premarital intercourse, even during engagement. But the emphasis upon romantic love, the influence of movies and television, opposition to the double standard, the growing independence of women, the relaxation of chaperonage, and other circumstances, have combined to permit and encourage increasing freedom—yes, the intimacy—in the relationships between young men and women before marriage.

There is abundant statistical evidence to show that premarital intercourse is far from uncommon. Various studies indicate that something like three fourths of men, and perhaps half of women, have experienced the sexual relationship before marriage.

But in reaching personal decision, no individual should conclude that a particular course of action is desirable simply because it follows the norm. Having a common cold is normal, but sensible people try to avoid the experience.

Young people today are caught in the conflict between expressed public opinion and individual private behavior.

If premarital intercourse, whether preceding or during engagement, is undesirable (and that is society's opinion), then at least parents and others in authority should recognize that young people today are under great pressure to depart from the ideal. Every mother might well ask herself if she has given her daughter the information and guidance that will help her make a sensible decision that will not create later conflict, should the question arise.

Cook with Snider's, *the chili pepper catsup*
–it makes the flavor difference in this meat loaf



SNIDERLOAF

Meat loaf made with Snider's Catsup has a fun-loving flavor that sets it apart. That's the Snider *zing*—which comes from just a whisper of high-spirited chili pepper. Snider's brightens every dish you *pour* it on, too.

1½ pounds ground beef
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup finely chopped onion
1½ teasp. salt
¼ teasp. pepper
1 egg, slightly beaten
1½ cups Snider's Chili Pepper Catsup

Lightly mix beef, bread crumbs, onion, salt, pepper, egg and 1 cup Snider's Chili Pepper Catsup. Form into loaf in greased shallow baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for one hour. Pour remaining catsup over loaf and bake 5-10 minutes longer. Serves 6-8.

NEW! BORDEN'S CREAM CHEESE

in easy-to-serve "butter dish" bars

five most popular flavors



Here's something different! Enjoy the convenience of fresh-tasting Cream Cheese in 6 oz. bars shaped to fit any butter dish. "Butter Bar" shape also makes serving from the package easier than ever. Slice it or spread it. New heavy foil wrap folds protectively over unused portion of bar.

Borden's—and only Borden's brings you new, handy Cream Cheese Bars in five delicious flavors:

CHIVE • PIMENTO • RELISH • PLAIN • and the children's favorite—DATES & NUTS



LETTERS OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

be called good moral strategy. TV says, "Shoot thine enemy."

From now on, any program which I consider abnormal or unethical or un-Christian or just plain unpleasant will be banned in this household.

Sincerely,

Westfield — BEATRICE F. KEEBER

CALIFORNIA

Dear Sir: At the invitation of the Federal Communications Commission, we went to Washington and presented a statement at their hearings in December.

We are now sending a copy of Dr. Fredric Wertham's "How Movie and TV Violence Affects Children" to the members of the Federal Communications Commission, asking that it be included with our original presentation. I believe this excellent article will make it more clear why so many organizations and individuals are disturbed about the effects of TV crime on our children. Sincerely yours,

CLARA S. LOGAN, *President*
National Association for Better Radio and Television
882 Victoria Avenue
Los Angeles 5

CORRECTION

Dr. Lydia L. Shapiro, who delivered the Nissen baby (January "How America Lives"), received her training at the Chicago Maternity Center rather than at Chicago Lying-In. The error was ours.

ED.

MASSACHUSETTS

ARGUMENT FOR SORORITIES

Dear Editors: Recently I heard an animated discussion among some young people just out of high school and college about sororities and fraternities. Some were for; some against.

It has always seemed to me that there was a good deal to be said for groups of congenial people getting together to have a good time and to maintain the standards of good society. A great many people contend that sororities and fraternities are bad because membership is taken to mean that one person is better than another. It makes us irritated only when some other person is better than ourselves instead of our being better than some other person, it seems to me.

The advantages of sororities and fraternities are that they give young people at a formative age an opportunity to try to maintain standards, to ask for good social behavior. People who are willing or able to live up to this higher standard are always acceptable in any place in the world.

After young people leave high school and college they will find that there are groups, whether clubs or not, to which only those who behave well make the grade. These organizations are open to all—that is to say, everyone has an equal opportunity to join if they qualify—so it seems to me they are entirely democratic.

I wonder what you editors think.

Sincerely,

Ipswich — D. M. WRIGHT

● *We wonder what our readers think.* ED.

ILLINOIS

WHAT'S IN A BRAND NAME?

Dear Editors: It's two A.M. and I'm too heartsick to sleep—and here's a piece of *my mind!* Do you receive many letters complaining of the horrible conditions in the furniture industry? Don't manufacturers have any pride in their products? Don't they have factory inspectors?

Seven weeks ago we purchased a dining-room set from a Chicago store and the first thing I noted was a spot on the buffet where the finish was rubbed off. The refinishers from the store explained this was due to rubbing from the carton, which sounded reasonable. A few days later while lovingly polishing it with a "good polish," I noticed spots bare of finish on the tabletop, the veneer on the apron was uneven (possibly causing snags to clothing), and that one leaf was thicker than the other. For several weeks I've been waiting for return of the leaf and a refinisher. Can you tell me—what's in a brand name?

Last week, from another store, we bought a ninety-inch white plastic couch. It's been in our home three days and tonight we discovered part of the inner back is loose, making a large "hump" and pushing a nail through. Disgusted isn't quite the word!

No, neither cost a fortune. The dining set was four hundred and fifty hard-to-come-by dollars (knocked down from the "reg" or manufacturer's price by the store which routinely gives a certain percentage off). The couch was three hundred and forty (on sale and knocked down from a higher "recommended price"—another joke which I won't go into!).

Now, to my plea—can't you feature an article bringing the careless work to the manufacturers' attention as well as the public's?

Park Forest — Good night!

MRS. D. M. MCINTYRE

P.S. Must add that I've never noticed either of these companies advertised in your magazine—either I missed them, or you're wiser than we!

● *Buying from stores which "regularly give a percentage off" can be risky. Insist that your stores take both of these purchases back as imperfect and refund your money.* ED.

Royal

is made with 100% Butterscotch Flavor



Royal®

Rich Flavor, Deep Flavor, Smooth Flavor's Why Royal Makes Better Pudding And Pie

Now Royal Pudding brings you a new world of flavor! Taste our smooth, delicious 100% Butterscotch Flavor. Only pure creamery butter is used in Royal Butterscotch Flavor for the richest puddings and pies you've ever tasted. And remember . . . every serving of Royal Pudding gives you rich milk nourishment. Royal also brings you six Instant Puddings, three Tapioca Puddings, Custard Flavor Dessert and Lemon Pie Filling.

For Exciting Flavors Switch to Royal



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

NOW...
replace that old 'guess-your-weight' bath scale with a beautiful accurate new BORG





Choose from 58 models and colors —all famous Borgs
(with Lifetime Service Warranty)



$795 to $1995*— at the nearby store which displays this sign:
*Far West slightly higher

BORG SCALES Fall-Em-Leader

a BORG-ERICKSON product

"Would you mind snickering at me a little each evening? I want to adjust myself to wearing these this summer."



There's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER

"I've found a way to balk Peter at his fattening midnight icebox raid-," confides Betty Comfort, filling her giant tridacna shell with water for the birds. "I trick him into going to bed when I do."

Our gifted wives seem able to discuss surgery with more agonizing vividness than the surgeons. After a rehash of the last five or six local operations I needed a giant adhesive band.

In almost every state legislature, vows our coffee-break oracle, the rural slickers are putting thumbtacks on the unreapportioned seats of the city yokels. "Maybe they're smarter 'n we are," he broods.

Culture is sweeping our town from the observatory to the ball park. Two of our solvent biggies have given a Cézanne and a Gilbert Stuart to our modest little Saarinen art center.

I've offered to bet our town's most excitable patriot $100 that we won't be embroiled in a nuclear war with Russia before New Year's Eve of 1970. He thinks I'm a zany optimist, but he won't bet.

Our town's stingiest millionaire has hit on a new way to save 95 cents: he blarneys his wife into splitting a Mexican-type frozen dinner with him. (He gets the bigger share.)

If our school board can tempt suspicious plumbers, painters, carpenters and electricians to teach "home maintenance" classes, they'll offer high-school courses to save newlyweds $10 a week.

Scorn from our eggheads for the peasantry who crave any other candidates: They argue the peerless inevitables are Dewey and Adlai, who've each lost twice. "If you'll nominate Dewey," says a Democrat, "we'll nominate Adlai."

We dined with old friends at their new house in the country, still empty. We cooked in the fireplace, ate at a card table with candles, a dinner more memorable than all of New York's epicurean top ten.

"I know two auto enthusiasts," muses Peter Comfort, chipping golf balls into a bushel basket, "who keep their auto engines cleaner under the hood than their can openers or washbowl stoppers."

One of our school principals wants all his teachers to read Admiral Rickover's book on education to their pupils, for a written summary. His kindergarten teacher doubts her kids can analyze it in 500 words. (So does the twelfth-grade teacher.)

Our town's most extravagant wife sneaks her new frocks into the house with the cleaning. When her husband suspects a new dress, she accuses him of never knowing what she has on. "I've worn it four years!" she says indignantly.

My fifth-grade teacher was the prettiest of the lot at Crocker School, and when I called on her the other day she calculated that maybe 40 of her 400 pupils still live in town. We're conspiring to give her a picnic banquet this spring.

I'm tempted to advise our lieutenant, if he buys a house near his air base, to hunt for a roomy old house built when a board was a board. He hopes he can find a new one which has been built by FHA rules, where a wallboard is a wallboard.

To replace our ancient carpet, we renounced any winter holiday in the sun. To celebrate, we camped in the living room under a sun lamp on a blanket, in swim suits, with a bottle of wine, and a little dish of sand for our toes.

A young man who used to chop firewood for us went to Alaska and got rich. Now he invites us to vacation at his summer cabin on an Alaskan lake. I remember the day he sauntered into our yard, took the ax from my hands and said, "Let me show you."

We've offered my Lady Love's grandfather's gold watch to everybody in the family as reward for swearing off smoking. So far it hasn't worked. As the family's only nonsmoker, maybe I'll get it by default.

Actually, we've found six ways to reduce the clutter in the house: we can sell, trade, give to friends, give to charity, force it on the youngsters, throw away things we no longer want. (Alas, all this takes character!)

Overwhelmed by the new fashion for colorful vests, we plotted at first to buy red ones with silver buttons for all four males in our family. Now this seems repetitious; why not buy four different patterns, take turns wearing 'em?

Home-town friends of Edna Ferber aren't positive whether her playmates actually tossed pebbles at her when she was eight or ten, or whether they merely pulled her hair. Does it matter, if it helped make a writer of her?

My athletic companion on two-mile walks downtown thinks his golf'll be sharper this spring, because he practiced putting in the parlor. "It better be," he muses. "My putting certainly interfered with the petting."

. . . When our daughter reads her tots the same
Wizard of Oz books we once read to her,
. . . Or our son-in-law phones us after a ski weekend
that neither of 'em has a fracture,
. . . And Junior and his blonde long-distance that Yorktown
and Williamsburg are only an hour away from their guest room,
. . . Or our youngest lives a month mostly
on mushrooms and loses fifteen pounds,
. . . And my Dream Girl does her parody of an
Egyptian dance before the fireplace,
. . . Or we plan a trailer in the back yard (for us)
when all five tots under five visit at once,
Then my cup runneth over with honey
and I mop it up with macaroons.



THIS NEW WRAP TELLS YOU...IT'S A NEW LUX...

with skin-purifier added

New Lux helps prevent blemishes...helps keep your skin clear!



ANNE BAXTER co-starred in MGM's "CIMARRON" in CinemaScope and Metrocolor



Now a gentle but marvelously effective new skin-purifier goes into every Lux bar to help keep your skin lovely and beautifully clear!

Now—the beauty soap you love for its rich, creamy mildness has a wonderful new plus. A gentle, but marvelously effective new skin-purifier has been added to Lux!

Now, new Lux *purifies* your skin as it beautifies your skin. New Lux with its remarkable skin-purifier actually helps to purify away skin blemishes. Yes, every time you wash with new Lux, every time you bathe with new Lux—you're actually helping *clear* your skin.

And, wonderful new Lux is cream-enriched, too, to leave your skin silky-smooth all over.

Get new Lux today. See if you don't find it the most excitingly beautifying soap you've ever known!

The most glamorous stars in Hollywood are thrilled with new Lux! Among them: bewitching Anne Baxter who says: "I love the smooth, silken feel of new Lux—and, most of all, the way it keeps my complexion so wonderfully *clear*!"

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees you'll be delighted with new Lux — or your money back!

New! *Now more than ever*

Kotex is confidence

Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering.

Kotex napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit.

And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.



KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Co



DALE HEALY

Jimmy talks tiger to Margaret Davidson.

Journal about town

What we do Where we go Whom we meet

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

50 years ago in the Journal

In May, 1910, Julia Ward Howe—author of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*—turned ninety-one. "The deeper I drink of the cup of life, the sweeter it grows," she commented, "the sugar all at the bottom." On May eighteenth Halley's comet passed close to the earth and many Americans expected to be bombarded with star dust and noxious gases. Farmers hid in cyclone cellars and factory workers in their homes. Nothing happened and the *New York World* said, "We were all buncoed."

"Ninety per cent of the smuggling through U.S. customs is done by women," complains Editor Bok in the May, 1910, JOURNAL.

"Good Manners and Good Form: If Mrs. Smith calls up Mrs. Brown, which should be the one to say good-by?" Answer: "Mrs. Smith. Otherwise, she might be frustrated by an end being put to the conversation before she had really finished what she called up to say."

"Is it considered bad taste for a girl and a man to stop at a teahouse when out motoring?" Answer: "Yes. This is a privilege accorded engaged and married couples only."

"Katherine: Hair is not hollow and does not bleed when cut. This is an old superstition."

"For ten cents the JOURNAL can supply a pattern for refooting old stockings. In a stocking that is otherwise good it will repay you to do this work."

Fashion: "A pretty and inexpensive afternoon dress may be made of 10½ yards of dotted Swiss at 12½ cents a yard, or a total of $1.32."

"When traveling with young children, take along some black court plaster for emergency repairs of holes in the knees of their stockings."

"A pretty spring hat: Pale blue China silk is covered with white lace drooping over the wide brim which is heaped with eight large chiffon and satin roses in pale pink."

In California, actor Jimmy Stewart and our homemaking editor, Margaret Davidson, took a tea break on a breezy patio. Jimmy, back from India, and helping advise on his kitchen photos for this issue, told Margaret how to hunt a tiger, showed her his scrapbook of photos. Amateur photographer Jimmy values family albums so much that his wife Gloria told Margaret: "When we go off on a trip, he locks only irreplaceable things in the safe—such as family snapshots."



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Dawn meets Kim (left) who was spotted.

When Dawn Norman photographed Kim Novak for last month's cover, the star had a beauty problem, had to scrub oil paint off face and hair after doing a portrait of her father. "Leisure's over," she told Dawn. "I start work on a new picture, *Strangers When We Meet*, by an author you've met." Dawn remembered. He's Evan Hunter, who made history when the JOURNAL published *Blackboard Jungle*. It was only 1954, but the title is already a household word, and educators are still trying to eliminate Blackboard Jungles.

Our *Liane Waite, vacationing in Costa Rica and Nicaragua, found 500 adults learning English from our ads and Dr. Spock, home-ec girls sewing our patterns and cooking from* JOURNAL *recipes. Now in our Workshop kitchen, Liane offers sample appetizers—"Black bean dip and fried bananas." It's our all-American idea exchange.*

Our amused Gladys Denny Shultz sends us this clipping from the Journal of the American Medical Association:

"A group of specialists were discussing a new drug therapy at a party. The wife of the only non-medical person present interjected, 'The Journal said that 10 mg. is the proper dose.' All the board men considered 10 mg. pro and con, when one asked, 'What Journal?'

"'Why, the Ladies' Home Journal, of course.'"

Nobody *has enough storage space, our architecture department's Anne Fuller found. In its "attic," the Bronx Zoo found a salted sea mammal stashed among old chairs. The Metropolitan Opera found a frayed bow tie—"not Caruso's—he never wore anything mended—whose?" Worst off is the Customs House, its Fibber McGee closets stuffed with 50 cans of sardines, 140 pounds of agar agar, 83 used telegraph keys. Its answer: an auction. Staff housecleaning expert Vicki Harris says she can't throw stones—her own closet is stuck with a 1300-year-old camel too useless to use, too dear to throw away. Familiar?*



ABBOT MILLS

Lauren Mills, 2, practices sight-seeing at a farm.

Traveling *with small fry? As vacations loom, staff parents tell us of new beguilements on the road. Many hotels now have sitters; in New York a special pamphlet from the Hotel Association tells who does. One hotel has a service to inform of puppet shows, ballets, parades. Motels cross-country beckon with gamerooms, pools, closed TV to watch babies. Some resorts offer out-of-season rates with no charge for children under 14—Abbot Mills, of our picture department, father of five, is investigating. Leading hotels will even take children behind-the-scenes to kitchens and engine rooms. "But," says one manager, "no space helmets and ray guns. Our chef, a nervous type, once thought we were invaded and ruined the soup."*

Louisa,

"Louisa"—my mother's voice came over the radio; it always frightened me badly for a minute. "Louisa," she said, "please come home. It's been three long, long years since we saw you last. Louisa, I promise you that everything will be all right. We all miss you so. We want you back again. Louisa, please come home."

Once a year. On the anniversary of the day I ran away. Each time I heard it I was frightened again, because between one year and the next I would forget what my mother's voice sounded like, so soft and yet strange with that pleading note. I listened every year. I read the stories in the newspapers: "Louisa Tether vanished one year ago"—or two years ago, or three; I used to wait for the twentieth of June as though it were my birthday. I kept all the clippings at first, but secretly; with my picture on all the front pages it would have looked kind of strange if anyone had seen me cutting it out. Chandler, where I was hiding, was close enough to my old home so that the papers made a big fuss about all of it, but of course the reason I picked Chandler in the first place was because it was a big enough city for me to hide in.

I didn't just up and leave on the spur of the moment, you know. I always knew that I was going to run away sooner or later, and I had made plans ahead of time, for whenever I decided to go. Everything had to go right the first time, because they don't usually give you a second chance on that kind of thing; and anyway, if it had gone wrong I would have looked like an awful fool, and my sister Carole was never one for letting people forget it when they made fools of themselves. I admit I planned it for the day before Carole's wedding on purpose, and for a long time afterward I used to try and imagine Carole's face when she finally realized that my running away was going to leave her one bridesmaid short. The papers said that the wedding went ahead as scheduled, though, and Carole told one newspaper reporter that her sister Louisa would have wanted it that way; "She would never have meant to spoil my wedding," Carole said, knowing perfectly well that that would be exactly what I'd meant. I'm pretty sure that the first thing Carole did when they knew I was missing was go and count the wedding presents to see what I'd taken with me.

Anyway, Carole's wedding may have been fouled up, but *my* plans went fine—better, as a matter of fact, than I had ever CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

What kind of girl would do this?



Please...

By SHIRLEY JACKSON

The Hoovers were the most formal—
"We had to tiptoe in the pantry."
The Roosevelts were never on time for meals
and "word got around that the food was
terrible." Sizing up the Trumans was easy—
"except for Mrs. Truman."
The Eisenhowers were something else again. . . .
Here's the completely off-the-record
story of 21 years in the White House.



Alonzo Fields, six-foot-three butler at the White House from Hoover to Eisenhower, tells what he heard and saw. Part I.

Looking over the President's Shoulder

By ALONZO FIELDS

For more than twenty-one years I served the White House as butler, chief butler and maître d'hôtel. Beginning in October, 1931, through February, 1953, I planned and directed all the family, state and social functions of four Presidents, and kept the inventories of china, glassware, table linens and silverware. The famous gold service was under my trust; and believe me, no one left the pantry until each piece was accounted for after a dinner party. As the maître d'hôtel, I was further required to plan all the menus and direct the activities of the butlers and the kitchen.

In these years I came in contact with kings, queens, prime ministers, princes, princesses, generals, admirals; labor, political, race and church leaders; and some of the rabble rousers. I shall try to cite many of these men and women as they impressed me.

How did I get this position? Did I prepare and plan for such a career? No, I did not plan, nor had I ever entertained the least thought of being so close to the great men and women of this era.

© 1960 BY ALONZO FIELDS

How I got this job is a long story of events that led through the back door of the White House. I was born in Lyles, in Gibson County, Indiana, about five miles from Princeton, the county seat. It was an all-colored community with a post office, general store, church, picnic grounds, school and a baseball diamond. The trains between Louisville and St. Louis could be flagged down twice a day. It was a center for farmers to ship corn, wheat, stock and food produce.

My father kept the general store and ran an agency for the flour mills in Princeton. My mother kept a boardinghouse for the railroad section hands. Father was the organizer and director of the only military trained colored brass band in the southern part of Indiana. Brass bands were popular in those days for Sunday-afternoon concerts, picnics and parades.

The general store was the center of activities. In the summer there were band practice and drilling once a week, horseshoe pitching and tall tales by railroad section hands and farm hands. In the long winter nights there were always band practice, politics, checkers and still taller tales, mostly about hunting and the wisdom of some old hound dog. Some of the older men had been slaves and served in the Civil War, and some of the younger men had been in the Spanish-American War. A youngster, listening, would not want to go to bed.

One of the men had been a sergeant in the Negro cavalry which charged up San Juan Hill in Cuba to help Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough-riders out of a tight spot. He never related much about the actual fighting, but the meeting of Teddy Roosevelt he never stopped talking about. The sergeant would always finish his evening performance by saying, "Just think. He is now the President of these United States and on top of the world without any worries."

I, too, thought any man who could be President of the United States must be on top of the world. And what worries could he have? Little did I realize that twenty-three years later I would start my adventure of holding the chair of four Presidents. The President of these United States is on top of the world in a mighty powerful seat, but it can be a mighty hot and troublesome seat.

Naturally I had planned a musical career. After we moved to Indianapolis dad and I played in the Y.M.C.A. military brass band. In my early twenties I was teaching all the brass instruments. I had trained choirs, studied voice and sat on panels as a judge of choir contests. Father O'Brien, of St. Rita's church, where I helped in benefits for the Holy Name Society, of which I was an honorary member, had named me the Black John McCormack and instructed me in the diction of Irish ballads. So, to all intents, it appeared I was "most likely to succeed."

I owned a grocery and meat market. It was the failure of this CONTINUED ON PAGE 149



WIDE WORLD

"The Hoovers always dressed for dinner, ate in the State Dining Room even when alone, and had seven courses served promptly at eight. Being on time for meals was not one of the Roosevelts' virtues. I can count on one hand the times when they were on hand for meals."



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

"Three days after my arrival I was assigned to President Hoover's medicine-ball breakfast table. The President played medicine ball in the south grounds of the White House with some of the more energetic members of his Cabinet."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT LIBRARY



"These Roosevelts were a fascinating family—I mean you did or didn't like them and they did not seem to give a hoot if you did or did not, for they were enjoying themselves."



Changing of the Guard



She was everything that Mike Fannin wanted—but he wouldn't have her as a gift!

By MARIAN GAVIN

Even Mike Fannin, Strafton Steel's chief engineer, had to work his way through two secretaries to get into the old man's office, but the old man walked into Mike's sweaty cubicle without knock or by-your-leave.

"Drive me home, Mike."

If it was a question, the question mark got lost. For a stubborn, unwise moment Mike bent over the work schedule he'd planned to finish before quitting time. *Drive me home.* Like that. As if the old man were talking to George Lubera, long-time, big-shouldered, baby-faced chauffeur-bodyguard to the Straftons three—old man and daughter, the "Princess," and the Princess' lady in waiting, Miss Clara Strafton.

Drive me home. As if he were talking to George Lubera instead of Mike Fannin, his chief engineer and chief contender for the managership of Strafton Steel, one tentacle of the Strafton Enterprises' octopus.

So far, the old man had kept a managerial thumb on all enterprises except, briefly, the Big S Feed Mills. They had gone, last year, under the management of Jerry Valin, whose folks were "somebody" down in Houston. It was said that young Mr. Valin was going to end up as the old man's son-in-law. Instead, he had ended up dead in a crash out on the highway to Dallas, two months ago, and dead with him a sugar-mouthed "nobody" girl. This only an hour after he left a dinner party at the Strafton house. The old man and Pete Harter, who should have been named manager of the mills, were still trying to set things straight out there. Mike was no Jerry Valin. He was a tough "nobody" from East Texas.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

blurted, "I'm sorry, I can't stay. I have to be going now." No softening lie about a forgotten appointment.



I know what that last word:
"You are not
averse to a
flirtation with

She knew she must run away . . . quickly.

But an emotion stronger than fear compelled her to stay.

In this house was not only danger,

but a love more tempestuous than she had dreamed possible.

A novel of intrigue and high romance.



SYNOPSIS OF PART I. I, Martha Leigh, a young impoverished gentlewoman, was employed by Connan TreMellyn, a handsome, wealthy widower, as governess to his daughter, Alvean, eight. At Mount Mellyn in Cornwall, I was told that Alvean's mother, Alice, was killed in a train wreck while running away with her lover, Geoffrey Nansellock, who also died. Nansellock's brother and sister, Peter and Celestine, still visited the manor frequently. And I heard gossip about Connan's love affair with beautiful, young Lady Treslyn. "Only waiting for her old, sick husband to die," folks said.

Dismayed by Connan's indifference to Alvean, and knowing his passion for horses, I hoped to draw attention to her by teaching her to ride and secretly entering her in the gymkhana he judged. She needed affection.

And there was a strangeness about Mount Mellyn. I felt it: in the whisper of the sea—in a sudden stillness—or the unexpected sight of Gilly, oddly silent granddaughter of Mrs. Polgrey, the housekeeper. Above all was the haunting inescapable image and mystery of Alice. "There are some," Peter Nansellock said to me once, "who think it was not Alice who was killed on that train."

PART 2

It was about a week later when I first saw Linda Treslyn. It was a few minutes past six o'clock. Alvean and I had put away our books and gone down to the stables to look at Buttercup, who, we thought, had strained a tendon that afternoon.

The farrier had given her a poultice. Alvean was really upset, and this pleased me because I was always delighted to discover her softer feelings.

"Don't 'ee fret, Miss Alvean," Joe Tapperty told her. "Buttercup'll be as right as two dogs on a bright and frosty morning afore the week's out. You see! Jim Bond, he be the best horse doctor between here and Land's End."

She was cheered and I told her that she should take Black Prince in Buttercup's place tomorrow. She was excited about this, for she knew Black Prince would test her mettle, and I was glad to see that her pleasure was only faintly tinged with apprehension.

As we came out of the stables I looked at my watch. "Would you care for half an hour's stroll through the gardens?" I asked. "We have half an hour to spare."

To my surprise she said she would, and we set off.

The plateau on which Mount Mellyn stood was a mile or so wide. The slope to the sea was steep, but there were several zigzag paths which made the going easier. The gardeners spent a great deal of time on this garden, which was indeed beautiful with the flowering shrubs which grew so profusely. At various points arbors had been set up, constructed of trelliswork around which roses climbed. The blooms were beautiful even as late as this and their perfume hung on the air.

One could sit in these arbors and gaze out to sea; and from the gardens the south side of the house was a vision of grandeur, rising nobly, a pile of gray granite on the top of the cliff like a mighty fortress. It was inevitable that the house should have a defiant air, as though it represented a challenge, not only to the sea but to the world.

We made our way down those sweet-smelling paths and were level with the arbor before we noticed that two people were there.

Alvean gave a little gasp and, following her gaze, I saw them, sitting side by side. She was very dark and one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. Her features were strongly marked and she wore a gauzy scarf over her hair, and in this gauze sequins glistened. I thought that she looked like someone out of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Titania perhaps. She had that quality of beauty which CONTINUED ON PAGE 120


THE

LONG HAUL

There were no women on the scene. But women have a part in this story of a man's most difficult decision.

By D. A. RAYNER

John Murrell, commanding His Majesty's Destroyer *Hecate*, had jammed himself into the port forward corner of the open bridge. In order to lessen his height and bring his head below the level of the glass windscreen, one leg was bent and the other stretched out to where his foot could obtain a purchase against the edge of the plinth that surrounded the standard compass.

The *Hecate* had spent the night astern of the convoy and was moving up to her day station on the port bow of the merchantmen. Steaming at twenty knots with the sea on her beam, she rolled heavily. Water, salt mixed with rain, ran all over her. Her own vibration and the flutterings of the wind formed it into glistening runnels that shone in the pale light of the new day.

In a similar posture, Bill Wheeler crouched behind his captain. Sea-booted and oilskinned, his sou'wester pulled down to shield his face, he had for the moment nothing to do. Murrell, as always, had come up to take the ship through the convoy. Although both were well aware that the executive officer was quite capable of carrying out this maneuver alone, custom dictated that the captain should be there, and so he was at his post on the bridge.

"How much farther to go, sub?" The captain spoke sideways to the second officer of the watch.

Sublieutenant Sampson raised the lid of the voice pipe that led to the radar office. "Bearing two-eight-two degrees; range two thousand," he said.

Murrell, shifting position, said to Wheeler, "Near enough. You carry on. Normal convoy speed. Normal zigzag."

Wheeler stepped onto the plinth by the compass and called down the voice pipe to the wheelhouse, "One-one-oh revolutions. Steer oh-three-oh."

"I was going to say, 'Just the same as always,'" Murrell remarked to Wheeler. "But of course we're missing the big tanker this morning. What was her name?"

"*Antioch*," Wheeler told him, "a Greek. What went wrong last night, sir?"

"He must have come in from just about where we are now," Murrell told him, referring to the U-boat that had done the damage. "Right between the two corvettes. Perhaps CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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The Journal's COMPLETE ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

Should Movie Stars Marry?



Real everyday love can seem tepid and humdrum to actors steeped in the make-believe passion of the screen.

By Joe Hyams

When people ask me why on earth Hollywood stars can't have normal, reasonable marriages like the rest of us, there is only one honest answer I can make. It is my belief that it is almost literally impossible for a man or woman to be a big-time star, with all that this connotes, and develop a normal emotional life at the same time. I'll go further. I suspect that no normal, well-adjusted man or woman with a satisfying private life would *want* to be a star in the first place.

The movie colony itself has persuaded me of the truth of this. We all know that inside the custom-built mansions of Beverly Hills many handsome couples blessed with health, success and the world's best wishes make a wretched botch of their private lives. Consider only a few of the headlines of recent years. A much-loved young husband (Eddie Fisher) leaves his pretty wife and two small children to become the fourth husband of another woman, a former "family friend." A couple who have been married twenty-one years and have five children (the Bob Crosbys) have a family quarrel in which she stabs him with a letter opener. A newly married couple (Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi) are divorced within months after the birth of their son. An older man (Ernest Borgnine), after coming into fame, divorces his wife of nine years to take a younger, prettier wife. If any one of these stories were transposed to a "normal" small town, with the characters a couple down the street, the neighbors would be shocked. They might even be disgusted, because they would read signs of self-indulgence and immaturity in such behavior. And they would be right.

The high incidence of scandal in Hollywood—public and private marital squabbles, alcoholism, infidelity and divorce—is no coincidence. The fact is, Hollywood is inhabited by peculiar people.

A study of 100 studio biographies of leading stars reveals that 86 of them came from broken homes. Behind this simple statistic I'm sure lies immeasurable personal tragedy. It goes far to explain the domestic jungle of film stars' lives. Psychiatrists tell us that the good things most of us bring to marriage—a joy in loving and giving, a powerful wish to create a secure and happy family of our own—are the things we learn as children when we are members of a warm and loving family managed by two capable adults. But what happens to the children who shiver in the night at the terrible sound of grown-up quarrels? Who have unreliable, unloving parents, know nothing of normal family life? A few, say psychiatrists, find the inner resources to overcome their poor start. Many grow up to become neurotics. And of these, some emerge with just the right mixture of bravado and insecurity that drives them to become actors.

By every finding of the psychiatrist's couch and the divorce court, the severely unhappy child is a better candidate to become an actor than a marriage partner.

In the best of circumstances, actors or not, these are the people who find it hardest to make marriage stick. They have no blueprint to guide them, they feel insecure about others and themselves. Sadly enough, many know they have missed something, dream of idealized relationships with other human beings. But they are emotionally incapable of a generous, adult love, for their real needs are those of a hurt child. So they go from marriage to marriage. Superior Judge Roger Alton Pfaff, of the Los Angeles Consolidated Domestic Relations and Conciliation Courts, found in eight thousand cases appearing before the courts last year for interlocutory decrees that 51 per cent of the people involved (averaging one per couple) were from broken homes. For film stars, the rate was higher. And statistics show that it is an even shorter step from the first to the second divorce and still shorter from the second to the third—and so on.

These are the handicaps all damaged children face. But the percentage that elect to assuage their CONTINUED ON PAGE 178



Portrait of Princess Margaret

By BARBARA SCHWINN JORDAN



The coming wedding of Princess Margaret rings nostalgic bells here at the JOURNAL—nostalgic because Bruce and Beatrice Gould first met Princess Margaret, her sister and the queen mother in 1942, at a luncheon given at the Cliveden country home of Lady Astor. Margaret was just eleven years old. The Goulds reported that lollipops, a wartime scarcity in England, were a favorite treat to the royal sisters. Eight years later, after the war, the story of *The Little Princesses* was serialized in the JOURNAL, giving the stirring events of history through the eyes of two lovable little girls at Windsor Castle, near Cliveden. A beautiful JOURNAL illustrator, Barbara Schwinn, was then doing romantic illustrations for JOURNAL fiction stories. Since then she has become an internationally famous portrait painter, and has the distinction of being the only American painter granted permission to paint Princess Margaret. Her portrait, painted last year, is shown here, with Barbara Schwinn Jordan nearby at her easel. The portrait belongs to Princess Margaret, and when Mrs. Jordan asked her where she would like to hang it, the princess smiled: "I would love to hang it over the fireplace, but mother would like to hang it someplace else. And for all the world I wouldn't disappoint mother."

It's Such Fun to be a Woman

Take my hand, little one ——
Small bud upon the stem of a mother who really tries
To be your flower!
Could any woman know headier flattery than the look in your eyes,
That dazzled gaze that seems to say,
"I want to be like *you*"?
In your turned-up hat "like mummy's,"
You go swinging down the walk with me.
A glistening store front throws back our reflection
And suddenly I envision
Two ladies crossing the years together,
Their new spring suits and lady gloves,
Part of a long parade of Sunday strollers.
Mamma and grandmamma are there
And (though we can't see her yet) your own small daughter.
All of us happy in the joy of living and reliving
The fun and loving ritual of woman's beauty.
Bless your heart, little one.
We must walk together often.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRIGENT



PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY



GEORGE JOHNSON

Mothers held preschoolers by the hand, pushed babies in strollers, carried signs and banners in a parade such as Oskaloosa, Iowa, had never seen. Their Crusade for Better Schools paid off in next day's election when the million-dollar bond issue at stake made a clean sweep in every ward.

BECAUSE WOMEN CARE

When the ceiling fell in Webster school, irate local mothers Martha Jane Lynn as their spokesman, and

By BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD

In the forty years since women won the right to vote, they have come to wield a kind of political power as yet underestimated. The pioneers with placards are gone, their places taken now by women whose political activity is very different in method and in manner.

Those early leaders poured their energies into *getting* the ballot, with too little emphasis on the duty to use it intelligently. Their heirs today—women who vote, who work in party organizations and who seek elective office—accept the responsibility for informed action. Like the mothers in Oskaloosa described in this month's feature, they work quietly and effectively, combining painstaking study, firm opinions and charming ways.

Such women are still not common. A lingering belief that political activity is somehow in conflict with being a good wife and mother deters some. And there are practical obstacles for those with youngsters to care for. Yet, more and more, these are the very ones most alert to the fact that there is no basic conflict in values.

"I have five good reasons, ages one to ten, for being active in politics," writes Mrs. George B. Hoffman from Hammond, Indiana. "I want to pass on to them a goodly heritage; I regard their freedom and well-being as citizens as their greatest wealth. I don't want it dissipated by apathy and inertia of citizens who don't care enough to win elections and put into office those best qualified."

Because they see the safety and the strength of their homes dependent on the quality of government, such women persevere. Another mother, Republican Lynn Wulfing, when she decided to seek her place in practical politics, ran for "the lowliest and also most effective" job: local committeeman. She won and two years later won again—this time taking on the same post for the entire sprawling St. Louis County.

Believing that only continuous education will break down the prejudice that there is "something unsavory about politics," Lynn held a series of educational political workshops for women in 33 precincts. She found hundreds of women who really cared about local government—"fine women who were glad to work when shown how to go about it." Their service as election judges, clerks, block workers (sought by post-card follow-up) helped bring overwhelming voter acceptance of a needed new city charter.

Statistical yardsticks cannot measure woman's increasing political prestige. Yet we believe it is beginning to fulfill the excitement, the importance, the hopes once attached to the crusade for woman suffrage. Frequently manager of the family's economics, often a partner in earning its high standard of living, woman now adds her influence to political-party circles. By using her powers wisely, she will see her efforts pay off in mounting quantity and quality of votes cast, stronger officials, better government. END

It was evident that the citizens of Oskaloosa, Iowa, who cared enough to vote didn't want new schools. It was evident, that is, between 1949 and 1954, when bond issues to build new classrooms were voted on four different times, and defeated every time.

Oskaloosa had no bonded indebtedness whatsoever, but one might have thought from the opposition that it was being suggested the town pay off the national debt. Renters received letters threatening catastrophically higher rents. Social Security pensioners were warned of ruinous taxes. School officials were harangued in public, received ugly anonymous letters in private. In progressively more bitter campaigns, everything except the main issue was attacked: the school board had chosen the wrong site, the wrong survey firm, the wrong order of priorities for building.

But not even the opposition could attack the main issue: that Oskaloosa needed more school space—badly. At the time of the bond fights, Oskaloosa had a state-wide reputation





SUZANNE SZASZ

"Beanies" modeled by eight-year-old Steve and ten-year-old Vicki Sue Lynn are a symbol of the campaign that mothers of Oskaloosa waged in 1956 so that their children might have more and much better school buildings today.

Here Martha Jane Lynn, who led the successful fight for better schools, relaxes at home with daughter Vicki Sue and Tiger, the cat.



SUZANNE SZASZ

banded together, with the battle for new classrooms began.

for standing still. Its population had stood at 11,000 for twenty years—not much greater than it had been in 1910. A market and service town for a vast farming area, it was also known as a "retirement town" for elderly farmers and their wives. But pressures were at work even though no over-all population growth was showing. Oskaloosa, too, had had a baby boom after the war. School attendance rose 10 per cent even during the five years that the bond issues were being talked about. Furthermore, the schools themselves were a collection of high-ceilinged period pieces. The high school dated from 1897 (the newest school building in town was a wing added in 1937). Of the six elementary schools, only the most recent, built in 1921, was up-to-date enough to have a gym. The oldest was Webster, built in 1882, now crammed to capacity.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 189

The interests of women are as varied as the needs they seek to meet, the problems they hope to solve, as varied as American communities themselves. This month in the second of its series ***"Because Women Care,"*** *the* JOURNAL *salutes five women for the contributions they have made, the leadership they have shown.*

MRS. OSWALD BATES LORD of New York City
U. S. Representative on the United Nations Commission on Human Rights.



Mary Pillsbury Lord has brought distinction to each of her many assignments. Upon graduation with honors from Smith College in 1927, she signed up as a social-welfare volunteer in Minneapolis. By 1939, she was directing the East Side Settlement House in New York City. During World War II, she headed up both the National War Fund's Advisory Committee on Women's Participation and the Civilian Advisory Committee of the Women's Army Corps. Appointed to the U.S. Committee for UNICEF in 1947, she toured Europe to study the lot of children. As U.S. representative on the UN Commission on Human Rights since 1953, she has continued her on-the-spot studies of world conditions.

MRS. JOHN EISENHOWER of Gettysburg, Pa.
American Red Cross Volunteer



A world-wide audience witnessed Barbara Thompson Eisenhower's friendly interest in people when last year she made the 11-nation trip with her famous father-in-law. Member of the local board of the Red Cross and volunteer nurse's aide in Gettysburg, Pa., she visited hospital wards wherever possible, observed the care of infants, said "hello" to older children, cheered ailing adults. At home she tries to serve eight hours a week, finds it rewarding, hopes to do more later.

MRS. RANDOLPH GUGGENHEIMER of New York City
Chairman, Women's Division, Federation of Jewish Philanthropies



President of New York City's Day Care Council as well as director of women's work for Jewish philanthropies, Eleanor Coleman Guggenheimer says, "I don't know whom I spend more time with, the 6000 women in Federation or the 6000 children in Day Care." Mrs. Guggenheimer's other lively interests include education, politics and her first grandchild.

MRS. LEO F. CURTIS of Hammond, Indiana
Director, Junior Division, General Federation of Women's Clubs



Ever since teenage membership in the Sub-Juniors of Whiting, Indiana, Phyllis Root Curtis has found great satisfaction in sharing her energy with others. Mother of a nine-year-old son, she is today an inspiration to the almost 100,000 members of some 2500 Junior Women's Clubs throughout the land; last year represented them at the international conference in Manila. She is grateful for the opportunities for personal development and service which have come her way, has put her talents to use for children as member of Indiana's Council for Children and Youth.

Summer is a pretty time



*M*uch has been said about the virtue of the plan, the wisdom of deciding what you need before you shop. True, and double-true. But these pages illustrate the wizardry of the opposite theory: the dress bought impulsively because you can't resist it. . . .

*S*ummer is the loveliest of all seasons for fashion. A summer dress can make a woman younger, gayer, prettier, more feminine. Now, as summer begins, a new color changes the pace, a full skirt makes you feel different, and the new prints are ravishing.

*E*xample Number One *(left)*: Garden-of-tulips print in a silk dress with the most beautiful width of skirt, a new and lovely shape for the sleeveless look. A dress of a lifetime, by Larry Aldrich. Golden butterfly pin with turquoise spots, by Dan Cadoro, worn on the shoulder.

*T*he green silk print with white daisies, fresh as summer foliage, by Hannah Troy. Worn here with the tremendous fashion of the wide-brimmed hat, a leghorn the color of sunshine by Mr. John, and a bracelet in pink tourmaline set in gold by Seaman Schepps.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
FASHION EDITOR



Distinguished, becoming—forecasting the seven-eighths-length coat, the dress with the princess line. By Ben Zuckerman.

The dress with the cape sleeve in emerald-green silk by Edward Abbott. Captivating alternate for the little black dress.



Summer evenings—the enchantment of a long dress in blue checked cotton with a scarf neckline. Separates, by Hannah Troy.

Summer is a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



pretty time

A disarming scarf print of summer daisies on surah silk to make you feel your prettiest every time you wear it. By Larry Aldrich. Try a big white picture hat in rough straw.

he fashions on all these pages are presented to ou because they show you the trends of the season nd serve as a guide as you shop. You will find any of them in stores throughout the nation. How- ver, if you do not find identical styles in your local hops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Summer is a

*H*ibiscus-pink linen—the coat dress with new shoulders that adds wonderful color and fashion to any wardrobe. Slightly shaped princess silhouette that is easy to wear. By Mollie Parnis. The mystery hat in black veiling by Hattie Carnegie. The fashion of the big beautiful pin—gold with diamonds by Verdura.

*R*ippling pleats, chiffon, the color blue, the flower print—all this is fashion and pure flattery as well. A dress to keep and love for years, by Ceil Chapman. The romantic wide-brimmed sailor in white organdy, by Emme. Jewel-cut blue crystal earrings by Judith McCann.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN

pretty time



TRAVEL WARDROBE

A reversible nylon-fleece coat does double duty. By day wear on the beige side, at night on the white side. It is as light as a feather to wear or carry. The classic shirtwaist in a new blend of Dacron and spun tussah. It has an easy gored skirt and a band front closing with a convertible neckline. Dress, Vogue Design No. 9972. Coat, No. 5030.

BAG BY GRETA LINDAUER · HAT BY ELIZABETH MARKS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGNI



A one-piece play suit is wonderful for sitting in the sun. Its matching skirt makes it suitable for shopping or sight-seeing. Ours, in a small plaid, has a bias-cut bodice. Vogue Design No. 9912.

STRAW BAG BY FRANZ GOBBI - BELT BY BEN KING

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 182.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, *from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered. © Vogue

Travel clothes bring to mind "drip dry," "crease resistant," "lightweight" and "interchangeable." We have considered them all in this wardrobe. Your coat is featherweight, reversible AND washable. The Arnel-and-cotton knit suit is packable and interchangeable with the checked dress. A shirtwaist dress, a play suit and a short evening dress complete the picture. By NORA O'LEARY



This blue-and-white-checked sheath is a co-ordinate to the plain blue suit-dress fabric. The dress worn with the jacket makes a complete costume and can be worn with the same accessories as the suit. Dress, Vogue Design No. 3000.



This "go everywhere" suit dress has an unpressed pleated skirt and a trim jacket bound in white braids. The fabric is a wonderful blend of Arnel and cotton which is washable and crease-resistant. Vogue Design No. 5029.

HAT BY FRANCES AND WALTER NELKIN - SHOES BY BEN SOMMERS

Black and white, a big summer fashion combination, makes this wearable dinner dress. The elongated bodice is made of ribbed Dacron and cotton. The floating skirt of polka-dot nylon organza. Vogue Design No. 5031. Wear with bright satin pumps.



COTTONS WITH A BRILLIANT FUTURE

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor

Here, and on the following pages, in breath-taking rooms, we sing the praises of beautiful, practical, inexpensive cottons. What fun to give your living room (or dining room or bedroom) a new summer look—and what a year to do it in, with a veritable kingdom of flowered, striped and checked cottons for your choosing. The new easy-care finishes simplify your life; there are marvelous blends from silklike sheers to textured upholstery weights. As always, the price tag is irresistible, the materials ranging here from 79 cents a yard to around $6.00. In this dramatic room the long windows are framed by panels of old chestnut rubbed with a pale violet paint. Greeny-blue batiste curtains are simply shirred on a rod behind dark, fanlike grilles—a wonderful dashing look, but achievable. Fan lights from old houses are available in many parts of the country, in second-hand shops and in lumberyards. Against an elegant background, flowered chintz and painted furniture create an air of informal distinction.

[illegible] BOBS FITZGIBBON OF VAN BURGH

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD FOSTER





A ground-floor study-guestroom as delightful for the worker as for the visitor. Convertible sofa is covered in a gay red-and-pink cotton. Draperies are in the same print, with the palest of pink



atiste for undercurtains. Red-and-white-striped denim akes cushions for a pair of painted armchairs. Brilliant ac- nt of deep yellow in lamp and flowers is effective in green, pink and red color scheme. The country look in this room is enhanced by the use of vinyl tiles which have been cut in an intricate pattern, giving the feeling of a provincial floor.



Pale green walls and navy-blue vinyl-tile floor make a striking and unusual room. Simple lines of modern furniture are relieved by patterned floor border, collection of paintings and carvings on walls, brilliant colors of cotton rug (this one woven in Haiti). Old grille in window alcove is interesting background for plants, filmy crosshatched curtains. The textured material on the sofa is a tough, heavy blend of cotton and rayon. Durable sailcloth is used on the two armchairs.



ROOM DESIGN BY FREDERICK W. DAVIS, A. I. D. PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD FOWLER

Blues and violets bloom in a bright cotton chintz against subtler violet walls. Louvered shutters and flouncy valance look feminine and pretty in this delicious bedroom. Pretty as it is, practicality hides everywhere—all fabrics and rug are cotton and washable. An old chest was painted in this handsome manner, with top marbelized in muted shades of the chintz. Secondhand mirror also got rejuvenating paint treatment.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD FOWLER

10 Great Dishes



Tender, juicy veal is the most versatile meat in the world—sharing its own delicate lusciousness with herbs, aromatic spices and the best flavorings cooks can devise. Veal is the special friend of the rosy-red tomato; partners gracefully with mushrooms, lemons, rosemary, sour cream, and savory cheeses. Thick veal chops, ready to fall apart at the touch of your fork, bake

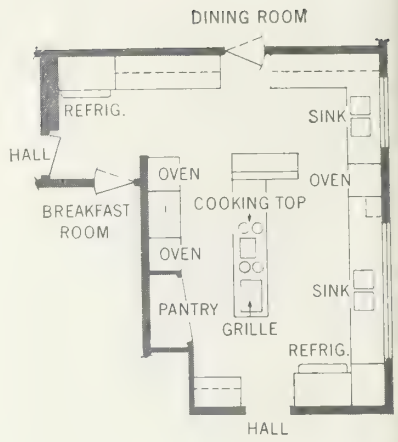
made with Veal

under a smooth golden blanket of nutty Mozzarella, and a tomato sauce flavored with basil and garlic. A veal shoulder is stuffed with sauerkraut, rolled, and basted with consommé and its own delicious gravy. Feather-light patties of ground, well-seasoned veal are rolled around a tangy horse-radish filling, and baked in delectable sour-cream sauce!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 186)

STUART FOWLER

What was once a cramped kitchen and pantry combination now becomes a family kitchen that copes with varied demands from small snacks to big dinner parties. The secret: each activity center is complete.



The Jimmy Stewarts' "Instant" Kitchen

A masterpiece of planning gives the busy Stewarts a chance to have fun together.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor



Capacity aplenty for baking cookies and other delights that please the twins is in the two-oven baking center seen across the cooking island. Griddle, steam, fry or barbecue: cooking facilities here meet all demands. Some burners have controls to hold selected heats; the rack of the gas-fired grill tilts so fat drains away from flame and doesn't smoke or smell.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DALE HEALY

"You can set your clock by this family," says Lydia, who presides over the Stewart kitchen, and we soon discovered why. The Stewarts live by a code that could best be described as "organized informality." Their house, which they bought nine years ago and have been remodeling gradually, is a reflection of their philosophy; it is planned for easy access with no wasted space.

"When we bought the house, the kitchen was unworkable—for us." Space was limited; areas were blocked by walls and pantries, and extra steps added up in a big way. And when a family is as prompt as the Stewarts, this inconvenience can be a definite drawback. Especially since mealtime is the framework of their day.

"We never have to call anybody for breakfast or lunch. We always eat together except when the boys are at school or Jimmy is on camera." At 8:30 each morning the clan gathers in the breakfast room just beyond the pantry; they all go their separate ways until 12:15, when luncheon (usually a sandwich and salad on the terrace near the pool) brings them together again. Dinner is served in the dining room at 6:30. Mealtimes are relaxed sessions with the children—Ron (15), Mike (14), and the twins, Judy and Kelly (8). The emphasis is on *fun*, with lively conversations centering around family jokes (Mike is currently president of the Big Dumb Nut Club, the family organization for "goofers") and the day's events. And while the Stewarts prefer simple cooking (steaks and lamb stews are favorites), they like plenty of it—when they want it.

For coping with this, their new kitchen deserves star billing. There is a double quota of equipment in the right place—two gas refrigerators, one for salads and desserts conveniently in the pantry, the other for meats and staples. Each activity center is complete. Both refrigerators turn out a constant supply of ice. A sink in the kitchen, another in



One of the favorite places to eat, the Stewarts agree—particularly after a dip—is on the terrace near the pool. Busy as they are, Jimmy and Gloria make a point of eating with the four children, Ronny and Michael and the twin girls, Kelly and Judy.

the pantry area prevent traffic jams. The ovens keep up with the demands for cookies and brownies and other treats to satisfy four hearty appetites (the twins love white cake; the boys are crazy about chocolate). Thanks to the carefully planned kitchen, the Stewarts can entertain a houseful of people or a few teenagers at lunch with the same ease.

Jimmy and Gloria may travel all over the world, but when home make the most of time with their family. All the Stewarts love outdoor sports—the children go along on camping trips, and at their ranch the boys work as cowboys. Because the pool is a favorite recreation spot, Jimmy told us they next plan to build a pool house among the hibiscus, oleanders and citrus trees in their yard.

The library is the room where the family gathers often; it has photographs on the walls and busts of the four children. Here, too, are models of airplanes which Jimmy has built with the skillful hands of an expert. He is an avid camera fan, and has taken family movies and hundreds of pictures on their travels. Gloria carefully organizes them into scrapbooks so they have records of people and places. Jimmy regrets he didn't catch on film Gloria shooting a charging tiger on their safari.

The library is filled with well-thumbed books revealing the Stewarts' wide range of interests—from sports, politics and drama to histories and the Bible (Jimmy takes up collections at the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church; Gloria and the children take part in activities there). The Stewart family has purpose and direction and plain good fun.

Gloria wanted her kitchen "any color as long as it's yellow." Walls and gas appliances are sunny with cabinets of dark wood as contrast. There is a furniture look to these cabinets with metal dividers between sections. Practical counters are ceramic tile.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DALE HEALY





PAT BOONE TALKS TO TEENAGERS

TEEN-TIME ROMANCE

Well, Let's Talk About Love

Do you know why I think love is important enough to sing about? Because, in musical logic, it's love that makes the world go round. Love of God. Love of country. Love of friends. And that very special kind of love you'll feel for your One-and-Only when he or she comes along. That kind leads to marriage, and marriage leads to families, and families make nations.

That is the far goal of your dating days.

But before we get to that point we pass through the spring-time—the teen-time of romance. We usually start those first, tentative approaches toward the opposite sex feeling: "I love *me*, and I'm going to take good care of *me* and see that *I'm* properly treated and safe and have a good time."

Then one day along comes someone who makes us think: "I like *you* because you like *me*, and I'll be safe with you." Now we have the beginning of a twosome.

But it takes a lot more growing before we can finally say: "I love *you* and I'm going to take good care of you and see that you're properly treated and safe no matter what happens to me." In that instant when we forget ourselves, when we put someone else first, we find real love.

The journey starts quite naturally with our first date.

When Does Dating Start?

That depends. A boy with an avid interest in sports and a hatful of hobbies may not notice a girl *as a girl* for quite a while. That doesn't mean he's a drag. And some girls go into their junior or senior year in high school without paying too much attention to boys. This doesn't make them drips. Sometimes these slow starters move into the dating game at the end of the fifth inning and start scoring big with the first pitch.

If you belong to the group who started noticing early, at the thirteen-, fourteen- and fifteen-year level, you'll operate under some handicaps for a while. Dates in the early teens are dependent, mostly, on family transportation, and activities are usually planned in groups. And parties by people who care at this age include chaperons. (Revolting, but necessary! You're much better off with a group where the rules are observed.)

We come next to the point of who asks whom for the date and how you ask.

Generally speaking, Miss America, don't seek out boys and suggest that they take you out, leap year or not! A boy will run the other way if you move rapidly in his direction. It's the nature of the beast. On the other hand, ma'am, it's a valuable thing for you to know when to stop running and how to do it gracefully.

In asking for any date, try to have something interesting to suggest, something you think this particular person will enjoy. Then, either by telephone or in person, say frankly, "Would you like to come with me to the basketball game next Friday night?" Try not to say, "Are you busy on the fourteenth?" (I know one high-school queen who really jolted 'em by answering, "I can't tell yet. What did you want to do?")

DREW MILLS



"Cars have done more to change the pattern of courtship than anything else."

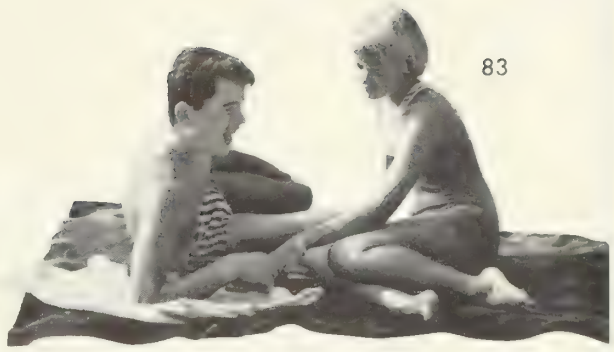
Car Dating Makes a Difference

A noted sociologist once stated that cars had done more to change the pattern of courtship than anything else in 2000 years. Now you and I know about cars. We know that when Tom asked his insurance man why there are fewer railroad accidents than automobile accidents the insurance expert was voicing as much truth as humor when he replied: "Well, it might be because the engineer isn't always huggin' the fireman!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176



"Adults tell us we should think for ourselves, then don't like it when we do."



"Who we date should be nobody's choice but ours."



"We detest phonies."



"Nothing is more important than friends."

TEENAGE REPORT to the NATION



e level with each other."



"A girl should not be a dish."



In January we reported on teenagers in 1960—their tastes, pastimes, the way they look and act. We wanted to know *more* about them: the teenage point of view, what they are like underneath the surface.

What is their standpoint on marriage . . . on drinking . . . on religion? How do they regard their parents? What do good manners mean to them? How do they feel about cheating?

To find out, the JOURNAL questioned hundreds of teenagers all over the United States—in big cities, in little towns, from one corner of the country to the other. They themselves were the reporters.

Since, rightly, there is universal concern about juvenile delinquency, though less than 3 per cent of the youngsters of the country are delinquent, the results of this survey are especially reassuring. It reflects accurately the idealism, optimism, good humor, good sense and good will of the majority of today's teenagers.

HERE AGAIN IS WHAT THEY TOLD US

TEENAGERS SPEAK FOI

on Morals and Behavior

There are reasons why teenagers aren't coming in clear to grownups. First, we're getting slammed for so many things these days that we're wary of being misunderstood. Second, why should we go out of our way to talk to the adults closest to us, when they're the very ones who persist in seeing us still as children? Third, we *have* to put up a defense wall—because behind it we're still working out what we believe.

No wonder we've decided it's easier to take the Fifth* and avoid trouble.

Still—when someone asks us, *seriously* asks us what we think, we're flattered. We're tired of the black eye our whole generation has with the public. Whatever we are, less than three in a hundred of us are delinquents. Furthermore, we have a few million answers (most of them agree; naturally there are a few differences among them). Behind our defense wall we are really thinking. Thinking hard, for we're at an age when it means most to us to get along with other people.

All across the country we have tough standards of right and wrong, a lot of common sense, more idealism than we usually admit out loud. So here's how these views work out in practice. We've put down nothing phony, for one of the many things we believe in is leveling with each other.

This isn't going to please adults exactly, but the majority of teens would go along with the group's code when the parents' rules conflict.

Most parents, when they read the above, will think instantly of old family conflicts about wearing lipstick or high heels or at what age teens can single-date. That isn't what we mean. These are the problems facing younger teens, mostly, and we're agreed that young teens should abide by parents' rules and that each family has to work out its own. CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

* *translation: no comment.*

ABBOT



Reporter Janet Ross questions teenagers about everything their attitudes on sex to the way they feel about pa

JOHN LEWIS



Teenagers pulled no punches, when reporters interviewing them were their own classmates with serious purpose.

Answers came from Oregon to Miami, Florida, from big cities and small towns.

ABBOT MILLS



THEMSELVES | WE ARE | WE ARE NOT ASHAMED

All right, what *do* teenage ethics cover? The answer is, many things. Here are some of them:

1. Cheating. It's true, you're a creep if you report it. But nobody is proud of the extent of it.

2. Harmful drinking. A boy is not ashamed of having tried it to see what it's like. He's not ashamed of having been high. But heavy, frequent drinking is definitely something to be ashamed of, and is very rare.

3. Pickups. Girls who go out with boys they don't know feel definitely they are doing wrong; if they run into unpleasantness they are even more ashamed. Most girls are too knowledgeable to get into such a situation.

4. Sarcasm or teasing that hurts. Most teenagers don't like to see people's feelings hurt.

5. Stealing. Not countenanced at all. Teenagers do not even feel obliged to cover for a thief.

This list only scratches the surface. Most teenagers, like most human beings, are genuinely sorry for *all* their truly antisocial misdemeanors. A further complication for teenagers is the delicate state of their social poise. Shame is often confused with simple embarrassment. For example, a girl is "ashamed" of staying home, yet ashamed of being seen out with a clod. A boy is ashamed not to fight when taunted, but ashamed to fight when he's with a girl.

And teenagers admit they sometimes do the things they are ashamed of. They know they are outside their own code when they drive without a license, change a mark on a report card. As one teenager said, "Sometimes we're clods—but we really know better."

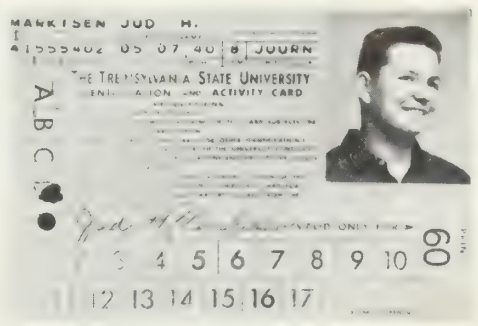


Teenagers say not many cheat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBOT MILLS



But almost all at least try smoking sooner or later.



Fake identity cards get teenagers into night clubs.

Parents and communities may lay down the laws, but if teenagers decide a law is "dumb" they will break it—and no shame involved. Here are some examples of legislation that many teenagers don't worry too much about observing.

1. No night movies for persons under 16 unless accompanied by an adult. This is regarded as an open invitation to falsify one's age.

2. Laws prohibiting smoking (as well as the purchase of cigarettes) by persons under 18. The 17-year-old who smokes (often with his parents' knowledge) regards this as no deterrent at all.

3. No purchase of alcoholic beverages by minors. Nowhere are teens interested in pub crawling. But many teenage boys are interested in getting together to see what drinking is all about. Almost everywhere there are older men who make a business of selling bottled liquor to minors. It is against the teenage code to squeal on these men—even under pressure from the police.

4. No admittance of persons under 21 (in some places 18) into night clubs where alcoholic beverages are consumed. Teenagers begrudge this rule because they want to hear the jazz they're so crazy about. Floor-show headliners are often ones the teenagers made famous. All a teenager needs to get in to hear them is technical evidence of proper age—driver's license, college-matriculation card. In some cities there is a brisk trade in forged ID cards (as they are called) at $10 a card. One card will see hard service among a group of friends. Older brothers are often helpful with loaned cards. Girls usually need only look not too scared. But teenagers figure they have a right to hear their favorites, and one way or another they will get in.

Teenagers want to look pretty too

From North, South, East and West—from teenagers who are "too fat" . . . "too colorless" . . . "too self-conscious" . . . young beauty pleas pour in to us. Though problems vary, all girls are uniformly sure of one thing: "We want to look pretty too!"

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN, Beauty Editor

A newly shaped hairdo, a touch of make-up light but *right*, a dress in a deliciously becoming style—these are the things that make the difference in Diane's appearance shown here, "before" and opposite, "after."

Diane's do-over, as well as those of other teenagers on the following pages, took less than a day. To all teenage readers, we suggest: find the girl whose problem closely resembles your own, then follow her JOURNAL lead to new loveliness—and all the fun that will come with it!

For Diane's new hairdo, a lot of thinking preceded the final "This is it!" decision. With Diane sitting in front of a mirror, we stood with comb and brush in hand, fluffing her hair this way and that to see which direction did the most for her. Reasons for the grand finale concern the shape of her face. See how her naturally narrow forehead gains an illusion of needed width, now that there is more fullness of hair near the temples, more emphasis on sideswept bangs. At the same time, the broadness from cheekbone to cheekbone seems to slim down prettily with shorter, fluffier hair at the sides, and with the new tapered cut. For setting, rollers approximately the diameter of a quarter were used all over the head, except for the short back hairs which were wound in pin curls.

Diane's biggest make-up discovery: a lip brush to even out her irregular upper lip line. A pinky-coral shade of lipstick was used, and by extending the color *ever so slightly* beyond her natural lip line a prettier shape was quickly achieved. For big evenings only, more glamour comes with a whisper of green eye shadow, and a bit of dark brown mascara.

Last step: a dream dress for a dream figure. In her colorful cotton, chosen to emphasize her fair skin tones and 21″ waist, Diane looks just as pretty as she feels.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONBRUNO BODI



"I'm fifteen and a sophomore in high. My hair is my biggest problem. It doesn't go with my face shape. The sides curl flat, the top is a mess. I try to set it nicely but it comes out awful. Please write soon, I'm so depressed."

Diane Mantak, New Milford, Connecticut

RIGHT: DRESS BY BETTY CAROL. HAIR DESIGN BY MR. MAURICE





"Last year I was a teenage hippo weighing 240 pounds. I was really ashamed. But I dieted and lost 100 pounds in less than six months. I'd like other young girls to see that it can be done!"
Kathryn Shallcross,
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Katie Shallcross's
Before and
After Measurements

5'5"	HEIGHT	5'5"
240	WEIGHT	140
40	BUST	36
34	WAIST	26
42	HIPS	36½
40 or 42	DRESS SIZE	12 or 13

"Why on earth did you ever allow yourself to gain up to 240 ugly pounds?" we asked blond, 16-year-old Kathryn Shallcross. "Well, I just loved to eat," she admitted shyly. "Yes," Kathryn's mother added. "Her father and I worried at first that she might have a glandular problem. But doctors assured us Katie was perfectly normal—except for her stevedore appetite!"

"What made you finally decide to diet?" we inquired.

"Pretty clothes," Katie said. "I got tired of wearing matronly sizes. And—uh ——" She blushed.

"Shall I tell?" her mother asked. Katie nodded.

"She had a crush on a boy at school, but Katie's girl friend told her she had heard him say: 'I wouldn't be caught dead with Katie—unless she loses weight.'" That did it! Katie started her diet last summer and by January had reduced 100 pounds. Regular medical checkups assured the Shallcrosses that Katie's health was actually *improving*, despite her strict 750 calories a day.* "At first it was hard to stick to it," Katie confessed. "But after three or four weeks I became used to eating less. And I was encouraged by how much better I looked as the pounds disappeared." Dressed in the pretty pink-and-white-striped cotton for her "after" picture, Kathryn couldn't help smiling at her slim reflection in the mirror. "How does it feel to look really pretty?" we asked. Blue eyes twinkling, Katie thought and said, "I wish every overweight girl in the world would diet and find out for *herself* how it feels to receive compliments and know in her heart she at last deserves them!"

*Katie's "before" and "after" diets are on page 169.



"I am a 17-year-old teenager
from Denmark, exchange student
here for a year. I have
an inferiority complex,
because of my 15-year-old sister
who is a beauty while I am
too old and serious looking. Can you help me?"

Kirsten Nielsen, King Ferry, New York

Young Kirsten's big problem was that, in her admirable effort to appear conservative, she had gone too far—she looked austere. In a matter of hours, Kirsten learned how to draw the fine line in *her* favor. Hairdo: still simple, but softer. The lift at the forehead adds needed height for her face shape, while the gently waved side fullness, ending in a sleek French twist in the back, adds femininity without frills. Minor changes in make-up: a faint, faint touch of rouge to add warmth to her fair skin; lipstick, brighter (and gayer!) than before. Clothes suggestion: try for a younger look. Although her "before" dress is an especially becoming color, it seems too stark. See how Kirsten "after" maintains the simplicity she likes, but still emphasizes her naturally pretty proportions.



DRESS BY FRANK ADAMS

"I am 16 and very self-conscious. I have light hair and very colorless 'cow eyes.' So far I sound like a real drip. Also my forehead is square, and I can't find a good shade of lipstick. I leave with one parting word: help!"

Louise Smith, Toms River, New Jersey



HAIR DESIGNS BY MICHEL KAZAN



When our "real drip" (far left) saw her new look she said, "Pinch me—it can't be true!" Actually Louise's changes were simple, requiring only a little forethought concerning the "big problems" and how to cope with each one in turn. Her high, square forehead disappears under a pretty fringe of bangs, and her entire hairdo loosens and softens up, by combing the ends up and out rather than into the stiff pageboy roll she wore before. Her "cow eyes" lose their colorless look with make-up lightly and artfully applied. Rich brown mascara applied sparingly to upper lashes, along with a warm brown eyebrow pencil for her too-pale brows, works the pretty miracle. A clear, bright lipstick takes the place of wishy-washy "before" color to add vividness to her natural monotone coloring. And note the sprightly look achieved with light-bright colors in dress—as opposed to the drab shade of brown that does nothing for her in her "before" picture. By experimenting with different make-up and clothes colors, new and becoming hair effects, most any teenager can discover she, too, can look prettier than ever before!

DRESS BY MOLLIE STONE

Summertime Favorites

Mollie Farnham, our Barbara J., likes to have one dress to start wearing those first summery days and to count on all summer long. She looks for one as bright and light as the season . . . basic enough to be just right no matter what the day. Mollie's choice, a bright pink piqué, fits these prerequisites to perfection. One summer favorite deserves another, and Mollie makes a pair of slacks to wear for leisure hours. With these two investments and a minimum of fashion $'s, Mollie has her summer basics. By BET HART

PRIGENT





© VOGUE

Mollie makes a pair of slacks—a summer favorite for leisure hours. She chooses bright blue cotton, Vogue Design No. 9990.* A pretty addition with it, a plaid sleeveless shirt. Slacks cost her $4.12 to make; the blouse, $2.98 to buy.

BLOUSE BY JOHN NEIZKY

*For other views, sizes and price, see page 108.



Mollie can wear her new slacks, as much a basic as the dress, with other blouses and sweaters she already has. This time, she chooses her beige shirt and sweater from last fall.

For a summer day, Mollie likes to keep the dress as light and bright as possible. Here she adds a white belt, white jewelry, and a pink polka-dot scarf at the waistline.



A warm spring day; Mollie wears her new dress to school. The fabric is piqué . . . the color the brightest of pinks. For the classroom, Mollie keeps her accessories as simple (and pretty) as possible: black patent shoes, a matching belt and white pearl earrings. Price of dress, $12.95.



A good marriage requires both a common goal and the successful interaction of two personalities. Some marriages falter when a husband's dedication to his professional goal is in opposition to his wife's desires for a better family living experience. Some marriages falter because husband and wife are unable to communicate their true feelings to each other and so they cannot work together in mutual understanding. In this month's case from the files of The American Institute of Family Relations, Lynn and Paul have neither a common goal nor a good understanding of each other. Each has some personality characteristics which prevent him from meeting the emotional needs of his partner. In helping save such a marriage, often, as in this case, the marriage counselor tries to help the partners to deal with their marriage problems first. Once their relationship with each other is improved, usually personality difficulties are easier to overcome. For then each partner can help the other, instead of increasing his problems. . . . The counselor in this case was Mr. Harrison West. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director.*

Can this marriage be saved?

SHE: "Paul says I have been an ideal wife, that he has been a miserable husband. Last Thursday he told me about the other woman. But he won't specify what's wrong with our marriage."

HE: "I've made a hash of my marriage and my life. My complaints of Lynn are trivia. Nevertheless, Margaret's companionship has fed a hunger I've felt for years."

Lynn tells her side: "I never thought the life of a doctor's wife would be easy," said thirty-nine-year-old Lynn, personable wife of a brilliant Seattle physician. "Both of my grandfathers practiced medicine and both my grandmothers warned me not to follow in their footsteps. Yet when Paul wanted to marry me I hardly waited for him to finish asking before I said yes. He remains the most attractive man I've ever met. He is also the most baffling.

"For eighteen years I've done everything in my power to subordinate my own desires and interests to Paul. We've arrived at the $18,000 bracket after years of struggle. During our tough times I scrimped and juggled pay checks and did the tightrope walking for us both, though I doubt Paul noticed. He is a babe in the woods on the subject of finances.

"I balance our checkbook, each March I sweat blood with our tax accountant—Paul has never met the man—I pay all bills. Every Monday morning I ask if he needs cash and he blinks at me and usually shakes his head, no. I then look through his billfold—often I find it empty—and I supply him with $20 or $30, depending on the amount that seems advisable.

"Paul is as indifferent to clothes as he is to money. However, he makes many speeches before medical groups—he is a cancer specialist—and I feel he should put up a good appearance. I buy his suits, shirts, socks.

"Paul can't take contention and argument. He is inordinately sensitive to criticism. The chief of staff at the hospital where he operates is brusque and hard to please. If the man makes the slightest derogatory remark, Paul caves in and for days broods and finds fault with himself. I can't bear to see him in those self-abasing moods. I make sure he receives only praise and compliments from me.

"The last really unpleasant difference between us occurred at least ten years ago. I bought theater tickets on an evening Paul had set aside for work, as are most of his evenings. I was so insistent that he agreed to go, but he dawdled at his books and we missed the opening curtain. I was disappointed and I cried. Paul was devastated. Indeed, he denounced his own selfishness until I suffered more on his account than on mine.

"Of late years many hopeless cases have been referred to Paul by other doctors. When one of his brilliant CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

DON ORNITZ



"Paul dressed and left our bedroom.
He took along his instrument bag to convince me
he was making an emergency call.
I knew the telephone hadn't rung."

From mother to daughter the priceless gift was handed down.

You didn't come to the phone when Julie's long-distance call came this morning. Other times Julie would say to me, "Hold the line now, Francie, mamma wants to talk to you." And I'd wait. And for a moment I'd think maybe I was getting over the loneliness at last. Maybe your voice wouldn't still hold that soft blur of remembered sweetness. Maybe ——

And then you'd say, "Hello, love."

And I'd know that no one else in all the world could get that much feeling into two words.

Those minutes always went so fast. A few questions. A few answers. Then, "I must hang up now, Francie. Take care of yourself and the children, and give Dan a good big hug for me." And no matter how hard I'd try, my tongue would thicken.

Hush, love

By AGNES FRANCES WHITE

"If there just weren't three thousand miles, mamma ——" I'd begin, and choke. And then you'd whisper the old, old words, and once more the magic of them would quiet the yearning:

"Hush, love."

Hush, love. I guess the first time I remember them was the spring I was five years old. It was the year your sister Delia came to visit us. You hadn't seen her in twelve years and you were so excited. You dressed with such care. I remember you wore a dove-gray suit with a little black velvet collar, and a wide-brimmed gray hat with narrow bands of ribbon around the crown. I remember how high the hat sat on your great coil of hair, and how you had to anchor it tightly with the little pansy-topped hatpins.

All morning long I'd heard you practicing the Gaelic. "Delia mightn't like it, that I've let it go so," you explained. And at noon you left for the dock to meet her.

Delia wasn't at all like you. Oh, she had the same eyes, the black-fringed blue that looked almost violet; and yes, she had your small bones and tiny feet. But nothing else. Her mouth wasn't all curved and soft the way yours was. And her voice—that's where the biggest difference was. Her voice was quick and sharp, snapping out the ends of words as if she had to be rid of them. You always invited a word out, as if words were friends you wanted to share but didn't ever want to quite lose.

The evening of that day was hot, and with the earlier excitement I couldn't seem to get to sleep. I could hear your voices as you and Delia sat out CONTINUED ON PAGE 169



f there just weren't three thousand miles, mamma—" I'd begin, and choke.

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MENU

SEA FOOD SUPREME
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CHINESE SALAD
ORIENTAL ORANGES

A ... gala treat ... a succession of the Chesapeake. Bring out a casserole, a blend of flavors provocative and new to delight your guests. By MARGARETTA STEVENSON

DONALD STUART

Chinese Salad

1 5-ounce can crisp Chinese noodles
3 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon garlic salt
1 teaspoon curry powder
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
Dash liquid pepper seasoning
2 quarts salad greens
2 tablespoons sliced ripe olives
French dressing

Heat noodles with butter and seasonings in a slow oven, 200° F., for 15 minutes. Toss, hot, with greens, olives and French dressing.

Sea Food Supreme

4 6½-ounce cans crab meat, boned and flaked
3 cups shredded day-old white bread
1 cup peeled and finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon caper liquid
2 teaspoons dry mustard
½ teaspoon curry powder
1 cup mayonnaise

Drain shrimp, reserving liquid. Mix all ingredients together and moisten with 1 cup shrimp liquid. Turn into a 3-quart casserole. Refrigerate until needed. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. Add more shrimp liquid if necessary.

Broccoli Florentine

2 large bunches broccoli, trimmed
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
½ cup olive or salad oil
Salt
Pepper
Parmesan cheese

Cook broccoli until barely done. Drain. Heat garlic and oil in a skillet. Add broccoli and sauté until tender, turning occasionally. Season with salt, pepper and a generous sprinkling of Parmesan cheese.

Oriental Oranges

8 firm navel oranges
16 pitted dates, cut small
8 figs, cut small
8 large marshmallows, cut small
2–3 tablespoons flaked coconut
½ teaspoon cloves
1 tablespoon honey or brown sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
Juice of ½ lemon
¾ cup blanched slivered toasted almonds

Cut off orange tops. Remove meat and scrape out membrane. Drain juice into a bowl. Cut meat into bite-sized pieces. Mix in all ingredients except almonds. Put 1 tablespoon orange juice into each orange cup and fill with fruit mixture. Top with almonds. Arrange in a pan. Add a little water. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for ½ hour.

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(SEE DETAILS BELOW)







THE LONG HAUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

someone's radar wasn't working—or some operator not watching the set. But conditions were pretty bad—it may just have been luck that let him through. The biggest ship in the convoy, and bang in the middle! She was like the hub of a wheel."

"*Bruce* has been signaling to the rescue ship for the last half hour," Wheeler said. "I could read a bit of the signal before we'd got too far up the convoy to see the light. It seems they got the crew off her."

Although the senior officer's lamp had not been trained on them, they had for some minutes been able to see its continual flickering. Now *Bruce* was receiving a long message from the rescue ship that was stationed astern of the convoy. But there were ships in the way, and the officers on the *Hecate*'s bridge could not read the words.

Despite the foul conditions, the morning's run through the convoy had given Murrell a pleasurable sensation. There were many ships with deck cargoes: tanks, motor transport and small specialized landing craft. It was heartening to exchange a friendly wave with the officers they passed. It brought a touch of human warmth to the whole bloody business of war.

Suddenly *Bruce*'s lamp was trained on them. "Yeoman!" the captain called. But it was a needless warning. Willis, the senior signal rating, was already at the lamp.

Murrell moved into the charthouse which formed a low shelter across the front of the bridge. There he lighted a cigarette, and gratefully inhaled the smoke.

The yeoman appeared, pad in hand, in the doorway. The captain took the pad and laid it on the chart table before him. "Senior officer Fortieth Escort Group to *Hecate*." Murrell read. "I have formed the opinion that Greek tanker *Antioch* is still afloat and could probably be towed to U.K. You are to return and, if practicable, take her in tow until relieved by ocean tug."

The captain looked up from the pad. "Damn and blast! What does he think we are—a bloody tugboat? Surely he could have given a towing job to a corvette!"

"It'll be a change, sir." Wheeler attempted to offer sympathy.

"Oh, yes," Murrell snapped. "Interesting—very interesting on a summer's day in peacetime. It will be a nightmare job in a North Atlantic winter. And I don't like the idea of being tied by the backside to a floating oil well. Not when the enemy may still be hanging around."

"You really think she'll be fit to tow?" Wheeler asked.

"I'm afraid so. When we first saw the flames last night they looked bad enough. But when you compare them with some of the other bangs we've seen, you'll realize that the main cargo tanks just can't have been punctured. Remember the blowing up of the *Tapico*!"

A signalman put his head through the doorway. "Signal from *Bruce*, sir," he said. "Private prefix."

It was a personal message from one captain to another.

"I bet you're sucking your teeth," the new signal read, "but if the job is hopeless you can get back much more quickly than a corvette. It may be a big decision to make so I'm afraid it's your honor to go. Good luck."

"Well," Murrell said handing the signal to Wheeler, "that sweetens the pill a little—but not much."

As soon as he had seen the *Hecate* settled on a course that would take her back to the position where the tanker had been torpedoed, Murrell left the bridge to go down to his sea cabin on the deck below for his breakfast.

Kirby, his steward, was already there. "Chucking herself around this morning," Kirby said. "Hear we got a towing job, sir."

Murrell sat down heavily in the chair before the table. So it had got round already. "If it's still afloat," he said, trying to be noncommittal. He had no wish that his private thoughts should be relayed round the ship.

Kirby, a coffeepot in one hand and the doorpost in the other, held the pot waveringly toward the captain's cup. "No, thank you," Murrell said. "Don't pour it out yet. Stand the jug in the wastepaper basket. It'll stay quiet there."

As Kirby went out, Murrell called, "Kirby, my compliments to the first lieutenant and will he come and see me here as soon as he's had his breakfast." He began to hurry the food into his mouth.

He had hardly finished when there was a knock on the door. "Come in," he called; and then, "Oh, it's you, doc. What does the medical adviser want at this hour of the morning?"

"I could do with a case," Macmillan said. "A nice difficult diagnosis—something to make my brain work."

"I know," Murrell said. "Your father and mother stinted themselves for your education, and now a broken finger or a simple case of skin disease is all you're ever asked to mend. Come in and help me think."

"What about?" Macmillan said as he perched himself on the bunk.

"It's no use pretending you don't listen to rumor and it's no use saying you don't know."

"You mean this towing job?" Macmillan grinned. "Maybe she's sunk."

"Frankly, I hope she has. I don't think I'm psychologically fitted to be a tugmaster in wartime! It calls for a special sort of courage I don't think I've got."

"Is it different from any other courage?"

"Quite different. It's got to go on for so long! Continual fear draws courage from men as surely as sun evaporates water. There are lots of people who, if they had to, could die a fine gladiator's death, but who'd put up a pretty poor show as a martyr. How do you take a big merchantman in tow with a destroyer?"

"Aren't there diagrams and directions in the books?"

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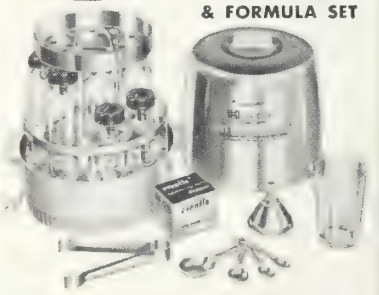
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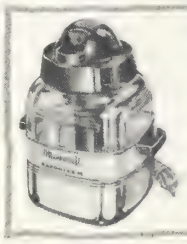
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"Oh, yes—lots of them. But they all refer to owing battleships and suppose that the tow as steam on her capstan. And, however much naval ship is disabled, she'll have a large umber of beefy sailors to haul the heavy tuff around. With this *Antioch* we'll have to o the whole thing ourselves—and put men board her."

"How many will you have to send?"

"Unless the weather improves, no more han can be ferried in one boatload. But that rings me to the most difficult decision—who o send in charge of them."

"Why not Thompson?" the doctor asked.

"He's too unreliable. All the information hat comes to us from the *Antioch* will be sent hrough one officer's brain. I daren't have omeone there who's like a pendulum—swing-ng too far each way."

"But," Macmillan said, "your choice really es between Bill Wheeler and Thompson. So ou've answered your own question."

Murrell nodded. "By rights I shouldn't send ny executive officer—but I'll have to. And that's nother thing I'm going to hate. It makes the orry more personal if you have to send some-

NEXT MONTH

On a carefree Mexican vacation, Paige MacRae had agreed happily to visit the rancho. But now she knew that it was her prison, where mystery and terrible danger hung in the very air.

Paige had not reported at the American embassy, so not one person outside the locked gates of Loma de Sombra knew where she was. If she never returned, no one would ever miss her. She had to save herself.

DARK PURPOSE

By DORIS HUME

Complete novel, condensed in the JUNE JOURNAL

e you know so well and like so much to sit top of four million gallons of high-octane trol when you can't give him proper defense ainst either aircraft or U-boats."

"Is there really as much petrol as that?"

"What are a few thousand gallons more or s? They'd make little difference to the size the bang. A fourteen-thousand-ton tanker ries nearly four million gallons—enough to d two thousand Wellington bombers to rlin and back. You hadn't joined us when *Tapico* was hit, had you? That shook me. hook us all."

Macmillan had heard the tale from others, er from the captain.

"—— a big tanker—big as the *Antioch*—d almost new. In something less than a sec-d she went. There was a flicker in the dark d then a wall of flame hundreds of feet high, wound about and patterned with black oke. In that fraction of time we saw her ks burst—one after the other, till all her gth was one great silent blaze. To this day I n't know where the noise went. It was so et! And then, in the awful hush, we heard n crying—a drawn-out wail you'd not k could come from human throats. I don't r want to hear *that* again."

"It might be as well to put that on the ship's ice board—about the amount of petrol in *Antioch* and how many bombers it would e to Berlin. I bet not a man in the ship realized the size of the endeavor."

"It's an idea," Murrell agreed.

The doctor slid off the bunk. "I'll be getting ng. There's a very interesting case in the bay: a split fingernail—a little finger, k you. Not even a thumb!"

"Never mind," Murrell told him. "You e a fine mess secretary—and you're a great al support for me."

When the doctor had left, Murrell went into the chartroom. Masters, the navigator, was bent over the table. He stood up and faced the captain. "Barometer?" Murrell asked.

"Twenty-nine and two tenths; falling about a tenth each hour, sir."

"No star sight this morning, pilot." Murrell's words were not a question.

"No, sir. And not much chance of seeing the sun today. But I had quite good stars last night."

"Did you?" Murrell said. "That would be only about two hours before the *Antioch* was 'fished.' So our guess at her position should be pretty good. What's the approximate distance of the *Antioch* from Bloody Foreland?"

"Five hundred miles, sir."

"Have we had the weather forecast?"

"The wireless office should be sending it up soon. I'll decode and plot it right away."

"Good," Murrell said. "Bring it to me as soon as it's done."

Returning to his own cabin, he met Wheeler. "Come in, Number One, and let's prepare for taking the Greek in tow. We've got to assume she's afloat and be as ready as possible. If we aren't, we'll not get the tow secured before dark and we certainly don't want to show lights at night."

It was, he found, extremely difficult to tell Wheeler.

"I must have someone I can trust in the tow. I think you'd better take charge of the party." Murrell had to make a great effort to be natural.

"How long have I got to get ready?" Wheeler was matching his captain's detachment.

"The ship was torpedoed at eight o'clock last night. We turned back twelve hours later. She'd be about a hundred miles astern of the convoy when we left them. If we can maintain this speed, we should have her in sight by one o'clock this afternoon. Then we'll have five hours of daylight in which to work."

Murrell settled himself in the chair. "Sit on the bunk," he told Wheeler. "Who'd you like to take with you? I'll leave the choice to you. I'd prefer not to send the boat across more than once. When it has put your party aboard, it can drop downwind and I'll pick it up. Two men and a coxswain should be enough to paddle the boat back. You can take three men and yourself in the stern sheets and three men for the other oars—that will give you a crew of six. You'll need a signalman, a torpedo rating in case you can do anything with the electrics, a leading stoker or engine-room artificer—better ask the chief whom he recommends—one leading seaman and two able seamen."

There was a tap at the door. Murrell called, "Come in."

Both men looked up at the newcomer. Their eyes asked the same question.

"Not so good, sir," Masters, the navigator, said. "There's a deep depression running along under the edge of the Arctic high. It's traveling east at twenty knots." He put the open weather chart on the captain's desk, as the ship suddenly flung herself skyward.

Murrell rose to peer out through the salt-caked glass of the scuttle. As he rubbed away the beaded moisture the *Hecate*'s bow rose again as she shot over the top of an Atlantic grayback. The wave top, broken by her passage, became a mass of frothy lace. Then the ship's propellers bit deeply into the sea.

"How long is this pocket gale going to last?"

"Not long, sir. It's really only a secondary to the one we've just had."

"Then the sooner we can get to the northward and into that Arctic high, the better. Thank you, pilot," he said in dismissal.

When the door had shut, Murrell turned again to his first lieutenant. "Well, there you are, Number One. The weather is going to do its best to muck up our plans, but we should manage. I only wish I had some experience of towing."

"Looks as if, until the ocean tug arrives, we're both going to learn a lot."

Wheeler had spoken so casually that Murrell wondered whether the younger man's imagination had been dulled by his sense of adventure. He said, "Yes, as you say—until the tug arrives."

"You don't sound very hopeful, sir!"



Does Junior get up with no appetite . . . and dawdle over his food? . . . Does Dad rush off to work . . . with only a cup of coffee and a bun to sustain him? . . . Does Sister skip breakfast entirely . . . to keep a trim figure?

Does your family have these breakfast problems?

The success or the failure of your day often depends on the breakfast that starts it. And yet, far too many of us either skip breakfast entirely—or eat a sparse one on the run—or substitute "coffee breaks" for a healthful morning meal.

If you've never thought breakfast important, consider these facts. In the morning, perhaps more than at any other time of the day, you need a well-balanced meal. That's because your energy is lowest after the long stretch between dinner and breakfast. So, your body requires "fuel" to renew your supply of energy—to help you feel better, think clearly and work more efficiently.

On the other hand, a sparse breakfast invites fatigue. In fact, many studies show that when you eat little or no breakfast, tiredness will almost surely overtake you while the morning is still young. And, in many cases, breakfast skippers become irritable, nervous or weak.

How much breakfast should you eat? Enough to supply at least one-quarter of your total food needs for the day. And to get the essential carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins and minerals, your breakfast should include fruit in some form; bread made from whole grain or enriched flour; cereal, eggs, meat or fish; and milk to drink or to use in a cereal.

Such a breakfast (with other things you like including coffee or tea) should be eaten by everyone in the family—mother, father and the children.

Try it for a while. Chances are you'll notice how much more energy you have, and how much better you'll feel around 11 o'clock than you did before.

If you have "no time" for breakfast, just set the alarm clock a quarter of an hour earlier than usual. You'll never miss those 15 minutes. And to save time in the morning, plan and prepare some of your dishes the night before.

Even if you're dieting, don't skip breakfast. Without breakfast, you're far more likely to overeat at lunch or dinner. And that can wreck anyone's reducing program.

All of us, overweight or normal, should take time to eat a substantial, unhurried breakfast. It's a fine way to help every member of your family to better health.

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"There are so few tugs and they've so much to do! As rare as taxis in London on a wet day." All at once the desire came to Murrell to turn time on by a week. Not that he particularly wanted to know what he would be doing. He just wanted assurance that they'd all be there to do it.

Wheeler's voice cut into his thoughts. "I'd like to get the towing hawser laid out before I send the hands to dinner, but while she's traveling at this speed it's not possible."

"Don't bother about that," Murrell told him. "We can get it out while you're paddling across to your first command. Go and get your party together."

Murrell had not finished the first course of his lunch when the bell above the head of his bunk buzzed angrily. He spoke conversationally into the mouthpiece. "Captain's cabin."

At first he heard only the attenuated whine of the wind, and then Masters' voice against the continuous background of sound. "Radar has reported a definite echo bearing red two-oh, ten thousand yards. The plot suggests that it's stationary. Shall I alter course?"

"Yes, please. I'll be up."

Before mounting the ladder, he turned into the chartroom. The barometer had fallen another tenth. He went back to the passage and climbed the ladder to the bridge.

The wind was warmer than it had been an hour before. With the big area of cold Arctic anticyclone so close to them, the unseasonal warmth was not a good sign. Everything in sight was gray: the bridge, the lighter camouflage of the forward gun, the darker tone of the foredeck. Gray seas sweeping out of the gray drizzle, and even the wave tops, when they broke into foam, were gray. He climbed heavily up to the standard compass. "Can you see her yet?"

Masters raised his arm to point ahead of the ship, and the captain saw her clearly through the curtain of rain—and much nearer than he had expected. The *Antioch* lay beam on to their approach. Come upon suddenly, she appeared vast and, in her desolation, phantasmal.

"She's a bit down by the stern, sir." The navigator was the first to speak.

"With a laden tanker it's difficult to tell. They've so little freeboard," Murrell answered, keeping his long binocular on the object of their quest. "She's not much damaged, and she's spewing out enough oil to stop the seas' breaking. There's no seaman's reason why we shouldn't try to tow the brute. Ease her down to ten knots while I take a look round."

They were passing close by the *Antioch*. From the height of the bridge he could look down on her wallowing hull. It was certain that, bad though the weather might be, the whaler could put men aboard her.

Wheeler climbed the ladder to the bridge. With an oilskin over his duffel coat, a length of line round his middle, and pockets stuffed with articles, he looked like a badly made up parcel.

"Your party ready?" Murrell asked.

"They're mustering by the whaler now, sir."

"Very good. I'll come down and have a word with them." Murrell turned and called, "Masters, keep the ship circling the wreck until I'm back."

The first lieutenant had already begun the descent of the long ladder that led to the main deck. The captain followed.

"Don't forget, Number One," Murrell said, "that the merchantman is drifting through the water at almost two knots. There'll be a big undertow on her lee side. Don't get your boat broadside on to the ship. There are some falls hanging from a davit on her lee quarter. If you can get in under those, you may be able to climb up a ladder that's over the side there. Don't risk smashing your rudder."

Murrell, sure that Wheeler was fully aware of the necessity for all he'd said, wondered why it had had to be said at all. Speech was not always limited to just what the words said. Speech could be a hand expressing friendship or encouragement.

They came to a stop by the whaler. Fallen in abreast of the boat were nine of the best, and certainly the strongest men in the ship. The captain ran his eyes over them quickly. Hart, the engine-room artificer, a dependable honest man with a wife and two children. Signalman White, a big laughing youngster who would be difficult to dishearten. Leading Seaman Pengelley, the best seaman in the ship, not perhaps quite up to the weight of the others but as tough as a man could be. Murrell thought that Wheeler had been right so far. He was not so certain of the next: Sibson, torpedoman, was big enough and strong enough, but his punishment record was bad. And there were two able seamen: Trotman, a hulk of a man who would be as brave as a lion because he hadn't the imagination to be otherwise; and Anders, a flaxen-haired giant who, though he sometimes appeared simple-minded, had, in the affairs of the sea, a quite uncanny knack of doing the right thing by instinct.

Each of these six carried a parcel done up in waterproof cloth. This and their heavier clothing distinguished them from the three men who would make the return journey.

"Richards," Murrell said, "you're coxswain of the boat. When you've put the party aboard, row downwind. When you see me closing you, turn your boat round and keep her heading about twenty degrees off the wind. I'll pick you up—don't you start chasing me. If I miss you the first time, I'll try again." And then to the six, "You men of the towing party: don't forget that from the moment you leave this ship Mr. Wheeler is your commanding officer—and don't worry. I'm sure that between us we'll manage the tow."

Murrell turned to Wheeler and offered his hand. "Good luck, Number One," he said. Then a thought came to save banalities. "My apologies. Good luck—captain."

"I'd dearly love to be taking a trip in the boat," Macmillan said as the captain took the ship upwind of the wreck to slip the whaler.

The doctor had followed the captain up to the bridge. Towing and salvage had always seemed to him the highest exposition of a seaman's art. "You know," he went on, "what I've always most wanted to do was to sail my wee yacht across the Atlantic. Perhaps when the war is over, and before I go back to the hospital, I'll do just that."

"Alone?" Murrell asked as he kept his eye on the sea, the *Antioch* and the behavior of his own ship.

"Yes," the doctor said. "I'd prefer it that way. Just think of the blessed solitude. Out there and alone, you could really think things out!" He waved a hand over a gray and empty arc of the sea.

"You couldn't," Murrell said. "I've tried it. Not on such a long trip as that—only from Scotland to Norway and back. But it doesn't work out. Your mind is full of the minute-by-minute problems the yacht creates: the set of the sails, the necessity to make little repairs and the job of getting the next meal while at the same time you look after the ship. I'm afraid the best forcing ground for philosophy is a nice dry hut on the beach. Any day I'd back Diogenes' land-based tub against your seagoing one!"

"You disappoint me," Macmillan said. "Without a wife I could take time off and accept the risk."

Murrell said to the wheelhouse, "Steer five degrees to starboard," and to the doctor, "I reckon we'll be ready to slip the boat very soon. Why are you a bachelor?" and thought how one could, when men were busy, ask personal questions that would be very difficult to broach even when you were alone with a friend and a bottle of wine.

"A defect in my own character." Macmillan spoke frankly. "I can't accept interference in my own work—either active or passive. That's why I prefer working in a hospital to being in practice."

"But hospitals are full of women!"

Macmillan laughed. "But the nursing staff do what they are told."

Murrell said, "I'm going to slip the boat now. But I don't see how you're going to be much of a philosopher unless you accept the coexistence of women. Slow ahead. Steady as you go." The last remark had been made to the wheelhouse. Then he left the compass for the side of the bridge where he could look down the whole length of the ship.

With engines at "Slow" and steaming into the weather, the *Hecate* was barely making way through the water. Two groups of men held the ropes that would lower the boat to the water. Leaning over the side of the bridge, Murrell motioned downward with his hand.

With a splash the boat was in the water, the oars out and she was pulling strongly away. The captain went back to the compass platform.

Graves, the gunnery officer, had the afternoon watch. "Boat's clear," Murrell said with a flutter of inward satisfaction. "I'll take her"; and down the voice pipe, "Half ahead. Port twenty. Steer one-eight-oh."

As the *Hecate* swung round, they could see the boat, small and insignificant in the immensity of the ocean. Soon it went down into the trough of a wave, lost to view. Then it would be lifted into sight again. As the wave's crest passed beneath it, the whole boat rocked backward and began its slide down the smooth wave back.

Wheeler was making to pass under the *Antioch*'s stern. In a much wider circle, Murrell followed him round. The watchers on the bridge could see the tanker's lee side. It was not easy to make out, even with the glasses, exactly what was happening.

Someone was on the ladder, was clambering up, was over the rail. Another, and another, five—six—seven, and the boat was backing away, turning and paddling downwind to where the *Hecate* waited.

Murrell seized the lanyard of the siren. Against the immensity of the ocean the little noise would be cast in defiance. Although the noise shook the eardrums of those on the bridge, only with luck would it be heard in the *Antioch*. In long and short blasts the captain spelled out "Maneuver well executed."

Slowly Murrell let the *Hecate* creep up until the whaler was under the davits. He saw the falls jerk tight as the boat was hooked on; saw the men on deck begin to haul away. He caught a glimpse of the boat clear of the water, and, thankful that this too had been accomplished, he went back to the compass platform.

"Half ahead, starboard fifteen. Steer oh-three-oh." With the boat recovered, he could get the ship under way again. He said to Graves, "I want to circle the *Antioch* at about a mile." Then he heard from below high-pitched shouts and a dull crash.

Flinging himself to the back of the bridge, he saw the whaler held only by the after fall. Its bow hung down. A wave, catching the boat, flung it against the ship's side.

Half a ship's length away, Murrell could only stand in horrified silence while, far below him, Gray, the commissioned gunner, leaped for the davit head. Murrell saw the flash of the knife. Gray had made his own decision and, fearful that the hanging boat would stave in the thin plating of the destroyer's hull, he was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

THE TRAVELER

By MARGARET GRAHAME COLLINS

In the dim hours of night.
The snail adventures by—
Over the limp damp earth.
Through jungle of grassy herbs,
On heaving sea of leaf,
Up dripping stilt of reed,
Down the fern's curving stair—
Leaving his silver trail.
At dawn he withdraws himself
Into his paper shell.
Back from his perilous roaming.
Fed by mossy dreaming,
Safe from the sun-shot world—
The traveler is curled.



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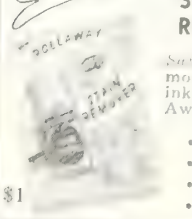
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

trying to cut her adrift. He saw the cut ends of rope part under the knife. A moment later the boat fell into the sea and drifted astern.

The captain turned heavily. The eyes of all those on the bridge, both officers and men, were expressionless. None could see a boat—the symbol of safety—lost without feeling a catch in the heart that his own chance of safety had been expended. No man had gone overboard with the boat. That was Murrell's only consolation.

Without the whaler there would be no means of putting more men aboard the *Antioch*. The motorboat was not fitted with slipping gear and could be put in the water only when the weather was perfect.

From the wing of the *Antioch*'s bridge a light flickered. The voice of the signalman, reading the signal, could be heard plainly.

"Preparatory report. Engine room flooded. Fuel-oil tanks port side buckled and leaking. Remainder of hull appears undamaged. Quite impracticable to steam, but tow possible. All cable work will have to be done by hand as winches are electric. Am preparing to tow as arranged. Will signal when ready."

"Yeoman," the captain called, "we'd better make a signal to *Bruce* and commander-in-chief Western Approaches. Let me have a pad, please." He went into the charthouse.

Taking a pencil from the shallow tray at the back of the chart table, the captain wrote, "Consider *Antioch* can be salvaged. Main cargo tanks undamaged. Have party aboard and am preparing to tow. Request early arrival of ocean tug, air cover and surface escort. Time of origin fifteen-oh-two."

The *Hecate* steamed round the crippled tanker, her track a square whose sides were each a mile long. The captain had an intense desire to make a questioning signal to the dark shape around which he patrolled. But he could be certain that Wheeler and his men were doing everything possible to ensure that the *Antioch* would be ready before nightfall. A signal would only cause annoyance.

To hide his impatience Murrell left the bridge and went down to his sea cabin. Wheeler might be another hour or he could be ready in a minute's time. Then his ears, preternaturally sharp, heard the cry on the deck: "*Antioch* signaling." He went up the ladder as fast as his legs would take him.

A white light flickered from the tanker's bridge. "Watch the splash. I am going to slip the starboard anchor. Will be ready to tow from starboard cable in fifteen minutes. Suggest you take station on my starboard bow."

Murrell heaved a sigh of relief. "Very well, Mr. Graves. I'll take her. Tell Mr. Thompson that we'll be passing the towing hawser in fifteen minutes. Have the coxswain at the wheel and see that Mr. Gray is ready with the line-throwing rifle." After the long wait it was satisfactory, indeed, to have the chance to handle the ship himself.

A rifle sent the first line over. A heavier rope was tied to the line's end, and then, snaking from the deck along which it had been laid, the big towing hawser crept out. Inch by inch, and foot by foot, it grew to form a coupling between the low stern of the destroyer and the towering bow of the tanker.

From the bridge Murrell had seen Wheeler's head and shoulders above the deep bulwarks. When the hawser had passed up the pipe Wheeler's head had been withdrawn, and White's appeared in its place. The signalman's hands moved swiftly as he passed a message in that peculiar brand of semaphore which is too fast to be read by anyone other than a fleet signalman.

"Have four shackles of cable ranged on deck and held by slip. Without power on the winch I am unable to let it out slowly. It will come all at once when slip is knocked off. Please go ahead as soon as my hand is dropped."

The signalman read the message to the captain. "Reply, 'Well done,'" Murrell said and raised his voice. "Mr. Graves. Stand by to go half ahead as soon as I give the order."

Wheeler's head reappeared over the *Antioch*'s rail. His hand was raised while his head was turned to watch the men who worked on the tanker's deck. The hand fell. "Half ahead seven-oh revolutions," Murrell ordered. "Steady as you go."

That part of the hawser that had been hauled aboard the *Antioch* ran out of the hawsepipe. Then, with a roar that could be heard on the *Hecate*'s bridge, the chain cable followed. In the widening gap between the ships, the cable poured into the sea like falling shot—and then as suddenly stopped. Seven heads appeared over the tanker's bow to exchange cheerful waves with those of the *Hecate*'s crew.

As the distance between the ships widened, the cable that hung from the *Antioch*'s bow began to move forward. The destroyer, moving faster, raised the hawser from the waves as it took the strain. It came up streaming and the falling drips made a dappled line over the waves.

The destroyer, caught by the stern, was checked. Her screws thrashed the water. Murrell sickened at the sensation. A giant had seized his free-floating ship and tied her up.

When the *Hecate* first took the tow both ships were lying beam on to the westerly weather with their bows to the northward, and the tow followed her tug reasonably well. But as soon as Murrell tried to draw her round to an easterly course, the devil entered into the *Antioch*. There was so much disparity in size that the ships were differently affected by the waves. The big tanker would yaw violently—first one way, then the other. The *Hecate*, with one propeller stopped and the other churning the water, would struggle desperately to bring

> The honest man must keep faith with himself; his sheet anchor is sincerity.
>
> EMERSON

her charge back on course. For perhaps a minute the odious craft towed correctly, before once more she swung away.

"You wouldn't think she wanted us to take her home!" Murrell said to the yeoman who stood beside him. "Trouble is that with the towing hook right at the stern we can only hold ourselves straight by the power of our engines. I'm damned if I know how we're to go on doing this until the tug arrives!"

The signalman of the watch came with a signal pad. Rain had made the paper sodden. Murrell dared not take his eyes from the tow. "Read it to me, please," he said.

"Senior officer Fortieth Escort Group and *Hecate* from C. in C. W. A.," the yeoman read. "Weather permitting air cover will be provided during daylight hours from oh eight hundred tomorrow. Regret no surface escorts can be detached from convoy duties. No ocean tug immediately available. *Hecate* is to do her utmost to bring *Antioch* in."

"Hell and damnation!" Murrell exploded. "It's five hundred miles! Five days and—and—oh, hell!" Then, seeing the expression of bewilderment on the yeoman's face, he stopped. "Ever seen an ant trying to get a dead butterfly across a lawn?"

The yeoman nodded. "Yes, sir."

"We're the ant!" Murrell told him.

Pengelley had been the first to go aboard the *Antioch*, and Hart next. Then Wheeler had made the climb, followed by Sibson, Anders, Trotman and White. Now they stood clustered round the head of the ladder. Wheeler realized that they waited for his lead, as much as the three men in the boat waited for his order to return to the *Hecate*. Leaning over the rail, he waved to Richards in the boat.

The whaler backed away and was soon paddling downwind to where, in the rain-smoked distance, the destroyer waited. They watched her go in distrustful silence. The tanker rolled heavily, and from somewhere within her there came a loud clang.

"Ain't she flipping big." Sibson in wonder spoke softly. "You wouldn't think a thing as big as this could sink."

"That big one that blew up beside us—she sank all right," White said; and, in the alarmed silence that followed, "What was her name?"

"*Tapico*," Wheeler told him.

"She were gone in half a minute!" Pengel reminded them.

Hart was looking toward the destroy "They've got the whaler, sir," he said.

"Like hell they have!" Pengelley said.

In stricken silence the seven men watc the whaler's bow fall down as the destro turned away. With awe in his voice Whe said, "They'll lose her!"

"They have—and so have we," Pengel said. "Anyway, after that banging about, wouldn't carry a crew of mice."

"How will we get off?" White asked.

"Unless you're J. C. Himself, an' can w across the waters—you'll swim for it!" sacrilege Pengelley lashed out at both hims and White.

"We've just got to be prepared to stay h until we're towed in." Wheeler spoke hars striving to find authority. "Hart, get the n mustered on the fo'c'sle!"

The next two hours were employed in phy cal labor of the most strenuous kind. W the tow had been fixed, Wheeler led his n up to the wheelhouse. There they found en gency oil lights, and wooden shutters to bl off the bridge windows. After the cram and crowded quarters of a destroyer, the ta er's wheelhouse appeared a vast and bar place.

"We'll turn it into a mess deck," Whe said. "While White keeps signal wa we'll hunt in pairs for what we want. Hart Sibson, see what you can find out about galley—and if there's any fuel to light it w Pengelley and Trotman, have a look round fo'c'sle and see if you can find the lamp ro Bring back two more oil lamps and a drun oil. Anders, come with me and we'll hav scout round the officers' cabins and col some bedding."

As he went down the interior ladder, to in hand, he wondered why he had sent then pairs. Partly to solve the age-old problem preventing men from thinking of their t by keeping them employed, but more mutual support. An aura of fear hung o the lifeless ship. Within the dark dese hull, that creaked and groaned continua he admitted to a strong disinclination to alone.

Back in the wheelhouse with their bund they found the others already arrived. C pared with the rest of the ship, the place peared a haven of sanity, and, as the m tresses were unrolled and the blankets sha out, it rapidly acquired a lived-in aspect P gelley and Trotman had returned with more lights, a can of oil and a funnel. H and Sibson had found the galley. Althoug was fired by oil, this would not work with electricity for the fans. Hart, however, thou that with a little work he could make it b wood. They had also found the storero which had tinned meat enough and quit store of macaroni. Of bread they'd found a few rolls.

Wheeler, as he wound and set the clock was fixed to the bulkhead behind the now less wheel, felt that he was helping the ret to something like an ordinary life. "We m be a lot worse off," he said. "Now ab watches. There are six of you with White, he'll be needed for signaling. . . . What Sibson?"

"What do we want to stand watches We can't do nothing by night."

"But we got to have watches!" Hart s "We're a ship, aren't we?"

"Bloody fine ship's company we are," son said. "Work all day, and hang about the night looking at something we can' nothing about."

Wheeler saw Sibson's eyes make a q appraisal of possible support. There was a a moment of suspense while all, and n particularly Sibson, waited for his own words. "You'll stand your watch along the others," Wheeler told him. "White wi a dayman. The rest of us will keep watc pairs. We might as well stick to the coupl which we have already hunted. Anders a will take the second dog. Pengelley and can toss for which pair has the first watch."

CONTINUED ON PAGE



Hunt's Heavenly Peaches—Hunt...for the best

) by Hunt Foods, Inc.

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losers will have the middle. Anders and I get the morning. Come on, Anders, we'll go out and relieve White now."

With Anders on one wing of the bridge and himself forty feet away on the other, Wheeler felt a reaction from the keyed-up excitement of the past six hours. At twenty-four, he was still young enough for his first thoughts on boarding a derelict in the middle of the Atlantic to have been overlaid with memories of boyhood stories of endeavor. It was not until he was alone in the rain-laden dark that the thought of what the enemy might do came home to him. Then the more he thought of the excellent target that the slow-moving ships would make, the more queasy his stomach felt.

He wondered if Sibson was going to cause trouble. He had perhaps been too intent on choosing strength without giving sufficient care to character.

To Murrell, on the *Hecate*'s bridge, the slowly deepening night in one way increased the strain, but in another eased the tension. When he could see neither the *Antioch*'s wild yaws nor the surge of the hawser that connected the two ships, he had just that amount less to worry about.

Gray, the commissioned gunner, had fitted up a telephone and chest pad, and now the officer of the watch had earphones under the hood of his duffel coat, and the captain a mouthpiece strapped to his chest. The wire trailing across the deck was a nuisance, but at least he did not have to shout his orders.

A dark shape appeared beside him. "Your medical adviser," the doctor announced his identity.

"That remark sounds a little ominous. Do you want to feel my pulse or give me a pill?"

"I was just interested to see how long you could stand it."

In the dark the doctor interpreted the silence that greeted his remark for a shrug of the shoulders.

"So you think you can go on doing that for the next five days?"

"I hope it won't be as long as that," Murrell said.

"You certainly can't do it all the time, and you won't."

"I could arrest you for interfering," the captain remarked conversationally.

"I could certify you as insane—that would fix you."

"Could you?"

"If you go on like this, I'll probably have to."

"Port ten," the captain ordered while he thought over the doctor's remark. Then, "So what?"

"You've got to teach someone else."

"Have you thought who? I've got to have officers of the watch. The ship must go on—the tow is not the only thing. Once the weather clears, the enemy won't miss their chance."

"How about me?" Macmillan asked. "I may not be an executive officer, but I've played about with boats since I was a child. The two of us may get her in. You can't possibly do it alone."

There was a long silence while the captain pondered the suggestion. He had to admit that another twenty-four hours would be about the limit of his physical endurance. After that his efficiency would drop so rapidly that an alternative would be essential. As he had said to Macmillan, there was not only the question of the tow; he must keep some part of his brain to deal with the enemy when the latter should put in an appearance.

"Thank you, doctor," he said and began to divest himself of the harness that held the mouthpiece to his chest. "I'll stay with you for half an hour."

"I hoped you'd do that," Macmillan said. "I've told Kirby to have your dinner in your sea cabin at eight o'clock. I had mine before I came up. Now begin to teach me my new trade of tugmaster."

In the warmth and seclusion of his own sea cabin there was much to suggest that *Hecate* was in her normal station astern of the convoy. Only the peculiarly heavy feel of the ship was a continual reminder of her present unnatural task.

Until he had sat down before his dinner Murrell had not realized how hungry he was. Relaxed, he began to think—and at once realized that he had been guilty of overlooking obvious facts. Their asdic could be heard at a considerable distance by a German hydrophone operator. In the present bad visibility, a U-boat could sight a ship only if it was less than a mile away. He picked up the telephone to the bridge.

"Thompson, you'd better stop the asdic transmissions. If a U-boat wants to attack us in this weather he'll come in on the surface and then the radar should detect him." Murrell waited for Thompson's acknowledgment and then replaced the handset.

Thank heaven that in February, 1943, they had radar, and the German U-boats had not. It was rumored that the enemy did not yet know what it was. If the radar officer did pick up an echo, he'd have to slip the tow. Now that he had the doctor to relieve him, he could plan the necessary alteration in his ship's routine. The pieces of the puzzle were fitting into place.

THE MUSIC-GO-ROUND

By JOHN NIXON, JR.

Remember the "Red Moon Waltz"?
I stood on tiptoe and wound
And wound the music-go-round,
Then stuck in a needle and thrilled
As the far-away orchestra filled
The parlor with three-quarter
sound.

Remember? Impressive and tall,
The music-go-round hummed its
airs,
And though we were clearly too
small,
We started to dance in the hall
And bumped into tables and chairs.

I wonder: whatever became
Of that waltz-making box and us
two?
Some afternoon when there is rain,
I'd like to go back there again
And bump some more tables.
Would you?

The winter dawn came sluggishly, and as a sad apology for sunrise, the rain became visible again. But there were cups of hot "kai" being handed round and life was stirring once more. "Tow signaling," the doctor called.

Murrell, who, after three hours' sleep, had come on deck at seven o'clock, joined the doctor. Astern of them, her outline blurred by the driving rain, the big tanker slid awkwardly over the waves. From the center of her bridge the light flickered as, shining through the rain, it gathered an added nimbus. It was only natural that Wheeler should wish to break the silence of the night watches as soon as daylight had come.

"Please let me have recipe for cooking macaroni," the signal started. "Have plenty of meat, but no other starch food."

The navigator passed them. "The glass is rising, sir," Masters said.

"'Morning, pilot. I rather expected so. This heavier rain suggests a break in the cloud. I'm going down to get my breakfast. Wheeler and his lads are all right if their first interest is food."

Murrell began to descend the ladder. He was halfway down when a sea caught the ship, and he had to grasp the ladder to avoid being thrown to the deck below. As she hung poised on the wave, he felt her stern drawn back by the tow. And then suddenly she was free, kicking her heels like a young colt as she bounded over the seas. "Tow parted!"

It was only too true. Murrell, clinging to the standard compass, looked across the heaving waters to the tanker which, released from its tow, was now turning to lie once more broadside on to the seas.

Already the yeoman had rejoined his captain. "Make to *Antioch*," Murrell told him: "'Consider tow has parted at extreme end of your cable. Am recovering hawser now while steaming slowly round you. Can you recover your cable?'"

The captain turned to Thompson. "Commence normal asdic sweep." Then the *Antioch* was signaling again. "To *Hecate:* Agree your diagnosis. Regret unable to recover cable in anything like reasonable time. Submit we recommence tow with port cable. Can probably improve slightly on yesterday's time for preparation. Starboard cable can be recovered at leisure."

The captain was dictating the signals direct to the yeoman at the light. "Don't be downhearted. With drift and tow, you are nearly a hundred miles nearer home than this time yesterday. Consider weather will clear and wind shift to northwest. We have hawser foul of port propeller. Continue preparation while I clear myself."

Hans Edelmann, copilot of the big four-engined Focke-Wulf aircraft, leaned forward to catch his captain's words. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Might as well have stayed in Bordeaux as be flying around the Atlantic in this weather. Let's go down and look at the waves."

His copilot grinned without humor. "Not too close—I hate swimming."

Slowly the big plane lost height. The two German officers peered inquisitively through the windows.

"Soon we must see something," Richter grumbled.

But Edelmann was not listening. With his gloved hand he rubbed at the window. "*Herr Kapitän—Herr Kapitän!* A big tanker. Do you see her?"

Peering forward, Richter pulled the joy stick slightly toward him. "Yes. I see her—and an escort circling."

"You will attack, *Herr Kapitän?*"

"No. We are of the reconnaissance wing. In this weather one cannot tell who would win. We'd have no time to set the bomb sights and could only attack from such a low altitude that we'd be sure to be hit ourselves. I will report the position. It is for our U-boats to sink her."

The shadow, which had not been seen in either ship because both crews were too busy with their own troubles, winged away to the eastward.

U-boat 506 was virtually hove to. On the ninth of February, two nights before, she had executed a raid on an eastbound convoy and secured—so she claimed—the obvious jack pot by torpedoing the big tanker that had been in the center. It was her commanding officer's first patrol as captain, and the tanker his first victim. He had, not without reason, been pleased with himself.

Lying in his bunk, *Korvetenkapitän* Willi Lachmann reread a letter from his wife, Magda. She wanted to know why he had not had leave for so long. He thought he had explained a hundred times that he'd had to stay about in Lorient, keeping himself before the notice of people who could assure his promotion. It would be three months at least before he could hope for leave. But the tanker had been a good start! Possibly his name had already been mentioned on the wireless or in the newspapers and Magda would have learned of his success. He hoped so.

"*Herr Kapitän.*" A voice disturbed this pleasurable reverie. Turning on his side, Lachmann saw the narrow face of Kleist, the signalman.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

"What is it?" Lachmann demanded.

"A signal for us, *Herr Kapitän.* From U-Boat Command, Lorient."

"Give it me." The *Kapitän* took the signal from the man's hand.

Lachmann read it. He read it through again carefully. "Very well," he said. But he did not hand it back. He waited until he heard Kleist's feet move away and then, steeling himself, he read the signal a third time.

"U-Boat 506 from U-Boat Command, Lorient. Reconnaissance aircraft reports damaged 15,000-ton tanker in position 54° 10′ North 21° 19′ West at 0835 this morning the 11th, accompanied by destroyer escort. As no other attacks have been carried out in the area, this vessel is assumed to be tanker claimed sunk by you on the 9th. Position indicates that ship can steam. You are to close the position and sink her. Repeat, sink her. Your attention is drawn to my standing orders numbers 31 and 46."

Lachmann raised his hand to the shelf above his head, where a thin official volume rubbed shoulders with his other literature. Taking this down, he thumbed the pages carefully: 30 and 31.

"Commanding officers are, when they have penetrated the escort screen, to force home their attacks with the greatest determination. Inside the convoy and on the surface, even though the merchant ships are plainly visible, U-boats are very difficult to see in darkness. At important targets a spread of torpedoes is always to be fired, and the enemy is to be closed until all possibility of a miss is eliminated."

No. 46, when he reached it, was even worse:

"Commanding officers are at all times to avoid making false claims. These are not only misleading, but react unfavorably on the officer concerned."

It took Lachmann some few minutes to recover. Then he swung his legs from the bunk and, slipping on his coat, went out into the narrow central gangway and turned toward the control room. Gessner, the navigator, was bending over the chart table. He stood back expectantly when he saw the *Kapitän* beside him.

"Lay me off a position 54° 10′ North 21° 19′ West," Lachmann ordered. There was a roughness in his voice that sent the navigator to his work in a hurry. When the position had been marked, the navigator stood back.

"How many miles?"

Lachmann took a pair of dividers; a moment's work, and he threw the instrument back into the tray. "*Zum Teufel!* It is 138 miles—and 21° 19′ West. The British aircraft come as far as 22° West. It means going into the area they cover. Even if she is steaming slowly, she will be east of 20° West before we get there."

"What is it, *Herr Kapitän?*" Gessner asked.

"A damaged tanker with a destroyer escort. They ask us to repeat our performance." With this mixture of truth and half-truth Gessner must be content. The *Kapitän* was not going to put the signal on the file. He could, he hoped, trust Kleist, who as a signalman might be supposed to be a confidential servant. "What is the course to the position?" he asked, tight-lipped.

"Oh-eight-five degrees, *Herr Kapitän,*" Gessner told him.

"Bring her round to that. Speed fifteen knots."

"*Jawohl, Herr Kapitän.*"

The diesels increased their noise to a shattering roar as the throttles of the powerful engines were opened. A savage hound had been laid on to the quarry, with the efficient U-Boat Command to whip it in.

"I don't believe the cable is round a propeller," Murrell said to Gray as they leaned over the rail and looked at the chain that led down into the water. "I think it's foul of the rudder. How did she manage to do it?"

"It happened just as she turned into the wind," Gray told him. "She'd very little way on her, and that big wave we hit stopped her nearly dead. As she went over it, her stern came clean out of the water. She must have slapped it down on top of the cable and there we were with an obvious foul. So I telephoned the bridge."

The engineer officer joined them. He was a wizened little man who loved machinery in motion more than anything else on earth.

"Well, chief?" Murrell asked.

"It's the rudder right enough, sir. I reckon, by the scrapings I can hear, that the cable is over the forward half of the blade."

"If we could recover the main length of hawser to relieve the weight, and then knocked off this slip, the short end might fall clear?" Murrell suggested hopefully.

The engineer shook his head. "I reckon she's too tight to do that. She'll need a good tug to jog her free. We've got to get a line onto her somehow."

"Then there's nothing for it but to dive," Gray said.

"I don't like it," Murrell told them.

"There's this much about it," the engineer said. "You won't tow *that* another mile unless you do." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the rain-soaked tanker.

Murrell had to accept the inevitable. "How long will it take to get the diving gear ready?" he asked.

"It'll be half an hour before I can go over the side," Gray told him.

"Then I'll be very grateful if you'll try. Telephone the bridge when you're ready."

FRENCH PROVERBS

The reputation of a man is like his shadow: it sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than his natural size.

It is the men who make the roads, but it is the women who teach the children to walk on them.

A colt is worth nothing if it does not break its halter.

Balancing his distaste for risking one brave man against his fear for them all, he made his way forward.

The rain clouds were breaking. The *Antioch,* rolling mightily, was seen with greater clarity. The color of the sea had changed from gray to green.

"Barometer's up another tenth, sir. We'll have the clearing within an hour?" Masters' tone was one of suggestion.

"We would," Murrell snapped. "Just when we'd prefer to remain hidden."

"We've heard from our aircraft," Masters told him; "he's asked if we've any special orders."

For a moment the captain thought. "Yes. Tell him to carry out circular patrols at a radius of alternately two and ten miles."

He was drinking his coffee when Masters telephoned from the bridge. "Gray says he's ready to dive, sir."

"If there's no reason for my coming up," Murrell said, "I'll go straight down to the quarter-deck."

"No reason, sir," Masters answered.

When he reached the stern Murrell saw Gray, stripped to bathing shorts. Oxygen cylinders were strapped to the gunner's back, and his eyes regarded his captain steadily from behind the goggled facepiece. Gray had tied a length of light rope under his armpits, so that he could be hauled back. He walked confidently to the rail. Murrell accompanied him. "Be careful, Guns," he said. "If you can't do it, we'll find some other way." Neither man thought there was one. Gray climbed over the rail and, taking the end of wire rope that was handed to him, began to lower himself down the cable.

The wire rope ended in a hook that was to be put into one of the links of the cable. One party of men on deck let this rope go slowly as another party tended the life line. A wave lashed at Gray and swung him sideways—and another. The gunner slipped quickly down, paused while he adjusted a valve and the in a flurry of kicking legs, disappeared.

There followed four minutes of acute an iety. Murrell watched the second hand of l watch complete another circle. Then men we stirring beside him, shifting feet that had be held for long without movement. A voi laughed in too high a pitch. Gray came to t surface. His arms and legs moved slow clutching the cable. Leading Seaman Thom pushed past the captain. He had a line ti round his waist and was stripped to his und wear. He began to climb down to Gra assistance. Afterward no one was quite su how they managed to get them both aboa

Gray was half dragged, half carried to t after house. His body was dappled blue w cold and there was a nasty gash on his sho der. The doctor waited to tend him, but Gr indicated that he wished to speak to the ca tain. Someone had taken off his face ma "It's hooked on, sir," he said, "about a fatho below the rudder. The chain *was* over t forrard upper corner—as chiefy said."

"Well done, you," Murrell said, feeling a words to be inadequate.

A signalman forced his way through t crowd. Murrell took the pad. There were tw signals. The first, from Admiralty, read, "Wi less traffic in your vicinity suggests you ha been sighted by enemy aircraft." The seco was from Wheeler: "Am ready to take tow port cable."

"Reply to *Antioch,*" Murrell said to the s nalman. "'Think we have got to the botto of our trouble, but it will be another h before we are ready to tow.' You'd bet repeat that signal from Admiralty to t *Antioch* 'for information.'"

It was eleven o'clock before the *Hecate* w once more ready for the *Antioch,* and midd when the tanker was again hitched up. then the visibility was so improved that th could see the real horizon.

With the breaking of the cloud layer, t wind had shifted and the change of tow fr the starboard to the port cable of the *Anti* suited the new conditions. With the shift h come the first pale sunshine they had seen f more than forty-eight hours, but as the baro eter had gone up the thermometer had go down. The wind now was cold enough penetrate the heaviest clothing. It set Murr shivering as he stood at the after end of t bridge, waiting to be relieved by the doctor.

Macmillan, arriving, asked, "How does s go?"

"Not too well," the captain said as he to off the telephone. "That wretched length cable hanging from the starboard bow is m ing her even more cranky than usual. I'll ha to tell Wheeler he must get it in somehow

"In the meantime," Macmillan said, "yo ship is happier with her tow than she w yesterday. I refer, of course, to the men."

"I hadn't noticed it," Murrell said.

"Oh, it's there all right. They are becom just a little proud of her."

Murrell felt too tired, hungry and cold embark with the doctor on one of the disc sions he so loved. "I'm going to write out t signals to *Antioch.* Then," he said, "ple God, I'll have a sleep until four."

He went into the charthouse and wr down two signals to be passed to the t "As soon as possible you should do yo utmost to get in your starboard cable. I adversely affecting the tow." And, "As s as opportunity permits you should insp your AA armament and arrange to bring much as possible into action if we are tacked. Report results so that I may kn what help I may expect from you. Fire a rounds from all guns for practice after 1 tonight."

When he flung himself on his bunk, his l thoughts before sleep were that the men mig be happier—and he was glad of it—but himself could never be happy when his sl felt so heavy.

There was a knocking on his door. Mur struggled furiously to rid himself of the clo of exhaustion that seemed to smother hi "Come in," he gasped.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

FOR THE FIRST TIME

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

A signalman was at his side. "Signal from aircraft, sir." Murrell, propping his shoulders on the pillows, tried to read, but his eyes were blurred with sleep. Then, as the import melted the mists of his brain, the writing became clear: "Have attacked U-boat approximately 20 miles 270° from your position. Enemy was steaming 090° fast. Fear attack did nothing but annoy. He sighted me in time to dive. Have reached prudent limit of endurance and am going home now. See you tomorrow."

"Thank you, Reeves." Murrell handed the pad back. "I suppose he sent that and went."

"Yes, sir. He was going away fast. I was only just able to read the end of the message." Reeves disappeared through the door.

Murrell raised himself purposefully from his bunk. "'See you tomorrow,'" he murmured. "I hope he's right!"

Wheeler and his six men had had a back-breaking morning and Murrell's signal, suggesting that they haul in the starboard cable, had been received with determined but cold resolution. As seamen they could not fault the order—as men they felt that they had had enough.

Arrived on the fo'c'sle, they gazed at the task before them. The cable was so heavy that only when short lengths of rope were passed through the links had they been able to move it at all. And that was yesterday when it had only had to be lifted from the cable locker. Now three hundred feet of it hung down from the bows, and it weighed more than fifty tons.

Fortunately they had found two fourfold tackles, and, arranging these so that one pulled on the fall of the other, they set to work. But it was desperately slow. At the end of two hours they had brought in twenty feet of cable, and they were all worn out. Suddenly Hart began to laugh. He laughed wildly and held his sides until tears ran down his cheeks.

There is always something deeply disturbing about laughter that is out of place. Men have been shot for less—and with reason. Hart's laughter suggested madness, and there was no man there who did not feel his own brain reel. The immediate effect was to make each let go of the rope. Then, to their consternation at the laughter, was added the chagrin of seeing at least a foot of the heavy cable lurch outboard once more.

"Gone balmy," Trotman said, inspecting Hart with tired eyes that were red-rimmed with salt.

Wheeler, feeling the situation slide, tried desperately to place normality in his own voice. "What's so funny, Hart?"

Hart stopped laughing. "Why, if you don't want the ruddy thing, cut it off. There's shackles and shackles left in the locker—and none of it ours!"

The line of men dropped to the deck. None of them spoke. Each was shamed before the others at his lack of common sense. And Wheeler, who knew he had to be the first to recover, was the most affected because he should have seen the obvious solution. He had to say something to pull his silent men together—anything.

"I had an aunt who went on a visit to America," he told them. "She wrote on a post card, 'You'd never believe who I met the other day. I met Cousin Mary. I can't ever tell you what a shock it was. It's too awful. I'm going to forget all about it.'"

"What had she done, sir?" Anders asked.

"That's just the point," Wheeler said. "My aunt was killed in an air crash on the way home, and so we never found out. Whatever Cousin Mary had done was completely hidden. I mean, that's what we all want to do about today's foolishness. Come on—let's cut it off."

When Murrell reached the bridge it was illuminated by the setting sun. The men gathered there appeared like actors on a stage where there are only footlights, their faces had an unreal and paper-thin quality. By contrast, the eyes that followed the captain held the same, and very real, query: "What is he going to do about it?" They all knew of the signal. It had been passed by light from the aircraft, and the signalman had called out each word as it had been received.

Murrell thought that they would all expect him to pull out of the hat some rabbit that would allay their personal fears. But when he felt inside it, the hat seemed to be remarkably empty.

"How's she go?" he asked, coming up behind the doctor.

"Much as usual, sir," Macmillan spoke over his shoulder. Then, "Starboard five. Half ahead together."

Murrell went back to the charthouse. There was something in the hat after all; a nebulous germ that blossomed into a definite idea. "Mr. Graves, has Gray recovered from his bathing party?"

"He ate a good lunch, sir, and got his head down this afternoon."

"Pass the word for him to come to the bridge," Murrell said.

The U-boat would surface again within an hour of the aircraft's departure and be hot on his trail. At the very slow speed of the tow, an alteration of course would be useless unless it was a very large one—almost ninety degrees.

A WOMAN GARDENING

By S. L. HYNES

Over the new-turned earth
Where earliest seedlings are
showing.
She bends in a curve of praise
For the tender new things growing;
And each gesture that she makes,
The smallest touch of her hand,
Is a ceremony of love
For spring, and the living land.
And my heart warms, too,
although
I will not tell her I love
Her most for the tender way
Her gardening fingers move.

But the tow would probably behave better beam on to the sea, and they might be able to go a little faster. Which way to turn? Or more important: which way would the enemy expect him to turn? He had obviously been sighted either by a patrolling German aircraft or, a worse thought, by another U-boat.

With the chart of Western Approaches to the British Isles before him, Murrell studied the position. The top right-hand corner of the chart showed the Hebrides and at the bottom right-hand corner the headland of Ushant, the German-occupied French headland. It was odds on that when the captain of the U-boat came to decide his own tactics, he would be using an almost exactly similar chart—and Ushant would be "home" to him.

Surely the German would expect him to turn to the northward away from the occupied territory? He thought so. He had to choose one way or the other. He noted, however, that to turn to the south would make no difference to their own air cover. For, though he would be going slightly nearer to Ushant, he would be no farther away from the Irish coast

He had thought thus far when a shadow darkened the doorway of the charthouse. "You wanted me, sir?" It was Gray's voice.

"Yes, indeed." Murrell smiled "Have you recovered from your swimming party? Incidentally, I hope that earns you something that we can have a party to celebrate."

"Quite recovered, sir," Gray said.

"You've heard about the U-boat?"

Gray nodded. "Yes, sir."

"I want to arrange something to draw the enemy away from us."

"You mean a false trail, sir?"

"Yes. Something which will look like a ship, but isn't. A light would do it—just a little light. With no moon and the stars veiled, th night will be as black as the Earl of Hell' riding boots. You'd not see an unlighted shi more than a quarter of a mile away—but th Germans would see a light when they're good six miles off it. I hope they'll waste tim stalking it. Something like a Carley Float wit a lamp on it—as high up as we can get it. I we were to rig a bearing-out spar as a mas on a Carley Float, and put a dan-buoy light o top of the spar, it would be about eightee feet above the water—the height of the port holes in the tanker's stern. I intend to make ninety-degree alteration of course to starboar as soon as, or just before, we slip the contrap tion, so you can arrange to put it into th water with the port torpedo davit. It won weigh much. Do you get the idea?"

"Yes, sir. Indeed I do!"

Murrell, seeing the light in Gray's eyes, de cided that he had been right to choose hir for the preparation of the machine. "Righ Cut along and get the work started. I want ready in an hour."

When Gray had left, Murrell called for th yeoman. He fancied that no good ever cam of withholding vital information from th men, except those secret matters where tal ashore might endanger themselves or the companions. He took the pad that the yeo man gave him and wrote:

"*Hecate* to *Antioch*. Aircraft has reporte U-boat presumably chasing us twenty mile astern. Aircraft forced U-boat to dive. Pre sume it will not surface until dark. In orde to reduce chance of interception intend t alter course 90° to starboard at 1700. At th same time launching raft carrying dan-buo light to decoy enemy. If enemy is detecte during night I intend to slip tow and attacl Good night, and keep smiling."

Murrell tore off the signal and handed it t the yeoman. "Get that off while I write a mes sage to the commander in chief."

The next signal was more difficult. "*Heca* to C. in C., Western Approaches. In view c aircraft's report of U-boat approaching fror westward, intend to alter course at 1700 t the southward during night, resuming m course for Bloody Foreland at daybreak tc morrow. My position at 1700 today will b 54° 18′ N. 19° 45′ W. Am making four knot and hope to maintain this unless weathe deteriorates. Request tomorrow's aircraft b informed."

The first signal was being passed by Signa man Reeves. Murrell could hear the clickety clack of the lamp. He went out onto the ope bridge. "Here you are, yeoman. Have it code up and sent as soon as ready." The captai crossed to join the doctor.

"Sorry, doc, but I'll have to ask you to han on for another hour. I'm going to launch decoy at five, and turn to the southward du ing the night. Are you all right?"

"I wondered what it was that Guns wa making down there," Macmillan said. "Ca do." Then he bent his head to the mouthpiec "Starboard twenty. Slow starboard."

Down below on the long deck, Gray ha already made a start. The bearing-out spa its heel suitably lashed, and with the sma electric light secured to its head, was bein fitted with stays to keep it upright. For som minutes the captain watched the work.

"How would it be to give it a sail?" Murre suggested to Gray. "We could set up th whaler's jib on that stay you've just fitte Then the raft would sail downwind and reall give the light the appearance of moving."

"Don't see why not, sir."

The bag was taken down, the sail taken o and bent on. Once set, it gave promise o pulling so well that it had to be rolled up an lashed until the craft was ready for launchin

"Pity we haven't got a prisoner, sir," Leac ing Seaman Thomas said as he worked. "W could put him aboard and let him sail home."

The suggestion was valueless, but it serve to raise a laugh, and it made Murrell thin out one move more. "You know, Gray, ther is something in Thomas's remark. Not tha I'd put a prisoner aboard—even if we had on But I don't see why we shouldn't help it t sail itself. We might give it a tail—somethin like a kite."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

BIG NEW TASTE !



CHOCOLATE-MINT



You will want to eat a lot of it.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

"A couple of jerry cans lashed to the end of two fathom of warp?" Gray suggested.

"Make it six fathom, and fill the cans three quarters full of water so they'll just float."

The captain watched the final preparations, checked over the drill to be adopted in launching the raft, and climbed back to the bridge. "Ready, doc. I'll take her—and thank you for the extra time."

As he strapped the harness on his chest, he wished that he had had more time to think. The doctor had relieved him at half past twelve and it was nearly five o'clock. But during that time he had been able to snatch only one and a half hours' sleep and he had so far never succeeded in having more than two hours consecutively since the towing had started.

He glanced at his watch. He could just make out the figures in the gathering dusk. Five o'clock—1700 hours. The lanyard of the siren hung near his hand. He pulled it sharply. He had better, he thought, indicate to the tow that he was turning, even though they could not steer their own ship.

When he had made the sound signal, he gave the order for the turn. Watching the towing hawser as the *Hecate* came out to starboard of her tow, he could see the hulky shape begin to follow her round. The *Hecate*'s screws tore purposefully into the waves. The motion, which had been a succession of forward swoops snubbed by the tow, became one in which a sharp roll was the main feature. The men clustered round the decoy struggled backward and forward as the ship lurched. Murrell could see that the davit, normally used for hoisting torpedoes aboard the ship, had now been turned outboard. From its head the raft, carrying its light and its sail, hung over the side.

The little light burned brightly on the top of its spar. In the radiance it cast, he could see Gray directing the launch. Then Gray's face was turned toward the bridge. Murrell motioned downward with his hand. With a splash, the raft hit the water and at once began to drift astern. The sail, a dark smudge against the gray water, filled, and the machine sailed off steadily downwind.

Murrell raised his glasses. The tow was around now. "Port twenty." Astern of the rolling *Hecate* the tanker wallowed. Already, far distant on the port quarter was the little light of the decoy. At that distance it had the most satisfying resemblance to the light that might be supposed to show from the unshut porthole of a merchantman.

The Antiochs watched the launching of the decoy with interest—all except Hart and Sibson, who had taken themselves off to investigate the stove. They were already promising the others a hot meal by eight o'clock that night. Without electricity, it was impossible to use the oil fire; but when the burner had been removed, they found that the firebox was large enough to burn wood.

Wheeler had had time to inspect the armament. There were four Oerlikon guns—one on each wing of the bridge and one each side of the after superstructure on either side of the funnel. Behind the funnel, on the upper deck, there was a Bofors, and a four-inch gun on the boat deck. More fortunate still, the weapons were in tolerably good condition. With one man to each Oerlikon and two on the Bofors, they could fight five guns, with Wheeler as spare man wherever he should be most wanted. Without electricity they had no method of sounding a general alarm until Pengelley discovered an old-fashioned hand foghorn in the fo'c'sle. Taken to the bridge, this answered the purpose.

Tired out, the Antiochs settled down for their second night, but with the satisfaction that the unknown and unfriendly habitation had, with the provision of hot food, become a ship—their ship.

"Fourteen meters, *Herr Kapitän*." Braun's incisive voice announced that, after the aircraft's abortive attack an hour before, U-506 had been brought up to a depth where she could use her periscope.

With the subdued hiss of high-pressure air, the big periscope rose from its well. Lachmann grasped the handles as it came within reach and, placing his forehead against the thick rubber pad, pressed his eyes to the eyecups.

"It is dark. Too dark to see if that confounded aircraft is still about—but not dark enough for us to surface."

The periscope hissed softly as it sank down into the well again. Lachmann mopped his face and neck with a scarlet handkerchief.

"Had it not been for that aircraft, we should have been thirty miles nearer the target. It will take us two hours to make up what we have lost. If we surface at half past five, we should be very close to them by seven-thirty. The moon is new and sets early, but with luck we may find some glow from the northern lights."

There was silence in the control room—and very little movement. The minutes ticked by. For the twentieth time Lachmann consulted his watch. "Surface," he ordered.

At eight o'clock that night the doctor came to relieve Murrell. "How is she behaving now?" he asked.

"Different kettle of fish altogether. With the wind on the port beam, I'm nicely sheltered—and the heat of the forward funnel takes the bite out of the wind."

"You make this patch of deck sound like a Lido."

"Well, it's a lot better than the other course. See you at midnight."

Murrell hurried below. Before he snatched at sleep, he had a problem to consider. If, to attack the enemy, he had to slip the tow, how was he to pick it up again?

He had only the one towing hawser; and if he had to disconnect the hawser at his end, how could he connect up again? Somehow that cable had to be buoyed—and buoyed with something that would float well clear of the tanker. The merchantman would be beam on and drifting down sea. Six hundred feet of three-inch manila on the *Hecate*'s end of the hawser, buoyed with something that had little windage but would yet keep it afloat? A Carley Float—or, better still, two Carley Floats lashed one on top of the other; and, let the last twenty fathom of the manila go from the Carley Floats to a dan buoy. That in its turn, having more grip on the water, would lie upwind of the floats, and the line between the two could readily be secured with a grapnel thrown from his ship.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 90



Vogue Design No. 9990.

Shirt and slacks; 10–18–(31–38). 75c. Slacks require 2½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Hastily he drew the sketch of what he wanted. But who was to do it? Thompson had had the dog-watch and must be on deck at four in the morning. Masters was on watch now and Graves had to be up for the middle. It looked like another job for Gray.

But even when he had given Gray these instructions, Murrell was unable to sleep until he knew for certain that, should the radar detect an echo that would send the *Hecate* off to investigate, he would be able to recover the tow he had slipped. It was ten o'clock before Gray's knock announced the job completed.

Lachmann was eating his supper in the tiny wardroom when the call reached him. In a moment his heavy-booted feet were beating the iron-runged ladder. Braun and a seaman clung to the conning-tower coaming with their elbows. Their arched backs and hands raised to their eyes showed that both peered through glasses.

"Where is it?" Lachmann asked.

"Fine on the port bow!" Braun told him. "Sometimes when she yaws it is right ahead."

"How far away?"

"It is difficult to say, *Herr Kapitän*. As much as five miles, perhaps. It is a very small light."

"I can't see anything. Ah—I have it. You are right! The destroyer must have left. Otherwise she would certainly have seen that light."

"Or she may be zigzagging ahead," Braun suggested.

"The destroyer may be a fool—but hardly so silly as to stay ahead of a ship traveling downwind as slowly as this one must be."

Sweeping down toward it at fifteen knots, they could see the light more plainly every minute. "I will take her," Lachmann said. "I

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Fleischmann's CORN OIL MARGARINE

will go to action stations now, and reduce speed to eight knots."

"You will require the attack table, *Herr Kapitän?*"

"If, as I think, she is stopped, she will be lying beam on to the sea. I will spread two torpedoes on each side of the light. For the angling, yes—we will use the attack table."

"*Jawohl, Herr Kapitän.*"

As Braun hurried down the hatch to the control room the action alarms filled the ship with raucous sound. The bridge had rung down for slow speed, and the hydrophone operator had been asked if he could hear propeller noises. But even with the diesels running slowly, the noise of the submarine's own propellers had been so great that the hydrophone operator could not be sure. The engines were stopped while another listening watch was made. Braun reported the result into the voice pipe that led to the conning tower. "Absolutely nothing, *Herr Kapitän.* Nothing."

"Very well. It is as I thought. The tanker is disabled, and the destroyer gone home. Slow ahead both engines. Prepare tubes one to four. Give the target a range of one mile and a length of one hundred thirty meters. Bearing, right ahead; torpedo speed, forty knots; depth five meters."

Gessner at the attack table set the range, bearing and distance on the machine; then threw over the switch that connected it to the angling mechanism of the torpedoes. "Attack table lined up, *Herr Kapitän,*" Gessner reported.

"Tubes one to four ready, *Herr Kapitän,*" Braun reported when, each in its turn, the "ready-to-fire" lights had glowed alight.

In the tense atmosphere in the control room, the quartermaster could be heard muttering to himself. At slow speed it was no easy work to keep the narrow hull steady before the following sea.

"Fire!" Lachmann's voice sounded.

The boat lurched once: "Torpedo running," the hydrophone operator reported. Again: "Torpedo running." A third time: "Torpedo running." The last time: "Torpedo running."

"Tubes one to four fired correctly," Braun reported to Lachmann.

They waited. A minute of anxiety, while rapid calculations were made; another minute of unbelief; a third of incredulity. Surely all four torpedoes could not have missed?

Lachmann's voice came down the voice pipe—high-pitched and strained: "Braun."

"*Herr Kapitän?*"

"Check all ranges and bearings on the table and then report to me here."

Braun climbed the ladder.

"Well?" Lachmann asked.

"Everything is correctly set, *Herr Kapitän.*"

Lachmann turned to look forward. The light was plainly visible now.

Braun looked at it intently. "*Herr Kapitän*"—he spoke diffidently—"I think there is something odd about that light."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Can we not close it carefully?" Braun asked.

"We are doing that, *Herr Leutnant.*"

With glasses raised the two officers studied the light. "It is no ship," Braun remarked.

"Then what is it? It *must* be a ship." Lachmann sounded distraught.

"It's a decoy," Braun said. "It is—I can see it now—it's a tall slender pole with a light on top."

"You imagine things. I can see nothing." The *Kapitän* now sounded less certain. In reality he was shivering so much with chagrin, annoyance and mystification that he could hardly hold the binocular to his eyes. Then at last he saw it. He clutched the rail of the conning tower. Four torpedoes. Twenty thousand Reichsmarks apiece. Eighty thousand thrown away on some tomfoolery that a crazy enemy had set in the sea!

The U-boat was overhauling the raft, now plainly visible by its own light, only a few feet from the U-boat's inquiring bow.

Suddenly Braun, who had caught sight of the rope leading from the stern of the raft and the jerry cans it towed, was running aft. His boots clattered and stumbled on the deck. "It's an infernal machine!" he roared. "It's towing a mine!"

Lachmann heard him. "Full astern together," he ordered.

To go astern, diesel engines must be stopped and restarted in the opposite direction. While the men in the engine room sweated to obey the order, U-506 ran on. Her bow cut into the raft. Lachmann flung up his arm to protect his face from an explosion that did not come. The diesels, tearing the water to frenzy in their efforts to stop the boat, began to run astern. As the propellers revolved at full speed in the opposite direction, the U-boat's stern was sucked down. A wave creamed over it and submerged Braun as he clung, gasping, to the rail of the antiaircraft gun. The wave broke into the conning tower, soaked Lachmann to the skin.

When the wave had passed, Braun joined Lachmann. "What now?" he gasped.

"Reload. We must dive to eighty meters and reload the four forward tubes. Then we shall search for the swine, and when I find him ——"

It was midnight before reloading had been completed, and U-506 had once more been brought to the surface. Waiting in the control room, Lachmann had been studying the chart. "If they set off that fool toy, they must have altered course," the *Kapitän* said. "And they are sure to have altered to the northward. They would never have chosen a course that would take them nearer our own coast. Therefore we shall search along this line and along that—and then this."

Murrell, Gray and the Hecates could hardly have expected more for their money.

The following dawn was high and clear with only a few cumulus clouds in the sky. But the surface wind was just as strong. At half past seven Murrell altered the course to the eastward again. At eight o'clock the doctor came up.

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"She was much better behaved before," Murrell told him. "She's trying to wander all over the ocean. You've got to watch her the whole time."

"At least we'll be four miles nearer home for each hour's work," Macmillan said.

"It's a point," Murrell agreed. "You ready to take over?"

"Yes. I'll take her."

Murrell unbuckled the chest pad and telephone. Last night he had deceived and evaded the U-boat. He was sure that this morning a number of very angry *Herrenvolk* would be gunning for him—and the excellent visibility would give them every chance to find their target.

"Aircraft red five-oh." The port lookout's voice reached the captain. "Low down. Just under that cloud," the report was amplified.

There was no mistaking the long sharklike silhouette. "Focke-Wulf reconnaissance plane," Murrell said. "We're spotted. Duty watch stand by guns. I won't go to action stations because in this visibility I don't think he'll attack."

"Radar reports range sixteen thousand, sir," Thompson informed him.

"Out of range," Murrell said. "He'll just fly round and annoy us. I only hope he doesn't shoot down our Sunderland."

The men on the heaving bridge watched the slim pencil that slid so smoothly under the flat base of the cloud. Never deviating from its course, it winged on southward and Murrell knew that his present position would be reported to the U-boat.

The German had only just been lost to sight when another aircraft was sighted. It was coming straight toward them out of the east. The heavy body beneath the straight wing confirmed it was their Sunderland. A signal lamp started to blink from its white-painted side.

"Good morning. I am pleased to see you," it announced.

"Reply: 'Not half as pleased as I am,'" the captain said.

"Have you any orders?" the aircraft asked.

The signal had already been written and the yeoman commenced the reply at once: "Anticipate our friend of last night will try to attack. Please patrol round us, radius four miles. Look out for periscope."

Now that any underwater attacker would have to face the vigilance of the big flying boat, Murrell felt happier. A really skillful and determined captain could attack him at any time, day or night, but the average U-boat commander was a night bird by disposition and by training. Murrell fancied that the coming night, the third of the tow, would introduce him to the U-boat and its commander.

The navigator climbed the ladder to the bridge.

"Did you get your morning stars?" the captain asked.

"Yes, sir. Two hundred and fifty miles to Bloody Foreland."

"We're getting on," Murrell said. "I'll earn my tugmaster's certificate yet. Any news of that anticyclone?"

"It's intensifying, sir, and stretches from the British Isles to the Baltic."

"We'll probably get a period of bad visibility on the outside edge. I must say that, just at the moment, I could do with a day of low visibility and murk."

Lachmann had spent an unprofitable and sleepless night, and the dawn, which brought such good visibility, showed him a sea that was completely empty. To his angry mind, the clarity of the weather was an added insult—as if the perfect conditions mocked his inability to make use of them.

He was loath to search the southern arc of the probable area in which his quarry lay. To do so was to admit to Braun that he had been wrong on the previous night. But there was no help for it. It was now certain that the merchantman and destroyer had not turned north. Even so, he had not assumed that the British ships would make such a large alteration of course. Had it not been for the Focke-Wulf, it is probable that he would never have found them.

At nine o'clock the German U-Boat Control started their morning transmission of signals, and among them was one for U-506.

"At 0805 this morning aircraft reports damaged tanker towed by destroyer in position 54° 15′ N. 19° 30′ W. Course 085° speed 4 knots. No other surface escort observed. You are to close and sink this easy target forthwith."

The *Kapitän* winced as he read it. U-Boat Command were laying the whip across his shoulders! He consoled himself with the thought that within the next twenty-four hours he would sink both ships.

Standing by his bunk, Lachmann beat the hard edge of the bunkboard with his fist. "I've got to sink them. I'm going to sink them." Catching sight of Magda's letter, he crumpled it and tossed it to the floor. He couldn't even fix his thoughts on home.

He brushed his hand across his forehead. Then, pulling himself together, he parted the curtains and went out to the control room to plot a course that would lead him to the enemy. The course when laid off proved to be 202° and the distance forty-five miles. It would take him three hours to go the full distance, but, as he might reasonably expect to sight the surface ships fifteen miles away, he hoped to see them at about eleven o'clock. Leaving orders that he was to be called at half past ten, he lay down to take what little rest he could.



"I must be at the dangerous age—whatever I want to do, either I'm too young or I'm old enough to know better."

His deductions had been accurate. At ten minutes to eleven the masts and funnels of both the destroyer and the merchantman were in sight. But either his own aircraft had not seen the big flying boat, or it may have arrived after the reconnaissance plane had left. The aircraft was a very bad thing indeed. Its presence turned what should have been a simple target into one almost impossible of approach during daylight hours. He was angered still more by the knowledge that the admiral ashore would not know of this extra hazard he had to face.

U-506 slunk once more into the protecting depths. At one o'clock she saw with relief that the Sunderland was going away, and watched with satisfaction the signaling between ship and plane. She was so intent on this transaction that she omitted to carry out her routine sweep for other dangers. When at last Lachmann swung the periscope round he found himself looking at the pendulous body, straight wings and four roaring propellers of the fresh Sunderland which had, unnoticed by him, relieved the other. The U-boat only just got down to a safe depth in time.

With the coming of the relief aircraft, it was obvious to Lachmann that he would have to wait until dark to make his attack.

As the *Antioch* managed a heavier roll than usual, Wheeler stumped down the ladder to go forward to have another look at the towing cable. Halfway down, he discovered that he had left his scarf behind. He climbed back and opened the wheelhouse door.

Sibson stood between him and the light from the far side. He was showing Pengelley something in a slim leather box. Sibson, surprised, had to make two movements with his hand: one to close the box, and the next to slip it into the pocket of his duffel coat. But Wheeler had seen the wrist watch. There was no doubt that Sibson had been rifling the cabins. The realization was a blow to the pit of his stomach.

Hastily taking his scarf from the hook, he went out onto the bridge. By ignoring the whole thing he could keep his men together until the tow was finished. But to overlook theft was not really possible. The problem had become a challenge to himself. He wondered how Murrell would have faced the situation. It was quite certain that if he had put the question to the *Hecate*'s captain, Murrell would have said, "Go in and tackle the lot."

It was time for the men to gather in the wheelhouse for their dinner. He watched Hart stumble forward, bearing a huge mess tin covered with a cloth. Wheeler could smell the unmistakable odor of macaroni cheese. All the men were inside except White, who was keeping watch on the weather wing of the bridge.

Wheeler thought, *It's now or never.* He called to White, "Come inside for a moment. I want to talk to the lot of you."

He held the door for the signalman, followed him in and shut it. There was a pleasant haze of tobacco smoke, and a wonderful smell of hot food from the big mess tin.

"I want to speak to you all. There's something very serious to be said." The men, caught unawares, faced him. "I know that one man has been pilfering the cabins." Wheeler paused to let the words sink in.

Sibson had half turned away. His shoulders, hunched, suggested truculence. Pengelley looked down at his feet. The pause had gone on longer than Wheeler expected. But he felt the breaking power of silence at work. He thought he could afford to wait.

Sibson himself broke it. "So what? So I took a watch—and why not? If we was doing this in peacetime, we'd get salvage money—thousands o' quid apiece. Findings is keepings, ain't they?" He turned to the others with a gesture that assumed their support.

The atmosphere was tense. Some of the men were on Sibson's side. Wheeler could feel it.

Help came from an unexpected quarter. "No, Sibby," Trotman said, "you done us all wrong. Thieving at sea won't never bring you luck—and you know it."

The suggestion that fate might not be blind—worse still, that retribution might follow wrongdoing—struck hard on men living in momentary fear of a dreadful death. Wheeler saw that the appeal to ineradicable magic had had more effect than anything he could have said.

"Ooh," Anders said. "He can't do that—that's stealing."

There was a burst of laughter, and with that Sibson's support vanished.

Wheeler crossed to Sibson. "I'll take care of it," he said and held out his hand.

For a moment Sibson hesitated. Then his hand went to his pocket. "O.K., you win," he said.

"Like the cable—not to be mentioned again," Wheeler said. "Now let's have our dinner before it gets cold."

Since eleven o'clock that morning Murrell had felt sure that a U-boat had joined the party. It was a particularly nasty sensation, for, however efficient the U-boat might believe the destroyer's asdic to be, he knew that there was a large arc astern where, because of the disturbance caused by her own propellers and by the *Antioch*, the machine could not detect the enemy.

Normally this arc would have been covered in the process of zigzagging. But on a steady

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



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- 1½ cups boiling water
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
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- 1 cup syrup from peaches
- 2 packages (3-oz. size) cream cheese, softened
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ½ cup heavy cream, whipped
- Salad greens

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water; stir in lemon juice. Mix 1 cup of the dissolved gelatin (saving rest to mix with cheese and mayonnaise later) with 1 cup syrup; cool till syrupy and pour ¼-in. depth into 2 qt. mold. In it arrange about 15 of the drained peach slices; chill till set. Pour in remaining gelatin-syrup mixture. Chill. Mix cheese with mayonnaise. Dice remaining peaches; stir into cheese mixture with reserved gelatin. Fold in whipped cream. Spoon over set mixture in mold. Chill till firm. Unmold on greens. Serves 8 to 10.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

course he was vulnerable all the time from astern. The U-boat had only to attack to make certain of a kill. Murrell's only hope was that the opposing captain would not realize this.

The doctor, coming to relieve the captain and asking his usual, "How is she?" received the answer, "Bloody."

Murrell went down to his cabin, deeply vexed by his own ill humor. Just as he was finishing lunch came the signal from the relief aircraft, "U-boat at periscope depth four miles 350° from you." In the circumstances there could be no sleep for him that afternoon—nor, for that matter, for any of the Hecates.

At four o'clock he made a signal to the *Antioch:* "Anticipate enemy will attack tonight. Intend to slip tow as soon as he is detected. Don't worry, only two hundred more miles." He had the signal passed by semaphore. A lamp could have been read by the U-boat if he happened to have his periscope up.

During the afternoon the wind had eased. The cumulus clouds of the morning had gone but a thin gray film had crept over the sky from the east. With the coming of darkness their aircraft left them.

Murrell had sent for the petty officer radar mechanic, and explained the position. "Within the next four hours the U-boat that has been chasing us will attack," he said. "As soon as you can get him on the radar, I shall slip the tow and go after him. I'd rather go to a false alarm than have him surface and sink the *Antioch* before I can get at him. So, for heaven's sake, report everything. We'll have little time to spare."

With that, and the loading of star shells into the guns, Murrell felt that everything had been done that could be anticipated. On the way to the bridge he went into the wireless office. "Lawrence, connect up the intercom for me, will you, please." Then he went up to the bridge. "I'll take her in a minute. I just want to talk to the men on the intercom," he said to the doctor.

"Hecates"—he spoke into the mouthpiece—"you're all waiting—so you might as well go to your action stations. Take plenty of warm clothing. I'll sound the alarm gong as usual when I want you to stand to—but if you're ready, we'll save a few minutes."

Waiting for the other side to open the battle was not a pleasant pastime. At the moment the initiative lay entirely with the U-boat.

Lachmann brought U-506 to the surface with deliberation. From where he had chosen to surface, four thousand meters on the starboard bow of the target, he could see the long bulk of the tanker plainly and make out with only a little strain the slighter form of the destroyer. In the prevailing conditions of light there was no chance of his being seen at that range, and so no need to keep the boat running at reduced buoyancy.

He was in no hurry. He had the whole night before him. This time his opponent was a sitting duck. In fact, the target was a brace of ducks. The destroyer added to the tanker would surely appease the admiral.

Leaning over the side of the conning tower, his glasses fixed on the tanker, he tried to estimate her length. One hundred and thirty meters, and the tow line as much again—or possibly a little more; say one hundred and sixty meters. The destroyer one hundred and ten meters. She did not look it, but the target she made for the underwater weapons was almost as big as that of the tanker itself. In the improving condition of the sea, he intended to set the torpedoes to a shallow depth in the case of both ships. Two torpedoes would be angled to hit each vessel.

But first he would move in closer to the target. There was no need to stay out at four thousand meters. He could make a certainty of the job by shortening the range by half.

Clattering feet on the ladder that led from the control room below brought an engine-room artificer to the conning tower. He saluted Lachmann. "*Herr Kapitän,* the engineer requires a tin of hydraulic oil from the casing locker. I request permission to get it."

"If you must," Lachmann grumbled. He would tell the engineer what he thought of him for not obtaining all the necessary stores before they had dived in the morning.

The man swung himself down to the deck and made his way aft. There he raised a heavy cover that was let into the wooden deck planking. Below was a locker, open to the sea, where imperishable stores could be carried. The drums were securely lashed and Voss glanced rather dubiously at the conning tower before he clambered into the locker to undo the fastenings of the drum he had been sent to fetch.

Lachmann passed the information that he had gained of their targets down the voice pipe to Gessner at the attack table.

Murrell, after hanging round the bridge for an hour, had tried the seclusion of his cabin. But even here he could find no relief from the agony of waiting. Finally he moved to that position where the first news of the enemy's presence would be known—the radar office.

In the close air of the dark and ill-ventilated radar office Murrell stood behind the operator. The petty officer slowly spun the wheel that sent the searching beam round and round. A radar mechanic sat beside him. The eerie green light from the set was reflected on the faces of the three men. Too weak to penetrate

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the shadows, it lay like varnish on the facial planes.

"There! What's that?" the captain said.

The beam of the set wavered and then swung back. It passed beyond the tiny spot of brighter fluorescence; retraced its path, then hovered over it. The spot grew in intensity. Its outlines hardened.

"Bearing green four-eight. Range oh-four-oh." The operator spoke with maddening slowness. Aware of the importance, he was making doubly sure of each figure.

Murrell had to fight hard to restrain his voice. "What do you make of it?" he asked.

"Could be, sir." The man was noncommittal. With his captain there he could not be expected to take the responsibility of making a definite classification.

With a shock Murrell realized this. Calling instinct to his aid, he recognized in the bright little spot his enemy. He called up the voice pipe to the bridge: "Captain here. Slip the tow. As soon as she's free, steer one-one-three degrees at full speed. I'm coming up now."

It took Lachmann some time to deal with Voss, and to give the details of the targets to Gessner. Four minutes passed before he was free to look at the tanker. At the reduced range, she was easier to see. She was a big modern vessel—a really worth-while victim. He swung his binocular slowly toward the destroyer's position. His heart beat furiously.

There was no need for the glasses to see the destroyer. He roared "Full ahead" down the voice pipe, and turned to look again at the horror that bore down on him. There was no time, no opportunity to wonder how it had happened. She was less than five hundred meters away, and traveling so fast that, as she rolled to windward, the bow wave was massed in an arch of foam that rose higher than the tearing bows.

Then U-506 was leaping ahead herself. By instinct Lachmann turned his stern toward the enemy. Moving twice as fast as the submarine, the destroyer was closing rapidly. He thought he could even hear the roar of her bow wave.

The enemy was dead astern—one hundred meters. With voice surprisingly calm he ordered the wheel hard aport, and, having closed the voice-pipe vent, his finger pressed the button that set the klaxon roaring. Then he stepped calmly into the hatch and went down, knowing that the turning circle of his own boat was so much smaller than the destroyer's that she could not possibly carry out her intention to ram. He was thankful he had not lost his nerve. He turned the wheel that locked the hatch and dropped lightly to the deck of the control room.

The boat's bow was depressed steeply. The clatter of the diesels had been replaced by the whir of the electric motors. For the moment the dive was, except for the corkscrew motion, just like any other emergency dive that U-506 had made in her two years of life.

"Hard aport." Murrell's command could be heard by all on the bridge.

The *Hecate* lay over sharply as her rudder bit deep into the sea, and Murrell had to grip the binnacle to prevent his being catapulted from the platform. Men went slithering and falling on the wet decks, while, in an effort to see the ram take place, they tried to recover their footing.

But Murrell knew that the U-boat would not be rammed, and that all he had achieved had been to wrest the initiative from the enemy's grasp. With the U-boat a fugitive below the surface, it was an advantage that he hoped to retain.

Sliding sideward into the waves that broke clean across her low deck, the destroyer turned desperately.

"Half ahead both. One-five-oh revolutions. Steer oh-three-oh. Lower the asdic. Start transmissions. Search the port side." The orders rolled mechanically from Murrell's tongue.

"Quarter-deck reports a man in the water, sir. They've dropped a flare." The yeoman had answered the telephone.

"What a time to fall overboard! I can't possibly stop for him now," the captain exclaimed.

"Not one of ours, sir," the yeoman told him. "Some joker must 'a' got left behind when she dived."

"Oh, well, that's different. Not that I'm hardhearted, but he can wait until we've finished with his pals."

"Echo bearing red eight-five. Submarine. Range six hundred." Graves' voice rose from the voice pipe that led to the asdic hut.

"Thank you, Graves. Are you ready to attack?"

"Ready to attack, sir."

Turning to port, the destroyer had now changed places with her adversary. At reduced speed she stalked sedately over the waves in quest of her prey.

U-506 after her scrambled dive had some difficulty in regaining trim. She twisted and turned like a porpoise below the water, while her well-drilled crew fought for a control that they never quite lost. Within five minutes she had settled down to a steady course eighty meters below the surface. Looking round him, Lachmann, until he remembered Voss, was well satisfied at his escape. That memory was not so good, even though every man in the boat knew that the same fate could overtake any of them in an emergency. In Lachmann's own mind the sense of blame was brought by the fact that, in the excitement of evading the destroyer, he had truly forgotten the unfortunate man.

"Destroyer approaching starboard beam," the voice pipe from the hydrophone cabinet announced.

Lachmann decided to turn away under full helm. Even when he was below the water, he could still turn more quickly than the destroyer. The steady beat of the destroyer's propellers was heard plainly, but the sensation of his boat turning under helm was satisfying, and presently the propellers were heard to pass down the starboard side. Depth charges began to explode, but, although they shook the submarine and some lamps were broken, they were too far away to do any material damage.

Twice Lachmann had escaped the destroyer by making use of his maneuverability. He was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

confident that he could keep it up. Down the voice pipe he said, "Tell me when the destroyer turns, and then at once give me a bearing."

"*Jawohl, Herr Kapitän.*"

They waited in strained silence: forty men in a steel shell that was suspended in the sea; held there by delicate machinery controlled by their own nerves.

The engineer appeared in the doorway. He was excited. "*Herr Kapitän. Herr Kapitän!*"

"Yes?"

"Voss!" the engineer accused.

"He has been unfortunate," the captain told him.

"You mean ——" the engineer said.

Lachmann nodded. "It was his own fault. You know ——"

"Destroyer approaching starboard beam," the voice pipe announced, "bearing green eight-five to green nine-oh."

But Lachmann was busy defending himself. You know the orders!"

"Of course, *Herr Kapitän*, I know the orders, and I know too that it is something which very rarely happens!" The engineer spoke with bitter anger.

"Are you challenging my judgment?" Lachmann's voice rose as anger answered anger.

Braun touched the captain's sleeve. "*Herr Kapitän.* The destroyer!" he said.

"What! Why has it not been reported?" Lachmann spun round.

"It was, *Herr Kapitän*," Braun said defensively.

"What was the report?"

"Starboard beam."

"Hard aport."

The dead silence in the control room was broken by the steady thrumming beat that all could hear. As a train passes over an iron bridge, the confident propellers swept over them.

They waited, and while they waited the ten heavy canisters sank down toward them.

The ten depth charges began to explode: not all together, but in pairs. The stricken boat was flung backward and forward, from side to side, and up and down, by the successive pressure waves. For one mad moment her bow reared, and then hung down—the angle increasing all the time. Every light bulb had been smashed and only the dim glow of the emergency lighting enabled the terror-stricken men to see their equally horrified companions. Even when the dreadful explosions had ceased, the boat, as high-pressure air escaped from broken pipes and great bubbles rose from her torn flanks, still went on shivering.

To save himself from falling, Lachmann had seized the ladder that led to the conning tower. But now, as her bow dipped, his feet lost their grip. Men and gear fell forward and ended in a heap against the forward bulkhead. One or two, because they could not help themselves, went on through the doorway.

From forward came a dreadful hissing as air water entered the batteries. The water was rising: coming up into the control room through the door to which Lachmann's own feet pointed. It was foul and bubbling water that made the hanging man cough and retch. He felt the wetness at his feet, and round his middle.

Then, mercifully, the sides of the boat collapsed, for she had already long since passed the depth to which a submarine may safely dive.

"Breaking-up noises." Graves' voice came from the asdic hut.

"What was that attack like?" the captain asked the navigator, who was down below on the plot.

"Copybook, sir! That time I don't think we knew it was coming. He never altered course."

Slowly the *Hecate* nosed her way over the position. There was a strong smell of diesel oil, and bubbles rose steadily to the surface.

"Let's go and see if our lucky lad's still there," Murrell said. "We can't be very far away."

They found Voss. Leading Seaman Thomas brought the news from the quarter-deck.

"Doctor, you can speak German, can't you? Will you go below and find out what you can? I want to know the U-boat's number. Then try and find out if there are any more of its pals about—and anything else you can think of. Take the bridge messenger down with you and send him back with the number."

The captain watched the doctor move toward the ladder. Reaction from excitement set in, and tiredness and the increasing cold overwhelmed him like a wave. "Half ahead together, one-two-oh revolutions. Coxswain. Pipe 'Secure' and 'Both watches lay aft to recover tow.' Yeoman, make to *Antioch* by blue light, 'U-boat sunk. One survivor. I am going to attempt to recover tow now.' When you've sent that, bring me a pad and I'll make a signal to the commander in chief."

Murrell wrote out the signal: "C in C Western Approaches from *Hecate*. Have sunk U-506 in position 54° 30′ N. 18° 05′ W. One survivor. Am recovering tow."

Slowly and carefully Murrell took the *Hecate* stern first toward the bow of the *Antioch*. One hour and ten minutes later the tow was under way again.

Dawn of the fourth day of their ordeal came slowly and brought an intensification of the already hard horizon. They had lost the advantage of the strong westerly wind which had hurried them home, but they had the better behavior of the *Antioch* in the calmer sea to set against its loss. They had in the last twenty-four hours made by dead reckoning another hundred and two miles, and were left with only one hundred and eight to go.

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As scarce as truth is, the supply has always been in excess of the demand.

There are people so addikted to exagerashun, that they kant tell the truth without lieing.

In the weather conditions that morning a sighting between aircraft and ships would be made at a very great distance. The Focke-Wulf came especially to inspect them. Watching the German plane, Murrell spoke over his shoulder to the doctor: "This morning it has a surprised and worried look."

"He's much closer today than he was yesterday," Macmillan agreed. "Probably he can't believe his eyes."

The yeoman, with a pad in his hand, came to the two officers. Murrell, taking the signals, glanced at the top one. "The commander in chief compliments us on the way we take advantage of our opportunities," he told the doctor. "Yeoman, you can put a copy of that signal on the ship's notice board."

"There's another signal, sir," Willis said.

Murrell turned the page. "Good heavens! *Northern Belle* and *Bromwich Town*."

"What about them?" Macmillan asked.

"A couple of antisubmarine trawlers being sailed today as close escort. They should be with us about dawn tomorrow. *And* the salvage tug *Ocean Queen* sailing tomorrow. Things are happening at last!" Murrell paused and went on: "Queer thing—I'll be glad to see the trawlers, but I'm not so sure about the tug. I'd hate to lose the cow; maybe I'd not feel like handing her over to anyone else!"

"You will," the doctor said. "I bet you!"

The captain glanced round the horizon. "That plane's going away!" he said. "I wonder what he's going to tell his pals back home—and wouldn't I love to be in the staff office at Lorient when his report comes in!"

Masters brought the decoded weather chart.

"What's it like today?"

"Not so bad, sir. At least from our point of view. The anticyclone over Europe is intensifying nicely, and creeping out into the Atlantic."

Murrell beat his arms across his body. "It's brought some Russian cold with it."

"We may run into a belt of snow," Masters said.

"However much I hate the stuff, at least it will hide us," Murrell told them. "I feel dreadfully naked in this visibility—not that I think we're really in need of shelter."

The doctor said, "Our friend the *Antioch* is towing rather nicely."

"Well, she's all yours," Murrell said as he took himself out of the cutting wind.

It was only ten minutes past eight when he reached his cabin. Kirby had not yet brought his breakfast. Still muffled, he stood by the radiator and looked out the little scuttle. The most distant object he could see through the glass was the bulk of the *Antioch*.

Murrell watched a drop of water as it spiraled down one of the wire stays of the foremast. The drop stopped. Its stopping fixed his attention. It had no apparent reason to stop, and every reason why, with the help of the ship's vibration, it should have continued its journey. He moved closer to the scuttle and rubbed the glass. He heard Kirby come into the cabin. "Was there any ice on the iron deck?" he asked without turning his head.

"Not on the deck yet, sir—but it's forming on the stanchions and guardrails."

"I feared so." Murrell sat down to his meal.

"I'm afraid I slipped and lost your first breakfast—that's why I'm late, sir. "

Murrell was becoming very tired, too tired even to express sympathy with his steward. This morning he really would break with routine and get his head down for a sleep. He was too tired even to finish the meal that Kirby had brought. He did not want to offend Kirby. He went out into the cross passage and opened the sliding door to the signal deck. There was no one in sight. He flung the food overboard, went back to his cabin, and in spite of the ten minutes it took for the soreness in his eyes to subside, he was asleep when his steward came again for the emptied plate.

On the *Hecate*'s bridge the doctor was bitterly cold. The wind had settled down to a steady stream of air flowing out of the high-pressure system to the east. It stung the eyes, froze the fingers; it cracked men's lips and made their eyes sore. It drew the moisture out of everything that had been wet. The signal halyards, like the bough of a winter tree, crackled and whispered, and tiny crystals of salt formed on the bridge windscreens where the spray was dried to brine.

Steaming straight into the wind's eye, the ship was remarkably steady. The towrope led straight to the bluff-bowed *Antioch*, following dutifully in her wake. The sky to the north and east darkened until, as it reached over them, it was like the mouth of a great cave.

"We'll be as easily seen as specks on a mirror," Macmillan observed to Masters, who happened to pass him. "My word, it's cold!"

"It's going to snow," Masters said. "It may be warmer when it does."

"It'll cut visibility to nearly nothing. How are we going to tow then?"

"It will be here soon. There's the edge of it, not more than a couple of miles away. Do you think we ought to call the captain?"

"'Deed and I don't know," the doctor said. "I'd rather let him sleep—speaking as a doctor."

"But it *is* his responsibility," Masters reminded him.

Macmillan looked unhappy; he rubbed his cold pipe on his cold nose and left a coal-black smear. He saw that the navigator wanted the captain to be called because then he, Masters, would feel safer. Come to think of it, he too would like to feel the captain's authority by his side. "I suppose so," he said.

"I'll go and call him." Masters, having obtained agreement, was in a hurry.

Murrell thought that the fog in his brain solidified and filled his mouth. It stuck to his tongue and he knew it had to be swallowed if consciousness were to be regained. It was a sensation of near panic. He rolled angrily on his bunk and his throat worked in time with the noise in his ears. The knocking on his door was repeated. "Come in," he croaked.

"There's a snowstorm coming up," Masters told him.

"Snow?" Murrell whispered. "Snow?"

"We won't be able to see the tow from the bridge, sir. The doctor and I, we thought we'd better call you."

"Of course," Murrell said. He struggled to a sitting position and slid his trousered legs over the bunk's side.

Masters felt it kinder to leave Murrell to recover from sleep alone. He thought the captain looked tired and far from well.

"I'll be up in a minute," Murrell called after the navigator. He stood up and dragged the duffel coat over his arms.

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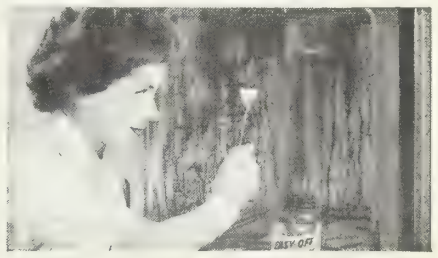
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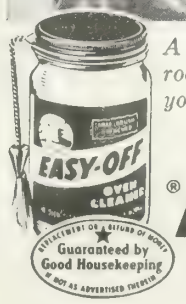
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At first only a few feathery flakes came wistfully down. Then, all at once, the storm was on them. Drifting like the dead leaves of autumn, the flakes fell slantwise into the sea, which swallowed them up as if they had never been.

The flakes mantled the ships with white. They settled on gun barrels, and on the bridge drifted with satanic glee into corners where no storm had ever carried water. The chart in the charthouse was reduced to pulp, and the yeoman to fury when he found his spare pads were soaked. Unbelievably lovely the *Hecate* may have looked, but neither could she see herself nor could her captain see the *Antioch*.

So the snow brought a new problem. The stern of their ship was six hundred feet from the bow of the tow. Their own bridge was a further two hundred feet away. This last, they discovered, made all the difference between seeing the *Antioch* dimly and not seeing her at all. Murrell and the doctor had to make a hurried journey to the stern of the destroyer and do their tugmastering from the open shelter behind the after house.

A telephone led from there to the bridge, and helm and speed orders could be passed to the officer of the watch. But the change of position produced a problem. For the last four days they had trained themselves to counteract the swing and adjust the pull that one ship had on the other. To do this they had taught their eyes to use the two-hundred-foot-long sighting bar of their own ship, and to judge by the way she swung what orders they should give to counteract the pull.

Now, they had lost their sighting bar. What they had learned to achieve with comparative ease from the bridge was much more difficult from their new position.

The captain and doctor ate their lunch standing in the corner of the shelter. The two had been together since eleven o'clock, experimenting with ways to manage the tow: an interest so absorbing that they had come to consider the art of towing as the main part of their enterprise. It was as a disturbance that they regarded the signalman who came padding along the snow-covered deck. The captain read the signal aloud.

"C. in C. Western Approaches to *Hecate*. Trawlers and *Ocean Queen* sailing from Londonderry ten today. *Hecate* is to signal rendezvous to ships concerned."

The captain tapped the thin paper with his gloved finger. "You'll observe, doc, that there's a catch in it."

"Meaning?" Macmillan queried.

"That if they are sailing from Londonderry at ten o'clock this morning, they are going to meet up with us about dusk tonight; that there's a very strong tide runs backward and forward along the north coast of Ireland; that, as we're going, we'll pick up the tide off Bloody Foreland with two hours to spare and carry it all the way to Rathlin Island; that if, for some reason, we miss that flood tide we'll make no progress toward land for six hours; that it may well take an ocean tug all that time to get rid of the lash-up that we are towing with and get her own men and wires aboard; that the tug won't try doing so in the dark. In fact, my friend, any alteration to present circumstances that delays us more than two hours is going to mean that the *Antioch* will be another day at sea."

"She's floating well enough," the doctor remarked.

"She may be at the moment," Murrell answered. "But don't forget the enemy. I bet there's a very angry admiral in Lorient."

At two o'clock they ran out of the snow as suddenly as they had entered it.

In the pale sunshine of a winter's afternoon the ships looked unreal and insubstantial. Delicately fragile, they seemed to be made of ice. Seeing them so ethereal, the doctor, halfway through his watch and tired beyond belief, felt himself a phantom man. Murrell had gone to his cabin.

Macmillan left the after house and went back to the bridge. Gray was on watch and Masters about the bridge. The navigator brought him a cup of cocoa.

A signalman came out on the bridge. Masters called, "I'll take it." The man brought him the paper. Together doctor and navigator read the message which was prefixed "Most immediate." It read: "Enemy aircraft are being 'homed' on to you. You should anticipate air attack between now and sunset."

The sun was already sinking. Since the snow the sea had been the green of old jade, but as the sun sank it became gray once more.

"I think I'd better take it down to him," Masters said.

"It seems a pity. I suppose we can't just go to action stations and hope he doesn't wake up?" the doctor suggested.

"It wouldn't be fair to him, doc."

"You're right." Macmillan sighed. "You'd better tell him."

Masters shook the captain's arm—then his shoulder. "Captain, sir. Captain." Murrell's head turned as his body was moved, but his breathing remained deep and regular. "Captain, sir, captain!" Masters had not previously met the druglike sleep of utter exhaustion and found the experience as unnerving as if he had come across his captain's dead body. "Please, sir." But there was no answer. And then quite suddenly Murrell sat up. His eyes opened.

"Signal from admiralty. Most immediate. Enemy aircraft are being homed on to you. You should anticipate air attack between now and sunset." Masters, holding the message for Murrell to read, was surprised that the captain neither read it for himself nor showed any emotion.

But Murrell's next words satisfied him. "Go to action stations at once. Pass that signal to *Antioch* for information and tell Wheeler to man his guns. I'll be up directly."

Masters hurried from the cabin. He was not too old to anticipate the thrill of pressing the alarm button himself; of the chance to trigger off the chain reaction that would turn the destroyer into a fighting weapon.

Murrell sat on in his bunk. Slowly his head fell forward. His shoulders sagged. He went on sleeping because he had never waked up. It was his subconscious mind that had answered Masters' call with the correct solution. The *Hecate*'s captain did not even hear the racket of his ship preparing for action. He slept.

With the sinking of the U-boat, the men of the *Antioch* had experienced the same lightening of tension that had refreshed the Hecates. And because they were afloat in what was the main target, their sense of relief was even more intense. The *Antioch*'s men were not short of sleep, and Wheeler had no idea of the tiredness that overwhelmed Murrell. To Wheeler, the destroyer was identified with her captain. He had watched her maneuver with precision and seen her attack with daring. It never occurred to him that her captain might have less strength than the steel of his ship.

In the afternoon Wheeler was reading a book he had found aboard. His back was propped against pillows and his legs were thrust out along his mattress. White was on watch. Sibson and Anders were playing draughts, while Pengelley cleaned and filled the oil lamps ready for the night. The air was cozily warm, and if the place was overfull of tobacco smoke, at least it had acquired the lived-in aspect of a home.

Pengelley, bearing a lamp in his hand, moved across to the starboard side to catch the better light. Sibson lay on his belly with his face close against the draughtboard.

Into this scene White burst through the door. "What is it, man?" Wheeler asked.

"Signal, sir. Most immediate: we're to expect air attack between now and sunset. Another from *Hecate*, sir: you're to man the guns aboard here."

The news was a tight band of strain drawn round every head of those who heard it. Pengelley, stepping back, trod on the draughtboard.

"Can't you control those flipping feet of yours, you silly Cornish swab?" Sibson said.

Pengelley said, "Don't you call me names, you big lump of dirt."

Sibson sprang to his feet.

Wheeler shouted, "Be careful there."

Pengelley stumbled over Anders and fell. The lamp, shooting from his hand, spread

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paraffin oil across the floor. Eagerly the flame from their homemade stove leaped along the river of oil that ran to its door. The four men tried to beat it out, and then, when that was obviously impossible, for the mattresses were burning fiercely, they ran for the fire extinguishers on the main deck.

But, with no heat on the ship, these particular extinguishers had frozen. They were useless.

"Water! Water!" Wheeler found himself calling desperately. Smoke, hot and acrid, swirled round him. A figure lurched out of the murk. It was Sibson. It was obvious to the officer that the man was no longer a naval rating. He was just a very frightened man.

"You'll stop here!" Wheeler ordered.

"The hell I will! I ain't frying for you nor nobody else." With a vicious wrench Sibson tore himself free, and was gone.

Like a needle sinking through anesthetized flesh into the quick beyond, the shaking sank through Murrell's brain until at last a wakeful nerve was reached. "Captain, sir, captain, sir. You wouldn't answer the phone."

"What is it, man?" Murrell gasped, swinging cramped limbs upright.

"Tow's on fire, sir!"

The captain was out of the cabin as fast as he had ever been. Fourteen thousand tons of high-octane spirit was something to go on fire!

He had to push past men whom he was surprised to find already at their action stations. Breathless and battered, he reached the back of the bridge.

He found the ship heeled as she tugged at the tow, dragging the tanker round so that she would be beam on to the wind. Thank God for the doctor! He had appreciated the position and acted.

Black billows of smoke rose from the burning wheelhouse, but he could see that, desperate as the situation might appear, it was not yet catastrophic. A signal lamp flickered from the starboard wing of the tanker's bridge as her bows were dragged round to the north.

"What is it, yeoman?" Murrell called as he leaped to the compass platform. The yeoman told him the signal: "Fire extinguishers useless. Can you supply?"

"Reply 'Yes, will come alongside your starboard quarter to put fire party aboard,'" the captain said.

To Gray, "Slip the tow."

To the wheelhouse, "Pipe the fire party to muster on the fo'c'sle with all the extinguishers from the ready-use stowage."

To the quartermaster, "Starboard fifteen. One-eight-oh revolutions."

To Gray, "Thank you, Gray—I'll take her. Will you lead the fire party? You'll have to jump for it—but it won't be too bad."

To Thompson, "Go down and collect enough men to hang every fender you can find round the port bow."

The *Hecate*, describing a half circle, swept round to windward of the tanker. The ships, as the distance between them was reduced, appeared to roll more and more heavily. Murrell realized that considerable damage would be done to his own ship, but there was no other way.

Already below him the ship's side had been festooned with fenders, their rope lanyards tied to the guardrails. The boarding party, sixteen strong, waited. Half of the men carried the scarlet cylinders of the extinguishers and half, the buckets that each held four refills. Two white-helmeted engine-room ratings held asbestos suits over their arms, ready to put them on as soon as they had made the jump.

The *Hecate* vibrated gently. The distance narrowed until it could be measured in feet. The burning wheelhouse could no longer be seen. There were only the heavy billows of black smoke.

"Stand by to jump when you have a chance," Murrell shouted. "Stop both."

The *Hecate*'s shoulders nudged the tanker. Two men leaped. The ships rolled apart and together again—but this time much more heavily. More men went across. Like a man amputating his own damaged limb, Murrell watched the quarter-inch plating of his light ship pounded against the heavier hull. Blood-red streaks on the tanker's side showed where paint had been rubbed off. And there were dents too.

"Half astern together. Port fifteen," the captain ordered. The destroyer, shaken by battering her shoulder against the tanker, vibrated to the power of her own engines. She gave one more nudge and then drew away. Murrell took her back again toward the burning ship—but a cable clear to windward so that they could see what went on. Already



they had seen the men of the fire party clamber up the double ladders and disappear toward the high bridge of the tanker.

The captain turned to the doctor. "Doc," he said, "how is it that the men are at action stations? Who sent them there?"

Macmillan with surprise said, "You did."

"No," Murrell said. "No! When?"

"When Masters took the signal about the aircraft to you."

"What aircraft? What do you mean!" Murrell clutched his friend's arm.

Macmillan saw the look of dismay that could turn to fear. He said, "Don't let it worry you. It often happens in cases of exhaustion. Men act correctly but don't know what they do."

"Get me the signal," Murrell told him.

Macmillan, going to fetch the signal pad from the charthouse, said gently, "You put up a fine show going alongside that tanker—you're all right."

"Damn your bedside manner." Murrell spoke with sharp cruelty. "Will you get me the signal!"

It was the nearest to a snap that he had ever made at the doctor. He felt ashamed of himself, but took pleasure in the shame. As if by his being beastly he justified his captaincy. He looked again at the *Antioch*.

The heavy smoke, blowing to leeward and pressed flat to the sea by the cold wind, made the ship look as if she had developed a list to port. But after a moment's acute anxiety, Murrell satisfied himself that this was an optical illusion. If, deep within himself, he had fear for the lives of the twenty-three men he had put aboard her, he neither showed nor allowed himself to feel it. He was riding himself hard, riding down imagination.

Macmillan brought him the pad. There were the signal from the Admiralty and the one that had been made to the *Antioch*. "I suppose I sent this signal too?" he asked.

Macmillan nodded.

Murrell tore his mind from the personal problem. He went to the voice pipe that led to the radar office. "Can you find any aircraft?" he asked.

"No, sir. We've had a small echo from time to time, but only for a second or two."

"If it stays up in the cloud layer, I suppose we're unlikely to pick it up?" Murrell asked.

"That's it, sir. If it stays behind the clouds we shan't have much chance of finding it with this surface-to-surface set."

"And anyway it will stay out of range," Murrell said. "These homers are very careful of themselves."

The engineer officer came on the bridge, to report the extent of the damage. "Well, chief, what have I done?" Murrell asked.

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"The heads and bathrooms, sir. Smashed in the carling and broken the water pipes. I've had to disconnect the lot, sir."

"What a place to smash up! What about your stokers?"

"They're all right, sir. Of course it was a little difficult for them to start with—all those alterations of speed. It wasn't easy."

Looking again at the *Antioch*, Murrell saw that the character of the smoke had changed. The sunset tinge of flame seemed to be less, and the black smoke from the burning paint-layered wood was mixed round its base with the light gray haze from the chemical extinguishers. To the doctor he said, "There's just a chance the gamble may come off ——"

"Aircraft green eight-oh." The cry came from the starboard side. "See 'em—low on the water. Three of them."

The German planes were coming in with the advantage of the darkening night behind them. They were so close to the sea that they only just cleared the waves.

"Heinkels!" the captain exclaimed as he dived for the compass platform. "Range ten thousand. Rapid independent. Shoot. Port ten. Steer oh-four-five."

The two long 4.7 guns began to fire. Boom—boom—boom. The *Hecate* started to move out diagonally to enable Murrell to bring an enfilading fire on anything attacking his charge.

"Range seven thousand," the captain, looking at the enemy, said grimly. "Obviously the first team. I'm afraid they mean business."

With the reduced range, the shell bursts from the guns were nearer. The shooting was good, but it was terribly difficult to hit the low black planes against the dark backdrop of eastern cloud. The aircraft were in reverse-arrowhead formation. Each of the leaders was aiming for a ship. The third was potentially the most dangerous, for there was a chance that he would succeed in making his attack without being fired at. The Bofors gun in the stern of the tanker opened up. Chump—chump—chump. It had a curiously satisfying sound.

"Mr. Thompson," the captain said, "shift fire of main armament to the third plane as soon as the close-range weapons can engage the first two."

A second later a terrific clatter sounded on the bridge as the single-barreled port-bridge Oerlikon and the double-barreled midship Oerlikons opened up together. Streams of red tracer bullets soared confidently toward the planes. *Antioch*'s two Oerlikons on the port side were firing.

"Range five thousand."

Boom—boom. Chump—chump—chump, and the continual racket of the Oerlikons. At close range Murrell couldn't do anything more. It was up to the individual gun layers.

For a moment after Sibson's sudden disappearance, Wheeler had been alone in the throat-catching smoke; the next he found himself in clean air with the pillows of smoke blown to leeward.

For the rest of his life Wheeler was to wonder where personal fear went for the next ten minutes. The only conclusion he could ever draw was that, when faced with the inevitable, man could ignore the obvious; completely closing one part of his mind to one particular probability—that of the imminent explosion beneath his feet.

It was White who first drew attention to the three tiny dots.

"Man the guns," Wheeler cried, and oddly found the advancing enemy far more frightening than the threat of fire.

The *Hecate*'s guns were firing. The shell bursts showed white against the black clouds to the east. Then the destroyer's close-range weapons were firing, and White beside him was firing too.

Wheeler saw that the enemy were intent on pressing home their attack, and he, too, realized the danger of the third and last plane as specifically as Murrell had done.

The *Antioch*'s Bofors and Oerlikons were engaging the left-hand plane, the *Hecate*'s Oerlikons the right-hand one, while the destroyer's long-range armament was firing at the third. The planes were surrounded by the red dots of tracers that climbed like scarlet mice toward their targets: planes that seemed indestructible. And then the Bofors fell silent.

Wheeler wondered if he should run aft to see if he could help to clear the jam. But Pengelley knew more about the gun than he did, and in any case the attack would be over long before he had run even as far as the after superstructure.

Suddenly he realized that Sibson had been given the starboard gun beside the funnel—and God alone knew where Sibson was. Then White's gun jammed. When he had helped to clear the bent cartridge that had caused the trouble, the leading plane was so close that he set White to fire at the last attacker.

But miraculously the gun by the funnel had begun to fire. For half a vital minute it was the *Antioch*'s only defense. The weapon was hidden from Wheeler's sight and he had no idea who fired it. All he could see was the lean black barrel that pulsed steadily as shell after shell left its muzzle. The Heinkel was firing back with its cannon. Spurts of flame rippled along the leading edge of the wing, and the plane's nose was directed full at the gun.

Wheeler could see the shells bursting all round, but still the Oerlikon went on firing—and hitting. To Wheeler it had become a duel between the single gun and the massed cannon of the enemy. For a hushed second there was silence—then one last, and very deliberate, shot came from the gun. Wheeler saw it smash through the plane's nose. The enemy plane tipped up sharply. Its whole pale green underside was visible. It went upward and sideways—over the ship. Its wing missed the funnel by a foot—no more. With a great splash it fell into the sea beyond.

Then there was time to look round. White was still firing at the last plane, and he could hear again the happy chump—chump of the Bofors from behind the funnel. In front of the destroyer's bows there was a large oily patch with a black object sinking there—like a shark's fin when the fish dives.

AUNT MARTHA

By PATRICIA DUFF McGINLEY

Her face was carved by nobleness
And by those virtues, brave and grim,
Which let the harried mortal bless
The twistings of immortal whim.

No evening saw her Bible closed.
In grace and graciousness, grown wise,
She stood immovably opposed
To evil and to store-bought pies.

The last Heinkel was turning. It was still half a mile away, but had broken off the attack. Like a wild duck that has been wounded, it fluttered unhappily over the sea. Its head was round to the east. The destroyer was turning under full helm to keep her guns bearing. Wheeler thought that, now that the plane was out of range of their gun, he need not bother further about the enemy, and he stopped White from firing. Then he ran down the ladder and along the iron deck of the tanker to the gun by the funnel.

As he tore along the deck he caught sight of Hart, also running from his side of the superstructure to the other. There were two flights of ladders to the boat deck. Wheeler pounded up them both. He came to the gun. The muzzle pointed upward, while all around the wood of the deck and the metal side of the funnel base had been pockmarked by cannon shells. In the harness that was fastened to the breech hung what was left of Sibson. He was quite dead, for no man could take such injury and live.

Hart turned as Wheeler joined him. The two men looked at each other. "He fired last," Wheeler said.

"Yes, sir. He'd copped all this before he fired that last one."

"Mr. Wheeler, sir. Mr. Wheeler," a distant voice hailed.

"Wait a minute, Hart." Wheeler went to the rail that looked over the deck to the bridge sixty feet away.

White was hailing. His hands cupped his mouth and the words were long-drawn-out. "Signal . . . from . . . *Hecate*. Stand . . . by . . . to . . . recover . . . tow."

Wheeler waved his arm to show that he ha heard. Then he went back. Hart had clippe the gun in its housed position. And over heap that lay behind it he was drawing winch cover. Sibson, the man with a problem had found the solution within himself.

When Wheeler got back to the bridge, Whit brought him another signal from the *Hecat* "In view of the late hour, the probability further damage to this ship, and the necessit to catch the tide off Bloody Foreland, I do no intend to re-embark fire party tonight."

Gray looked at his companion. "I don blame him," he said. "You've got visitors fo the night."

Together captain and navigator bent ove the chart. Murrell pushed the deck log to on side. "I want to keep well clear of the land, he told Masters, "even if it does mean a cou ple of hours' more steaming—no cutting cor ners with our unpredictable friend astern!"

Masters said, "I'd like to alter course to oh eight-three, sir. The wind seems to be drawin a little more northerly."

Murrell gave his navigator a long stare Now it was all over, his officers were taking u their respective duties and very soon he woul revert to being the figurehead again: very soo he would be able to handle the ship and t make the decisions of a seaman only in a emergency or when conditions were difficult

Desperately tired as he was, he had to admi that in the last five days there were period that had been deeply satisfying. "Very well pilot," he said. "Alter course to oh-eigh three."

Moving slowly and thoughtfully, he re joined the doctor. "I began by never darin to hope to see land again. Then I longed for most passionately. Now I'll be sorry to see it sorry that this period of intense endeavor over. Why is that?"

"I'm a physician and surgeon—not psychiatrist." Macmillan's eyes were blue an amused within their red rims.

"Do I need a psychiatrist?" Murrell asked

"Yes, I think you do—that is, if you're go ing to tell me that you want to go on towin this crate all the way home. Not that I'm th person to go to. I ought to see one too—fo I'm damned if I'd hand her over to anyon else. Come to think of it, the whole ship's com pany are potential cases."

"What do you mean?" Murrell asked.

"That we're *all* balmy!" Macmillan tol him. "This thing—this *Antioch*—has got un der our skins. She's the symbol of something or other. Oh, when they certify us, they'll find a word for it that none of us will under stand ——"

"Ships bearing red oh-five." The cry fro the port lookout interrupted further discus sion. Murrell moved to the fore part of th bridge.

"Vessel's signaling, sir," Masters called.

The yeoman flicked over the pages of th book of pennant numbers. "*Ocean Queen* sir."

Murrell through his glasses could make ou the deep scallop-shaped hull; the heav bridge, far forward; the two flat-sided fun nels; the long afterdeck so admirably de signed for towing.

A mile on either side of the tug were th lesser dots of the two antisubmarine trawlers The little party of ships was all of six mile away. It would be more than half an hour be fore they met. The tug was signaling: "Slip your tow. I will take over."

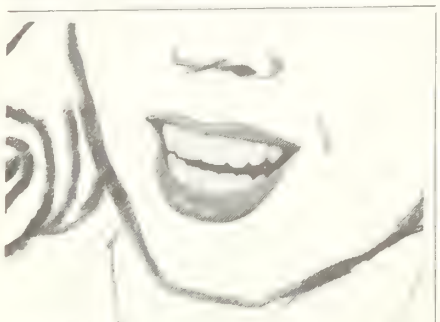
Murrell looked blankly at the signal that th yeoman held for him. To be ordered about by a blasted tugboat! He saw the look of inquiry in the eyes of the yeoman. "No, tell him t take station astern," he said, and walked back to the doctor. "If we haven't time to take ou own men off that floating death trap, we haven't time to transfer the tow."

Macmillan rubbed his pipe against the side of his nose. "Just as you say; just as you say."

Murrell could hear his message being sent; could hear the clickety-clack of the signal lamp. The reply to his message came back immediately: "I am ocean tug."

The captain of the *Hecate* found his mind stiffened by resolve.

"Make 'So am I,'" he said. END



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THE MISTRESS OF MELLYN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

attracts the eyes as a needle is attracted by a magnet. You have to look whether you want to or not; you have to admire. Her dress was pale mauve of some clinging material such as chiffon and it was caught at the throat with a diamond brooch.

Connan spoke first. "Why," he said, "it is my daughter with her governess. So, Miss Leigh, you and Alvean are taking the air."

"It is such a pleasant evening," I said, and I made to take Alvean's hand, but she eluded me in her most ungracious manner.

"May I sit with you and Lady Treslyn, papa?" she asked.

"You are taking a walk with Miss Leigh," he said. "Do you not think that you should continue to do so?"

"Yes," I answered for her. "Come along, Alvean."

Connan had turned to his companion: "We are very fortunate to have found Miss Leigh. She is . . . admirable!"

"The perfect governess this time, I hope for your sake, Connan," said Lady Treslyn.

I felt awkward, as though I were in the position of a horse, standing there while they discussed my points. I was sure he was aware of my discomfiture and rather amused by it.

I said, and my voice sounded chilly, "I think it is time we turned back. We were taking an airing before Alvean retires for the night. Come, Alvean," I added.

"But," protested Alvean, "I want to stay. I want to talk to you, papa."

"But you can see I am engaged. Some other time, my child."

"No—no—now!" Alvean's voice had a hysterical note. I had never known her to defy him so utterly.

Lady Treslyn murmured, "I see Alvean is a very determined person."

Connan TreMellyn said coolly, "Miss Leigh will deal with this matter."

"Of course. The perfect governess." There was a note of mockery in Lady Treslyn's voice, and it goaded me to such an extent that I seized Alvean's arm and almost dragged her back the way we had come.

She was half sobbing, but she did not speak until we were in the house. Then she said, "I hate her. You know, don't you, that she wants to be my new mamma?"

I said nothing then because I felt that it was so easy to be overheard. It was only when we reached her room and I had followed her in and shut the door that I said, "That was an extraordinary remark to make. How could she wish to be your mamma when she has a husband of her own?"

"He will soon die. Everybody says they are only waiting."

I was shocked that she should have heard such gossip and I thought, *I will speak to Mrs. Polgrey about this. Is it those girls, Daisy and Kitty—or perhaps Joe Tapperty or his wife?*

"She's always here," went on Alvean. "I won't let her take my mother's place."

"You are becoming quite hysterical about improbabilities, and I must insist that you never allow me to hear you say such things again. It is degrading to your papa."

That made her thoughtful. *How she loves him!* I thought. *Poor little Alvean, poor lonely child!*

A little while before I had been sorry for myself as I stood in that beautiful garden and was forced to be quizzed by the beautiful woman in the arbor. I had said to myself, *Why should one person have so much, and others nothing? Should I be beautiful in chiffon and diamonds? Perhaps not as Lady Treslyn is, but I am sure they would be more becoming than cotton and merino and a turquoise brooch which had belonged to my grandmother.*

Now I forgot to be sorry for myself, and my pity was all for Alvean.

I had seen Alvean to bed and returned to my room, conscious of a certain depression. I kept thinking of Connan TreMellyn out there in the arbor with Lady Treslyn. Of course Alvean and I had interrupted a flirtation. I felt shocked that he should indulge in such an intrigue; it seemed wholly undignified, since the lady had a husband to whom she owed allegiance.

I went to the window and was glad that it did not give me a view of the south gardens and the sea. It was not quite dark yet, but the sun had disappeared and the twilight was on us. My eyes turned to the window where I had seen the shadow on the blind.

The blinds were drawn up and I could see the blue curtains clearly. I stared at them. I don't know what I expected. Was it to see a face appear at the window, a beckoning hand? There were times when I could laugh at myself for my fancies, but the twilight hour was not one of them.

Then I saw the curtains move, and knew that someone was in that room.

I was in an extraordinary mood that evening. Alice's room was not in my part of the house, but I did not care. Thoughts of Alice obsessed me. There were times when I felt such a burning desire to discover what mystery lay behind her death that I was prepared to go to any lengths.

So I slipped out of my room. I left my wing of the house and went along the gallery to Alice's dressing room. I knocked lightly on the door and, with my heart beating lik sledge hammer, swiftly opened it.

For a second I saw no one. Then I detec a movement by the curtains. Someone hiding behind them.

"Who is it?" I asked.

There was no answer.

I strode across the room, drew aside curtains and saw Gilly cowering there. lids of her blank blue eyes fluttered in a te fied way.

"It's all right, Gilly," I said gently. "I wo hurt you."

She continued to stare at me, and I went "Tell me, what are you doing here?"

Still she said nothing. She had begun stare about the room as though she were a ing someone for help, and for a moment I the uncanny feeling that she *saw* something or someone—I could not see.

"Gilly," I said, "you know you should be in this room. I am going to take you to room. Then we'll have a little talk."

I put my arm about her; she was trembli I drew her to the door, but she came rel tantly and at the threshold of the room lool back over her shoulder. Then she cried suddenly, "Madam—come back, mada Come—*now!*"

I led her firmly from the room and shut door behind us, then almost had to drag along to my bedroom. Once there, I firm shut my door.

"Gilly," I said, "I do want you to und stand that I won't hurt you. I want to be y friend." The blank look persisted and, tak a shot in the dark, I went on: "I want to your friend as Mrs. TreMellyn was."

ACQUAINTANCE: a degree of friendship called slight when its object is poor and obscure, and intimate when he is rich and famous.

AMBROSE BIERCE

That startled her and the blank look d appeared for a moment. I had stumbled another discovery: Alice had been kind to t poor child.

"You went there to look for Mrs. TreM lyn, did you not?"

She nodded.

She looked so pathetic that I knelt do and put my arms about her. "You can't fi her, Gilly. She is dead. It is no use looking her in this house."

Gilly nodded and I was not sure what s implied—whether she agreed with me that was no use, or whether she believed that s could find Mrs. TreMellyn.

"So," I went on, "we must try to forget h mustn't we, Gilly?"

The pale lids fell over the eyes to hide the from me.

"We'll be friends," I said. "If we we friends, you wouldn't be lonely, would you

She shook her head, and I fancied that t eyes which surveyed me had lost something their blankness. I was sure that she was longer afraid of me.

Then suddenly she slipped out of my gra and ran to the door. I did not pursue her, a as she opened the door and turned to lo back at me there was a faint smile on her lit Then she was gone.

I believed that I had established a lit friendliness between us. Then I thought Alice, who had been kind to this child. I w beginning to build up the picture of Al more clearly in my mind.

I went to the window and looked across the window of the room, and thought of th night when I had seen the shadow on t blind. My discovery of Gilly did not expla that. It was no child I had seen silhouett there. It had been a woman.

It was the next day when I went to Mr Polgrey's room for a cup of tea. She was d lighted to invite me. "Mrs. Polgrey," I he said, "I have a matter which I feel to be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

some importance, and I should very much like to discuss this with you."

She bridled with pride. "I shall be delighted to give you an hour of my company and a cup of my best Earl Grey," she told me.

Over the teacups she surveyed me with an expression bordering on the affectionate.

"Now, Miss Leigh, pray tell me what it is you would ask of me."

"I am a little disturbed," I told her, stirring my tea thoughtfully. "It is due to a remark of Alvean's. I am sure that she listens to gossip, and I think it most undesirable in a child of her age."

I told her how we had walked in the cliff gardens and met the master with Lady Treslyn. "And then," I went on, "Alvean made this offensive remark. She said that Lady Treslyn hoped to become her mamma."

Mrs. Polgrey shook her head. She said, "What about a spoonful of whisky in your tea, Miss? There's nothing like it for keeping up the spirits."

I had no desire for the whisky, but I could see that Mrs. Polgrey had, and she would have been disappointed if I had refused to join her, so I said, "A small teaspoonful, please, Mrs. Polgrey."

She unlocked the cupboard, took out the bottle and measured out the whisky. Now we were like a pair of conspirators and Mrs. Polgrey was clearly enjoying herself. "I fear you will find it somewhat shocking," she began.

"I am prepared," I assured her.

"Well, Sir Thomas Treslyn is a very old man and only a few years ago he married this young lady, a play-actress, some say, from London. Sir Thomas went there on a visit and returned with her. Her set the neighborhood agog, I can tell you."

"I can well believe that."

"There's some that say she's one of the handsomest women in the country. And men can be foolish. The master has his weakness," admitted Mrs. Polgrey.

"If there is gossip I am most anxious that it shall not reach Alvean's ears."

"Of course you are, Miss. But gossip there is, and that child's got ears like a hare's."

"Do you think Daisy and Kitty chatter?"

Mrs. Polgrey came closer. "Everybody chatters, Miss. There's some as say that they'm not the sort to wait for blessing of clergy."

"Well, perhaps they are not." I felt wretched. *I hate this*, I told myself. *It's so sordid*. "So you think ——"

She nodded gravely. "When Sir Thomas dies there'll be a new mistress in this house. All they have to wait for now is for him to go. Mrs. TreMellyn, her—her's already gone."

I did not want to ask the question which came to my lips, but it seemed as though there were some force within me which would not let me avoid it. "And was it so when Mrs. TreMellyn was alive?"

Mrs. Polgrey nodded slowly. "He visited her often. It started almost as soon as she came. Sometimes he rides out at night and we don't see him till morning. Well, he'm master and 'tis for him to make his own rules."

"So you think that Alvean is only repeating what everyone knows? When Sir Thomas dies Lady Treslyn *will* be her new mamma?"

"There's some on us that thinks it's more than likely." She went on piously: "I'd sooner see the master of the house I serve living in wedlock than in sin, I do assure you. And so would we all."

"Could we warn the girls not to chatter, before Alvean, of these matters?"

"As well try to keep a cuckoo from singing in the spring. I could wallop them two till I dropped with exhaustion and still they'd gossip. They can't help it. It be in their blood. And there's nothing much to choose between one girl and the other. Nowadays ——"

I nodded sympathetically. I was thinking of Alice, who had watched the relationship between her husband and Lady Treslyn. No wonder she had been prepared to run away with Geoffrey Nansellock.

Mrs. Polgrey was in such an expansive mood that I felt I might extend the conversation to other matters in which I happened to be very interested

I said, "Have you ever thought of teaching Gilly her letters?"

"Gilly! Why, that would be a senseless thing to do. You must know, Miss, that Gilly is not quite as she should be." Mrs. Polgrey tapped her forehead.

"She sings a great deal. If she could learn songs, could she not learn other things?"

"She's a queer little thing. Reckon it was the way she come. I don't often talk of such things, but I'll swear you've been hearing about my Jennifer." Mrs. Polgrey's voice changed a little, became touched with sentiment. "Sometimes I think that Gillyflower be a cursed child. Us didn't want her; why, she was only a little thing in a cradle—two months old—when Jennifer went. The tide brought her body in two days after. 'Twas found there in Mellyn Cove."

"I'm sorry," I said gently.

Mrs. Polgrey shook herself free of sentiment. "Her'd gone, but there was still Gilly. We did all we could for her—me and Mr. Polgrey. He thought the world of her."

"When did you notice that she was not like other children?"

"Come to think of it, it would be when she was about four years old."

"She must be the same age as Alvean. She looks so much younger."

"Born a few months after Miss Alvean. They'd play together now and then—being in the house, and being of an age. There was an accident when she was . . . let me see—she'd be approaching her fourth birthday."

"What sort of accident?"

"She were playing in the drive not far from the lodge gates. The mistress were riding to the house. She was a great horsewoman, the mistress. Gilly, her darted out from the bushes and caught a blow from the horse. She fell on her head. It was a mercy she weren't killed."

> **A lady who has been seen as a sloven or slut in the morning will never efface the impression she has made, with all the dress and pageantry she can afterwards involve herself in.**
>
> **THOMAS JEFFERSON**

"Poor Gilly," I said.

"The mistress were distressed. Blamed herself although 'twas no blame to her. Gilly should have known better. The mistress made much of her after that. Gilly used to follow her about and fret when she was away."

Mrs Polgrey poured herself another cup of tea and asked if I would have another. I declined. "Gilly," she went on, "were born in sin. It looks like God be taking vengeance on her, for it do say that the sins of the fathers be visited on the children."

I felt a sudden wave of anger sweep over me. I was in revolt against such distortions. But I said nothing, because I believed that I was battling against strange forces in this house and, if I were going to succeed, I needed all the allies I could command.

I wanted to understand Gilly. I wanted to soothe Alvean. I was discovering a fondness for children in myself which I had not known I possessed before I came into this house. So I sat in Mrs. Polgrey's room, listening to her talk, and did not tell her what was in my mind.

There was excitement throughout the house because there was to be a ball—the first since Alice's death—and for a week there was little talk of anything else. I found it difficult to keep Alvean's attention on her lessons.

"I fail to see," I said to Alvean, "why you should feel this excitement. Neither you nor I will take part in the ball."

Alvean said dreamily, "When my mother was alive there were lots of balls. She used to come in and show me how she looked. She was beautiful. Then she would take me into the solarium and I would sit behind the curtains and look down on the hall through the peep."

"The peep?" I asked.

"Ah, you don't know." She regarded me triumphantly.

"There is a great deal about this house that I do not know," I said sharply. "I have not seen a third of it."

"You haven't seen the solarium," she agreed. "There are several peeps in this house. Oh, Miss, you don't know what peeps are, but a lot of big houses have them. There's even one in Mount Widden. My mother told me that it is where the ladies used to sit when the men were feasting and it was considered no place for them among the men. They could look down and watch, but they must not *be* there. There's one in the chapel—a sort of one. But I shall go to the solarium and look down on the hall through the peep. Why, Miss, you ought to come with me. Please do."

"We'll see," I said.

On the day of the ball Alvean and I took our riding lesson as usual only, instead of riding Buttercup, Alvean was mounted on Black Prince.

When I had first seen the child on that horse I had felt a twinge of uneasiness, but I told myself that, if she were going to become a rider, she must get beyond the Buttercup stage. Once she had ridden Prince, she would gain confidence and very likely never wish to go back to Buttercup.

We had done rather well for the first few lessons. Prince behaved admirably. But this day we were not so fortunate. I suspect that Alvean's thoughts were on the ball rather than on her riding. She was still diffident with me, except during our riding lessons when, oddly enough, we were the best of friends.

We were about halfway through the lesson when Prince broke into a gallop. I had not allowed her to gallop unless she was on the leading rein. All would have been well if Alvean had kept her head, but as Prince started to gallop she gave a little cry of fear and her terror seemed to communicate itself to the animal.

Prince was off. I saw Alvean, forgetting what I had taught her, swaying to one side.

It was all over in a flash because I was after her immediately. I had to grasp Prince's bridle before he reached the hedge, for I believed that he might attempt to jump. I brought him to a standstill while a white-faced, trembling Alvean slid unharmed to the ground.

"It's all right," I said. "Your mind was wandering. You haven't reached that stage when you can afford to forget for a moment what you're doing."

I knew that was the only way to deal with her. Shaken as she was, I made her remount Prince. She obeyed reluctantly. But by the time our lesson was finished she was well over her fright.

It was when we were leaving the field that she suddenly burst out laughing.

"What is it?" I asked, turning.

"Oh, Miss," she cried, "you've split!"

"What *do* you mean?"

"Your dress has split under the armhole. Oh—it's getting worse and worse."

I put my hand behind my back and realized what had happened. The riding habit had always been a little too tight for me and during my efforts to save Alvean from a fall the sleeve seam had been unable to stand the extra strain.

I must have shown my dismay, for Alvean said, "Never mind, Miss. I'll find you another. There *are* more, I know."

Alvean was secretly amused as we went back to the house. I had never seen her in such good spirits. It was, however, somewhat disconcerting to discover that the sight of my discomfiture could give her so much pleasure.

The guests had begun to arrive. I had been unable to resist taking peeps at them from my window. The approach was filled with carriages, and the dresses I had glimpsed made me gasp with envy.

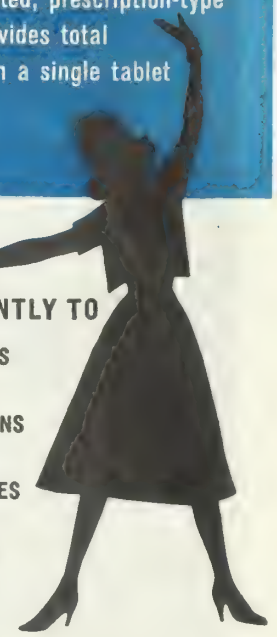
The ball was being held in the great hall which I had seen earlier that day. I thought I had rarely seen a setting so beautiful. The beams had been decorated with leaves. "An old Cornish custom," Kitty told me. "Reckon there'll be other balls now the period of mourning be up. Well, so it should be. Can't go on mourning forever, can 'ee?"

I said, as I looked at the pots of blooms which had been brought in from the green-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

houses and the great wax candles in their sconces, that the hall did Mr. Polgrey and his gardeners great credit. I pictured how it would look when those candles were lighted and the guests danced in their colorful gowns, their pearls and their diamonds.

Alvean and I had supper together that evening. "Miss," she said, "I've put a new riding habit for you in your cupboard."

"Thank you," I said. "That was thoughtful of you."

"Well, you couldn't go riding in that!" cried Alvean, pointing derisively at my lavender gown.

I looked down distastefully at my cotton gown. It was the favorite of the two which had been especially made for me by Aunt Adelaide's dressmaker when I had obtained this post. One was of gray—a most unbecoming color. I fancied I looked a little less prim, a little less of a governess in the lavender. But now unbecoming it seemed, with its bodice buttoned high at the neck and the cream lace collar and the cream lace cuffs. I realized I was comparing it with the dresses of Connan TreMellyn's guests.

Alvean said, "Hurry and finish, Miss. Don't forget we're going to the solarium."

"I suppose you have your father's permission ——" I began.

"Miss, I always peep from the solarium. Everybody knows I do. My mother used to look up and wave to me." Her face puckered a little. "Tonight," she went on, as though she were speaking to herself, "I'm going to imagine that she's down there, dancing. Miss, do you think people come back after they're dead?"

"What an extraordinary question! Of course not."

"You don't believe in ghosts, then. Some people do. Do you think they lie when they say they see ghosts, Miss?"

"I think that people who say such things are the victims of their own imaginations."

"Still," she went on dreamily, "I shall imagine she is there. Perhaps if I imagine hard enough I shall see her. Perhaps I shall be the victim of my imagination."

I said nothing because I felt uneasy.

"If she *were* coming back," she mused, "she would come to the ball, because dancing was one of the things she liked doing best." She seemed to remember me suddenly. "Miss," she went on, "if you'd rather not come to the solarium with me, I don't mind going alone."

"I'll come," I said.

The vastness of the house continued to astonish me as I followed Alvean along the gallery, up stone staircases through several bedrooms, to what she told me was the solarium. The roof was of glass and I understood why it had received its name. I thought it must be unbearably warm in the heat of the summer.

The walls were covered with exquisite tapestries depicting the story of the Great Rebellion and the Restoration. There was the execution of the first Charles, and the second shown in the oak tree, his dark face peering down at the roundhead soldiers. There were pictures of his arrival in England, of his coronation and a visit to his shipyards.

"Never mind those now," said Alvean. "My mother used to love being here. There are two peeps. Don't you want to see them?"

I was looking at the escritoire, at the sofa and the gilt-backed chairs; and I saw her sitting here, talking to her daughter—dead Alice who seemed to become more and more alive as the days passed.

There were windows at each end of this long room, high windows curtained with heavy brocade. The same brocade curtains hung before what I presumed to be doors, of which there appeared to be four in this room—the one by which we had entered, another at the extreme end of the room and one on either side. But I was wrong about the last two.

Alvean had disappeared behind one of these curtains and called to me in a muffled voice. When I went to her, I found we were in an alcove. In the wall was a star-shaped opening, quite large but decorated so that one would not have noticed it unless one had been looking for it.

I gazed through it and saw that I was looking down into the chapel.

"They used to sit here and watch the service if they were too ill to go down, my mother told me. They had a priest in the house in the old days. My mother didn't tell me that. Miss Jansen told me. She knew a lot about the house. She loved to come up here and look through the peep. She used to like the chapel too."

"You were sorry when she went, Alvean?"

"Yes, I was. The other peep's on the other side. Through that you can see into the hall."

She went to the other side of the room and drew back the hangings there. In the wall was a similar star-shaped opening.

I looked down on the hall and caught my breath, for it was a magnificent sight. Musicians were on the dais and the guests, who had not yet begun to dance, stood about talking.

There were a great many people down there and the sound of the chatter rose clearly. Alvean was breathless beside me, her eyes searching in a manner which made me shiver slightly. Did she really believe that Alice would come from the tomb because she loved to dance?

I felt an impulse to put my arm about her and draw her to me. Poor, bewildered little creature! But of course I overcame that impulse. Alvean had no desire for my sympathy, I well knew.

I saw Connan TreMellyn in conversation with Celestine Nansellock, and Peter was there too. If Peter was one of the most handsome men I had ever seen, Connan was the most elegant. There were few in that brilliant assembly whose faces were known to me, but I did see Lady Treslyn. She was wearing a gown which seemed to be composed of yards and yards of chiffon the color of flame. Yet, had she wanted to attract attention, she could not have chosen anything better. Her dark hair looked almost black against the flame; her magnificent bust and shoulders were the whitest I had ever seen. She wore a band of diamonds in her hair and diamonds sparkled about her person.



Spring Flowers from a small garden

By JANET COTTIER



DI PIETRO

After the lean pickings of the winter months, the spring garden seems to have a never-ending supply of flowers for the house. At the top of the page various shades of purple tulips are set against puffy sprays of lavender and purple lilac. At left, exotic parrot tulips stand out against a background of *Scilla campanulata*, wild phlox and lacy meadow-rue leaves.



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By
Ruth Miller



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Alvean's attention was caught by her even as mine was and her brows were drawn together in a frown. "*She* is there then," she murmured.

I said, "Is her husband present?"

"Yes, the little old man over there, talking to Colonel Penlands."

"And which is Colonel Penlands?" She pointed the colonel out to me, and I saw with him a bent old man, white-haired and wrinkled. It seemed incredible that he should be the husband of that flamboyant creature.

"Look!" whispered Alvean. "My father is going to open the ball. He used to do it with Aunt Celestine, and at the same time my mother used to do it with Uncle Geoffrey. I wonder who he will do it with this time."

"With whom he will do it," I murmured absent-mindedly, but my attention, like Alvean's, was entirely on the scene below.

"The musicians are going to start now," she said. "They always start with the same tune. Do you know what it is? It's the Furry Dance. Some of our ancestors came from Helston way and it was played then and it always has been since. You watch! Papa and mamma used to dance the first bar or so with their partners, and all the others fell in behind."

The musicians had begun and I saw Connan take Celestine by the hand and lead her into the center of the hall. Peter Nansellock followed and he had chosen Lady Treslyn to be his partner.

I watched the four of them dance the first steps of the traditional dance, and I thought, *Poor Celestine!* Even gowned as she was in blue satin, she looked ill at ease. She lacked the elegance of Connan, the beauty of Lady Treslyn and the dash of her brother.

Neither Alvean nor I seemed to tire of watching the dancers. An hour passed and we were still there. It was now dark, but the moon had risen. I turned my eyes from the dance floor to look through the glass roof at that great gibbous moon which seemed to be smiling down on us. *No candles for you*, it seemed to say; *you are banished from the gaiety and the glitter, but I will give you my soft and tender light instead.*

The room, touched by moonlight, had a supernatural character all its own. I felt in such a room anything might happen.

I turned my attention back to the dancers. They were waltzing and I felt myself swaying to the rhythm. As I listened, entranced, I felt a hand touch mine and was so startled that I gave an audible gasp.

I looked down. Standing beside me was a small figure. I was relieved to see that it was only Gillyflower.

"You have come to see the dancers?" I said.

She nodded.

She was not quite so tall as Alvean and could not reach the star-shaped peep, so I lifted her in my arms.

I said to Alvean, "Bring a stool and Gillyflower can stand on it."

Alvean said, "Let her get it herself."

Gilly nodded and I put her on the floor. She ran to the stool and brought it with her. I thought, *Since she understands, why can she not talk with the rest of us?*

Alvean did not seem to want to look now that Gilly had come. She moved away from the peep and as the musicians began the opening bars of that waltz which always enchanted me—I refer to Mr. Strauss' *Blue Danube Waltz*—Alvean began to dance across the floor of the solarium.

The music seemed to have affected my feet. I don't know what came over me, but I could not resist the strains of the *Blue Danube Waltz*. I danced toward Alvean. I waltzed as I used to in those ballrooms to which I went accompanied by Aunt Adelaide, but I was sure that I never danced as I did that night in the solarium.

Alvean cried out with pleasure. I heard Gilly laugh too.

Alvean cried, "Go on, Miss. Don't stop, Miss. You do it well."

So I went on dancing with an imaginary partner, dancing down the moonlit solarium with the lopsided moon smiling in at me. And when I reached the end of the room a figure moved toward me and I was no longer dancing alone.

"You're exquisite," said a voice, and there was Peter Nansellock. "No—no. You must dance with me, Miss Leigh, as you were meant to dance with me."

We went on dancing. It was as though my feet, having begun, would not stop.

But I said, "This is most unorthodox."

"It is most delightful," he answered.

"You should be with the guests."

"It is more fun to be with you. How exquisitely you dance!"

"It is my only drawing-room accomplishment."

"I am sure it is one of many that you are forced to squander on this empty room."

"Mr. Nansellock, do you not think this little jest has been played out?"

"It is no jest."

"I shall now rejoin the children." We had come close to them and I saw little Gilly's face enrapt, and I saw the admiration in Alvean's. If I stopped dancing I should revert to my old position; while I went on dancing I was an exalted being.

"So here he is!"

To my horror, I saw that several people had come into the solarium. My apprehension did not lessen when I saw the flame-colored gown of Lady Treslyn, for I was sure that, wherever that flame-colored dress was, there Connan TreMellyn would be.

Somebody started to clap; others took it up. Then *The Blue Danube* ended.

I put my hand to my hair in acute embarrassment. I knew that dancing had loosened the pins. I thought, *I shall be dismissed tomorrow for my irresponsibility, and perhaps I deserve it.*

"What an excellent idea," said someone. "Dancing in moonlight. One can hear the music up here almost as well as down there."

> **Every man is a poet when he is in love.** PLATO

Someone else said, "This is a beautiful ballroom, Connan."

"Then let us use it for that purpose," he answered.

He went to the peep and shouted through it, "Once more—*The Beautiful Blue Danube.*"

Then the music started.

I turned to Alvean and gripped Gilly by the hand. People were already beginning to dance. They were talking and did not bother to lower their voices. Why should they? I was only the governess.

I heard a voice: "The governess. Alvean's, you know."

"Forward creature! I suppose another of Peter's light ladies."

I was blushing hotly, furiously angry and a little frightened. I was aware of Connan's face in moonlight looking at me.

"Alvean," he said, "go to your room and take Gillyflower with you."

She dared not disobey when he spoke in those tones.

I said as coolly as I could, "Yes, let us go."

But as I was about to follow the children I found my arm gripped. Connan said, "You dance extremely well, Miss Leigh. I could never resist a good dancer. Perhaps it is because I scarcely excel in the art myself."

"Thank you," I said. But he still held my arm.

"I am sure," he went on, "that *The Blue Danube* is a favorite of yours. You looked . . . enraptured." With that he swung me into his arms and I found that I was dancing with him among his guests—I in my lavender cotton and my turquoise brooch, they in their chiffons and velvets, their emeralds and diamonds.

I was glad of the moonlight. I was overcome with shame, for I believed that he was angry and that his intention was to shame me even further.

My feet caught the rhythm and I thought to myself, *Always in future The Blue Danube will mean to me a fantastic dance in the solarium with Connan TreMellyn as my partner.*

"I apologize, Miss Leigh," he said, "for my guests' bad manners."

"It is what I must expect and no doubt deserve."

"What nonsense," he said, and I told myself that I was dreaming, for his voice, which was close to my ear, sounded tender.

We had come to the end of the room and, to my complete astonishment, he had whirled me through the curtains and out the door. We were on a small landing between two flights of stone stairs. We stopped dancing, but he still kept his arms about me. On the wall a paraffin lamp of green jade burned. Its light was only enough to show me his face. It looked a little brutal, I thought.

"Miss Leigh," he said, "you are very charming when you abandon your severity."

I caught my breath with dismay, for he was forcing me against the wall and kissing me.

I was horrified as much by my own emotions as by what was happening. I knew what that kiss meant: *You are not averse to a mild flirtation with Peter Nansellock; therefore why not with me?*

My anger was so great that, with all my might, I pushed him from me. I lifted my skirts and began to run down the stairs.

I did not know where I was, but I went on running blindly and eventually found the gallery and made my way back to my own room. There I threw myself onto my bed and lay there until I recovered my breath.

There is only one thing I can do, I told myself, *and that is get away from this house. He has made his intentions clear to me. I have no doubt at all that Miss Jansen was dismissed because she refused to accept his attentions. The man is a monster.*

I was more desperately unhappy than I had ever been in my life. I would not face the truth, but I really cared more deeply than I had about anything else that he should regard me with such contempt.

These were the danger signals. I had need now of my common sense.

I rose from my bed and locked my door. The first thing I would do would be to write to Phillida. I sat down and tried to do this, but my hands were trembling and my handwriting was so shaky that the note looked ridiculous, and I destroyed it.

I could start packing.

I went to the cupboard and pulled open the door. I packed my trunk in a very short time, for my possessions were not many. Then, as I was more composed, I sat down and wrote the letter to Phillida.

When I had finished writing I heard the sound of voices below and I went to my window. Some of the guests had come out on the lawn and I saw them dancing down there.

I stood in the shadows watching, and eventually saw what I had been waiting for. There was Connan. He was dancing with Lady Treslyn; his head was close to hers. I imagined the sort of things he was saying to her.

Then I turned angrily from the window and tried to tell myself that the pain I felt within me was disgust.

I undressed and went to bed. I lay sleepless for a long time, and when I did sleep I had jumbled dreams.

I was up late next morning because when I had slept I had done so deeply, and it was Kitty banging on the door with my hot water who awakened me. I leaped out of bed and unlocked the door.

"Anything wrong, Miss?" she asked.

"No," I answered sharply, and she waited a few seconds for my explanation of the locked door.

I was certainly not going to give it to her, and she was so full of last night's ball that she was not as interested as she would have been had there been nothing else to absorb her.

"Wasn't it lovely, Miss? I watched from my room. They danced on the lawn in the moonlight. My dear life, I never saw such a sight. It was like it used to be when the mistress was here. You look tired, Miss. Did they keep you awake?"

"Yes," I said, "they did."

"Oh well, it's all over now. Mr. Polgrey's already having the plants taken back. The hall do look a sorry mess this morning, I can tell 'ee. It's going to take Daisy and me all day to get it cleared up."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

I yawned and she put my hot water by the hip bath and went out. In five minutes' time she was back again. I was half clothed and wrapped a towel about me to shield myself from her inquisitive eyes.

"It's master," she said. "He's asking for you. Wants to see you right away. In the punch room. He said, 'Tell Miss Leigh it is most urgent.'"

I finished washing and dressed quickly. I guessed what this meant. Well, I would be first. I would tell of my decision to leave before he had a chance to dismiss me.

I went down to the punch room prepared for battle.

He was wearing a blue riding jacket and did not look as though he had been up half the night. "Good morning, Miss Leigh," he said and, to my astonishment, he smiled.

I did not return the smile. "Good morning," I said. "I have already packed my bags and should like to leave as soon as possible."

"Miss Leigh!" His voice was reproachful, and I felt an absurd joy rising within me. I was saying to myself, *He doesn't want you to go. He's actually going to apologize.*

I heard myself say in a high, prim voice which I should have hated in anyone else as self-righteous and priggish, "I consider it the only course open to me after ——"

He cut in: "After my outrageous conduct of last night. Miss Leigh, I am going to ask you to forget that. I fear the excitement of the moment overcame me. I forgot with whom I was dancing. I ask you to overlook my depravity on this occasion, and to say generously—I am sure you are generous, Miss Leigh—we will draw a veil over that unpleasant little incident and go on as we were before."

I had a notion that he was mocking me, but I was suddenly so happy that I did not care.

I inclined my head and said, "I accept your apology, Mr. TreMellyn. We will forget this unpleasant and unfortunate incident."

Then I turned and went out of the room.

I found I was taking the stairs three at a time. My feet were almost dancing as they had been unable to resist dancing last night in the solarium. The incident was over. I was going to stay. The whole house seemed to warm to me. I knew in that moment that if I had to leave this place I should be quite desolate.

I gave Alvean her riding lesson as usual. It went off well and the only remarkable thing about it was that I wore the new riding habit. It was different from the other, for it consisted of a tightly fitting dress of lightweight material and a jacket, tailored almost like a man's.

I was delighted that Alvean showed no signs of fear after her mishap of the day before, and I said that in a few days' time we might attempt a little jumping.

We arrived back at the house and I went to my room to change before tea.

I put on my gray cotton—Aunt Adelaide had warned me that it was advisable not to wear the same dress two days running—and was about to hang up the riding habit in the cupboard when I felt something in the pocket of the coat. I thrust in my hand. There was nothing actually in the pocket, but there was something beneath the silk lining. I laid the jacket on the bed and soon discovered the concealed pocket. In it was a book, a small diary.

My heart beat very fast as I took it out because I knew that this belonged to Alice.

I hesitated a moment, but I could not resist the impulse to look inside. Indeed, I felt in that moment that it was my duty to look inside.

On the flyleaf was written in a rather childish hand "Alice TreMellyn." The date was the previous year.

I turned the leaves. If I had expected a revelation of character, I was soon disappointed. Alice had merely used this as a record for her appointments. I looked at the entries. "Mount Widden to tea." "The Trelanders to dine." "C. to Penzance." "C. due back."

Still, it was written in Alice's handwriting and that made it exciting to me.

I turned to the last entry in the book. It was under the twentieth of August. I looked back to July. Under the fourteenth was written "Treslyns and Trelanders to dine at M.M." "Do not forget see Polgrey about flowers." "If jeweler has not sent brooch by sixteenth go to see him." And on the sixteenth: "Brooch not returned must go along tomorrow morning. Must have it for dinner party at Trelanders on eighteenth."

It all sounded very trivial. I put the bo back into the pocket and went along to ha tea in the schoolroom.

While Alvean and I were reading togethe sudden thought struck me. I didn't know exact date of her death, but it must have be soon after she was writing those trivial thi in her diary. How odd that she should ha thought it worth while to make those entr when she was planning to leave her husba and daughter for another man. It sudde became imperative to know the exact date her death.

Alvean had had tea with her father beca several people had come to pay duty calls a compliment Connan on last night's ball.

Thus I was free to go out alone. So I m my way down to Mellyn village and to churchyard where I presumed Alice's rema would have been buried.

I had not seen much of the village, as I had little opportunity of going except when went to church on Sunday, so it was a tou exploration.

The village nestled about the old church, gray tower of which was half covered in i There was a pleasant little village green an few gray stone houses clustered round among which was a row of very ancient c tages which I guessed were the same age as church. I promised myself that I would mak closer examination of the village later. In meantime I was eager to find Alice's grav

I went through the lich gate and into churchyard. It was very quiet at this time the day. I felt I was surrounded by the still of death and almost wished that I had brou Alvean with me. She could have pointed her mother's grave.

How could I find it among these row gray crosses and headstones, I wondered looked about me helplessly. Then I thou *The TreMellyns would no doubt have s grand memorial to their dead. I must look the most splendid vault, and I am sure I s quickly find it.*

I saw a huge vault of black marble and not far off. I made for this and quickly covered it to be that of the Nansellock fan

A sudden thought occurred to me. Geof Nansellock would lie here, and he died on same night as Alice. Were they not found c together?

I discovered the inscription engraved or marble. This tomb contained the bones o funct Nansellocks as far back as the mi 1700's. I remembered that the family had been at Mount Widden as early as there been TreMellyns at Mount Mellyn.

Geoffrey's name was naturally the last e on the list of the dead. He had died last on the seventeenth of July.

I was all eagerness to go back and loo the diary and check up that date.

I turned from the tomb, and as I did so Celestine Nansellock coming toward me.

"Miss Leigh!" she cried.

I felt myself flush because I rememb seeing her last night among the guests i solarium, and I wondered what she was th ing of me now.

"I took a stroll down to the villag answered, "and found myself here."

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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For All Foot Ailments

CORNS

Callouses · Bunions

Sore Toes · Tender Spots

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Don't come off in bath

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Corns, Sore Toes, Tender Spots

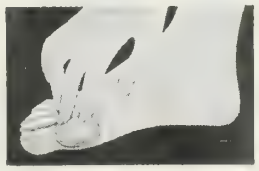


Soft Corns between toes



Callouses, Burning on bottom of foot

45¢ and 15¢ packages



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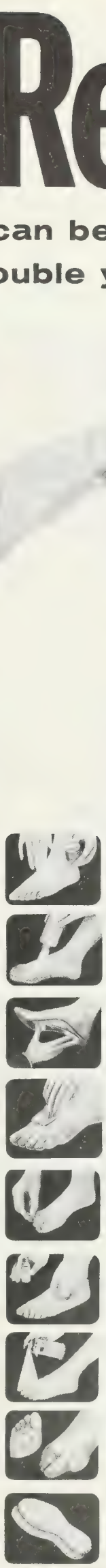
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

"I see you're looking at my family's tomb."

"Yes. It's a beautiful thing."

"If such a thing can be beautiful. I come here often," she volunteered. "I like to bring a few flowers for Alice."

"Oh, yes," I stammered.

"You saw the TreMellyn vault, I suppose?"

"No."

"It's over here," Celestine told me. "Come and look."

I stumbled across the long grass to the vault, which rivaled that of the Nansellocks in its magnificence.

On the black slab was a vase of Michaelmas daisies—large perfect blooms that looked like mauve stars.

"I've just put them there," she said. "They were her favorite flowers."

Her lips trembled, and I thought she was going to burst into tears.

I looked at the date and saw that it was that on which Geoffrey Nansellock had died.

I said, "I shall have to go back now."

She nodded. She seemed too moved to be able to speak.

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her about the diary I had discovered, but I hesitated. The memory of last night's shame was too near to me. I might be reminded that I was, after all, only the governess. And what right had I, in any case, to meddle in their affairs?

I left her, and as I went away I saw her sink to her knees. I turned again later and saw that her face was buried in her hands.

I hurried back to the house and took out the diary. So on the seventeenth of July last year, on the day before she was supposed to have eloped with Geoffrey Nansellock, she had written in her diary that as her brooch was not returned she must go to the jeweler the next day as she needed it for a dinner party to be held on the eighteenth! That entry had not been made by a woman who was planning to elope.

I felt that I had almost certain proof in my hands that the body which had been found with Geoffrey Nansellock's on the wrecked train was not Alice's.

I was back at the old question. What had happened to Alice? If she was not lying inside the black marble vault, where was she?

I felt I had discovered a vital clue, but it took me no farther. Sometimes I pondered on several courses of action. I wondered whether I should go to Connan TreMellyn and tell him that I had seen his wife's diary and that it clearly showed she had not been planning to leave.

Then I told myself I did not quite trust Connan TreMellyn, and there was one thought concerning him which I did not want to explore too thoroughly. Suppose Alice was not on the train, and something else happened to her, who would be most likely to know what that was? Could it be Connan TreMellyn?

There was Peter Nansellock. I might discuss this matter with him, but he was too frivolous; he turned every line of conversation toward the flirtatious. So I decided that, for the time being, I would keep my suspicions to myself.

October was upon us. I found the changing seasons delightful in this part of the world. The sea mist would come drifting in, wrapping itself about the gray stone of the house so that from the arbor in the south gardens it would sometimes be completely hidden. The gulls seemed to screech on a melancholy note on such days, as though they were warning us that life was a sorrowful affair. And in the humid climate the hydrangeas continued to flower—blue, pink and yellow—in enormous masses of bloom such as I should not have expected to find outside a hothouse. The roses went on flowering, and with them the fuchsias.

When I went down to the village one day I saw a notice outside the church to the effect that the gymkhana date was fixed for the first of November.

I went back and told Alvean. I was delighted that she had lost none of her enthusiasm for the event. I said, "There's only three weeks. We really ought to get in a little more practice."

She was quite agreeable.

We could, I suggested, rearrange our schedule. Perhaps we could ride for an hour in both the mornings and the afternoons.

She was eager. "I'll see what can be done," I promised.

Connan TreMellyn had gone down to Penzance. I discovered this quite by accident. Kitty told me when she brought in my hot water one evening.

"Master have gone off this afternoon," she said. "'Tis thought he'll be away for a week or more."

"I hope he's back in time for the gymkhana."

"Oh, he'll be back for that. He be one of the judges. He'm always here for that."

I was annoyed with the man. Not that I expected him to tell me he was going; but I did feel he might have had the grace to say good-by to his daughter.

I thought a good deal about him and I found myself wondering whether he had really gone to Penzance. I wondered whether Lady Treslyn was at home, or whether she had found it necessary to pay a visit to some relative.

Really! I admonished myself. *Whatever has come over you? How can you entertain such thoughts?*

I promised myself that while Connan TreMellyn was away there was no need to think of him, and that would be a relief. I was not entirely lying about that. I did feel relaxed by the thought that he was out of the house.

"Now," I said to Alvean, "we will concentrate on practicing for the gymkhana."

I procured a list of the events. There were two jumping contests for Alvean's age group, and I decided that she should take the elementary one, for I felt that she had a good chance of winning a prize; and of course the whole point was that she *should* win a prize and astonish her father.

"Look, Miss," said Alvean, "there's this one. Why don't *you* go in for this?"

"Of course I shall do no such thing. My dear child, I am here to teach you, not to enter competitions."

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A mischievous look came into her eyes. "Miss," she said, "I'm going to enter you for that. You'd win. There's nobody here can ride as well as you do!"

She was looking at me with what I construed as shy pride, and I felt a thrill of pleasure. I enjoyed her pride in me. She wanted me to win. Well, why not? There was no rule about social standing in these contests.

I fell back on my stock phrase for ending an embarrassing discussion. "We'll see," I said.

One afternoon we were riding close to Mount Widden and met Peter Nansellock. He was mounted on a beautiful bay mare, the sight of which made my eyes glisten with envy.

He came galloping toward us and pulled up dramatically, removing his hat and bowing from the waist. Alvean laughed delightedly.

"Well met, dear ladies," he cried. "Were you coming to call on us?"

"We were not," I answered.

"How unkind! But now you are here you must come in for a little refreshment."

I was about to protest when Alvean cried, "Oh, do let's, Miss. Yes, please, Uncle Peter, we'll come in."

"I had hoped you would call before this," he said reproachfully.

"We had received no definite invitation," I reminded him.

"For you there is always welcome at Mount Widden. Did I not make that clear?"

He had turned his mare and we all three walked our horses side by side. He followed my gaze, which was fixed on the mare.

"You like her?" he said.

"Indeed I do. She's a beauty."

"She's a real beauty, are you not, Jacinth, my pet?"

"Jacinth. So that's her name."

"Pretty, you're thinking. Pretty name for a pretty creature. She'll go like the wind. She's worth four of that lumbering old cart horse you're riding, Miss Leigh."

"Lumbering old cart horse? How absurd! Dion is a very fine horse."

"Was, Miss Leigh. *Was!* Do you not think that the creature has seen better days? Really, I should have thought Connan could have given you something better from his stables than poor old Dion."

"It was not a matter of his giving her any horse to ride," said Alvean in hot defense of her father. "He does not know what horses we ride, does he, Miss? These are the horses which Tapperty said we could have."

"Poor Miss Leigh! She should have a mount worthy of her. Miss Leigh, before you go, I would like you to take a turn on Jacinth. She'll quickly show you what it feels like to be on a good mount again."

"Oh," I said lightly, "we're satisfied with what we have. They serve my purpose—which is to teach Alvean to ride."

"We're practicing for the gymkhana," Alvean told him. "I'm going in for one of the events, but don't tell papa; it's to be a surprise."

Peter put his finger to his lips. "Trust me. I'll keep your secret."

"And Miss is entering for one of the events too. I've made her!"

"She'll be victorious," he cried. "I'll make a bet on it."

I said curtly, "I am not at all sure about this. It is only an idea of Alvean's."

We had reached the gates of Mount Widden, which were wide open. There was no lodge here as at Mount Mellyn. We went up the drive, where the same types of flowers grew in profusion—the hydrangeas, fuchsias and fir trees which were indigenous to this part of the country.

I saw the house, gray stone as Mount Mellyn was, but smaller and with fewer outbuildings. I noticed immediately that it was not so well cared for as what in that moment I presumptuously called "our" house and I felt an absurd thrill of pleasure because Mount Mellyn compared so favorably with Mount Widden.

There was a groom in the stables and Peter told him to take charge of our horses. He did so and we went into the house.

Peter clapped his hands and shouted, "Dick! Where are you, Dick?"

The houseboy, whom I had seen when he had been sent to Mount Mellyn with messages, appeared. Peter said, "Tea, Dick, in the library. We have guests."

"Yes, master," said Dick and hurried away.

We were in a hall which seemed quite modern compared with our own hall. The floor was testellated and there was a wide staircase at one end which led to a gallery containing oil paintings, presumably of the Nansellock family.

Peter took us into the library, a huge room, the walls of which were lined with books on three sides. I noticed that the furniture was dusty and that dust was visible in the heavy curtains. *What they need,* I thought, *is a Mrs. Polgrey with her beeswax and turpentine.*

> The only way to understand a woman is to love her—and then it isn't necessary to understand her.
> SYDNEY HARRIS

"I pray you sit down, dear ladies," said Peter. "It is to be hoped that tea will not long be delayed, although I must warn you that meals are not served with the precision which prevails in our rival across the cove."

"Rival?" I said in surprise.

"Well, how could there fail to be a little rivalry? Here we stand, side by side. But the advantages are all with the grander house. Your father, dear Alvean, is a man of property. We Nansellocks are his poor relations."

"You are not our relations," Alvean reminded him.

"Now is that not strange? One would have thought that, living side by side for generations, the two families would have mingled and become one. There must have been charming TreMellyn girls and charming Nansellock men. How odd that they did not join up and become relations! I suppose the mighty TreMellyns always looked down their arrogant noses at the poor Nansellocks and went farther afield to make their marriages. But now there is the fair Alvean. How maddening that we have no boy of your age to marry you, Alvean. *I* shall have to wait for you. There is nothing for it but that."

Alvean laughed delightedly. I could see that she was quite fascinated by him. She began to talk about the gymkhana and he listened attentively. I occasionally joined in, and so the time passed until tea was brought to us.

"Miss Leigh, will you honor us by pouring?" Peter asked.

I said I should be happy to do so, and placed myself at the head of the tea table.

Peter watched with attention which I found faintly embarrassing because not only was it admiring, but contented.

"How glad I am that we met," he murmured as Alvean handed him his cup of tea. "To think that, if I had been five minutes earlier or five minutes later, our paths might not have crossed. What a great part chance plays in our lives."

"Possibly we should have met at some other time."

"There may not be much more time left to us." He looked at me seriously. "Miss Leigh, I am going away."

"Where, Uncle Peter?" demanded Alvean.

"Far away, my child, to the other side of the world."

"Soon?" I asked.

"Possibly with the new year."

"But where are you going?" cried Alvean in dismay.

"My dearest child, I believe you are a little hurt at the thought of my departure."

"Uncle, where?" she demanded imperiously.

"To seek my fortune."

"You're teasing. You're always teasing."

"Not this time. I have heard from a friend who was at Cambridge with me. He is in Australia, and there he has made a fortune. Gold! Think of it, Alvean. You, too, Miss Leigh. Lovely gold, which can make a man—or woman—rich. And all one has to do is pluck it out of the ground."



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"Many go in the hope of making fortunes," I said, "but are they all successful?"

"There speaks the practical woman. No, Miss Leigh, they are not all successful. But there is something named hope which, I believe, springs eternal in the human breast. All may not have gold, but they can all have hope."

"Of what use is hope if it is proved to be false?"

"Until she is proved false she can give so much pleasure, Miss Leigh."

"But I don't want you to go, Uncle Peter."

"Thank *you*, my dear. But I shall come back a rich man. Imagine it. Then I shall build a new wing on Mount Widden. I will make a house as grand as—no, grander than—Mount Mellyn. And in the years to come people will say it was Peter Nansellock who saved the family fortunes. For, my dear young ladies, someone has to save them—soon."

He began to talk of his friend who had gone to Australia a penniless young man and was now, he was sure, a millionaire or almost.

I felt exhilarated by his company. *He at least*, I thought, *has never made me feel my position*. The very fact of his poverty—or what to him seemed poverty—endeared him to me.

It was an enjoyable teatime. Afterward he took us to the stables and both he and Alvean insisted on my mounting Jacinth, and showing them what I could do with her. My saddle was put on her, and I galloped her and jumped with her, and she responded to my lightest touch. She was a delicious creature and I envied him possession of her.

"Why," he said, "she has taken to you, Miss Leigh. Not a single protest at finding a new rider on her back."

I patted her fondly and said, "She's a beauty." And the sensitive creature seemed to understand.

We then mounted our horses, and Peter came to the gates of Mount Mellyn with us, riding Jacinth.

As we went up to our rooms I decided that it had indeed been a very enjoyable afternoon.

Alvean came to my room and stood for a while, her head on one side. She said, "He likes you, I think, Miss."

"He is merely polite toward me," I replied.

"No, I think he likes you rather specially—in the way he liked Miss Jansen."

"Did Miss Jansen go to tea at Mount Widden?"

"Oh, yes. I didn't have riding lessons with her, but we used to walk over there. And one day we had tea just as we did this afternoon. He'd just bought Jacinth and he showed her to us. He said he was going to change her name to Jacinth. That was Miss Jansen's name."

I felt foolishly deflated. Then I said, "He must have been very sorry when she left so suddenly."

Alvean was thoughtful. "Yes, I think he was. But he soon forgot all about her. After all ——"

I finished the sentence for her: "She was only the governess, of course."

It was later that day when Kitty came up to my room to tell me that there was a message for me from Mount Widden.

"And something more, too, Miss," she said; it was clearly something which excited her.

"Well," I said, "where is the message?"

"In the stables, Miss." She giggled. "Come and see."

I went to the stables, and Kitty followed me at a distance. When I arrived I saw Dick, the Mount Widden houseboy, and, to my astonishment, he had the mare, Jacinth, with him.

> **Great beauty, great strength and great riches are really and truly of no great use; a right heart exceeds all.**
>
> **BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**

He handed me a note. I saw that Daisy, her father and Billy Trehay were all watching me with amused and knowing eyes.

I opened the note and read:

Dear Miss Leigh: You could not hide from me your admiration for Jacinth. I believe she reciprocates your feelings. That is why I am making you a present of her. I could not bear to see such a fine and graceful rider as yourself on poor old Dion. So pray accept this gift.

Your admiring neighbour,
PETER NANSELLOCK.

In spite of efforts to control myself, I felt the hot color rising from my neck to my forehead. How could Peter be so foolish! Was he laughing at me? How could I possibly accept such a gift even if I wanted to? Horses had to be fed and stabled. It was almost as though he had forgotten this was not my home.

"Is there an answer, Miss?" asked Dick.

"Indeed there is," I said. "I will go to my room, and you may take it back with you."

I went with as much dignity as I could muster in front of such an array of spectators and in my room I wrote briefly:

Dear Mr. Nansellock: Thank you for your magnificent gift which I am, of course, quite unable to accept. I have no means of keeping a horse here. It may have escaped you that I am employed in this house as a governess. I could not possibly afford the upkeep of Jacinth. Thank you for the kind thought.

Yours truly,
MARTHA LEIGH.

I went straight back to the stables. "Here you are, Dick," I said. "Please take this note to your master with Jacinth."

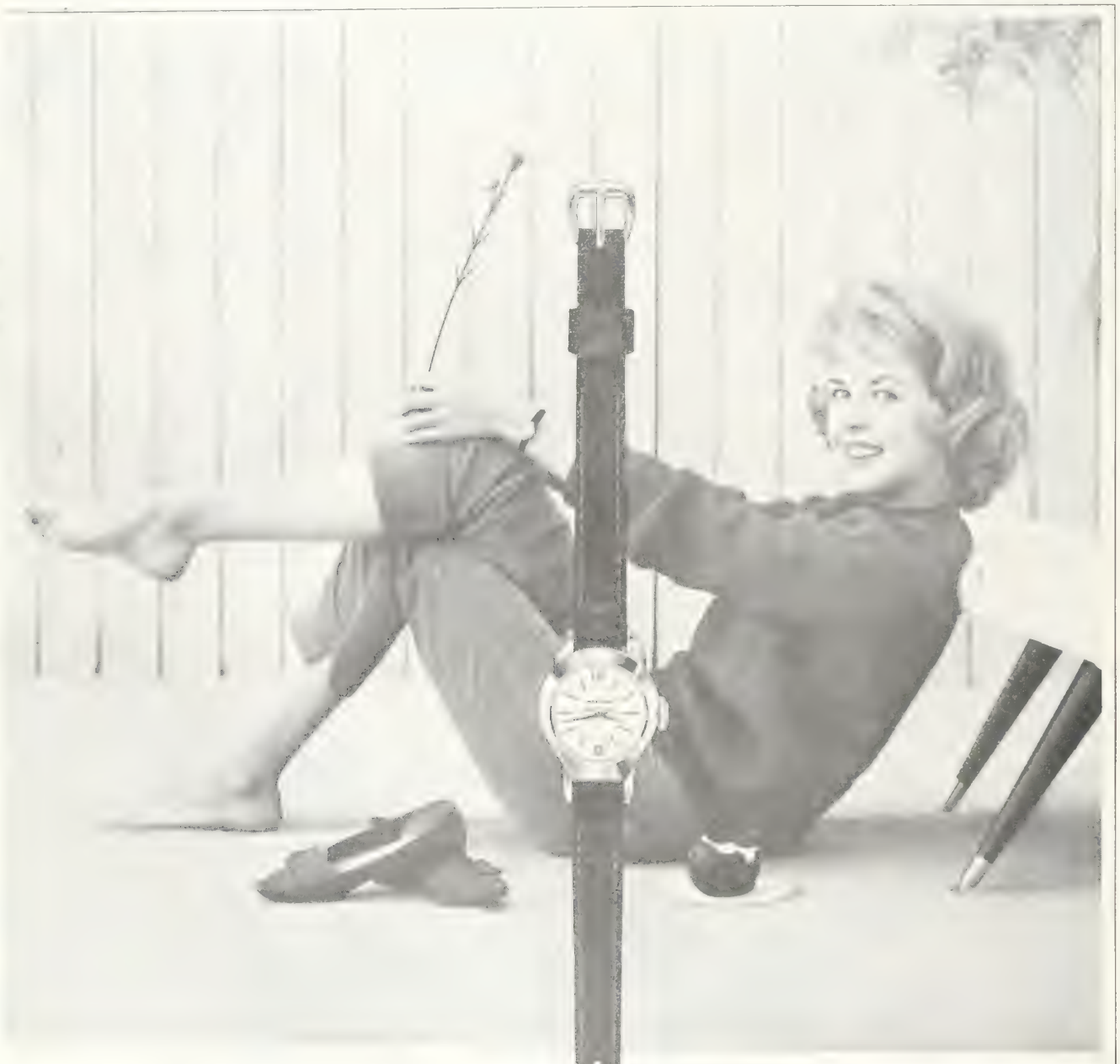
"But—but," stammered Dick, "I was to leave her here."

I looked straight into Tapperty's lewd face. "Mr. Nansellock," I said, "is fond of playing jokes."

Then I went back to the house.

The next day was a Saturday and Alvean said that, as it was a half holiday, could we

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

take the morning off and go to the moors? Her Great-Aunt Clara had a house there, and she would be pleased to see us.

I considered this. I thought it would be rather pleasant to get away from the house for a few hours. I knew that they must all be talking about me and Peter Nansellock.

I guessed that he had behaved with Miss Jansen as he was behaving with me, and it amused them to see the story of one governess turning out so much like another. And he had not cared when she was dismissed. A fine friend he would be!

We set out after breakfast. It was a beautiful day for riding, for the October sun was not too fierce and there was a soft southwest wind. Alvean was in high spirits, and I thought this would be a good exercise in staying power. If she could manage the long ride to her great-aunt's house and back without fatigue, I should be delighted.

I warned Alvean to be watchful of boulders, but she was sure-seated and alert now, so I did not feel greatly concerned.

We studied the map which would guide us to Great-Aunt Clara's house—a few miles south of Bodmin. Alvean had traveled there in a carriage once or twice and thought she would know the road; but the moor was the easiest place in the world in which to lose oneself, and I thought that we could profit by the occasion to learn a little map reading.

But I had left a great deal of my severity behind and found myself laughing with Alvean when we took the wrong road and had to retrace our steps.

At length we reached "The House on the Moors," which was the picturesque name of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

NEXT MONTH

Should movie stars be parents?

Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl, was only fourteen when she killed her mother's lover with a butcher knife. Bob Burns' daughter, Barbara, has spent time in jail for the possession of narcotics. Bing Crosby's four sons hit the headlines loudly and frequently, as do the offspring of many stars. Unhappy parents raise unhappy children the world over; what goes wrong that is special to Hollywood? Joe Hyams reports to you his interesting and revelatory conclusions.

Bed warmers in June?

That's what the White House staff was asked to provide for England's king and queen. A complete change of silken sheets for Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, not just daily but every time she popped into and out of bed during the day. Winston Churchill's breakfast tray had to provide a tumbler of sherry. And what a change Mrs. Roosevelt was after Mrs. Hoover! Alonzo Fields, long-time White House butler, shares more fascinating backstairs stories about the great in Part II of "Looking Over the President's Shoulder."

One post card a year can wreck their home

Eric Simpson tells the heartbreaking story of foster parents who may keep their little girls only by proving the "real" mother has abandoned them. Yet if she sends just one post card a year, the law considers her "in touch." What is a "real" mother—and what is best for the child?

My wife has always been unfair to my parents

"Ivy thinks I'm a mama's boy," said thirty-five-year-old Tod. "It isn't true. I enjoy my mother's company more than I enjoy hers, but so would any other man in my shoes." See if you agree with him in next month's "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

Strawberries under the maples

The strawberry festival at Appleyard Center (to help pay for the new church organ) features a towering pink whipped-cream mold, a strawberry-cream cake, "gingham" muffins, baked ham with barbecue sauce, tangy shrimp-and-coleslaw aspic, and strawberries, strawberries, strawberries. To read these recipes is to yearn.

Also, a special JOURNAL portfolio on that ever-ever wonderland, the world of children, including ideas for parties and bedrooms; Pat Boone (on young marriages); "Tell Me, Doctor"; teen fashions; beauty encouragement; another exciting chapter from The Mistress of Mellyn, as well as other stories; and *many* other treats

IN THE JUNE JOURNAL

FEMS IS A TRADEMARK OF KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

Great-Aunt Clara's home. And a charming house it was, indeed, set on the outskirts of a moorland village. There were the church, the little inn, the few houses and the House on the Moors, which was like a small manor house.

Great-Aunt Clara lived here with three servants to minister to her wants, and when we arrived there was great excitement.

"Why, bless my soul if it b'aint Miss Alvean!" cried an elderly housekeeper. "And who be this you have brought with 'ee, my dear?"

"It is Miss Leigh, my governess," said Alvean.

"Well now! And be there just the two on you? And b'aint your papa here?"

"No. Papa has gone to Penzance."

I wondered if I should be banished to the kitchen to eat with the servants. But I was soon reassured. We were taken into a drawing room and there was Great-Aunt Clara, a charming old lady seated in an armchair, white-haired, pink-cheeked with bright friendly eyes. There was an ebony stick beside her, so I guessed she had difficulty in walking.

Alvean ran to her and was warmly embraced. Then the lively blue eyes were on me.

"So you are Alvean's governess, my dear," she said. "How thoughtful of you to bring her to see me. It is particularly fortunate just now, for I have my grandson staying with me and I fear that he grows a little weary of having no playmate of his own age around. When he hears that Alvean has arrived, he'll be quite excited."

I did not believe that the grandson could be any more excited than Great-Aunt Clara herself. She was certainly charming to me, so much so that I forgot my diffidence and I really did feel like a friend calling on a friend, rather than a governess bringing her charge to see a relative.

Dandelion wine was brought out and we were pressed to take a glass. There were wine cakes with it, and I must say I found the wine delicious.

Great-Aunt Clara wished to hear all the news of Mount Mellyn. She was indeed a garrulous lady, and I guessed it was due to the fact that she lived a somewhat lonely life in her house on the moors.

The grandson appeared—a handsome boy a little younger than Alvean—and the pair of them went off to play, although I warned Alvean not to go far away, as we must be home before dark.

As soon as Alvean had left us I saw that Great-Aunt Clara was eager for a real gossip.

She spoke of Alice as I had not heard her spoken of—with complete candor. I quickly realized that from this gossipy lady I was going to discover a great deal more than I could from anyone else.

As soon as we were alone she said, "Now tell me how things really are at Mount Mellyn."

I raised my eyebrows as though I did not fully comprehend her meaning.

She went on: "It was such a shock when poor Alice died. Such a tragic thing to happen to such a young girl—for she was little more than a girl."

"Is that so?"

"Don't tell me you haven't heard what happened?"

"I know very little about it."

"Alice and Geoffrey Nansellock, you know. They went off together—eloped. And then this terrible accident."

"I have heard that there was an accident."

"I think of them—those two young people—quite often. And then I blame myself."

I was astonished. I did not understand how this gentle, talkative old lady could blame herself for Alice's infidelity to her husband.

"One should never interfere in other people's lives. Or should one? What do you think, my dear? If one can be helpful ——"

"Yes," I said firmly, "if one can be helpful I think one should be forgiven for interference."

"But how is one to know whether one is being helpful, or the reverse? I think of her so much—my poor little niece. She was a sweet creature. But, shall I say, not equipped to face the cruelties of fate."

"Oh, was she like that?"

"I can see that you, Miss Leigh, are good for that poor child. Alice would be so happy if she could see what you've done for her. The last time I saw her she was with her—with Connan. She was not nearly so happy—so relaxed as she is today."

"I'm glad of that. I am encouraging her to ride. I think that has done her a world of good." I was loath to interrupt that flow of talk from which I might extract some fresh evidence about Alice. I was afraid that at any moment Alvean and the grandson would return, and I knew that in their presence there would be no confidences. "You were telling me about Alvean's mother. I am sure you have nothing with which to reproach yourself."

"I wish I could believe that. Alice stayed with me before her marriage. Here—in the house. It was so convenient, you see. It was only a few hours' ride from Mount Mellyn. It gave the young people a chance to know each other."

"The young people?"

"The engaged pair."

"Did they not know each other then?" I asked.

"The marriage had been arranged when they were in their cradles. She brought him a lot of property. They were well matched. Both rich, both of good families. Connan's father was alive then and, you know, Connan was a wild boy with a will of his own. The feeling was that they should be married as soon as possible."

"So he allowed this marriage to be arranged for him?"

"They both took it as a matter of course. Well, she stayed with me several months before the wedding. I loved her dearly."

I thought of little Gilly and I said, "I think a great many people loved her dearly."



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Great-Aunt Clara nodded. And at that moment Alvean and the grandson came in. "I want to show Alvean my drawings," he announced.

"Well, go and get them," said his grandmother. "Bring them down and show her here."

I believed that she realized she had talked a little too much and was afraid of her own garrulity. It was clear to me that she was the sort of woman who could never keep a secret; how could she when she was ready to confide family history to me, a stranger?

The grandson returned with his portfolio, and the children sat at the table. I went over to them and was so proud of Alvean's attempts at drawing that I determined to speak to her father about that at the first opportunity.

Yet as I watched, I felt frustrated. I was sure that Great-Aunt Clara had been on the point of confiding something to me which was of the utmost importance.

Aunt Clara gave us luncheon and we left immediately after. We found our way back with ease, but I was determined to ride out again, and that before long, to the house on the moors.

When I was strolling through the village one day I passed the little jeweler's shop. But perhaps that was scarcely the term to use when describing it. There were no valuable gems in the window; a few silver brooches and plain gold rings, some engraved with the word *Mizpah*, or studded with semiprecious stones such as turquoises, topazes and garnets.

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

ARISTOTLE

I guessed that the villagers bought their engagement and wedding rings here and that the jeweler made a living by doing repairs.

I saw in the window a brooch in the form of a whip. It was of silver, and quite tasteful, although it was by no means expensive. I wanted to buy that whip for Alvean and give it to her the night before the gymkhana, telling her that it was to bring her luck.

I opened the door and went down the three steps into the shop.

Seated behind the counter was an old man wearing steel-rimmed spectacles. He let his glasses fall to the tip of his nose as he peered at me.

"I want to see the brooch you have in the window," I said. "The silver one in the form of a whip."

"Oh yes, miss," he said, "I'll show it to you with pleasure."

He brought it from the window and handed it to me. "Here," he said, "pin it on and have a look at it." He indicated the little mirror on the counter.

As I was looking at it I noticed a tray of ornaments with little tickets attached to them. They were clearly jewelry which he had received for repair. Then I wondered whether this was the jeweler to whom Alice had brought her brooch last July.

The jeweler said to me, "You're from Mount Mellyn, miss?"

"Yes," I said; and smiled encouragingly. "As a matter of fact, I want to give the brooch to my pupil."

Like most people in small villages, he was interested in those living around him. "Ah," he said, "poor motherless little girl. It's heartening to think she has a kind lady like yourself to look after her now."

"I'll take the brooch," I told him.

"I'll find a little box for it. A nice little box makes all the difference when it be a matter of a present."

He bent and from under the counter brought a small cardbox which he began to stuff with cotton wool.

"Make a little nest for it, miss," he said with a smile.

I fancied that he was loath to let me go.

"Don't see much of them from the Mount these days. Mrs. TreMellyn, her was often in," he told me.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"See a little trinket in the window and she'd buy it—sometimes for herself, sometimes for others. Why, she was in here the day she died."

His voice had sunk to a whisper and I felt excitement grip me. I thought of Alice's diary which was still in the concealed pocket of her habit.

"Really?" I said encouragingly.

He laid the brooch on the cotton wool and looked at me. "I thought 'twas a little odd at the time. I remember it clearly. She came in here and said to me, 'Have you got the brooch done, Mr. Pastern? It's very important that I should have it. I'm anxious to wear it tomorrow. I'm going to a dinner party at Mr. and Mrs. Trelander's, and Mrs. Trelander gave me that brooch as a Christmas present so you see it's important I should wear it to show her I appreciate it.'"

His eyes were puzzled as they looked into mine. "She were a lady who talked like that. She'd tell you where she was going, why she wanted a thing. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard she'd left home that very evening. Didn't seem possible that she could have been telling me about the dinner party she was going to the next day, you see."

"No," I said, "it was certainly very strange."

"You see, miss, there was no need for her to say anything to me like. If she'd said it to some it might seem as though she was trying to pull the wool over their eyes. But why should she say such a thing to me? That's what I've been wondering. Sometimes I think of it—and still wonder."

"I expect there's an answer," I said. "Perhaps you misunderstood her."

He shook his head. He did not believe that he had misunderstood. Nor did I.

(To Be Continued)





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unless they're unusually large or are causing other complications. But fibroids *can* complicate pregnancy, especially the pedunculated ones. Interestingly enough, during the rapid pregnancy growth of the uterus, fibroids grow at the same exaggerated rate. Then after childbirth they usually shrink back to their original size. They can make a pregnant woman pretty uncomfortable, or even cause loss of a baby in pregnancy. On the other hand, it's amazing how normal a labor can be even with a big fibroid or a number of them."

"You don't always remove the fibroids, then, when a woman is pregnant?"

"No indeed. Very seldom, in fact. We don't operate during pregnancy unless the fibroids are a real threat to mother or baby. And we don't perform hysterectomy in younger women because of fibroids unless special circumstances make it mandatory."

"I see. And in all this, where is the 'honest disagreement' you spoke of among doctors?"

"Well, first there can be wide differences of opinion as to when a tumor is too big. But the difference I was speaking of concerns women who are in, or approaching, the menopause. It's no longer so important for them to keep their reproductive organs, so when a fibroid or fibroids are discovered, there are some who argue for routine hysterectomy. Their thought is that taking out the uterus removes *any* possibility of trouble, from the fibroids, or from the uterus itself."

"Only you don't agree!"

"Not as a routine measure. Let's take your case. You have had your fibroid for a good ten years. It never reached a size or produced symptoms that, in my opinion, called for surgical intervention. Now, at the age of forty-five, you no longer experience even the symptoms you used to have. There is no evidence of fixation of the organs, which often happens when a pelvic condition is more serious. And your fibroid is smaller than it was the last time I saw you, five years ago. Which is just what I would expect in a woman your age."

"But you said these lumps grew!"

"Ah, but they don't necessarily *continue* to grow at an abnormal rate. Even in younger women, they may reach a certain stage and then stop growing—for no apparent reason. They are particularly likely to stop developing at the menopausal period. The fibroid tissue is subject to exactly the same hormonal influences as the uterus and other female reproductive organs. When the ovaries begin to wane a little, the fibroids are very apt to wane a little too.

"This helps explain the difference of opinion between Dr. Hargreaves and me. He hasn't watched you for years, and has no way of comparing your tumor as it is today with the way it used to be.

"If your tumor were bigger now than it was before, and your symptoms worse, I would be disturbed myself. Or if you started bleeding uncontrollably, as sometimes happens, we would be *forced* to operate. In your case, an operation would mean a hysterectomy because the tumor seems to be within the wall of the uterus, inextricably mixed with the body of the uterus. But I honestly see no need for surgery as things stand now."

"Without surgery, what is likely to happen?"

"I'd expect your tumor to grow smaller and *less* bothersome with the passage of years. My advice is the same as it always was: have it watched carefully, checked at regular intervals. You should have occasional smear tests to indicate that no cancer cells are developing. That's good advice for every woman your age. Any unusual bleeding or return of pressure symptoms should be reported to the doctor at once."

"In other words," said Mrs. Fordyce happily, "go on exactly as I've been doing! That suits me. But oh, dear, what about Dr. Hargreaves?"

"I suspect it will be easier than you think to get him to agree with us. Tell him I followed your fibroid for years, and that my opinion is based on comparative observations. I'll talk the situation over with him myself, if you like, too.

"I'm sure he'll go along with us for three months, at least, before proposing anything radical. If your tumor behaves as well during that time as it has recently, I think he'll be on our side from then on!"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses Rh incompatibility.

LOUISA, PLEASE . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

expected. Everyone was hurrying around the house putting up flowers and asking one another if the wedding gown had been delivered, and opening up cases of champagne and wondering what they were going to do if it rained and they couldn't use the garden, and I just closed the front door behind me and started off. There was only one bad minute, when Paul saw me; Paul has always lived next door and Carole hates him worse than she does me. My mother always used to say that every time I did something to make the family ashamed of me Paul was sure to be in it somewhere. For a long time they thought he had something to do with my running away, even though he told them over and over again how hard I tried to duck away from him that afternoon when he met me going down the driveway. The papers kept calling him "a close friend of the family," which must have overjoyed my mother, and saying that he was being questioned about possible clues to my whereabouts. Of course he never even knew that I was running away; I told him just what I told my mother before I left: that I was going to get away from all the confusion and excitement for a while; I was going downtown and would probably have a sandwich somewhere for supper and go to a movie. He bothered me for a minute; he wanted to come too. I hadn't meant to take the bus right there on the corner, but with Paul tagging after me and wanting me to wait while he got the car so we could drive out and have dinner at the inn, I had to get away fast on the first thing that came along, so I just ran for the bus and left Paul standing there; that was the only part of my plan I had to change.

I took the bus all the way downtown, although my first plan had been to walk. It turned out much better, actually, since it didn't matter at all if anyone saw me on the bus going downtown in my own home town, and I managed to get an earlier train out. I bought a round-trip ticket; that was important, because it would make them think I was coming back—that was always the way they thought about things. If you did something you had to have a reason for it, because my mother and my father and Carole never did anything unless *they* had a reason for it, so if I bought a round-trip ticket the only possible reason would be that I was coming back. Besides, if they thought I was coming back they would not be frightened so quickly and I might have more time to hide before they came looking for me. As it happened, Carole found out I was gone that same night when she couldn't sleep and came into my room for some aspirin, so all the time I had less of a head start than I thought.

I knew that they would find out about my buying the ticket; I was not silly enough to suppose that I could steal off and not leave any traces. All my plans were based on the fact that the people who get caught are the ones who attract attention by doing something strange or noticeable, and what I intended all along was to fade into some background, where they would never see me. I knew they would find out about the round-trip ticket, because it was an odd thing to do the day before your sister's wedding, but it was the last unusual thing I did. I thought when I bought it that knowing about that round-trip ticket would be some consolation to my mother and father. They would know that no matter how long I stayed away at least I always had a ticket home. I did keep the return-trip ticket quite a while, as a matter of fact. I used to carry it in my wallet as a kind of lucky charm.

I followed everything in the papers. Mrs. Peacock and I used to read them at the table

over our second cup of coffee before I went off to work.

"What do you think about this girl disappeared over in Rockville?" Mrs. Peacock would say to me, and I'd shake my head sorrowfully and say that a girl must be really crazy to leave a handsome, luxurious home like that, or that I had kind of a notion that maybe she didn't leave at all—maybe the family had her locked up somewhere because she was a homicidal maniac. Mrs. Peacock always loved anything about homicidal maniacs.

Once I picked up the paper and looked hard at the picture. "Do you think she looks something like me?" I asked Mrs. Peacock, and Mrs. Peacock leaned back and looked at me and then at the picture and then at me again and finally she shook her head and said, "No. If you wore your hair longer, and curlier, and your face was maybe a little fuller, there might be a little resemblance, but then if you looked like a homicidal maniac I wouldn't ever of let you in my house."

"I think she kind of looks like me," I said.

"You get along to work and stop being vain." Mrs. Peacock told me.

Of course when I got on the train with my round-trip ticket I had no idea how soon they'd be following me, and I suppose it was just as well, because it might have made me nervous and I might have done something wrong and spoiled everything. I knew that as soon as they gave up the notion that I was coming back to Rockville with my round-trip ticket they would think of Crain, which is the largest city that train went to, so I stayed in Crain only part of one day. I went to a big department store where they were having a store-wide sale; I figured that would land me in a crowd of shoppers and I was right: for a while there was a good chance that I'd never get any farther away from home than the ground floor of that department store in Crain. I had to fight my way through the crowd until I found the counter where they were having a sale of raincoats, and then I had to push and elbow down the counter and finally grab the raincoat I wanted right out of the hands of some old monster who couldn't have used it anyway because she was much too fat. You would have thought she had already paid for it, the way she howled. I was smart enough to have the exact change, all six dollars and eighty-nine cents, right in my hand, and I gave it to the salesgirl, grabbed the raincoat and the bag she wanted to put it in, and fought my way out again before I got crushed to death.

That raincoat was worth every cent of the six dollars and eighty-nine cents; I wore it right through until winter that year and not even a button ever came off it. I finally lost it the next spring when I left it somewhere and never got it back. It was tan, and the minute I put it on in the ladies' room of the store I began thinking of it as my "old" raincoat; that was good. I had never before owned a raincoat like that and my mother would have fainted dead away. One thing I did that I thought was kind of clever. I had left home wearing a light short coat, almost a jacket, and when I put on the raincoat of course I took off my light coat. Then all I had to do was empty the pockets of the light coat into the raincoat and carry the light coat casually over to a counter where they were having a sale of jackets and drop it on the counter as though I'd taken it off a little way to look at it and had decided against it. As far as I ever knew, no one paid the slightest attention to me, and I saw a woman pick up my jacket and look it over; I could have told her she was getting a bargain for three ninety-eight.

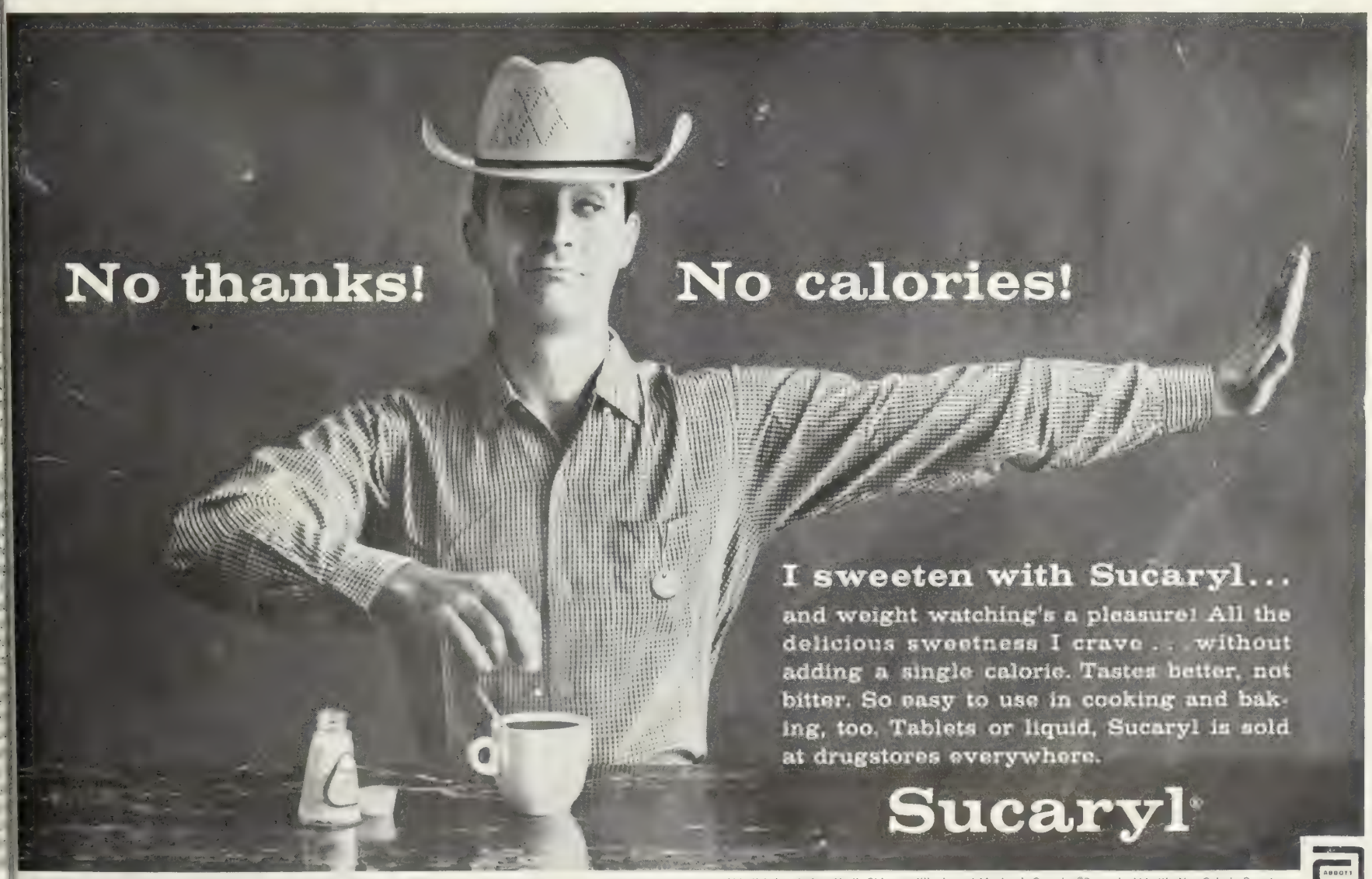
It made me feel good to know that I had got rid of the light coat. My mother picked it out for me and even though I liked it and it was expensive, it was also recognizable and I had to change it somehow. I was sure that if I put it in a bag and dropped it into a river or into a garbage truck or something like that sooner or later it would be found and even if no one saw me doing it, it would almost certainly be found, and then they would know I had changed my clothes in Crain.

That light coat never turned up. The last they ever saw of me was someone from Rockville who caught a glimpse of me in the train station in Crain, and she recognized me by the light coat. They never found out where I went after that; it was partly luck and partly my clever planning. Two or three days later the papers were still reporting that I was in Crain; people thought they saw me on the streets and one girl who went into a store to buy a dress was picked up by the police and held until she could get someone to identify her. They were really looking, but they were looking for Louisa Tether, and I had stopped being Louisa Tether the minute I got rid of that light coat my mother bought me.



One thing I was relying on: there must be thousands of girls in the country on any given day who are nineteen years old, fair-haired, five feet four inches tall and weighing one hundred and twenty-six pounds. And if there are thousands of girls like that, there must be, among those thousands, a good number who are wearing shapeless tan raincoats; I started counting tan raincoats in Crain after I left the department store and I passed four in one block so I felt well hidden. After that I made myself even more invisible by doing just what I told my mother I was going to—I stopped in and had a sandwich in a little coffee shop, and then I went to a movie. I wasn't in any hurry at all, and rather than try to find a place to sleep I thought I would sleep on the train.

It's funny how no one pays any attention to you at all. There were hundreds of people who saw me that day, and even a sailor who tried to pick me up in the movie, and yet no one really *saw* me. If I had tried to check into a hotel the desk clerk might have noticed me, or if I had tried to get dinner in some fancy restaurant in that cheap raincoat I would have been conspicuous, but I was doing what any other girl looking like me and dressed like me might be doing that day. The only person who might be apt to remember me would be the man selling tickets in the railroad station, because girls looking like me in old raincoats didn't buy train tickets, usually, at eleven at night, but I had thought of that, too, of course: I bought a ticket to Amityville, sixty miles away, and what made Amityville a perfectly reasonably disguise is that at Amityville there is a college, not a little fancy place like the one I had left so recently with nobody's blessing, but a big sprawling friendly affair, where my raincoat would look perfectly at home. I told myself I was a student coming back to the college after a weekend at home. We got to Amityville after midnight, but it still didn't look odd when I left the train and went into the station, because while I was in the station, having a cup of coffee and killing time, seven other girls—I counted—wearing raincoats like mine came in or went out, not seeming to think it the least bit odd to be getting on or off trains at that hour of the night. Some of them had suitcases, and I wished that I had had some way of getting a suitcase in Crain, but it would have made me noticeable in the movie, and college girls going home for weekends often don't bother; they have pajamas and an extra pair of stockings at home, and they drop a toothbrush into one of the pockets of those invaluable raincoats. So I didn't worry about the suitcase then, although I knew I would need one soon. While I was having my coffee I made my own mind change from the idea that I was a college girl coming back after a weekend at home to the idea that I was a college girl who was on her way home for a few days; all the time I tried to think as much as possible like what I was pretending to be, and after all, I *had* been a college girl for a



while. I was thinking that even now the letter was in the mail, traveling as fast as the U.S. Government could make it go, right to my father to tell him why I wasn't a college student any more; I suppose that was what finally decided me to run away, the thought of what my father would think and say and do when he got that letter from the college.

That was in the paper too. They decided that the college business was the reason for my running away; but if that had been all, I don't think I would have left. No, I had been wanting to leave for so long, ever since I can remember, making plans till I was sure they were foolproof, and that's the way they turned out to be.

Sitting there in the station at Amityville, I tried to think myself into a good reason why I was leaving college to go home on a Monday night late, when I would hardly be going home for the weekend. As I say, I always tried to think as hard as I could the way that suited whatever I wanted to be, and I liked to have a good reason for what I was doing. Nobody ever asked me, but it was good to know that I could answer them if they did. I finally decided that my sister was getting married the next day and I was going home now at the beginning of the week to be one of her bridesmaids. I thought that was funny. I didn't want to be going home for any sad or frightening reason, like my mother being sick, or my father being hurt in a car accident, because I would have to look sad, and that might attract attention. So I was going home for my sister's wedding. I wandered around the station as though I had nothing to do, and just happened to pass the door when another girl was going out; she had on a raincoat just like mine and anyone who happened to notice would have thought that it was me who went out. Before I bought my ticket I went into the ladies' room and got another twenty dollars out of my shoe. I had nearly three hundred dollars left of the money I had taken from my father's desk and I had most of it in my shoes because I honestly couldn't think of another safe place to carry it. All I kept in my pocketbook was just enough for whatever I had to spend next. It's uncomfortable walking around all day on a wad of bills in your shoes, but they were good solid shoes, the kind of comfortable old shoes you wear whenever you don't really care how you look, and I had put new shoelaces in them before I left home so I could tie them good and tight. You can see, I planned pretty carefully, and no little detail got left out. If they had let me plan my sister's wedding there would have been a lot less of that running around and screaming and hysterics.

I bought a ticket to Chandler, which is the biggest city in this part of the state, and the place I'd been heading for all along. It was a good place to hide because people from Rockville tended to bypass it unless they had some special reason for going there: if they couldn't find the doctors or orthodontists or psychoanalysts or dress material they wanted in Rockville or Crain, they went directly to one of the really big cities, like the state capital; Chandler was big enough to hide in, but not big enough to look like a metropolis to people from Rockville. The ticket seller in the Amityville station must have seen a good many college girls buying tickets for Chandler at all hours of the day or night because he took my money and shoved the ticket at me without even looking up.

Funny. They must have come looking for me in Chandler at some time or other, because it's not likely they would have neglected any possible place I might be, but maybe Rockville people never seriously believed that anyone would go to Chandler from choice, because I never felt for a minute that anyone was looking for me there. My picture was in the Chandler papers, of course, but as far as I ever knew no one ever looked at me twice, and I got up every morning and went to work and went shopping in the stores and went to movies with Mrs. Peacock and went out to the beach all that summer without ever being afraid of being recognized. I behaved just like everyone else, and dressed just like everyone else, and even *thought* just like everyone else, and the only person I ever saw from Rockville in three years was a friend of my mother's, and I knew *she* came to Chandler only to get her poodle bred at the kennels there. She didn't look like she was in a state to recognize anybody but another poodle fancier, anyway, and all I had to do was step into a doorway as she went by, and she never looked at me.

Two other college girls got on the train to Chandler when I did; maybe both of them were going home for their sisters' weddings. Neither of them was wearing a tan raincoat, but one of them had on an old blue jacket that gave the same general effect. I fell asleep as soon as the train started, and once I woke up and for a minute I wondered where I was and then I realized that I was doing it, I was actually carrying out my careful plan and had got better than halfway with it, and I almost laughed, there in the train with everyone asleep around me. Then I went back to sleep and didn't wake up until we got into Chandler about seven in the morning.

So there I was. I had left home just after lunch the day before, and now at seven in the morning of my sister's wedding day I was so far away, in every sense, that I *knew* they would never find me. I had all day to get myself settled in Chandler, so I started off by having breakfast in a restaurant near the station, and then went off to find a place to live, and a job. The first thing I did was buy a suitcase, and it's funny how people don't really notice you if you're buying a suitcase near a railroad station. Suitcases look *natural* near railroad stations, and I picked out one of those stores that sell a little bit of everything, and bought a cheap suitcase and a pair of stockings and some handkerchiefs and a little traveling clock, and I put everything into the suitcase and carried that. Nothing is hard to do unless you get upset or excited about it.

Later on, when Mrs. Peacock and I used to read in the papers about my disappearing, I asked her once if she thought that Louisa Tether had got as far as Chandler and she didn't. "They're saying now she was kidnaped," Mrs. Peacock told me, "and that's what *I* think happened. Kidnaped, and mur dered, and they do *terrible* things to young girl they kidnap."

"But the papers say there wasn't any ran som note."

"That's what they *say*." Mrs. Peacoc shook her head at me. "How do we kno what the family is keeping secret? Or if sh was kidnaped by a homicidal maniac, wh would *he* send a ransom note? Young girl like you don't know a lot of the things that g on, *I* can tell you."

"I feel kind of sorry for the girl," I said.

"You can't ever tell," Mrs. Peacock saic "Maybe she went with him willingly."

I didn't know, that first morning in Chanc ler, that Mrs. Peacock was going to turn u that day, the luckiest thing that ever hap pened to me. I decided while I was havin breakfast that I was going to be a nineteer year-old girl from upstate with a nice fam ily and a good background who had bee saving money to come to Chandler an take a secretarial course in the business scho there. I was going to have to find some kind c job to keep on earning money while I went t school; courses at the business school wouldn start until fall, so I would have the summer t work and save money and decide if I reall wanted to take secretarial training. If I d cided not to stay in Chandler I could easi go somewhere else after the fuss about n running away had died down. The rainco looked wrong for the kind of conscientio young girl I was going to be, so I took it c and carried it over my arm. I think I did pretty good job on my clothes, altogeth Before I left home I decided that I would ha to wear a suit, as quiet and unobtrusive as could find, and I picked out a gray suit, with white blouse, so with just one or two sm changes like a different blouse or some kir of pin on the lapel, I could look like whoev I decided to be. Now the suit looked abs lutely right for a young girl planning to take secretarial course, and I looked like a thou sand other people when I walked down t street carrying my suitcase and my rainco



Sharp flats, and heels up the scale! From left: Ballet Pump, 3.95; O-line, 4.50; Festive, 4.95; Tisket, 3.95.

r my arm; people get off trains every min-looking just like that. I bought a morning er and stopped in a drugstore for a cup of ee and a look to see the rooms for rent. It all so usual—suitcase, coat, rooms for —that when I asked the soda clerk how to to Primrose Street he never even looked at He certainly didn't care whether I ever got Primrose Street or not, but he told me very tely where it was and what bus to take. I n't really need to take the bus for economy, it would have looked funny for a girl who saving money to arrive in a taxi.

I'll never forget how you looked that first rning," Mrs. Peacock told me once, much r. "I knew right away you were the kind of I like to rent rooms to—quiet, and well nnered. But you looked almighty scared of big city."

I wasn't scared," I said. "I was worried ut finding a nice room. My mother told so many things to be careful about I was id I'd never find anything to suit her."

*Any*body's mother could come into my se at any time and know that her daughter in good hands," Mrs. Peacock said, a lit-nuffy.

ut it was true. When I walked into Mrs. cock's rooming house on Primrose Street, met Mrs. Peacock, I knew that I couldn't e done this part better if I'd been able to n it. The house was old, and comfortable, my room was nice, and Mrs. Peacock and t it off right away. She was very pleased n me when she heard that my mother had me to be sure the room I found was clean that the neighborhood was good, with no nce of rowdies' following a girl if she came ne after dark, and she was even more sed when she heard that I wanted to save ney and take a secretarial course so I could a really good job and earn enough to be to send a little home every week; Mrs. cock believed that children owed it to parents to pay back some of what had spent on them while they were growing By the time I had been in the house an Mrs. Peacock knew all about my imaginary family upstate: my mother, who was a widow; and my sister, who just got married and still lived at my mother's home with her husband; and my young brother Paul, who worried my mother a good deal because he didn't seem to want to settle down. My name was Lois Taylor, I told her. Actually I think I could have told her my real name and she would never have connected it with the girl in the paper, because from then on she was feeling that she almost knew my family, and she wanted me to be sure and tell my mother when I wrote home that Mrs. Peacock would make herself personally responsible for me while I was in the city and take as good care of me as my own mother would. On top of everything else, she told me that a stationery store in the neighborhood was looking for a girl assistant, and there I was. Before I had been away from home for twenty-four hours I was an entirely new person. I was a girl named Lois Taylor who lived on Primrose Street and worked down at the stationery store. I used to type letters from my imaginary sister in the stationery store and bring them home and read them to Mrs. Peacock.

I read in the papers one day about how a famous fortuneteller wrote to my father offering to find me and said that astral signs had convinced him that I would be found near flowers. That gave me a jolt, because of Primrose Street, but my father and Mrs. Peacock and the rest of the world thought that it meant that my body was buried somewhere. They dug up a vacant lot near the railroad station where I was last seen, and Mrs. Peacock was very disappointed when nothing turned up. Mrs. Peacock and I could not decide whether I had run away with a gangster to be a gun moll, or whether my body had been cut up and sent somewhere in a trunk. After a while they stopped looking for me, except for an occasional false clue that would turn up in a small story on the back pages of the paper, and Mrs. Peacock and I got interested in the stories about a daring daylight bank robbery in Chicago. When the anniversary of my running away came around, and I realized that I had really been gone for a year, I treated myself to a new hat and dinner downtown, and came home just in time for the evening news broadcast and my mother's voice over the radio.

"Louisa," she was saying, "please come home."

"That poor, poor woman," Mrs. Peacock said. "Imagine how she must feel. They say she's never given up hope of finding her little girl alive someday."

"Do you like my new hat?" I asked her.

I had given up all idea of the secretarial course because the stationery store had decided to expand and include a lending library

A truly appreciative child will break, lose, spoil or fondle to death any really successful gift within a matter of minutes.
RUSSELL LYNES

and a gift shop, and I was now the manager of the gift shop and if things kept on well would someday be running the whole thing; Mrs. Peacock and I talked it over, just as if she had been my mother, and we decided that I would be foolish to leave a good job to start over somewhere else. The money that I had been saving was in the bank, and Mrs. Peacock and I thought that one of these days we might pool our savings and buy a little car, or go on a trip somewhere, or even a cruise.

What I am saying is that I was free, and getting along fine, with never a thought that I knew of about ever going back, and I had been gone three years now. It was just plain rotten bad luck that I had to meet Paul. I had got so I hardly ever thought about any of them any more, and never wondered what they were doing unless I happened to see some item in the papers, but there must have been something in the back of my mind remembering them all the time because I never even stopped to think; I just stood there on the street with my mouth open, and said "*Paul!*" He turned around and then of course I realized what I had done, but it was too late. He stared at me for a minute, and then frowned, and then looked puzzled; I could see him first trying to remember, and then trying to believe what he remembered; at last he said, "Is it possible?" He said I had to go back. He said if I didn't go back he would tell them where to come and get me. He also patted me on the head and told me that there was still a reward waiting there in the bank for anyone who turned up with conclusive news of me, and he said that after he had collected the reward I was perfectly welcome to run away again, as far and as often as I liked.

Maybe I did want to go home. Maybe all that time I had been secretly waiting for a chance to get back; maybe that's why I recognized Paul on the street, in a coincidence that wouldn't have happened once in a million years: he had never even *been* to Chandler before, and was there for only a few minutes between trains; he had stepped out of the station for a minute, and found me. If I had not been passing at that minute, if he had stayed in the station where he belonged, I would never have gone back. I told Mrs. Peacock I was going home to visit my family upstate. I thought that was funny.

Paul sent a telegram to my mother and father, saying that he had found me, and we took a plane back; Paul said he was still afraid that I'd try to get away again and the safest place for me was high up in the air where he knew I couldn't get off and run.

I began to get nervous, looking out the taxi window on the way from the Rockville airport; I would have sworn that for three years I hadn't given a thought to that town, to those streets and stores and houses I used to know so well, but here I found that I remembered it all, as though I hadn't ever seen Chandler and *its* houses and streets; it was almost as though I had never been away at all. When the taxi finally turned the corner into my own street, and I saw the big old white house again, I almost cried.





New Curity®

S-T-R-E-T-C-H WEAVE GAUZE
DIAPERS

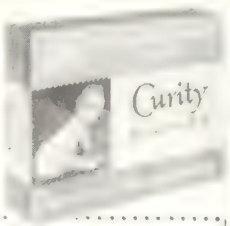
The revolutionary new Curity gauze diaper with the stretch-and-return weave gets stretchier with washing. New, streamlined size is easier to handle... folds conveniently to provide more absorbency where most needed.

Stretches with stomach. Adjusts readily to all size babies, especially after feeding when infant tummies are enlarged. No hems to irritate tender baby skin.

- NO BINDING
- NO SEAT SAG
- EASIER PINNING
- NO GAPPING

Curity washes softer, smoother in quality products like Ivory Snow, Ivory Flakes or Dash Detergent. Don't forget Curity dress-up diapers and double duty night diapers, too. At leading stores and diaper services.

All Curity Diapers
DRY FASTER
WASH EASIER
ABSORB MORE
WEAR LONGER



THE KENDALL COMPANY
[illegible]
Weave Gauze Diaper. Print clearly. Only one to a family.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Good in Continental United States and Hawaii.

"Of course I wanted to come back," I said, and Paul laughed. I thought of the return-trip ticket I had kept as a lucky charm for so long, and how I had thrown it away one day when I was emptying my pocketbook; I wondered when I threw it away whether I would ever want to go back and regret throwing away my ticket. "Everything looks just the same," I said. "I caught the bus right there on the corner; I came down the driveway that day and met you."

"If I had managed to stop you that day," Paul said, "you would probably never have tried again."

Then the taxi stopped in front of the house and my knees were shaking when I got out. I grabbed Paul's arm and said, "Paul . . . wait a minute," and he gave me a look I used to know very well, a look that said, "If you back out on me now I'll see that you never forget it," and put his arm around me because I was shivering and we went up the walk to the front door.

I wondered if they were watching us from the window. It was hard for me to imagine how my mother and father would behave in a situation like this, because they always made such a point of being quiet and dignified and proper; I thought that Mrs. Peacock would have been halfway down the walk to meet us, but here the front door ahead was still tight shut. I wondered if we would have to ring the doorbell; I had never had to ring this doorbell before. I was still wondering when Carole opened the door for us. "Carole!" I said. I was shocked because she looked so old, and then I thought that of course it had been three years since I had seen her and she probably thought that *I* looked older too. "Carole," I said, "oh, Carole!" I was honestly glad to see her.

She looked at me hard and then stepped back and my mother and father were standing there, waiting for me to come in. If I had not stopped to think I would have run to them, but I hesitated, not quite sure what to do, or whether they were angry with me, or hurt, or only just happy that I was back, and of course once I stopped to think about it, all I could find to do was just stand there and say "Mother?" kind of uncertainly.

She came over to me and put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my face for a long time. There were tears running down her cheeks and I thought that before, when it didn't matter, I had been ready enough to cry, but now, when crying would make me look better, all I wanted to do was giggle. She looked old, and sad, and I felt simply foolish. Then she turned to Paul and said, "Oh, *Paul*—how can you do this to me again?"

Paul was frightened; I could see it. "Mrs. Tether ——" he said.

"What is your name, dear?" my mother asked me.

"Louisa Tether," I said stupidly.

"No, dear," she said, very gently. "Your *real* name?"

Now I could cry, but now I did not think it was going to help matters any. "Louisa Tether," I said. "That's my name."

"Why don't you people leave us alone?" Carole said; she was white, and shaking, and almost screaming because she was so angry. "We've spent years and years trying to find my lost sister and all people like you see in it is a chance to cheat us out of the reward—doesn't it mean *any*thing to you that you may think you have a chance for some easy money, but *we* just get hurt and heartbroken all over again? Why don't you leave us *alone?*"

"Carole," my father said, "you're frightening the poor child. . . . Young lady," he said to me, "I honestly believe that you did not realize the cruelty of what you tried to do. You look like a nice girl; try to imagine your own mother ——"

I tried to imagine my own mother; I looked straight at her.

"—— if someone took advantage of her like this. I am sure you were not told that twice before this young man"—I stopped looking at my mother and looked at Paul—"has brought us young girls who pretended to be our lost daughter; each time he protested that he had been genuinely deceived and had no thought of profit, and each time we hoped desperately that it would be the right girl. The first time we were taken in for several days. The girl *looked* like our Louisa, she *acted* like our Louisa, she knew all kinds of small family jokes and happenings it seemed impossible that anyone *but* Louisa could know, and yet she was an impostor. And the girl's mother—my wife—has suffered more each time her hopes have been raised." He put his arm around my mother—his wife—and with Carole they stood all together looking at me.

"Look," Paul said wildly, "give her a *chance*—she *knows* she's Louisa. At least give her a chance to *prove* it."

"How?" Carole asked. "I'm sure if I asked her something like—well—like what was the color of the dress she was supposed to wear at my wedding ——"

"It was pink," I said. "I wanted blue, but you said it had to be pink."

"—— I'm sure she'd know the answer," Carole went on as though I hadn't said anything. "The other girls you brought here, Paul—*they* both knew."

It wasn't going to be any good. I ought to have known it. Maybe they were so used to looking for me by now that they would rather keep on looking than have me home; maybe once my mother had looked in my face and seen there nothing of Louisa, but only the long, careful concentration I had put into being Lois Taylor, there was never any chance of my looking like Louisa again.

I felt kind of sorry for Paul; he had never understood them as well as I did and he clearly felt there was still some chance of talking them into opening their arms and crying out, "Louisa! Our long-lost daughter!" and

WHAT IS BLACK?

By MARY O'NEILL

Black is the night
When there isn't a star
And you can't tell by looking
Where you are.
Black is a pail of paving tar.
Black is jet
And things you'd like to forget.
Black is a smokestack,
Black is a cat,
A leopard, a raven,
A high silk hat.
The sound of black is
"Boom! Boom! Boom!"
Echoing in
An empty room.
Black is kind—
It covers up
The run-down street,
The broken cup.
Black is charcoal
And patio grill.
The soot spots on
The window sill.
Black is a feeling
Hard to explain
Like suffering but
Without the pain.
Black is licorice
And patent-leather shoes,
Black is the print
In the news.
Black is beauty
In its deepest form.
The darkest cloud
In a thunderstorm.
Think of what starlight
And lamplight would lack.
Diamonds and fireflies
If they couldn't lean against
Black.

then turning around and handing him the re ward; after that, we could all live happily eve after. While Paul was still trying to argue wit my father I walked over a little way and looke into the living room again; I figured I wasn' going to have much time to look around and wanted one last glimpse to take away wit me; sister Carole kept a good eye on me a the time too. I wondered what the two girl before me had tried to steal, and I wanted t tell her that if *I* ever planned to steal anythin from that house I was three years too late; could have taken whatever I wanted whe I left the first time. There was nothing there could take now, any more than there ha been before. I realized that all I wanted was t stay—I wanted to stay so much that I felt lik hanging onto the stair rail and screaming, bu even though a temper tantrum might brin them some fleeting recollection of their dea lost Louisa I hardly thought it would persuad them to invite me to stay. I could just pictur myself being dragged kicking and screamin out of my own house.

"Such a lovely old house," I said politely t my sister Carole, who was hovering arour me.

"Our family has lived here for gener ations," she said, just as politely.

"Such beautiful furniture," I said

"My mother is fond of antiques," my sist told me.

"Fingerprints," Paul was shouting. We we going to get a lawyer, I gathered, or at le Paul thought we were going to get a lawy and I wondered how he was going to feel wh he found out that we weren't. I couldn't ima ine any lawyer in the world who could get mother and my father and my sister Carole take me back when they had made up th minds that I was not Louisa; could the l make my mother look into my face and reco nize me?

I thought that there ought to be some w I could make Paul see that there was nothi we could do, and I came over and stood n to him.

"Paul," I said, "can't you see that you only making Mr. Tether angry?"

"Correct, young woman," my father sa and nodded at me to show that he though was being a sensible creature. "He's not do himself any good by threatening me."

"Paul," I said, "these people don't want here."

Paul started to say something and then the first time in his life thought better of it a stamped off toward the door. When I turn to follow him, thinking that we'd never past the front hall in my great home-com my father—excuse me, Mr. Tether—came behind me and took my hand. "My daugh was younger than you are," he said to me v kindly, "but I'm sure you have a family so where who love you and want you to happy. Go back to them, young lady. Let advise you as though I were really your ther—stay away from that fellow, he's wic and he's worthless. Go back home where belong."

"We know what it's like for a family worry and wonder about a daughter," mother said. "Go back to the people who you."

That meant Mrs. Peacock, I guess.

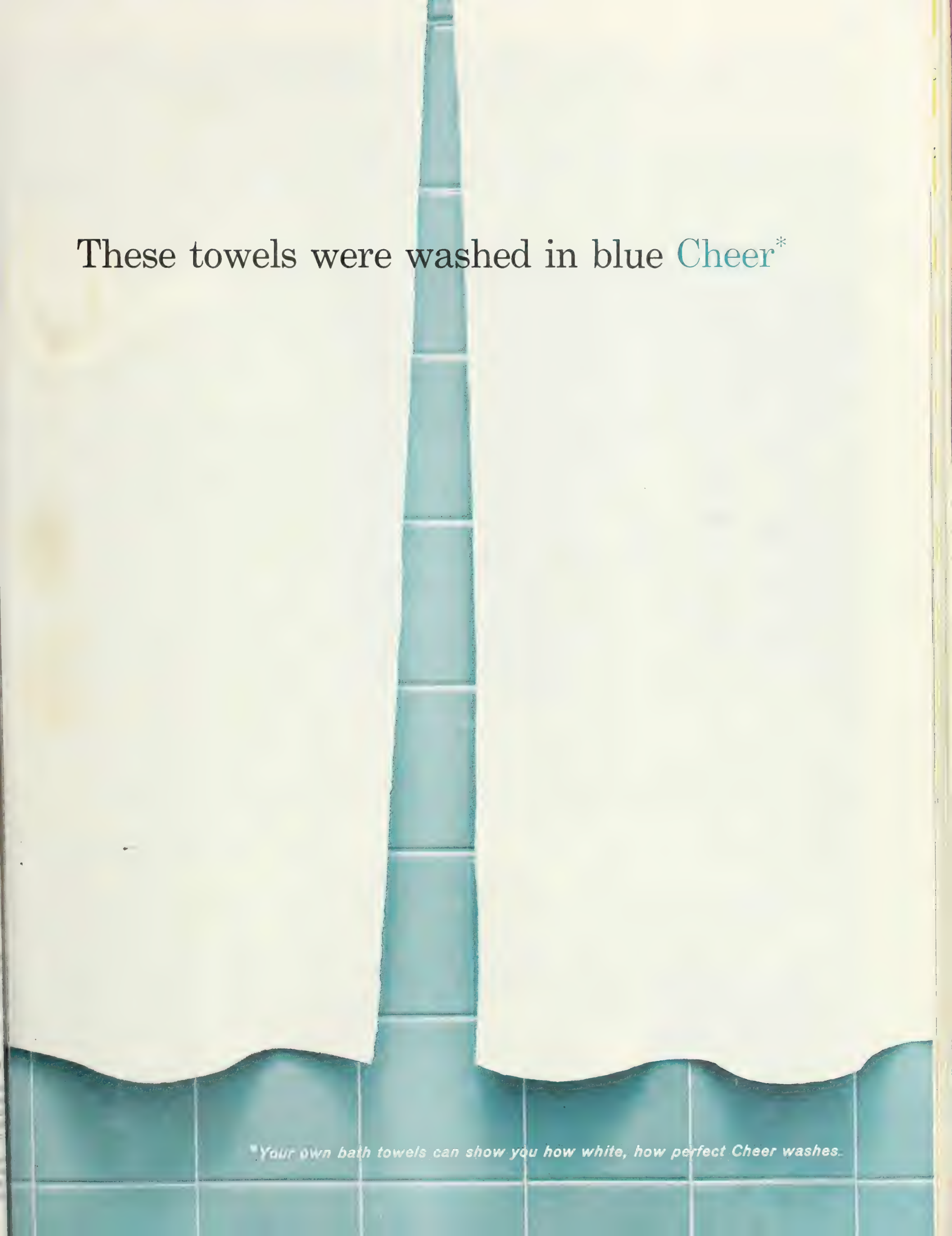
"Just to make sure you get there," my ther said, "let us help toward your fare tried to take my hand away, but he p folded bill into it and I had to take it. "I h someday," he said, "that someone will d much for our Louisa."

"Good-by, my dear," my mother s and she reached up and patted my ch "Very good luck to you."

"I hope your daughter comes back so day," I told them. "Good-by."

The bill was a twenty, and I gave it to I It seemed little enough for all the troubl had taken and, after all, I could go back t job in the stationery store. My mother talks to me on the radio, once a year, o anniversary of the day I ran away.

"Louisa," she says, "please come home all want our dear girl back, and we need and miss you so much. Your mother an ther love you and will never forget Louisa, please come home."


These towels were washed in blue Cheer*
*Your own bath towels can show you how white, how perfect Cheer washes.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

operations fails to save an already dying patient, he is haunted for weeks. He thinks of a million different procedures he might have used. He won't excuse himself; he can't accept the inevitable, or even the law of averages.

"When Paul has lost a patient and I know it—he is secretive about such matters—I go all out to be of help. I put his favorite records on the hi-fi that evening, I order his favorite food, I show him a cheerful face, I speak cheerful words. I do my best to keep the children under control and out of his way. It isn't simple.

"Our children, three boys, one girl, stairstep down from eight-year-old John to three-year-old Sue and are young and strenuous for a couple our age. I need Paul's help in handling our sons, but I've received no help. Perhaps I never will.

"The appalling fact, the new fact, the crushing fact is that Paul is now interested in another woman. I'm still punchy from the news. I hardly know which way to turn. I want to do what is best for Paul as well as for the youngsters. I can't believe his conscience will ever let him rest if he leaves me in the lurch with children as young as ours. Obviously I have fallen down somewhere. I want to find out my mistakes.

"For a long while I've been aware of Paul's nerves and increasing moodiness. He has been sleeping wretchedly. He has often gone downstairs in his pajamas to the greenhouse and worked with the orchids he raises as a hobby. Or he's spent sleepless hours in his study tinkering with the model ships he builds. Many nights he slipped from his bed and left the house and took long walks. Several times I got up and offered to accompany him. He always rebuffed me. I didn't offer him companionship in the greenhouse or study. When he's busy with his hobbies he likes privacy. Paul likes privacy. Period. Our social life is nonexistent. We have no common friends.

"Last Thursday the situation reached a climax. Before dawn Paul dressed and left our bedroom. I was awake. He took along his instrument bag—in a transparent attempt to convince me that he was making an emergency call. The telephone hadn't rung. I knew the only emergency was his own unhappy restlessness.

"That evening he came home early. It was his first appearance at our dinner table in weeks. I was overjoyed. I hoped the children would do themselves proud. Our eldest son immediately provoked trouble; he grabbed Susie's milk and poured it in his brothers' bowls of soup. They yelled and Susie began to cry. Paul did nothing. He sat in the midst of the commotion like someone in a daze. I asked him if something was wrong. Paul mumbled 'Yes.'

"With that, he got up from his chair and went into his study. I followed him. He closed the door so the children couldn't hear us. He asked me to sit down. He sat down beside me and took my hands in his. Then he knocked my world to pieces. He told me of the other woman. He has seen her only a dozen times for an hour or so, always in the afternoon, but apparently she has captured his imagination. Her name is Margaret. Several months ago Paul and I stopped in a bookstore near the hospital and I saw Margaret without realizing her importance in my life. Margaret and her husband own the bookstore. That's where Paul met her.

"Margaret is younger than I am, probably in her middle thirties, but she isn't any prettier. According to Paul, she has two children; she doesn't stay home and take care of them, although it isn't necessary for her to work. Paul says their relationship has been aboveboard and I believe him. I gather, however, that Margaret is unhappily married and would willingly break up her home. Her husband is [illegible]

"What Paul intends to do I don't know. I doubt he himself knows. His attitude bewilders me. He says he is to blame for everything wrong in our marriage, but doesn't specify what is wrong. He says I have been an ideal wife, that he has been a miserable husband. I've questioned him about Margaret's attractions and heard a number of hazy generalities, but the only concrete statement he has volunteered is that she is easy to talk to.

"Perhaps Paul and I haven't talked enough together. I've often felt the need of closer communion with him. Maybe I've been dull to him all these years. I bore many people, I'm sure. I'm not like Margaret. I don't talk freely and easily to strangers. I've been shy and self-conscious as long as I can remember. All through my childhood I was big and gawky. The year I was eleven I grew five inches, which made me taller than my sister; she was seven years older, but small and cute. That same year my father's manufacturing business went bankrupt, and I was taken out of a small private school I adored and put in a huge public school that terrified me. I learned not to argue with anybody and finally managed to get by.

"I met Paul on a blind date in my second year in a Colorado college where I worked to earn my expenses. Paul's parents owned a ranch not far off, but he was a premed student in Pennsylvania. He was famous locally for his scholarship. I trembled at the thought of meeting him. By then I was nearly six feet tall and bending my knees to seem shorter. Paul turned out to be four inches taller than myself. The date was a marvelous success. I saw him the next day too. Then he had to go east to get back to his classes. To my astonishment and delight, he wrote to me. His letters were wonderful. Our correspondence gave me the courage to let him realize how much I admired him. Sometimes I think I almost felt closer to Paul reading his letters than I felt when we were together.

"We corresponded until I was graduated from college, and then were married. Our honeymoon was the trip back to Pennsylvania where Paul was wrestling with the long grind of medical school. To me our adjustment, sexual and otherwise, seemed perfect. There was only one flaw. We had very little time to spend together. Paul was either busy with his books or busy at school. I took a job right off. One time in those early days Paul and I figured it out that in six weeks we had eaten dinner together only twice. I didn't complain. I've always stood in awe of Paul's profession and his brains. He graduated among the top ten in his class.

"His internship was tougher than medical school. He lived in the hospital and I lived in a room nearby so he could concentrate wholeheartedly on his work. We saw each other weekends. His internship was ended by his call to the service. His three-year absence was hard on us both. By the time he was discharged—we'd been married almost seven years—I desperately wanted the children we'd postponed so long. After I had a couple of minor operations our first son was born, and then in a pell-mell rush came the others.

"I had supposed Paul wanted children as much as I did, that children would bring him and me closer, complete us as a family. Our children seemed to drive us apart. All our boys have been light sleepers. I saw to it that Paul got his rest, but my own sleep was broken every night while my sons were small. As a result, my nerves were on edge all day. Seemingly I couldn't cope with anything. I suspect Paul thinks I've been a crashingly inefficient mother, although he never said so. Ever since Susie joined her brothers I've been chronically tired. It doesn't show on the surface and I fight against it, but underneath I feel exhausted. I've been too weary and too snarled up in the children's emotional and physical needs to notice that Paul and I were drifting farther and farther apart. Oh, I guess I noticed, but I didn't know what to do about it.

"Perhaps it's wishful thinking, but I can't believe that Paul is really in love with Margaret. Indeed, I tell myself that maybe in the end Margaret may prove to be a blessing in disguise. Maybe she will help me to discover what has been wrong with my marriage."

PAUL TELLS HIS SIDE:

"I've made a hash of my marriage and my life," said Paul. His intelligent face was carved in lines of distress and perplexity. "For a man my age—I've passed the forty-year mark—I've advanced professionally much more slowly than I anticipated. In my student days my professors predicted I would make a big splash in research. I've been outstripped by a dozen of my classmates. Perhaps my professional dissatisfaction partially explains my dissatisfaction with my home and that fact, in turn, explains my present involvement and confusion of mind. I just don't know.

"I owe a great deal to Lynn, who has stood by me through many difficulties and whose devotion has been unfaltering. I am grateful to her. Nevertheless, Margaret's companionship has fed a hunger I've felt for years. I blame this whole painful situation on myself.

"My complaints of Lynn are trivia I should be ashamed to mention. It isn't her fault that she and our youngsters seem to be living in a different world from mine. My world, so long as it is circumscribed by the operating room and the laboratory, is ruled by order.

"My moments of greatest happiness in life come at the conclusion of a difficult surgical episode when I peel off my gloves knowing the patient will survive and benefit from my skill. Several months ago I went home in a mood to describe such a triumph to Lynn, but before I got my words together she launched on a tale of woe concerning the misdeeds of our third son that lasted until the dinner hour.

"Some time ago I put in a rotten day at t hospital—I'd made an error in judgment in terminal case which may have hastened t patient's death—and Lynn's bright, optimis welcome to me that afternoon was intolerab I muttered some excuse to her, went back my car, drove to the bookstore. Marga slipped on her coat and we walked for half hour and didn't exchange a word. I felt bet when we parted.

"I'm sure Lynn tries to maintain calm a peace in our household, but with four childr as rambunctious as ours the assignment virtually impossible. Our place is hardly home; it is a combined short-order restaura amusement parlor and torture chamber. O boys fill their stomachs, punch one another the nose, destroy their possessions, cre turmoil and noise. Maybe it's all natural, b it's tough on the morale. Lynn flutters a worries incessantly about our youngsters a it does no good. I worry too.

"Margaret takes her motherhood casual I have thoroughly enjoyed hearing Marga talk about her boys. In our house the talk either too serious or else to me it has a chee insincere ring. Half my pleasure in knowi Margaret has been to experience the way l thoughts, words and feelings broaden scope of mine. If I bring up an idea, bounces back a corollary idea. Or perhaps picks the weak points in the premise I advanced and thereby sharpens my thinki A steady diet of conciliation and agreem can be deadly. Lynn prefers to smile ple antly and echo my remarks, however unsou the position I assume. It makes me won what she actually thinks. Margaret an argue and wrangle. We can talk about a thing and everything. We can laugh and jo I feel alive in Margaret's company.

"Lynn has an almost Teutonic inability grasp my thoughts, tastes, feelings. At very instant I decide the room is chilly rises and pushes up the window. The ot night I was driven to my greenhouse to k warm enough. When I finally emerge brought Lynn a prize orchid as a sort apology for my unspoken criticism. She ga at my offering judiciously, decided it clas with the color of her dress. Then I suppose saw my chagrin, for she went and put another dress and pinned on the orchid. N day I carried an orchid to Margaret and would have thought I'd given her a diam necklace.

"The fact that Lynn is finicky about c shouldn't disturb me. But I can't help it. evening not long ago when I was leaving house, tense and concentrating on an portant speech, Lynn called me back from taxi and stood over me while I changed necktie. I'm sure my audience, a distinguis gathering of foreign surgeons, didn't no that the color of my necktie complemen the color of my suit. They did notice th stumbled in getting across several of points. Margaret, I'm sure, would have the speech ahead of the necktie.

"Six months ago I persuaded an East foundation to make a substantial grant subsidize a research project in an area cancer that particularly interests me. I pected to head the project. Another man, well qualified, was chosen by the hosp trustees. I blamed the chief of staff, who yet to put in a decent word about any of work. When Lynn heard the news she pa my shoulder and assured me I was imagi a conspiracy. She then added cheerily that loss of the project would spare me extra w Next day I spoke of my disappointment Margaret. Tears came to her eyes. Her u standing made the bitter pill easier for m swallow.

"I realize I may have set my professi sights too high. Maybe I made an unreali start in life. I was the fair-haired boy in high school, and later on at medical scho grew up on an isolated Colorado ranch, only child. I was closer to my parents than average youngster. They centered their a tions on me. My mother was a semi-inv from the time I was a small boy, but daunted by illness. Almost every evening

CONTINUED ON PAGE

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Not anything is more responsible for the good old days than the fact that the grownups in one generation always remember the world as it looked to them in their young days, not as it looked to their elders.

HUSBAND
The smile that he sends
Across heads in the room
Makes me rejoice
I'm the one it's for whom.

Small boy, about an elderly woman: "Her face makes you want to whisper."

Overheard:
Child to parent: "I'll ask you until you say 'Yes.'"
Parent: "Here's a piece of paper. Start making marks; when you have fifty I will still say 'No.'"

The most important single factor making for success in marriage is the willingness to think double.

According to one authority, "Cosmetic use decreases dramatically within a short time after marriage, then rises again when women are in their forties" . . . and—men in the dangerous age?

Women seldom think alike unless it is what to do with leftovers, then they all follow the same rule: Save seven days before throwing away.

Parent, after taking his first I.Q. test: "It's a good thing I graduated from college when I did."

The difference between a well-organized home and one that isn't is a pencil on the telephone stand.

How new BAN guards against "nervous perspiration"

Vhat causes perspiration?

Why is the odor caused by nervous tension more offensive than the odor caused by physical exercise?

o deodorants have to ritate the skin?



BAN's lotion formula is gentle enough for the softest feminine skin.

Read the facts about a remarkable new deodorant—called BAN® —that stops odor all day—and is gentle to your skin, besides.

What causes perspiration?

dical science recognizes two different types erspiration.

. Thermal perspiration: This is caused by et or exercise—and comes from relatively ll, widely distributed glands.

. Nervous perspiration: This is caused by otional or nervous tension. The offensive r it produces comes primarily from larger, e powerful glands in the underarm area.

Why is the odor caused by nervous tension so offensive?

larger, more powerful glands that cause ous perspiration are *constantly* building ecretions that "spill over" at the slightest yday anxiety.

tting the kids off to school—hearing the cry suddenly—being caught in a traffic Any of these common situations can er nervous perspiration.

d nervous perspiration produces *even more offensive odor* than the hardest physical exercise!

How does new *BAN* guard against nervous perspiration?

Amazing Ban contains *22% more protective ingredients* than the average leading deodorants. Ban protects against perspiration caused by heat, by exercise, *and* by nervous tension.

Ban helps keep underarms dry. Stops odor *all day*—even the offensive odor caused by nervous tension.

Do deodorants have to *irritate* the skin?

Many women feel that deodorants have to be harsh and irritating in order to be effective. This is simply not true. They don't. In fact, one of the ingredients in Ban is akin to the body's own soothing oils and emollients. Ban is *gentle* to all types of normal skin.

Today there are no less than forty-seven deodorants that *look* something like Ban—that have tried to copy its unique roll-on design. But Ban is still far and away the deodorant most Americans trust. No other deodorant has duplicated the *formula* of Ban.

You can purchase Ban at drug stores, most food, variety and department stores.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

and dad and I would hold a get-together and talk about my future.

"In those days I was shy around everybody except my parents; the microscope was my first friend. People frightened me. My idea was to become a biological chemist. My father was a fairly prosperous rancher, but his funds were exhausted by mother's illnesses. There was little money for my education. When I won a national scholarship, a full scholarship to an Eastern university, my parents reacted—even though it meant our separation—as though I'd won the presidency of the United States. My Eastern professors, whom I had dreaded in advance, became warm friends and eased my path in every conceivable way.

"My mother died during examination week of my junior college year and I returned home. Copies of the examinations were airmailed to me. I took the examinations on the day after my mother's funeral, as she would have wanted me to do. My marks were the highest in the class. She would have liked that too.

"It was probably my mother's death that caused me to pass up biological chemistry and decide to specialize on cancer, the malady that ultimately killed her. I was still mourning my mother when I married Lynn. She helped me recover from my grief.

Until I was drafted everything seemed to go well for Lynn and me. During and after my military service everything seemed to go wrong. I began my internship at a top cancer hospital. The head of it, a former professor of mine, believed that I would take over from him someday. I believed the same. I reckoned without my draft board. I received a promise that I could complete my internship before being called to the service. The promise was broken.

"I did nothing worth while in the Arm
was stationed at hospitals where there
little opportunity for complex surgery:
majority of the patients I saw were en
by air to the U. S. where most of the real
was done. I wasted my education and
years of my life. The week of my discha
applied at my old hospital for admission
I was turned down cold; my professor
sponsor was dead; another man was in co
and nobody seemed to know or care
thing about my previous record.

"I was disillusioned, bitter. Then I loc
an opening in Seattle. When Lynn a
moved across the country I expected to re
my zest and enthusiasm. Instead, my c
seemed to enter a period of slow decli
accomplished little of value. Nothing pa
out as I had hoped. When our childre
rived I made a poor parent just as I had
a poor husband to Lynn.

"I feel I have failed in life. I can't im
what Lynn sees in me, what Margaret s
me. Possibly if I could throw off my sen
failure I could solve my emotional co
For everybody's sake I must reach some
of decision, and soon."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SA

"Lynn came to see me after she read i
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL the story of a c
whose marital troubles resembled her
From the beginning Lynn was wise enou
realize that Margaret's appearance o
scene was the result rather than the cau
her ailing marriage. An unusual woma
regarded Paul's involvement with som
else as a warning signal. At first she was
Paul would refuse counseling, but he wil
called on me at her request.

"Paul was a disciplined man. He a
ciated Lynn's loyalty over the years.
recognized he had much to lose in destr
his home even though it seemed to offe
little of what he wanted. He readily agre
stop seeing Margaret for the time bein
to endeavor to inject vitality into his as
tion with Lynn.

"On the surface he and Lynn appear
possess almost every ingredient for a
marriage—healthy children, a beautiful
stable finances, satisfying work. Yet the
not brought to their relationship qu
which people with less academic training
bring to marriage—intimacy and true
panionship. As husband and wife they s
no strong common goals; they had no
tives which called upon them to join f
Paul's professional goals and Lynn's pe
and family goals seemed quite separat

"Lynn and Paul had never adopte
simple practice of reporting and listen
each other's daily crop of news. This
ance of the chitchat so usual in most mar
had left them with a feeling of incomple
and isolation. When Paul came home
the hospital in the afternoon he usuall
ished into his greenhouse or into his
Lynn made too few demands; she per
him to neglect his family obligations. B
childhood days Lynn had picked up the
of being unfailingly sweet and agreeab
cause it helped her to make the grade w
classmates. This standing-on-the-sid
technique unquestionably can serve as a
asset. But unvarying sweetness just isn
and cannot survive in an intimate relatio

"Lynn undertook a long, hard strug
understand and change her personality
become a flesh-and-blood woman. He
sistently sunny philosophy, which relie
of the discomfort of thinking seriously
the reality of suffering and tragedy, wa
off from any share in Paul's work as a
She abandoned her unconvincing opt
When she saw Paul come home crushe
fatality in the operating room, she swa
consoling remarks, checked her bright
suring smiles. She didn't attempt to sola
with praise. He welcomed the chang
unwise for a wife to give a husband co
approbation at all times; she should ch
him occasionally.

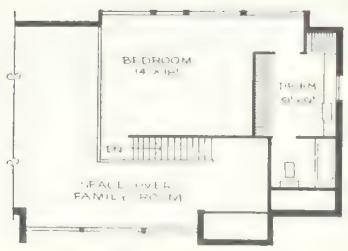
"Paul's vast appetite for the approva
professional colleagues was a strange t

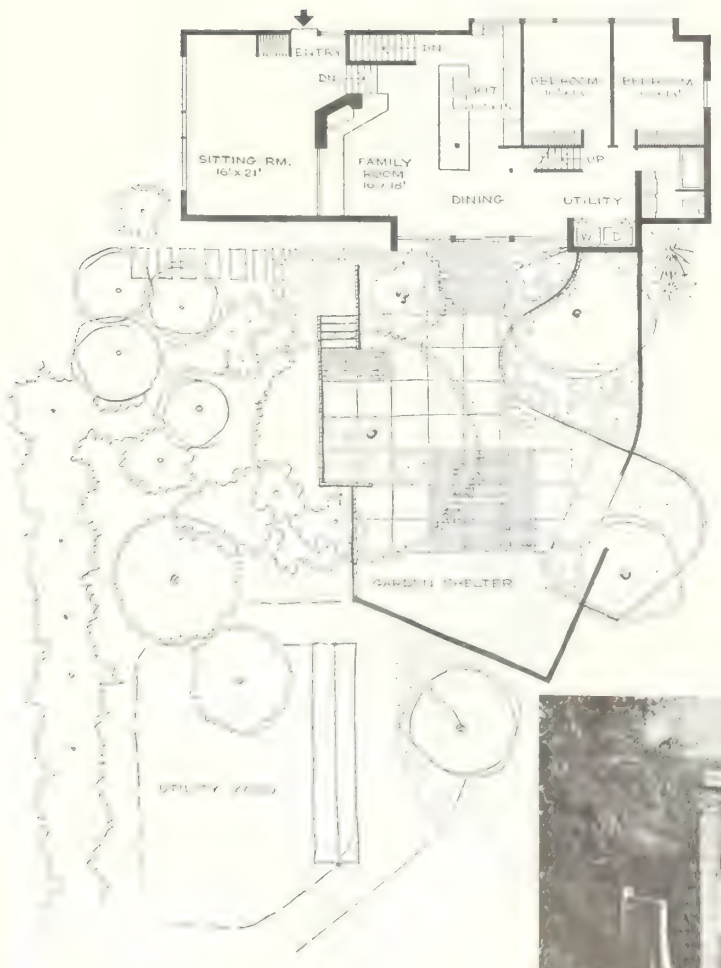
CONTINUED ON PA

GARDEN SPOT HOUSE



Garden is lush and cool, conveniently accessible.





BY JOHN BRENNEMAN,
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

In this compact three-level house every square inch is used to advantage. It has a south-facing bedroom scheme with an exceptional master bedroom/dressing room/bath arrangement. The bedrooms are opened to light and breezes by very practical, full ceiling-height dormer windows. High sloping ceilings lend spaciousness to the sitting room and family room.

The practical, durable family room has a cozy lounging area and a place near the garden where children can play without being underfoot. Because its working areas are planned as alcoves, this is one of the few family rooms we have seen which can double successfully as corridor.

But this house's crowning feature is perhaps its luxurious terrace and garden—a cool, intimate island in the house's sweeping prairie setting subtly wedded to the house by a well-proportioned, spacious glass wall.

Storage and mechanical equipment are neatly tucked away in a basement space under the sitting room.

Cost, depending on local conditions, $20,000 to $27,000 plus land.

Plans are available.

ARCHITECT:	UEL RAMEY
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT:	WARREN OBLINGER
PHOTOGRAPHER:	RODNEY MCCAY MORGAN
AREA:	1970 SQUARE FEET

Adequate parking and a sheltered walk add appeal.





PIETER BRUEGEL'S 16TH CENTURY MASTERPIECE "THE HARVESTERS"
COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: ROGERS FUND 1919
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WRITTEN GUARANTEE against breakage with every purchase. Shown are the strategic points reinforced with extra melamine for ultimate break-resistance. Exclusive with Boontonware!

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MEADOW SPRAY SCANDIA

Boontonware®

finest of all melamine dinnerware

BOONTON MOLDING COMPANY, BOONTON, NEW JERSEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

so successful a man. My surmise is that his parents may have expected too much of him, pushed him too hard. We didn't explore this aspect of his boyhood too far, but in talking over his work dissatisfactions I remarked on a commonplace that had escaped him. If a person is *too* intense about collecting kudos and receiving recognition, most people, being human and contrary, are likely to recoil. Paul compelled himself to become more relaxed and less an eager beaver at the hospital. To his surprise, the formidable chief of staff soon unbent and congratulated him on some of his work. Also, he learned why he hadn't been chosen to head the research project: nobody had known he wanted the post. He hadn't mentioned it. False modesty had closed his mouth.

"Both Lynn and Paul seemingly expected others to read their complex minds. Both were oversensitive and winced at imaginary slights. Both were perfectionists, ridden by compulsive ideas. Laboratory and operating-room conditions cannot be duplicated in ordinary life. When Lynn and Paul granted that the ideal is seldom achieved in a household where there are four active children, they stopped viewing their youngsters as a noisy crew of two-legged problems and found they could take pleasure in them.

"Lynn conquered her shyness and began to attend some of the medical meetings Paul so frequently addressed. She learned to discuss his work with him on equal terms or just to sit and listen—but with balance and understanding. Lynn's social life and Paul's is still rigidly restricted, a commonplace, of course, in physicians' families. But they have found two or three compatible couples, who are reconciled to making a bridge engagement or a dancing date which may be broken at the last moment. In the matter of developing mutual hobbies, Lynn and Paul were only moderately successful. They signed up for dancing lessons, but Paul is often obliged to miss a session. Lynn then goes by herself just as she goes to monthly concerts alone. Paul still enjoys pottering around his greenhouse, but he doesn't particularly welcome company. He is satisfied if Lynn is pleased with the corsages he provides. Nowadays she is knowledgeable about the prize specimens that come her way. Several afternoons of research on the raising of orchids turned the trick. Lynn tells me the hours she and Paul are able to share these days have acquired vitality and meaning. They meet in the evenings with enthusiasm, eager to talk to each other or perhaps just to sit together a few moments in companionable silence.

"Lynn and Paul counseled with me over a considerable period. Our progress wasn't continuously smooth, as was to be anticipated with two such highly organized, intellectualized people. It wasn't a simple task for Paul to rid himself entirely of his infatuation even though he no longer saw Margaret. There were occasions when Margaret still occupied his fantasies. In the seventh month of our counseling Margaret's husband sold the bookstore and the family left the state. One evening as Paul drove along the block on his way from the hospital he saw the 'For Rent' sign on the store front. He started to stop the car, then drove on as fast as the legal speed limit allowed. Abruptly he realized the old infatuation was gone and he was anxious to share that confidence with Lynn."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



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going "bye-bye"!

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Grandma's house, the beach–
babies thrive on new sights,
new sounds, ask nothing
but to be comfortable.



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Quilted for absorbency, medicated
against diaper rash.
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than any other disposable!



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and drug stores

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THE FIRE

By CHARLES G. BELL

The fire was slow kindling—it
was damp wood,
Old, and moistened by the earth
and rain.
Two times I rose to mend it
from your side,
Stirred the wet sticks and blew
the smoldering ends.
Then in the clear cold night and
clearing of the wood,
We two, under the stars, hearts
not young,
And wet with time's worse rain,
forgot the fire—

Until suddenly it was there,
every kindled point
Enforcing another, to take us by
surprise,
A brightness huge and fierce, a
living flame,
That sent up sparks to coil
among the stars—
Earth's poor matter assaulting
the night skies,
A trembling moment of
immortality . . .
That was the constellation of
our love.

We lay afterward a long time
On the plain ground—earth
where we are bred,
And watched the lattice of
transfigured wood
Slough films of gray ash and
renew its glowing;
And in the cleared space of the
dew-cold forest,
Saw now and then how a few
last sparks would rise
To brief eternity among the stars.

LOOKING OVER THE PRESIDENT'S SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

business that sent me to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston to take a graduate course in public-school music. However, I impressed the faculty and they suggested the artist's course.

In not too long a time my funds ran low. A new friend, Postello Jones, said that he would speak to his boss, Dr. Samuel W. Stratton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Cambridge, about me. Despite the fact that, other than grocery clerking and music, there was little I was qualified for, Dr. Stratton and Morris Parris, his secretary, offered to help me. If I wanted to try being a butler, Mr. Parris said he would train me.

This gentleman from an old Georgetown family of high standing knew etiquette and society backward and forward as well as I knew my chromatic scales. I confess I didn't relish the thought of being a house servant, but Mr. Parris pointed out that, if I ever did reach the heights as a concert singer, these conventions he was teaching me would give me a background of good breeding. Dr. Stratton was a connoisseur of china, silver, cut glass, crystal and period furniture. With these surroundings and with time provided for study and permission to practice in the reception hall of the school's residence for the president, I did my best to master the job.

It was an education to know and to be able to appreciate these fine things of good living. Here I met men like Thomas Edison, Otto Kahn, Lessing Rosenwald, John D. Rockefeller, Gerard Swope, President Lowell of Harvard, and the famous lady, Hetty Green. One of the most important in landing me the job at the White House was Lieutenant Frederic Butler, long since a general. He made several trips to M.I.T. in studies of Army engineering and, being a friend of Mr. Parris, always stopped at the house.

When Dr. Stratton dropped dead while talking to a reporter about the death of Thomas Edison, Lieutenant Butler proved to be a real friend to me. At the time of Dr. Stratton's death I had an agreement with Arthur Wilson, of Boston, a voice teacher of wide reputation to prepare me for my concert debut. For one year after that he was to receive 10 per cent of my earnings and for the next two years 15 per cent. Tentative arrangements were made for the concert in Jordan Hall in April of 1932.

As fate would have it, a telephone call came for me from the White House. I was startled until I heard the voice of Lieutenant Butler. He was an aide to President Hoover and Mrs. Butler was Mrs. Hoover's secretary.

I had served tea to Mrs. Hoover and her son, Mr. Allan, at Dr. Stratton's when she had visited Mr. Allan while he was at Harvard. That fleeting moment was the only time I had ever seen the First Lady. However, the lieutenant said that Mrs. Hoover felt it would be best for me to come to work at the White House, as it was likely to be a hard winter. I am sure there are still a few people around who remember the winter of 1931.

Well, it was the best and only offer I had. So, with a wife and child depending on me, my ambitious pride to be a concert singer faded into the background. Food and shelter were the paramount issues for my family. I know I should have been elated and I knew, as most people told me, that I was lucky to have a job at the White House. But I had a premonition that this was going to be a very long winter for me and that somehow, regardless of my efforts, fate might be deciding my singing career. As you can see, the winter was twenty-one years and four months long.

I went by bus to Washington in order to save money. As I traveled through Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania I could see idle factories and soup lines. Just to see jobless men gave me a depressed feeling and also a thankful feeling for, except for the grace of God, I, too, could be one of those wanderers. I wondered what the White House would be like.

Lieutenant Butler had told me to arrive at 10:30 at the east entrance of the White House and to ask the officer on duty for him. So at the appointed time I arrived and gave my name to the guard. I had a suitcase packed with a tuxedo and full dress, ready to go to work. Shortly Lieutenant Butler arrived and off we went through the long corridor of the ground floor, into the east wing of the house and on through the corridor of the main house up a winding, spiral stairs to the butlers' pantry.

There were four or five men in the pantry. Lieutenant Butler inquired for Ellis. I was told that Ellis Sampson was the head man, but he wasn't in. Then Lieutenant Butler inquired for Connie. He said, "Encarnación is the second man in charge."

He was in the dining room and we went there. In the middle of the huge room two men were polishing a great, round mahogany table. The table was centered under a big silver chandelier with 100 or more candle bulb lights. The lieutenant introduced me to Encarnación and told him I would be working on the butlers' staff. He said to me, "Connie will take care of you."

Encarnación Rodriquez was a Puerto Rican, very polite and soft-spoken. He took me back into the pantry and introduced me to the other men. I could see a puzzled expression on his face. He turned to one of the men, Robert Neal, and said, "Neal, will you show this new man the locker room?"

I was assigned a locker and I changed clothes and reported back to the pantry. When I arrived the men were all in a huddle. I could feel the conversation was about me, because upon my appearance the huddle broke up. Connie assigned me to a big tray of flat silverware and a rouge pad. I had never seen so much flatware in my life and said, "Did you

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Among the hundreds of antiseptics sold today, Mycitracin, with its 3 powerful antibiotics, gives you a new way to guard against skin infection in minor cuts, burns and scrapes.

Nearly every day, a young mother has to treat minor cuts, burns and scrapes. At this point, she has a problem. If she uses tincture of iodine, it's so harsh it may burn tender tissue—if enough is used to destroy all the bacteria. Should she use mild solutions or salves? Better than nothing, of course, but often not effective.

What, then, should be done?

For best protection, follow these simple steps:

1. If the wound is serious or fails to heal, a doctor should be consulted.

2. Minor cuts and scrapes should always be washed with water and mild soap. Most bacteria will wash out with the dirt. (Do not wash a burn.)

3. After washing, apply a nonirritating antiseptic agent to fight bacteria and cover the wound with a sterile dressing. The modern antiseptic should be a non-burning ointment containing antibiotics powerful enough to destroy bacteria promptly. Mycitracin, Upjohn's sting-free antiseptic, is just such a product.

No single antibiotic destroys all bacteria. Mycitracin contains 3 antibiotics—Neomycin, Bacitracin and Polymyxin B. The antibacterial action of the three combine to give you greater protection. Neomycin, for example, destroys 20 of the 22 bacteria most likely to cause infection in skin injuries. Bacitracin and Polymyxin B are included to protect against those bacteria on which Neomycin has no effect. In this way, Mycitracin creates a zone free of infectious bacteria around the injury, and keeps it that way as long as it is applied.

The ointment base is important, too, since it keeps the antibiotics in contact with the injured area much longer than a liquid. Mothers also appreciate the fact that Mycitracin's ointment base is stainless, odorless. Its triple antibiotic strength . . . its sting-proof, soothing formula, makes this new antiseptic a must for your medicine chest.

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have a party last night?" Connie replied, "No, just a daily routine."

After I had my lunch Mr. Neal approached Mr. Rodriquez and said, "Since Fields has his uniform, you might as well take him into the dining room tonight for dinner. As you know, Mrs. Hoover doesn't like big men. You might as well get it over with so he can be on his way back to Boston tomorrow."

I kept my poker face and went about my assignments. At last the hour approached and I was assigned to Mrs. Hoover's side of the table. I could feel the tension and I imagined that they were anticipating Mrs. Hoover's saying, "Get that big galoot out of here." (*Editors' note:* Alonzo Fields is 6′ 3″.)

The dining-room doors were open. Candles on the table were lit and the heavy drapes at the windows were drawn. Soon the President and the First Lady would enter through the open door. We stood in our positions near the table. My back was toward the door and, of course, you are ordered not to turn to see who is entering after receiving the signal that the President is approaching.

Suddenly the quietness of the silence was broken by Mrs. Hoover's voice: "Fields, I heard that you were here. I'm so glad to see you." Mrs. Hoover went on, "Father, you remember my telling you about Fields, Dr. Stratton's man?" It was the family custom of the Hoovers to address each other as "Father" and "Mother."

The President, nodding, said, "Hello, Fields."

There was an expression of amazement on the faces of the other butlers. No one said a word when we returned to the pantry for a change of service for the next course. Well, the next day the rumors had it that I had been brought there to take over as head man. "So this is the White House," I thought. "The help gossips here just like any other place."

This White House was one busy place. Three days after my arrival I was assigned to the President's medicine-ball table, which sounds like a big promotion. It did not inflate my ego, for it meant that I had to be at work at 6:30 A.M. The President played medicine ball in the south grounds of the White House with several members of his Cabinet and one member of the Supreme Court, Justice Stone. The Cabinet members were Secretary of Interior Wilbur, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke, Secretary of War Hurley, Secretary of Commerce Chapin, Attorney General Mitchell. There were also Dr.—later Admiral—Boone, the President's personal doctor, and Secretaries Richey and Newton.

Breakfast was always served under the magnolia tree said to have been planted by President Jackson in memory of his wife, Rachel, unless it rained or after a heavy snowfall. In such cases breakfast would be in the China Room on the ground floor where the presidential china of different periods is exhibited. Serving breakfast in a jacket during the cool spring and fall mornings wasn't too pleasant, especially when just about as you started to pour a cup of coffee the weeping leaves of the magnolia would drip cold tears on the back of your neck. You had to anticipate those tears or else jump out of your skin.

The President and his ballplayers were wrapped up in blankets like so many Indians. Breakfast would consist of grapefruit, toast and coffee. You never knew just how many to prepare for. You would set up for fourteen or fifteen and, as they played, count noses from a distance to see who might have come in at the last minute with a guest. One guest we always depended on was Mark Sullivan, the newspaper columnist.

There would be fifteen or twenty minutes of discussion of the happenings on The Hill, advice from the Attorney General as to the legality of certain moves, and the feel of the public by Mr. Sullivan and members of the Cabinet, as well as Justice Stone. The President seldom led in these discussions, but listened and asked questions. Then he would leave after the second cup of coffee had been poured.

On leaving the table he would say to Mr. Sullivan, "Coming, Mark?" The President would go to his room and freshen up to join Mrs. Hoover for breakfast, usually in the Monroe Room on the second floor.

Breakfast was always on time at eight o'clock. In fact, the Hoovers were punctual with all meals and each detail had to be as precise as a ritual. Luncheon was at one o'clock and dinner at eight. The Hoovers were most formal. At dinner the President always wore a dinner jacket, and all meals except breakfast were served in the State Dining Room—even the very few times when the President would dine alone. Often just the President and First Lady would dine together in this formal setting.

Dinner always consisted of several courses—an entree, soup, fish, dinner, salad, dessert and a fruit course. After each service you took your position and stood at attention. Above all you must show no interest in the



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versation. To smile at some joking remark, rheard, would mean the last time you went the dining room. You approached the e to change services in a dignified, alive ner, but never rushing or hurried. There st be no scraping of plates. The tinkle of er or china on the Italian marble-topped ing tables would invite a report to the d man if he didn't see or hear you.

it was a family meal the Hoovers would re to the second floor after the fruit course the demitasse, perhaps to the Oval Room the West Hall. Mrs. Hoover sometimes k tea in a demitasse instead of her decaffein- l coffee, so you always had a pot of each her.

hese were the days of prohibition, and ugh some of the President's friends might e had some home-brew at home, not so this Quaker gentleman. He disapproved

TEEVEE *LA DIFFÉRENCE!*

By PHILENE HAMMER

What are little boys made of,
made of?
What are little boys made of? . . .
Mickey Mouse ears, Roy Rogers
boots,
Bat Masterson canes, Paladin
suits,
Donald Duck jargon, Howdy
Doody puns,
And genuwine, official U.S.
Marshal guns . . .
That's what little boys are
made of.

What are little girls made of,
made of?
What are little girls made of? . . .
Mickey Mouse ears, Roy Rogers
boots,
Bat Masterson canes, Paladin
suits,
Donald Duck jargon, Howdy
Doody puns,
And genuwine, official Annie
Oakley guns . . .
That's what little girls are
made of.

omen's smoking, so no smokes were served adies at any functions. Mrs. Hoover would ely tell ladies that the President didn't ove of women's smoking.

he President was a cigar smoker. This re- ls me of an incident during the serving a in the Green Parlor for Lady Astor and Lordship. The President seldom attended In fact, he didn't drink tea. So when we alerted that he would be present we al- prepared orangeade for him.

e arrived after the tea had been in progress few minutes. He greeted Lady Astor and Lordship and apologized for being tardy. rved the orangeade to the President as l. When he had finished he placed the on a little serving table and asked per- on to smoke, which naturally was ted. He pulled out a cigar, took off the per and tossed it into the empty glass, ugh an ash tray was nearby. Encarnación ot see the wrapper in the glass. He ap- ched the President and inquired if he d for another glass of orangeade. Before ld signal, Connie had filled the glass. The dent lifted it to drink and saw the wrap- Without hesitating, he took the wrapper with his fingers and drank the orangeade, placed the wrapper in the ash tray. Poor nie nearly had a stroke. He was afraid Hoover had seen the incident, for there little she missed in a breach of service.

The first state dinner I served was given by the President in honor of the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Grandi. Many people were excited over Il Duce Mussolini, Premier of Italy, and Grandi was making a state visit. The huge horseshoe table was set with the famous Monroe gold-mirrored plaque in seven sections, about twenty feet long and two and a half feet wide, with bowls of flowers reflected in the mirror. The tall gold candelabra each held a cluster of forty-four candles, and tall gold epergnes were filled with fruit, with luscious Belgian grapes in bunches draping over the sides. The gold table flatware was laid out on the finest white damask linen. Two high-backed chairs stood at the center of the table for the President and First Lady, across from each other. Small gold chairs were placed around the inside and outside of the table, with a cluster of palms forming a background in the open space of the horseshoe.

This was the White House dining room in all its glory. There were ninety guests for the dinner. Ten services were required to serve the party, nine guests to a service and two butlers at each service. The White House was then and still is inadequate for serving a large party because of the size of the pantry. It is so designed that there isn't much that can be done about this situation.

The horseshoe-type table was built by carpenters of different-sized tables according to the requirements of the dinner party. The smallest-type table seated 65 guests and the largest size seated 104. I understand that the Eisenhowers are using an E type table now on state occasions. We talked of such a table during the Roosevelt Administration, but that was as far as it went.

The largest table went within four feet of the walls on the outside of the horseshoe. Butlers serving on the far side of the table had to cross through the Red Room. Men

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

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Mrs. Clemens A. Beering, 2317—21st Ave., San Francisco, Calif.



"I was bothered with a nagging backache for years. Repeated medical check-ups showed nothing wrong physically. My mother (she's a nurse) suggested I try sleeping on the Sealy *Posturepedic* for better back support. Believe it or not, I haven't had any trouble since. And that mattress makes for mighty comfortable sleeping, too!"

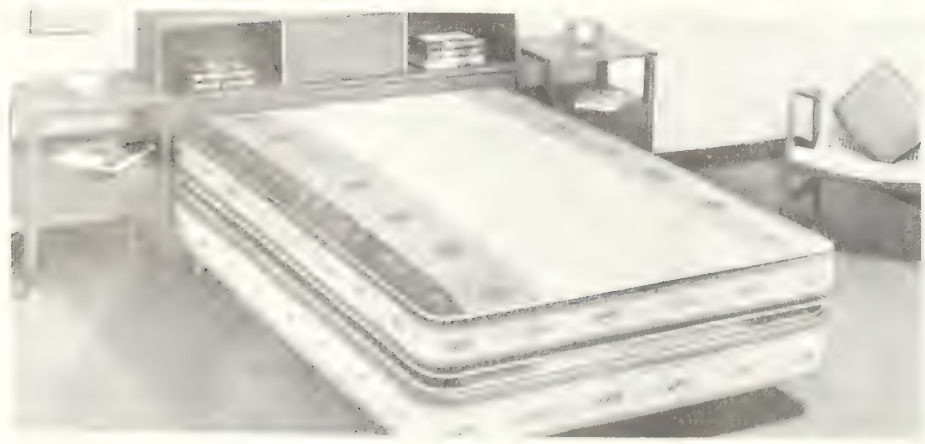
Richard A. Brumbach, 17107 Chatfield Ave., Cleveland, Ohio



"I used to have back trouble and now that I sleep on a Sealy *Posturepedic* I don't have it any more. I know it was the mattress that did the trick because when I was away from home and slept on a soft one, my backache started again. It went away when I got back on my own mattress."

Mrs. Erwin Schleich, 6019 N. Newburg, Chicago, Ill.

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*No morning backache from a too-soft mattress!

Sealy

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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

rving the inside curve of the table had to ter the room first, with others following in tation. The pantry, at that time a long rrow room with an old-fashioned manual mb-waiter, was useless for a party. Platters food had to be passed up a spiral stairway a chain line of pantry crew, and some of the tlers also went down to the kitchen by the ck stairs for their service. It is a wonder at the food could be kept hot.

Well, the dinner started off with a crab-meat cktail, soup julienne, Melba toast, curled lery and olives, broiled fillet of sole with tar- e sauce, sliced tomatoes and whole-wheat- ead cucumber sandwiches, roast boned key, string beans and potatoes au gratin, een salad with Camembert cheese. For des- t there were replica ice-cream molds of the hite House, with the Belgian grapes served th the mints.

Then the ladies retired to the Green Room demitasses and the gentlemen to the Red oom for demitasses and smokes. The only sses on the table were for mineral water.

When you are invited to dine at the White ouse you can be certain at a state dinner at you will be at the same table with the esident, even if you are perhaps fifty or ninety ats removed from him. The President is ways first in the room, first to leave the ole, and first to be served at all meals—even e family meals. So the butlers are always in- ucted to watch for the signal from the head n to begin servings. Any infraction of this

I can see how it might be possible for a man to look down upon the earth and be an atheist, but I cannot conceive how a man could look up into the heavens and say there is no God.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

e would mean only one warning. Even the rst Lady keeps her eye on the head man r the end of the dinner for his signal to let know that all her guests have finished. th this signal she acquaints the President t he may lead the way for coffee.

Grandi had a suave, hand-kissing style and ladies appeared very excited. It was amus- to watch some of them flutter as he would s their hands. Of course he was slim, dark d I suppose handsome, and the Old World l-clicking style did give him a romantic r. On departing from a room, in the pres- e of ladies, he would back away about five es, click his heels and bow. And before he ssed through the doorway he would again k his heels and bow.

The gathering of a state dinner is very color- . Military aides from all the services in their ss uniforms escort the ladies to the East om. The husbands always look sort of ttended, tagging along while the ladies ng on the arm of an aide. In the East Room aide in charge announces their names and other introduces them to their dinner part- s. After all the guests have arrived the es line up on both sides of the red carpet ding from the elevator to the door of the te Dining Room. The dining-room doors opened, the uniformed butlers at their sta- ns, and the head man in the center of the rance.

Then the President and the First Lady, h their aides, proceed to the East Room ough the cordon of aides. The Marine Band the lobby strikes up *Hail to the Chief* until y arrive at the East Room and the aide charge announces the President and the st Lady.

Guests file around and when all of them e been received the entire procession re- ns down the red carpet to the dining room. ests are given cards showing the position their seats. After they are all seated the d man signals to start serving the meal.

Well, many such dinners were to follow, s receptions, teas, christenings, birthday ties and farewell dinners. I shall always re- mber a governors' convention held in Virginia, I believe in the spring of 1932. President Hoover had invited the governors to dine at the White House.

The man being mentioned as likely to be the Democratic candidate for President was the governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt. We were instructed to have a different type of chair for him and a strong man to attend his chair. The head man said to me, "Fields, I am assigning you to Mr. Roosevelt's chair. They say he is going to be the Democratic candidate for the White House, so he may be the boss around here this time next year."

When the governor of New York arrived he created a sensation. He came by the south grounds because he would have to use the elevator. Ike Hoover, the chief usher, took his two top doormen, John Mays and Charles Green—one to help the governor out of his car and the other to man the elevator.

Ike Hoover greeted the governor and the governor greeted him like a long-lost friend, shaking hands. Then he turned to Mays and held out his hand, saying, "Well, John Mays, how are you?" You would have thought Mays was an old friend, too, and as they approached the elevator Governor Roosevelt kept up a running conversation.

On reaching the elevator and seeing Green, the governor gave the same greeting, laughing and talking all the way up. The men were flabbergasted because it had been nearly twenty years since any of them had seen Franklin Roosevelt and they were not prepared for such informality. Soon the White House buzzed with the news. President Hoover seldom spoke to anyone and of course orders were not to speak unless spoken to. When he did speak, it was news.

Next morning at the medicine-ball breakfast everyone chattered about the possibility of the governor from New York being a presidential candidate. Some thought the Democrats would not dare to nominate an invalid. Others thought he would be easy to defeat since the American people wouldn't elect a disabled man. Others said he had a marvelous torso and a fascinating, warm, sincere voice and smile and he might impress the radio and newsreel audiences. The breakfast ended with the thought that Franklin Roosevelt, despite his infirmities, was no doubt the most exciting among the possible candidates the Democrats might offer up for the slaughter in the 1932 election.

The time came when there was another medicine-ball breakfast. It was the morning after the all-night balloting at the Chicago convention. Breakfast was as usual under the magnolia tree. In the doctor's office there was a radio which had been placed in the window so that it could be heard during the breakfast. The Democrats had nominated the governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt, as their candidate for President and, with some members of his family, he startled the country by flying to the convention to accept the nomination.

The renomination of President Hoover was merely a formality. *The Literary Digest* had the President away out in front in its prediction polls, but somehow the medicine-ball breakfast group showed signs of anxiety and an effort was made to get Mr. Coolidge to come out in defense of the party's economic program. The former President took his time before he committed himself to making a nationwide broadcast. Well, the former President made his speech and at the medicine-ball breakfast the next morning the table wasn't too enthused over his efforts. But, on the whole, they thought he had helped the cause.

It was rumored around the White House that ex-President Coolidge wasn't too fond of President Hoover. There were many stories about President Coolidge, how he was always nosing around the kitchen and the help's dining room. There is one such story of how, after one of these visits, he told Mrs. Coolidge, "Mamma, those white folks are eating up my maple syrup and the colored folks haven't any on their table."

Yes, the White House had two dining rooms for the help. From then on, for fear that the President might pay an unexpected visit, it

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was seen to that the colored help's table had the same food as appeared on the other dining-room table.

Separate dining rooms for the white and colored help existed until the Roosevelt Administration ended this by the simple process of eliminating white help in household capacities except for the housekeeper. The gardeners, carpenters and electricians did not have their meals in the White House. However, at Hyde Park, whenever the colored help went there to serve the President, they were not permitted to eat in the dining room for the help. They had to eat in the kitchen. Of course at the White House, with Virginia so nearby, the separate dining rooms could be attributed to the influence of that state's policy, but in New York you did not expect this. So I had my reservations concerning the White House as an example for the rest of the country.

The defeat of President Hoover was a shock to most of the people on the staff and of course *The Literary Digest* lost face for its poll-taking predictions. Somehow I was not too disturbed over the change of Administrations. I still had hopes of being able to return to Boston and to my singing. How, I didn't know, without a job. But I felt that as long as I had a job at the White House, I would not find time to sing or study. So the White House up to this time had not made much of an impression on me except for the Christmas following the election when I was invited to sing in the East Room for the party given for the help. Of course the President and First Lady were absent, but despite this I had my day and a very appreciative audience gave me reason to believe they enjoyed my renditions. To this day, that afternoon before Christmas Eve in 1932 was the most thrilling experience in all the twenty-one years in the White House.

It was my day off when Mrs. Roosevelt and a newspaper friend of hers, Miss Lorena Hickok, visited the White House, as it is the custom for the incoming First Lady to meet the present First Lady and be escorted over the house, to meet the help and decide about changes, if any. Of course the changes are later communicated to the chief usher.

When this list arrived it included the white chambermaids, chief cook, second cook and kitchen maids, all Irish girls who had come to the White House during the Coolidge Administration. Mrs. Roosevelt brought a housekeeper and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt. Mr. Nesbitt took over the storeroom where many of the personal presents for the first family and other materials were received. Mrs. Roosevelt also brought Miss Ida Allen as head cook; Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, second cook; McDuffie, a valet, and his wife, Mrs. Lizzie McDuffie, as a maid; and two butlers, James Mingo and James Reynolds. Ellis Sampson, the head butler, had been transferred and we all assumed that one of the men Mrs. Roosevelt was bringing would be the head butler.

On the morning of the inauguration Ellis served breakfast and told the President and Mrs. Hoover good-by. He had a job in the Treasury Department. No one, including Encarnación, the second man, knew exactly what to expect. He had no instructions to take over, yet we all expected him to take charge, at least for Inauguration Day.

March 4, 1933, my first inauguration, was not only a hard, long day but one filled with mixed emotions and confusion. No one had a plan of what to do except that we did have a menu from Mrs. Roosevelt. For luncheon she had ordered 50 covers, and bouillon, salmon salad, chicken salad, whole-wheat and white-bread-and-butter sandwiches, coffee and tea and plenty of milk. She added ice cream and cake.

There were to be 3000 covers for tea with assorted sandwiches, buttered nut bread, tea, coffee, punch, cake and cookies. The dinner menu was oyster stew, crackers, scrambled eggs and sausages, fried potatoes, creamed chicken, peas, buttered rolls, buttered biscuits, jellies and jams, charlotte russe and coffee.

For luncheon she didn't want any tables set up, but just to have a few tables nearby. We had a buffet in the center of the dining room. It was a sick-looking table with chicken salad, salmon salad, bouillon, bread-and-butter sandwiches, coffee, tea and plenty of milk.

The President came into the dining room on Mr. James Roosevelt's arm. We hustled a table to a spot he requested. Encarnación served the President his bouillon and I rushed over with Mrs. Roosevelt's, but when I reached her she merely smiled and moved away to the table and started serving tea and coffee to the guests.

I stood there holding her bouillon. Well, we were flabbergasted. A First Lady, with all the help we had, rushing off to serve the guests, and the help didn't know what to do! She was really in our way and the order of service was disrupted. No one gave any priority to the President. The guests took what they wanted and we just tried to do our best and acted as if we knew what it was all about.

Someone asked for ice cream before the bouillon had been finished. In fact, we never knew what was what after the First Lady started serving at the buffet table. The guests finished with their lunch and were leaving without waiting for the President to finish.

Encarnación said, "I don't understand these people. They eat ice cream with their bouillon."

If that luncheon was such confusion, how were we to set up the horseshoe table for 75 people to serve oyster stew, scrambled eggs and sausages, fried potatoes, creamed chicken, buttered rolls and biscuits and buttered peas?

BRIDE SONG

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

I wear my best love every day.
"Extravagant!" the gossips say:
But love, like linen, smooths with care
And softer grows for daily wear.

Perhaps I seem to overdress—
It's just this trousseau-happiness
In which, at last, I've found my style.
Oh, *nothing* fits like one's own smile!

Encarnación asked Ike Hoover, "How do we serve such a dinner at a horseshoe table?"

Mr. Hoover said, "Your guess is just as good as mine."

I spoke up and said, "Connie, this isn't a formal dinner, even though they will all be in evening clothes. This is just a New England countryman's supper, so do not use the gold service. Use the silver. After we serve the oyster stew and crackers, serve the scrambled eggs, sausages, fried potatoes, creamed chicken, peas, hot rolls, biscuits, jellies and jams."

He said, "All on one plate?"

I said, "Yes; and do not expect to serve demitasses. Have coffee and tea and milk ready. After passing the bread and jams, place plates of bread and jams at intervals on the tables."

Before we had finished serving the oyster stew Mrs. Roosevelt said, "We will have the coffee and tea and milk with the dinner."

So Connie said to me, "Mr. Fields, you were right."

I said, "Yes, Connie, these people are going to throw Old Man Protocol and formality right out the window, from what little I have seen."

Well, the guests finished their dinners just as they willed, saying, "I must be going." Sometimes Mrs. Roosevelt would say, "Franklin, Joe"—or Jane—"is leaving now." The President would smile and say, "Well, Joe, it was good of you to come. We'll see you later. Have a good time."

This was going on all through the dinner—— And to think that just twenty-four hours earlier no one would have thought of leaving the table before the President!

I have told you about the luncheon and dinner, but to my mind the worst attempt at serving a party was the tea that afternoon for 3000. It was chaos. In the center of the State Dining Room was a table about twenty feet long and in the small dining room was another table not so long. In no time the tables were completely surrounded by guests, eight and ten deep. No one could get to the table and those who were there couldn't get out, nor could they drink their tea or coffee because the crowd was pinning them fast. The butlers couldn't get to the tables to replenish or remove the soiled dishes and many guests left in disgust. But to those in charge it was the best that could be done with a bad situation. Little did I realize that four years later on an inaugural day I would be given the chance to prove whether or not I could plan a better system of handling large parties at the White House.

Inauguration Day of 1933 was on Saturday, and from 6:30 A.M. until 1 A.M. Sunday had been our workday. Every room in the White House was filled and Mrs. Roosevelt had scheduled breakfast for eight o'clock the next morning. There were to be trays for the President and Mrs. Sara Roosevelt, the President's mother.

Right off we learned that being on time for meals was not one of the Roosevelts' virtues, and in all the twelve years, I can count on one hand the times that they were on time for a meal. Ida Allen, Mrs. Roosevelt's cook, took over for the breakfast and she seemed not to be in the least disturbed. She smiled when she was told that breakfast would be at eight o'clock. It was eight o'clock before she started the sausages.

Poor Encarnación was upset. He said, "We sure do not want to be late on their first morning."

She said, "Don't worry. You will be serving breakfast at twelve if I know these people." And she knew them, for we served our last breakfast at noon Sunday.

I had often thought what a relief it would be not to have to serve the medicine-ball breakfast. But after just one or two mornings of serving a Roosevelt breakfast you would sit back and say, "Oh, for the good old days!" However, one is lost if one isn't quick to adjust, and before you knew it you had become a part of what at first struck you as impossible. These Roosevelts were a fascinating family—they did not seem to give a hoot if you did or did not like them, for they were enjoying themselves.

The Roosevelts were not hard to please. You did not have to worry about noises in the pantry as in the Hoover Administration when you had to tiptoe while washing the dishes. In fact, you were told not to wash dishes during the serving of dinner. (The pantry crew would ease a few through, for, with dinner served at eight o'clock and seven courses, there would be quite a pile of dishes to clean up.) Well, the Roosevelts kept up so much noise in the dining room that washing dishes in the pantry did not create a problem.

The butlers did not have to stand in the dining room during a family meal or an informal guest dinner. Mrs. Roosevelt had a bell, but many a time we could hardly hear it in the pantry. We would peek through the glass in the dining room and keep our eyes on Mrs. Roosevelt to watch when she would ring. So within a few days this family had the old White House rocking with their gaiety and laughter.

On March 8 Ike Hoover called the staff of butlers together and said, "Encarnación, you have been acting as chief butler for these few days, as you are the assistant chief. You are still the assistant chief butler. Fields, you are the chief butler."

So on that day I took full charge of the White House staff of butlers. I had not expressed any desire for the job and was most surprised. I could not very well say no, for the extra money would help out the family, but, with the new job, I knew I would have no time for singing.

Encarnación was a most excellent assistant, but he was no longer a young man. He had served the Coolidges and Hoovers and, though these Administrations were busy, there was a quiet routine about the entertaining. He was bewildered by this new lack of routine when you had to anticipate last-minute changes. Nothing upsets help more than to disturb a table setting five or ten minutes before the time for the meal. You were likely to have to add five or six to the setting, or remove that number. Often the President and guests would be coming into the dining room before you could complete the changes.

The Roosevelts used the small dining room, better known as the breakfast room, for all meals except breakfast and for formal dinners of over thirty people. Of course all state affairs were held in the State Dining Room. Breakfast was served in the West Hall and each morning you moved furniture to set up for a number that could only be estimated from a note the ushers would post on a bulletin board, written by Mrs. Roosevelt. That is, if you could read her writing. Anyway you would take it, you were playing a guessing game as to how many to expect and what she meant for you to do.

The breakfast coffee cups were the oversized hunting breakfast cups and the traditional Roosevelt coffee was half coffee and half hot milk. Of course there was cream for those who took cream. Mrs. Roosevelt always poured the coffee and sometimes there would be so many of these huge cups that we had to place a side table near her, for we could not pile them on the table beside her. She used left- and right-hand pots to execute the pouring of coffee and milk.

The President always had a tray in his room which McDuffie, the valet, would take up. The coffee for the President was a deep black French roast, prepared in the kitchen. I mean we roasted the green coffee beans to any degree we wanted. However, the President's coffee was a much deeper roast than we used for the family, and it was freshly ground. The coffeemaker was placed on the tray so the President could control the brewing of the coffee.

Since breakfast was more or less a state of confusion, this was just the beginning. Each day was equally the same. In comparison with the Hoover Administration, it was like being used to dining in the Waldorf-Astoria and then in a cafeteria. Though the food was good and wholesome, let us say its presentation was poorly done, with no desire to please or excite the appetite.

As if the Roosevelt family was not large enough, from time to time we had others who required special care and attention, and often they were more difficult to please than the family. The first of these permanent guests was Mr. Louis Howe, the President's close adviser of political know-how. He was catered to by all the members of the family, admired and to all appearances loved and respected for his advice.

Mr. Howe was not a well man and most of the time kept to his room, which was the small Lincoln Room. He had the most unusual breakfast. I did not wonder at his not being too well. He would have cold codfish cakes with catchup and Tabasco sauce, and a meal pone made with white meal without shortening and so tight you could hardly break it with both hands. And he smoked as he ate.

This gentleman from Indiana had a way about him and he was just as gruff with the President as with anyone else. One day during the serving of tea to the President the British ambassador he neared the room and heard voices. He inquired, "Who is there with Franklin?"

I said it was the British ambassador.

He said, "I want to see Franklin. Tell him when he is through with that bloke to come to my room."

So I thought, "Me tell the President if you want him to come to your room?" When the ambassador left I told the President that Mr. Howe wanted to see him.

He said, "Louis wants to see me? What's he?"

I said, "In his room, sir."

The President said, "Get McDuffie." I called McDuffie and the President

CONTINUED ON PAG



Joy saves your hands for nicer things than dishwashing

It's when you're doing tender little things like this that you (and he) really appreciate how soft and pretty Joy leaves your hands. Joy's different from other dishwashing liquids. Joy has a mildness you can *see* on your hands. That's because it's as mild as a bubble bath. You try Joy and see how it helps keep your hands nice, for all the nice things they have to do.



Mild as a bubble bath to your hands

JOY HAS A MILDNESS YOU CAN SEE ON YOUR HANDS



New soft plastic bottle

"Bring the chair, Mac. I got to go to Louis' room. He wants to see me."

So that was Louis Howe. When he sent for any member of the family, there was no hesitation. They went and they listened.

Another permanent guest was Miss LeHand, the President's personal secretary. She had quarters which had been the housekeeper's in the Hoover Administration. Miss LeHand was a very pleasant and ladylike person and was very easy to please. She remained, like Mr. Howe, until she lost her health, and she was loved by all of the servants.

One of Mrs. Roosevelt's first acts of social change was to lift the ban on ladies' smoking. Though Mrs. Roosevelt did not really smoke, she would ask for the cigarettes to be passed and would take one and go through the motions of smoking. Anyone knew she did not really know how to smoke. After she had established the custom of ladies' smoking in the White House she stopped taking the smokes when they were passed.

The first formal dinner was the Cabinet dinner. This proved to be quite a task for me to maneuver diplomatically for the type of dinner that would be expected in the White House. Mrs. Nesbitt, the housekeeper, Miss Allen, the cook, and myself would meet in the housekeeper's office and plan the meals. The housekeeper's idea of a state dinner was that of an inn's banquet, and the cook was going along with the idea. Food was to be plated up individually. I was told there would be no waste, as in the Hoover Administration, and that Mrs. Roosevelt did not believe in elaborate dinners.

I told them that the dinner they were planning would certainly greatly change what had usually been expected of the White House and that I was sure Mrs. Roosevelt had dined at the White House and knew the customs. Why not consult her before we submitted menus for her to select?

Mrs. Roosevelt did turn thumbs down on the banquet-type service where food was served in the kitchen on the plates, but she cut off two courses. If there was an entree, soup would usually be cut out. If there were an entree and soup, the fish course would be omitted. And no fruit course.

Soon the word got around that the White House food was terrible and of course the blame was put on Mrs. Nesbitt. The President said he could always tell by the day of the week what he would have for lunch. The Roosevelts could have been the easiest people in the world to plan meals for. They would try almost anything they had not eaten before, and they liked almost everything. So you could plan weeks ahead without repeating and always have a meal that would be exciting and appealing for them.

Mrs. Roosevelt was a moderate eater without any particular fondness for any one kind of food. The President also was a moderate eater, but he had a particular fondness for all wild game, curried chicken, and pigs' feet in a sweet-sour sauce. It was this type of pigs' feet that he requested to be served at luncheon for just the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, and himself.

Princess Martha of Norway, who lived at Pookshill, Maryland, during the war, had a cook who often prepared pigs' feet in this style and she had brought the President this dish. He had a twinkle in his eye when he said, "Let's have them for luncheon tomorrow for the Prime Minister."

When luncheon was served and the Prime Minister started to help himself, he inquired, "What is this?"

He was told, "Sir, this is pigs' feet."

He said, "Pigs' feet? I never heard of them," and then heartily helped himself. After tasting them he said, "Very good, but sort of slimy."

The President laughed and said, "Yes, they are a bit, but I am fond of them. Sometime we will have some of them fried."

Whereupon the Prime Minister replied, "No, thank you. I do not believe I would care for them fried." Then they both had a hearty laugh.

Prohibition had been abolished, making it necessary to send for barrels of glassware which had been packed up and stored away when the prohibition amendment went into effect. We found some rare cut glass and crystal dating back to the Harrison Administration, including wineglasses of all descriptions. In no time at all gifts from wine manufacturers poured into the White House—even Japanese saki. Very little of it was palatable for the table, but we would serve a spiked punch and a fruit punch at receptions, so I experimented with combinations of wine to develop a punch to use up the gift wines.

The spiked punch always went over big. Even with the most sedate groups, when we served 35 to 45 gallons of fruit punch we would need an average of 110 gallons of spiked punch for a crowd of 1200, and most likely I would have to draw on a reserve supply. I first thought that, because of the newness of lifting the prohibition law, this consumption of spiked punch would wear off, but in the years to follow the averages kept steady.

There were five official receptions each social season—the Diplomatic, Judicial, Congressional, Departmental, and the Army and Navy. You could grade these receptions on estimates of quantities and qualities of food and drinks. The diplomats never eat much or drink too much because these people are continually on the go and, come tomorrow, they must do this same thing over. At the Judicial receptions the higher echelon, like the diplomats, eat little and drink lightly, but the lower echelon can sort of step it up for you. So the general pattern of Judicial, Congressional and Departmental receptions is that business will be slow around the punch bowls until after the bigwigs have been down the line. However, the Army and Navy must have had very few bigwigs or big brass, for within fifteen minutes after the line started moving the rush would be on until the end. For the newspaper and radio press parties and receptions you opened the doors and tried to keep the bowls filled.

So I made my estimates by what information the social room would supply. If it was a political club, church organization or delegates at a convention, you had to remember that any affair at the White House is really an outing plus the fact of taking home to little Ann or Mary a cooky from the White House. Eighty per cent will take two helpings, 75 per cent three helpings, and another 30 per cent four helpings. I have seen people load their plates with five and six sandwiches and cakes. The more varieties of cakes, cookies and sandwiches there are, the more some people just must sample each kind.

Mrs. Roosevelt invented the double-header teas. I am sure most First Ladies called it a day after receiving 400 or 500 people in an afternoon. However, Mrs. Roosevelt would schedule two different groups—one at 4:00 P.M. and another at 5:00 P.M. There would be 400 or 500 in each group.

This meant that after the first group was cleaned out, you had about thirty minutes to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion. It's the kind that comes in those moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



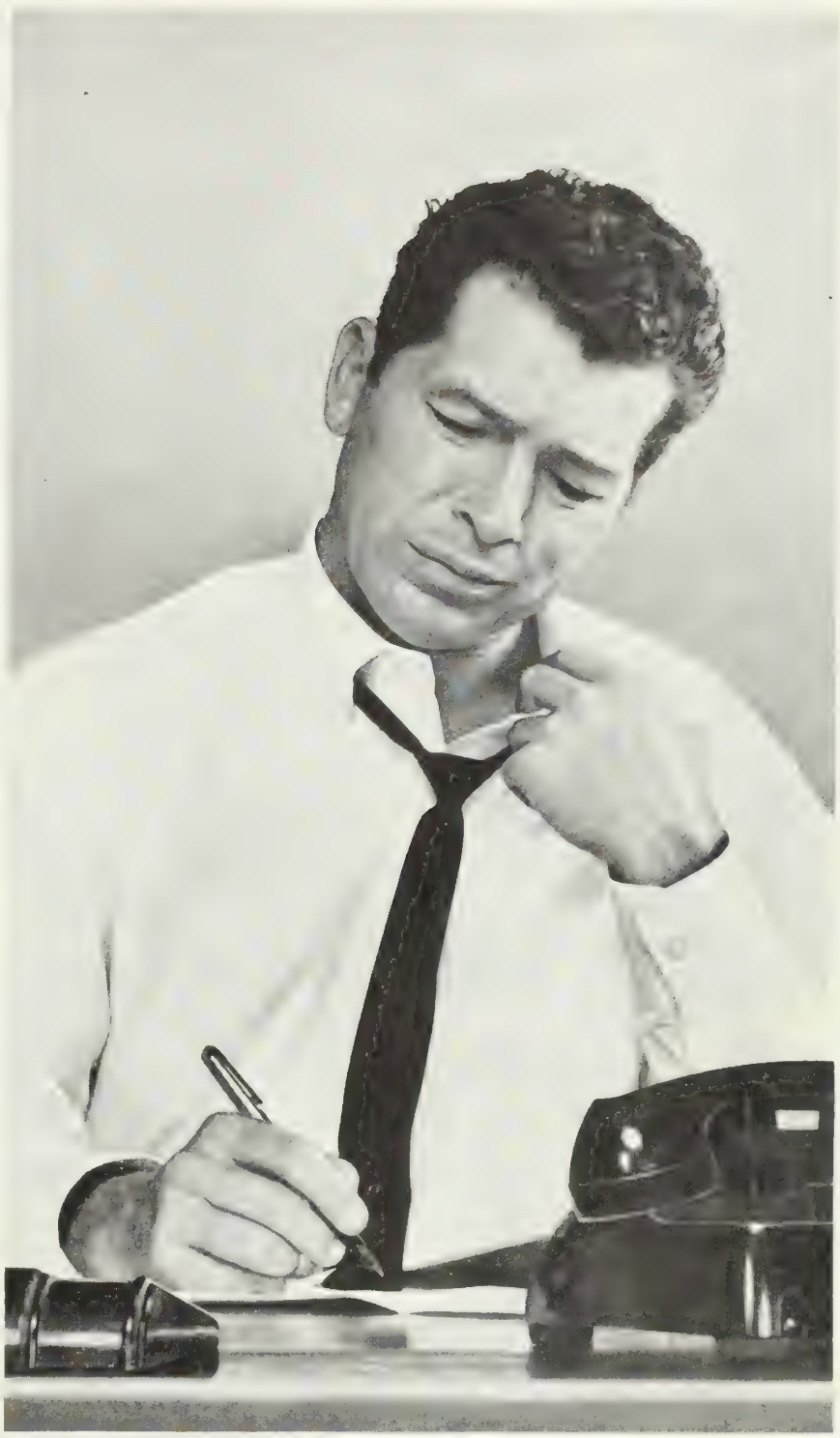
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Show you suds-proof dirt? Look inside any shirt collar. Deposits of this same stubborn soil lock themselves into almost everything you launder. And it's a build-up of suds-proof dirt that makes a wash go gray.

Clorox takes over where suds leave off. Good detergent will loosen much of the dirt. Clorox goes after what's left . . . cleans in a way suds can't. Regular use of Clorox, with its special *dissolving* action, actually melts suds-proof dirt away . . . leaves your washes cleaner than even the best detergents alone can make them.

Next wash, ground-in grime, or simply soiled, see for yourself...

Clorox actually dissolves suds-proof dirt that makes clothes gray!



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VIRGIN
is to olive oil



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Jic's *Golden Crest Canisters* with matching Cookie Jar. In White, Beige, Copper, at leading stores.

Cookie Jar $2.98

REPUBLIC'S
Polly Flex
HOUSEWARES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

re-dress your table with fresh china, cloths and food. I was told by old-timers that it could not be done. I had the carpenters build a 40-foot table across the west wall in front of the fireplace in the State Dining Room. The table was filled with assortments of cookies, cakes, sandwiches, nuts and candy. All the serving tables at the sides and end of the dining room would also be filled with this assortment.

I had six services of trays, holding ten cups of tea or coffee. These were passed to the guests as they entered the dining room, with a crew of girls pouring tea and coffee in the small dining room which was used as a serving pantry. Each trip to the state room by the waiters meant 60 cups of tea and coffee and six trips could be made in twelve minutes and 360 guests served. This left only 70 cups of tea or coffee to be served at either end of the table, yet the guests were all served and had time to eat. As soon as they finished the aides and ushers moved them along, explaining there was another party waiting.

When the chief usher told me Mrs. Roosevelt's plans for these double-header teas he said she wanted the cost to be kept at the minimum. All sandwiches had to be prepared in the pantry. No buying from a caterer. Sandwiches that cost from $5 to $10 a hundred I found could be made by a pantry crew for $1.50 a hundred, including labor.

When I first went to M.I.T., I was told by Mr. Parris, "If you can prepare for six, you can prepare for six thousand. You merely multiply." During those days most anyone was being invited to the White House, and without a doubt this is the way it should be, for, after all, the White House belongs to the people. I am sure Mrs. Roosevelt didn't refuse any group admittance and nothing delighted her more than to give them a sip of tea, coffee or lemonade and cookies. But even just to hand 500 to 800 people a glass of water means work.

Mrs. Roosevelt had great stamina and a capacity for greeting people, and a big party today didn't mean that she would rest tomorrow. When you finished today's party, you merely crossed it off your list, for tomorrow there might be a formal luncheon for 50 or 60 ladies, a social family dinner at night with perhaps 25 to 30 guests, and a movie starting near ten o'clock with refreshments afterward. And again the next day another double-header tea, if she didn't take off on a trip somewhere and want a 6:30 breakfast. She seemed never to tire.

When I had finished a party, before leaving for home, I would check my orders for the next day, check the list of help required and assignments and make up the list for the Secret Service and police guards. You seldom hear a compliment, but just let something go wrong, and you will hear the bad news. So you checked and double-checked. Even if the President and the First Lady were pleased (and they were always the easiest to please), it was a day of real accomplishment when the help, too, were pleased with your efforts.

The mass production of teas and receptions created a souvenir seekers' problem. Mostly it was linen tea napkins and the less expensive electroplated silver used for such large parties. We were not in the least bit snobbish, but we had to face the facts of life.

It was really commendable of the First Lady to invite so many people of different walks of life to a tea or reception. Many of the Washington elite made snobbish remarks that everyone was going to the White House. One lady said that she had let her maid off for the afternoon, since she was invited to a tea at the White House. To her amazement, she saw the maid in the receiving line ahead of her. This was more than she could stand, so she feigned a sudden illness and left.

There is no truth in that story, I am sure, but people will talk.

Souvenir seekers posed a diplomatic problem. You dared not accuse anyone of taking a souvenir. Like the time when a lady guest had packed a silver tray in a bag to take with her. She was having trouble closing the bag and in the meantime breakfast was announced, so she asked the maid if she would fasten the bag.

The maid started to rearrange the clothing so that the bag would close and discovered a fourteen-inch silver tray bought for the White House in 1898 and inscribed "The President's House." She called me and asked what she must do.

She said, "Maybe Mrs. Roosevelt gave the tray to her. Should I tell the chief usher?"

I told her to say nothing to anyone and that I would take the tray back to the pantry. I was sure Mrs. Roosevelt had not given the lady the tray, for not even Mrs. Roosevelt could dispose of it. The White House and all its furnishings were merely being loaned to her by the people of the United States while the President was working for them.

HINT TO A BRAND-NEW HUSBAND

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

It isn't that wives are sneaky
exactly.
It's just that they don't act
matter-of-factly.
They ask for mink . . . oh, they ask
quite clearly,
But do it when you're asleep or
nearly,
Then take your nodding for kind
assent.
They swear they yearn to sleep in a
tent.
And camping with you is all they
beseech.
Then they buy clothes for a month
at the beach.

It isn't that wives are devious.
No, boy,
It's just that the men deliver the
lowboy
Before they mention they happened
to buy one,
And a lowboy's cheaper a lot than a
high one.
Oh, certainly wives aren't
underhanded.
The angels in heaven are not more
candid
Than loving wives as they hug and
thank you
For letting them once again
outflank you!

The maid said, "What if she should look into her bag before she leaves and ask about it?"

I laughed and said, "The lady will never question you about this, and if she ever returns as a guest she will be ashamed to look you in your eyes."

The Roosevelts inaugurated so many social events, like the movie stars' luncheon and the luncheon the Cabinet ladies gave for the Senate ladies. I should like to tell about the Cabinet ladies' luncheon for the Senate ladies. This was always a garden-party luncheon, weather permitting.

First we would have a luncheon for the Cabinet ladies at which they planned the menu for the party for the Senate ladies and decided which part of the menu each Cabinet lady would donate. Here I must say these Cabinet ladies were no different from any group of church ladies getting ready for a church supper. Some ladies could always be depended on to supply quantity and quality, while with others you just did not know how much they would bring. I will not have to consult my diary to recall the ladies of the Cabinet who brought quantities and quality food nor to recall the ladies who more or less were a little sparing.

However, ladies like Mrs. Morgenthau, Mrs. Woodring, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Garner, Mrs. Ickes and Mrs. Swanson always made up for the ladies who happened to be a wee bit sparing. The most sparing of the lot seemed to be Miss Perkins, the Secretary of Labor. Usually she would supply a spongecake, made by a local chain store with the brand name on it. After all, she was a Cabinet member, and a very busy lady.

After two or three years Mrs. Roosevelt suggested that she supply whatever menu the Cabinet ladies decided on, the cost to be shared equally. This worked out much better and it was easier for us.

The movie stars' luncheons started with the President's birthday ball for the March of Dimes. These luncheons always afforded the help a bit of excitement. They were more excited over them than over the visit of a king or queen. We all had our favorites among the stars and all of them at some time or other were luncheon guests. Melvyn Douglas and his wife, who was a congresslady from California, were often house guests. James Cagney, Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, Ralph Bellamy, George Raft, Irene Dunne, Paulette Goddard and Edward G. Robinson—to tell the truth, there were too many to mention. The ones that impressed me most were Wallace Beery, who kept complaining that his feet hurt, and Marie Dressler, who remarked that she thought me handsome and that I should be in Hollywood. I was flattered and she will always live in my memory.

Edward G. Robinson, when he was a guest for an inaugural affair, came behind the scenes and met the help in the pantry.

Mrs. Roosevelt and members of the family would attend the March of Dimes balls at the different hotels after a birthday dinner for the President at the White House. This dinner usually brought most of the Roosevelt clan together, plus old Hyde Park and Albany friends—a group which always included the Morgenthaus. Presents would be piled on the table, on the floor, and under the table at the President's chair.

Many politicians often spoke of the President as being a money spender. Perhaps so with other people's money, but a party of this type came out of the family budget and when I would inquire of the President if he wanted champagne he would say, "How many do we expect?"

He could estimate to a drink how many bottles to use and he would add, "Do not pour too often and be sure to have enough left to fill the glasses for the toasts."

He had the frugality of a Vermont Yankee. He usually made his own cocktails and never made any more than enough to go around. If he made seconds, he would get the count needed. You never found even the essence of a drink left in a cocktail shaker.

The President was a very able carver of all kinds of wild game. He delighted in carving for all family parties and no man could get more off a pheasant, duck or turkey. He would scrape the carcass of a bird white before he would ask for another. Many times we would have birds for the boys of the family to carve as well as the President when the parties were so large, because, the way the President shaved a bird, dinner would be slow in coming if only one person carved.

The family always got a kick out of comparing the number of guests the President could serve from one turkey with the number any of the boys could serve. As I have said before, the Roosevelts were a fun-loving family and they always had a lot of fun at their family parties and no guest could stand back and not take part.

June of 1939 started the big parade of international entertaining. I like to think of the important men and women for whose comfort and services I was responsible during their visits at the White House. The premier attraction in 1939 was the visit of the King and Queen of England.

(To Be Continued)

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FROZEN PINEAPPLE JUICE • From Hawaii, where the world's best pineapple grows—frozen *fresh* to keep that natural flavor. Enriched with Vitamin C, of course!

FROZEN PINEAPPLE-ORANGE JUICE • Fresh pineapple juice and fresh orange juice blended into a lively, different breakfast starter—with plenty of extra Vitamin C.

FROZEN PINEAPPLE-GRAPEFRUIT JUICE • Another new breakfast send-off—sweet pineapple and zesty grapefruit juice, both *fresh*. Lots of added Vitamin C here, too!

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Coast of the "Big Island," Hawaii. Photograph by Tom Hollyman for Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu.

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New Easy Recipe! Beef Tips Veronique

—low in saturated fat—made with poly-unsaturated Wesson, the pure vegetable oil

Brown 2 pounds lean tender beef cubes in 3 tablespoons Wesson. Salt. Remove meat, keep hot. Stir 1 tablesp. each dry mustard and honey, 1 teasp. salt in ½ cup water, add to drippings, simmer to blend. Mix in 2 tablesp. chopped parsley 3 cups cooked rice. Add ½ cup pecans, 1 cup seedless grapes (or ¼ cup raisins), heat. Serve with the meat. 6 servings, about 690 calories each.

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SIX UNDER 6

By NELLE KEYS BELL PHOTOGRAPHS By JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Preparing for a family outing requires joint effort. Tom starts with the triplets while Marian gets the older children ready in the order in which they can be depended upon to stay clean: Terrie first, Connie next, and Sammy—"always into everything"—last.



One day's supply of diapers.

The Hutchisons' family doubled overnight when their triplets were born

Manawa, Wisconsin

Dear Editors: Not long ago, we were just an average family, not very different from anyone else. But on February thirteenth I had triplet baby girls, and since that time life has been *very* different. We now have six children under six, with four in diapers.

My husband, Tom, and I are twenty-eight years old. Terrie is almost six and goes to kindergarten; Connie will soon be four; Sammy (our one and only boy) will be two in July. Before, there didn't seem to be enough hours in the day for all that had to be done. Now that I have three additional babies to care for, things seem to get done just as well. There isn't much chance to sit down and relax, but I'm having a wonderful time.

We have lots of kids, bills and problems, but lots of fun and love in our house too. Tom and I are a proud pair of parents and think we have a pretty wonderful family. Maybe we'd both like to boast a little.

MARIAN HUTCHISON

Petite, brown-eyed Marian Hutchison remembers the first day of February, 1959, as clearly as if it were yesterday. "That was the day we found out," she explains.

The first was a Sunday, Marian recalls, and a blizzard was blowing outside the big frame house at 787 Depot Street, Manawa, Wisconsin. The Hutchisons were expecting another baby about March twentieth, and Marian had been feeling extremely tired and ungainly. At her regular checkup the week before, her doctor had told her to get more rest; he'd also said severely that she was gaining too much weight.

"I'll bet I'm going to have twins," Marian had laughed, and had agreed to X rays, from which there had been no report as yet.

Now, dutifully resting on the living-room couch, she listened idly as Tom read *A Visit From Saint Nicholas* ("A perennial favorite") to Terrie, Connie



Marian, 5′1″ tall, 105 lbs., tried at first to sterilize all the bottles, make all the formula, in one operation. She couldn't lift the full pan from sink to stove, changed to twice a day.

"Having the first baby is the biggest adjustment a couple has to make—thank goodness we didn't have the triplets first!"



"I never get mixed up about which ones have been fed," says Marian, "but I can never remember which has had drops and which hasn't." So drops are administered at one time.

and future football star Sammy. Then the telephone rang. "Tom came to answer it," Marian remembers. "He said, 'Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, my gosh. . . . *My gosh!*' Then he turned to me—he was pale and absolutely past speech—and held up *three* fingers!"

That was how Marian learned that the baby they were expecting would be triplets.

Tom says, "It really shook me up at first. Just imagine, you're going along with three nice children, and thinking easily of four—and then, suddenly, it's *six*. You start worrying. Will they be all right? Where are we going to put them? How can I manage college for six?"

"The doctor said the babies would probably be born prematurely, and that worried me," Marian says. "Between Connie and Sammy I'd had a miscarriage—they would have been twin boys if they had been born, and we were so sad—and I kept remembering that premature babies don't have as good a chance. And then—you know how the word gets around in a small town—one woman said, 'Oh, you poor thing—but maybe they won't live.' That really hurt me, and I just couldn't get it out of my mind."



The children love to go for rides: Terrie up front with daddy; Sammy, Connie with Marian; Kristy, Kathy and Kelly in comfort in their car seats. Or is it Kelly, Kathy and Kristy? Anyway, that's Kathy in the middle.



One night after Sammy's bath, Tom turned to hang up a towel, caught up with Sammy half a block away, sans clothing but waving his diaper. Now Tom keeps a firm grip on the situation.



The "editor, advertising salesman, photographer, janitor and co-owner" of the Manawa Advocate pulls a proof copy. "Once I wrote up three weddings and two funerals in a hurry," Tom admits, "and one story read, 'Pallbearers at the wedding were ——' But I was on another newspaper then."

Forewarned, the hospital in Clintonville, eighteen miles north, prepared for the multiple birth. One of their two "isolets" was already in use for another "preemie"; they borrowed from the hospital in nearby Marion and from the one in New London. Marian's blood was typed and a supply held ready. Her doctor invited another doctor from Marion to assist in the delivery.

Unwilling to chance hazards of icy roads and snowdrifts, the doctor insisted that Marian must stay in Clintonville near the hospital. Luckily her parents lived there, so the whole Hutchison family moved up "for the duration." Tom drove daily to his work as editor and co-owner of the weekly Manawa Advocate, and the children reveled in the extended visit to Grandpa and Grandma Rulseh.

"It was a tense time for the grownups, though," says Marian. "As far as we could find out, these would be the first triplets ever born in Waupaca County. My parents, Tom's parents, my two brothers and Tom's eight brothers and sisters were all so concerned."

A little after midnight on February thirteenth, Marian shook Tom and said quietly, "It's time to go."

"Ever since we had the tornado a couple of years ago, a high wind or a big cloud can scare Marian sick, but in a real crisis she doesn't turn a hair," Tom remarks. "There I was, so nervous I couldn't dial the hospital's number, and her mother's teeth were actually chattering; but Marian was as calm as an old lady starting to the grocery store!"

At 1:07 A.M., less than an hour after Marian had her first pains, Kathleen, 4 pounds, was born; Kolleen, 3 pounds, 15 ounces, followed four minutes later; and Kristine, 3 pounds, 2 ounces, was only two minutes behind Kolleen (Kelly).

Except for the difference in weight (which is still apparent at seven months), Kelly and Kristy were identical; they were born with heavy hair and with not one mole or other mark by which to tell them apart. Kathy, first-born, was heavier and blonder than her siblings, and had almost no hair. ("All my other babies were baldies, too," says Marian.) The doctor had to breathe into Kristy's mouth to start her breathing; otherwise the births were without unusual incident.

For mother and babies, that is. The father went out like a light. Tom had lost twelve pounds in the last two nervous weeks, worried about Marian, tormented by fears that the triplets wouldn't live, driving back and forth through almost continuous snowstorms. He was exhausted; he says sheepishly, "When they told me Marian was fine and the babies all right. I felt like a millionaire. And then I just fainted away. First time in my life I ever did that!"

Thankful her babies were healthy, Marian still had one small regret: "I'm not superstitious, but I did wish they'd waited just one more day and been born on Valentine's Day, rather than Friday the thirteenth."

Tom, who follows a firm rule for his paper that news should be written impersonally, managed to keep from bragging about the triplets in the Advocate. He wrote the story of their birth "to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Hutchison" as a straight news story. At the end, however, he succumbed to temptation and added one sly personal note: "All the babies look like their father and sound like their mother." And the story appeared at the top of the first column, front page.

The triplets, thriving in their isolets, were unaware of the reporters and photographers who thronged to see them. But, says Marian, "They made me feel like a celebrity. The Clintonville Chamber of Commerce gave each of the babies a Government bond and a bunch of diapers; and the Altar Society in Manawa sponsored a coin shower for them—the whole town turned out. I was a little embarrassed by that at first—I'd never heard of a coin shower; but it was a lovely, practical way to honor the triplets. The money came in mighty handy for cribs and other nursery equipment. Oh, another thing: I'd ordered one layette; it turned out the company provided 'twin insurance,' so we got three for the price of one."

Marian was back home in Manawa in a few days, but the babies had to remain in the hospital until they reached five pounds. This gave the

Hutchisons time to make some necessary arrangements for which there had been no time earlier. "Somebody had asked me at the hospital, 'What are you going to *do* with them?'" Marian relates, "and I'd said, 'What can you do? We're going to take them home and care for them and love them.' But when we got home I looked around the house and said to Tom, 'What *are* we going to do with them?'"

In the Hutchisons' nine-room house, which has a bath on each floor, all the bedrooms were upstairs. On the lower floor was the big, central living room, from which opened off the kitchen, dining room, large playroom and Tom's office-den. "Well," said Tom philosophically, "no more playroom, no more den."

They decided to convert the den into a bedroom for themselves, and to make the playroom into a nursery. ("When they get old enough," Marian planned, "we'll move them upstairs; we'll take the nursery for our room, and you can have your den back.") The airy playroom gave ample space for the three cribs, daintily painted chests, bath table, scales and other addenda necessary to the health and happiness of three tiny girls, who were still in the hospital trying to grow up to five pounds.

Several days after she came home, Marian began to hemorrhage profusely. By the time they got her back to the hospital, she was so weak from pain and loss of blood that she could not stand. She was rushed to the operating table, where it was discovered that there was still another placenta. A two-hour operation, transfusions and another stay in the hospital resulted.

Hospitalization insurance covered most of this second time in the hospital, but Tom says wryly, "It doesn't cover maternity, and that's really all we need it for. We've never had a hospital bill that wasn't connected with maternity—the triplets cost us $800. Hospital bills have been our downfall."

When Marian came home this time, Tom's sister Mary came along to help out. Marian, tired and weak, was experiencing a sort of delayed shock in relation to the triplets. "I'd imagine them all awake and crying in the middle of the night," she says, "and it would simply scare me to death. I just couldn't see how in the world I could cope with all of them. But do you know," she adds proudly, "except for two-o'clock feedings, we've *never* been up with them at night! I had a letter from another woman who'd had triplets, and she said she and her husband hadn't had more than two or three hours' sleep any night since hers were born. Mine are such *good* babies!"

Terrie, Connie and Sammy, who had again stayed with their grandparents while Marian was in the hospital, were growing impatient. Marian had told them some time before the births that she would be going to the hospital to get a new baby; but she'd been to the hospital twice—and *still* no baby! Tom had explained about the triplets, of course, but the unfamiliar term had little meaning for them. Terrie reported at kindergarten, "My mamma had three little tablets."

In one sense, the babies' stay in the isolets turned out to be a blessing. Kathy, largest at birth, reached the requisite five pounds in four weeks and was brought home; Kelly came home a week later, and Kristy a week after Kelly. Thus Marian had a chance to regain her strength while she got used to caring for them by degrees. The older children, still conditioned to the idea of one baby, were a bit bewildered by three. A few days after Kristy came home, Connie asked, "Mamma, have you decided yet which one we'll keep?" She was delighted to learn they'd decided to keep all three.

The children enjoyed the spotlight of publicity—at least for a while. "But one day someone asked Terrie about the babies," Marian says penitently, "and she turned away and said, 'Oh, let's just drop it, shall we?' It made me feel terrible. We'd been so busy with the triplets that I guess we'd let the other children feel a little neglected. But I think it's all right now—we've tried hard not to let the babies take time or attention from the other children." She adds reflectively, "I suppose the triplets will always get a lot of notice, but I don't want them or the others to feel it too much. And I don't want the babies to be just 'the triplets.' I want them to be Kathy and Kelly and Kristy—individual personalities in their own right.

"Connie worried me for a while, too," Marian continues. "Each of the others has some special distinction: Terrie is the oldest; Sammy is the only boy; and the triplets have the double distinction of being babies and triplets; I was afraid Connie would be sort of lost in the crowd. But I needn't have worried; Connie's so outgoing and energetic, she makes her own distinction." Marian laughs. "You'll never believe what that child's first words were. She was nine months old and had never said a thing you could understand. Then, one day, she said very clearly, 'See you later, alligator'! She'd picked that up from her father."

Although Kristy and Kelly are identical, it is hard for a casual observer to spot any difference among the three; they all look very much alike. But Terrie and Connie know them apart as well as their parents do. Sammy grandly calls them all "Kelly." Proud of his ability to climb out of his crib, Sammy is given to roaming quietly about the house in the early dawn. One morning he ventured into the nursery and wakened the three babies, who started to whimper in chorus. Sammy beat it out of there and dashed to his parents' bedroom, where he shook his mother awake. "Mamma," he said urgently, "come and do something with all them Kellys!"

Marian insists that taking care of the triplets has been no problem, but it still takes time. "I've pretty well readjusted my whole system," she remarks. "I had to learn to let a lot of things go—sometimes I don't get upstairs to make the beds until it's time for the children to get in them again. I don't like not having the house straight," she says, looking with disfavor about the immaculate living room. She is an unobtrusive housekeeper who appears to wander casually through the house, trim in tailored slacks, pausing to hug a child or sip a cup of coffee standing up, and never seeming bothered or rushed. But suddenly dishes are clean, the daily load of laundry washed, dried and folded, the whole downstairs vacuumed, babies bathed and fed, and lunch preparations under way.

Marian sends the ironing out to a woman who does a big basketful for a dollar; but except for the few days Mary stayed with them, and a cleaning woman who comes for three hours a week, she has had no help since the babies came. "So many women say they're bored stiff with housework," she remarks, "but I get a lot of satisfaction from it. I love washing, love hanging up clothes in the sunshine—although I dry only the sheets outside now and do the other things in the dryer. And I like vacuuming—it's so restful; I guess I vacuum two or three times a day. I even like to scrub floors, but the cleaning lady does the floors and woodwork now; I just don't have time.

"My biggest frustration," declares Marian, "is not being able to cuddle my babies more. I'd love to hold them while I feed them—but I need another lap and an extra pair of arms! We all love them so much, though, that I hope they *feel* loved without as much cuddling as I'd like to give them." She feeds the triplets in their cribs, strapping the bottles, at the proper angle, to their favorite stuffed animals. For puréed foods, she uses a wide-mouthed bottle with a plunger at the base, by which she can regulate the amount taken. This is an enormous timesaver, but Marian says, "I've got to work out a way to spoon-feed them more; they need the practice."

Frequently she puts all three babies together in one crib; they lie and watch one another with wide-eyed interest, reaching out hands and feet for a friendly touch. Kathy and Kristy can turn themselves over, but Kelly is still trying to achieve that skill.

Every afternoon Marian spreads a blanket on the living-room floor and puts the three down, usually on their stomachs. They lift themselves on their arms to coo and gurgle their approval of this wider world; crawl awkwardly about; and, given a bit of help, try valiantly to stand up. Marian sits cross-legged on the floor with them, talking, playing and impartially cuddling first one and then another—and sometimes all three at once. Sometimes, even, all six—which is quite a trick.

Holding Kelly and Kristy, Marian points out infinitesimal differences: "See, Kristy's face is a little smaller; Kelly has fatter cheeks. And Kristy has a temper! When we brought her home, she was *so* tiny, but she had—and still has—the loudest yell. And I almost think she's the strongest; she was the first one who tried to stand up." She adds, anxious that her prodigies be equally admired, "But Kathy has a tooth."

"The hardest thing at first was fixing formula and sterilizing bottles," says Marian. "I tried doing them all at once, but the pan was so heavy I couldn't lift it from sink to stove so I changed to twice a day. I stopped sterilizing at three months; and now they've switched from formula to homogenized milk—we use about five quarts a day—so that simplifies matters too.

"Tom's a big help," she goes on. "He changes the babies and gives them their first bottle in the morning while I'm fixing breakfast. And he usually dresses Sammy—Terrie and Connie dress themselves. At night he bathes the older children and gets them ready for bed while I'm bedding down the babies and clearing up the kitchen and doing a load of diapers—there's no diaper service in Manawa and I have to do them every day."

"I still can't understand how Marian manages when she's here alone," Tom remarks, "because all the time I'm here we're *both* busy. But don't believe what she says about letting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

VOLTAIRE SAYS:

I know no great men except those who have rendered service to the human race.

There are men who can think no deeper than a fact.

The greatest privilege of a human being is to be able to do good.

All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is everywhere the same, because it comes from God.

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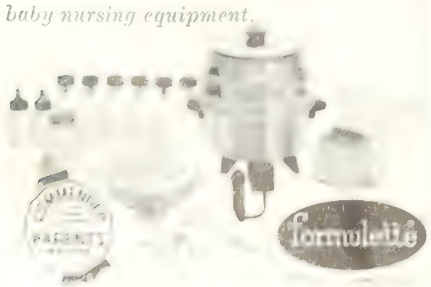


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Complete nursing kits, bottle sterilizers, bottle warmers, hot plates, electric sterilizers and a complete line of nursing accessories. Sold in all stores that carry baby nursing equipment.



HOW THE HUTCHISONS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Income approximately $500 per month (after taxes)

Food (inc. $12 for milk)	$125.00	Household cleaning supplies	5.00
Clothing	20.00	Dry cleaning, ironing, shoe repair	6.00
House payment	89.00	Domestic help ($2.25 per week)	9.00
Heating oil (prorated)	25.00	Baby sitters	5.00
Lights	13.00	School expenses	.35
Water	9.00	Club dues	6.00
Gas	7.00	Magazines, newspapers	4.95
Telephone	6.00	Cigarettes (both smoke)	7.50
Insurance	17.00	Vacation fund (piggy bank)	.40
Medical and dental	25.00	Dancing lessons for Terrie and Connie	4.80
Recreation	15.00		
Church	8.00		
Furniture and appliances	15.00		
Car payment and running expenses	77.00		
			$500.00

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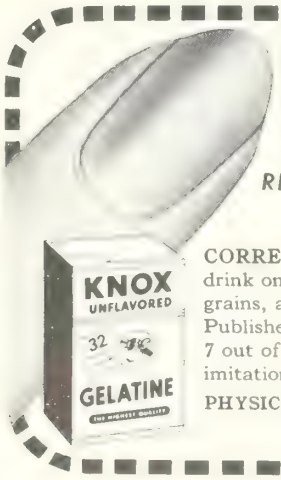
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

the house go; she's always kept a clean house, and clean children—as children go. She's a good housekeeper, a wonderful mother and a perfect hostess. I don't know how she does it."

Both Tom and Marian enjoy having friends come for dinner, but Marian says, "We don't entertain at all now; we can't with everything so hectic. But we will again when the babies get older. I usually serve something like a roast, potatoes, vegetable, salad and dessert. I'm not really an inspired cook—I learned after we were married, and it will never be a major talent." She twinkles. "I guess my only real talent is having babies—I love 'em! My mother is horrified by the speed with which we've had our family—I've been pregnant for five of the first six years we've been married."

Tom Hutchison and Marian Rulseh had "seen each other on campus" at Stevens Point State Teachers' College. But, says Marian, "We didn't really notice each other until a dance in Waupaca in August of 1952. I'd gone with another girl, and when Tom asked me to dance I immediately remembered that nice grin."

"Speak for yourself," Tom puts in. "I'd been interested in you for three years!"

They became engaged at Thanksgiving and wanted to be married soon, but there were problems. Marian was a Congregationalist, Tom a Catholic; and he still had one semester to go at the University of Wisconsin for his degree in journalism. Marian became a Catholic; and Tom's parents offered to pay his school expenses for the last term—as they would have done anyway. They were married on January 31, 1953, and spent their honeymoon in Madison looking for a place to live and a job for Marian.

"The rent on our little apartment was $75," Marian remembers, "and my salary, as typist in a garage, was nothing to speak of. Luckily, we'd had $500 in wedding gifts, but for the last month's rent we had to hit the piggy bank. We had so much fun, even though we almost never went out. Evenings meant housework for me and homework for Tom. He has a good mind—he graduated with high marks, except for one lone D."

"That D," Tom remarks smugly, "was in a course called 'Marriage and the Family'—and look at me now!"

He goes on, "We're still in debt, but it amazes me now to remember how little we managed on in those days. When I graduated we had $10 in the world. I got a job as reporter on the Oconto paper, at $50 a week—later $75, because Marian prodded me to ask for a raise. We used the $10 as down payment on a small stove and an old refrigerator, and bought a dilapidated car on a $165 bank loan—I had to have a car for work."

"Before Terrie was born," Marian says, "I made all her things—we couldn't buy *anything* for her except two dozen diapers. And for our first wedding anniversary Tom gave me a badly needed dress and I gave him a pair of slacks—we couldn't afford either. . . . Excuse me, Kathy's crying. Kathy I can always tell, but Kristy and Kelly sound exactly alike—except if it sounds angry, it's Kristy."

She resumes, holding Kathy in her arms, "Kelly and Kristy are still asleep. You know, I am constantly thankful that we didn't have the triplets first—I'd have gone out of my mind! I'd never been around babies, and with Terrie *everything* was a major problem. It took me two hours to make formula—if I touched anything I'd have to scrub and sterilize it again—and I spent all morning bathing her. Now I just dunk the babies in the sink. Once I actually called the doctor because Terrie had diaper rash! And with just one baby, I couldn't get anything done. Tom would come home; I'd be crying, the baby would be crying, there'd be no supper, the house would be a mess. I don't know how he stood it! Or Terrie either. I do think having the first baby is the major adjustment a married couple has to make."

"The house was *never* a mess," Tom asseverates; but Marian goes on, "And I couldn't cook—it took me three years to learn how to make gravy. The first chicken I put on the table was practically raw, and Tom sitting there insisting it was good! For that first wedding anniversary, we couldn't afford to go out, so we asked Tom's dad and mother and Nancy and David for dinner; I baked a cake, and it was just *awful*. But in spite of everything, I wrote in my diary that night, 'Hope all our other years will be as good as the first.'"

Dashing to a story one evening, Tom was arrested for exceeding a 25-mph limit. He paid a fine of $10 and costs of $7.65; he still remembers the exact amounts because "that wasn't only my pocket money—that was food money and milk-for-Terrie money."

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN



Susan Smith, of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

"They have three mice over in Tent I," Susan wrote home; "I do hope we'll get mice in our tent." . . . "I have a blood blister. I was holding a tent stake when Suzanne hit it." . . . "Our tent didn't pass inspection this morning because Bones didn't clean her orange crate." . . . "I passed as a *swimmer*. Now I can go to the raft!" Days are not long enough for all the exciting things there are to do in a Girl Scout camp!

SHE'S A

GOOD SCOUT

By NELLE KEYS BELL

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the June JOURNAL

Tom, an ROTC alumnus, entered the Army Engineers as a second lieutenant in May, 1954. He says now, "I'm glad we had our family early—Connie was born in the Great Lakes hospital—but if I had it to do over I'd get my military service out of the way before marriage. All that moving around wasn't fair to Marian and the children. But the only other thing I'd do differently would be to have maternity insurance!"

Marian's diary entry for March 1, 1956, reads: "This was really a happy day. Moved to Manawa and settled down to a normal civilian life. Life was so hectic for a while; I was sick, and unhappily we lost our twin boys. But Tom likes the Advocate—we are happy—life is good again!"

Upon leaving the Army (as a first lieutenant) Tom had taken the job of "editor, advertising salesman, photographer and janitor" of the Manawa Advocate, at a salary of $85 per week plus $10 for expenses. He borrowed money to buy a ninth interest in the paper, paying it off at $50 a month. Gregarious, ambitious, interested in everything and everybody, he knew

ery person in town in almost no time; soon e had built up circulation and advertising.

Then the owner of the paper decided that e would like to sell out. Tom talked it over ith Maurice Stevens, the Linotyper who had orked for the Advocate for twenty years; ey decided that, between them, they could ing it—they would buy the paper. Maury d the money; but Tom had to borrow his lf. Tom works practically round the clock; ter a few months of similar effort, Maury eclared that he would like to go back to work- g a forty-hour week. So they formed a cor- oration, and Tom now leases the business om the corporation, paying Maury a flat lary. "The first month after the changeover, e had only $198 to live on," Tom says. "The cond month was considerably better—$511. hat runs about our average. We figure to live $6000 a year, and put everything else back to the business."

Half the paper's income comes from adver- sing, Tom estimates, and the rest from sub- riptions and job printing. Present circula- on runs about 1250 per issue, mostly de- ered in Manawa or mailed out to rural eas. "There are 168 boxes at the post office," says proudly, "and 163 Advocates go in." he paper sells for $3 per year, or 7 cents per py on the newsstands.

Tom feels strongly that a newspaper must ke an active part in the community. "If mething needs doing, you *have* to try to get done. We report the news straight, but I und off on issues in editorials and in my own lumn—and invite people who differ to write ; we'll print whatever they have to say."

For a town of its size (1200) Manawa has a rprising number of active civic organiza- ns, and Tom is a working member of most them. He is especially proud of the Busi- ss Men's Club, which he helped to organize d of which he is president; in support of its uy in Manawa" policy, he and Marian buy thing outside that can be obtained in anawa. And Tom, as editor of the Advocate, onsors a Little League team, a bowling team d the annual football banquet.

Wednesday night is press night, but most other evenings are filled with meetings, which Tom considers part of his work. He is one of the town's twenty volunteer firemen, always on call for trouble in the town and on surround- ing farms. Firemen are paid a small fee, "by the hour," Tom laughs, "which makes it a kind of incentive program. We get about $2 for a grass fire, but if we let a house burn down it's worth $8. And if we have a good barn fire, we usually get a case of beer and sandwiches after it's over too!" ("He's teasing again," says Marian. "He usually brags that they're so efficient the state has cut insurance rates for this area.")

The firemen go on an average of 30 calls per year, for which total payment comes to about $80. "It's really meant for cleaning money," Tom says, "but it's paid in one lump right be- fore Christmas, so mine always goes for Christmas toys."

Tom is also active in the fish-and-game club, Knights of Columbus and Lions Club; but his favorite organization, says Marian, is the In- vestment Club, whose nine members meet once a month in their homes. "Tom is the world's worst tease," Marian laughs, "and he really had me fooled. They each invest five dollars a month in stocks—they've never made any money yet—plus a dollar for refreshments, and Tom never gets home before midnight. I thought they must really be sweating out their investments; but when they met here I found out that the whole thing is just an elaborate cover-up for a low-stakes poker game!"

At least one night a week Tom and Marian put the children to bed, hire a baby sitter and go out for dinner, to a movie or to visit friends. Their No. 1 sitter is Tom's cousin, Lynn, a high-school sophomore. "Lynn's wonderful with the children," says Marian. "The only thing wrong with her as a sitter is that she *will not* sit for football games. Tom's a football maniac, and I love the games too."

Marian used to work in women's organiza- tions: the Futurae Club, the Altar Society; and she wrote a shopping column, "The Feminine Hutch," for the paper ("She was al- ways asking for a raise!" says Tom). But the advent of the triplets put an end to all that, at least for the present. "I may go back to work later," says Marian. "I'll probably *have* to, when they're all in college. Tom's mother did that; she used to be a teacher, and went back to teaching to see her children through college. She's still teaching."

When the Hutchisons first came to Manawa, they rented the downstairs portion of a house. They had no furniture except lamps and a tele- vision set, but they did have Tom's discharge money from the Army. They decided to use it for good appliances and make do with second- hand furniture, some bought, some picked up from their families. Marian did a handsome job of reupholstering the old chairs, which they are still using; but she "made a bust" of refinishing a table. The money stretched to cover a range, washer and dryer, vacuum cleaner, and a rug for the living room.

In the summer of '57 with Sammy on the way, they needed more room. Again they bor- rowed money, to buy the house on Depot Street. Says Tom, "One of my classmates came through town and asked me how we were do- ing. I told him we must be doing pretty well— I didn't know of anybody else in our class who was $30,000 in debt!"

They bought their station wagon in 1957 also. "It seems we did everything right," Marian remarks proudly. "You'd almost think we were planning for the triplets—we have plenty of room in the house and the car, and the appliances make taking care of them so much easier. I don't know what in the world I'd do without my appliances.

"The dishwasher and garbage-disposal unit came with the house," she adds. "Not long after we moved in, I stopped up the disposal unit, and Tom undertook to fix it himself. He broke two pipes, and got *so* furious. He knows how now, though, and he's learned to do a lot of things around the house—building book- cases, painting, making repairs.

"Tom's a gentle soul," says his wife. "That's almost the only time I've ever seen him angry. And it's so good to have someone who's *ap- preciative;* Tom notices everything—if I've washed my hair, cleaned the bathroom, any- thing."

Both Tom and Marian are avid readers, "books, magazines, twenty-two newspapers, anything." Nights after the children are asleep they sit and read together till all hours. "It's so quiet and peaceful then that Marian hates to go to bed," says Tom, "and even after she's in bed she loves to keep on reading. One night she flicked a page of the JOURNAL and hit me in the eye with it. I had to go to the doctor next day—cost me $14!"

The Hutchisons' big tree-shaded yard is a fine place for games, and Connie and Sammy spend much of their time playing outside. The back yard has ample space for a flower-and- vegetable garden, swings, a drying area and a portable charcoal grill. "I just love living here," Marian says. "Everywhere we lived be- fore, we knew it was only temporary. It's so good to be settled down permanently and feel that Manawa is our home."

"Sure we're in debt," says Tom sturdily, "but we'll get out. We have confidence in our- selves and in the future. I don't understand why more young people don't go into business for themselves—there'll never be a better time. And there is so much challenge and satisfac- tion in building your own business, putting your whole self into it, knowing you sink or swim only by your own ability and effort."

Of the long-range future, Tom says, "I grew up on a farm and I like farming. Someday, if we ever have money enough, I'd like to man- age a farm and do free-lance writing for maga- zines. But there are lots of things to think about first; the children are all going to college— Sammy to get a degree, and the girls to get rich husbands for their old daddy."

As for the immediate future, Marian is now preparing an advertisement to appear in the want-ad columns of the Advocate: "*Wanted to buy:* Two high chairs and a triplet stroller. Mrs. Tom Hutchison, 787 Depot Street, Manawa." END



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The wonderful mystery of your baby's growth depends for so much of its magic on the complete, high-quality protein of *meat.*
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You give your love in many ways . . . with cradling warmth
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You give it by surrounding every bath and change time with fragrance
and softness . . . by smoothing your baby with the silkiest, purest powder
. . . by soothing your baby with the gentlest, protective lotion.

You give it, always, in the happy moments of "Johnson's time."

Johnson & Johnson



HUSH, LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

on the front steps. I could hear your soft aughter at her quick, strange words. You adn't taught us Gaelic. Except for the songs. There was no wind blowing in through the ong curtains at my window, and the dim ight from the street lamp made everything in he room a mixture of blacks and grays. The nantel above the bed was a long shadow, and here was a silvery look to the plaster Indian nd the china owl that stood one on either end f it, the Indian with his arms folded across is chest and his narrowed eyes scorning the larkness, the owl with its pinched empty face.

I remember I pulled the covers up over my ose and tried to sleep. The same way you alays pulled them up over yours and slept.

In the bedroom down the hall, I could hear ny sisters Vera and Julie whispering and gigling about school and friends. And suddenly ny room seemed very lonely. I called for you hen. But it was Delia who answered.

"Sit still, Mary," I heard her say. "You've been going it all day."

"But I always tell her a bit of a story or a ong," you said.

"And she five!" Delia bit out the words. 'Tis time she bedded without coddlin'."

"All the same ——" you began. I could hear ou start to get up.

"Wait!" Delia stopped you. "We'll get nothing talked out this night if you go. I'll ake care of her."

I guess by then I was really fussing.

Delia must have seen the cover on the way o the bedroom. The green velours cover you kept over the hall trunk. It had long ball fringe on it. I'd seen it all my life. There was nothing in it to frighten me. But thrown over Delia's head the way it was, and her arms swaying, and her growling and hissing, I guess I went nearly hysterical.

That was when you came running into the room. Even in the dark I could see the whiteness of your face.

"Delia!" For the first time the soft blur was gone from your voice. "What kind of madness is this?"

Delia tossed the cover away. "There's more ways than one to stop a bawlin' calf," she said. "And you knowin' how nanny would fix us, and we little."

"I know all right," you said. "But it's gravecertain I am my children never will."

"Indeed!" Delia snorted. "*We* survived."

"We'll finish the talk later," you said. And when she'd gone you let the breath slip out of you in a little sigh. You were trembling almost as much as I was when you put your arms around me, and your face was cold against mine though the room was so hot.

"Hush, love," you whispered then. "Hush."

And with the words the first strange ice of fear thawed and trickled away.

St. Patrick's Day came on a warm springlike day, the year I was seven. It was the third year that Vera and Julie were going to be in the night entertainment at Cory Hall. All that afternoon you pressed the white dresses and petticoats and the green ribbons, while Vera and Julie sewed the last of the spangles on the red tarlatan Spanish costumes. You had washed my hair and pinned a towel around my shoulders, and I was sitting with my back to the big iron stove.

There was a good deal of talking and laughing going on in the kitchen, but soon you noticed only Vera and Julie were doing it.

"I suppose," you said then, "this time next year Francie will be in the entertainment."

"She's too little," Julie said, tying the spangle-edged kerchief over her black hair.

"Too little to sing and dance?" Your brows lifted as you set the iron hard on the board.

You knew I'd memorized every word of the songs, and you'd watched me shadow Vera and Julie till I could do the Spanish dance in my sleep. The jigs, of course, I'd known as long as my prayers.

We had supper early because Vera and Julie had to be at the hall by six o'clock. And you were careful not to look at me pushing the food untasted back and forth across my plate. We had the white dresses on, then, and the green bows, and you wore your best shirtwaist with your little gold watch pinned in among the tucks.

"Francie and I needn't leave till seven," you said. "We'll have more than enough time to get a front seat."

Each year, from the time I could remember, we'd sat in the front row, and I'd beat my feet to the quick music and long to be up with the others in the red glow of the spotlight. And you seemed to know it got harder and harder, and I could scarcely wait for the years.

After Vera and Julie left, you pushed the table against the kitchen wall and drew out the rocker

"Francie," you said, looking down at the little watch, "we've the best part of an hour. What do you say we have a little show of our own?"

And when I looked at you, puzzled, you added, "I don't half get the words of a song with so many of them bawlin' it out. I'd like you to sing me a verse or two now, and we alone."

I didn't want to at first. It didn't seem like much fun. And then you said, "Wait! We've the stage yet to fix."

And you went over and opened the fire door of the stove where the coals lay in a glowing bed, and the rosy light flashed into a pink square on the wall. And you reached up and turned down the lamp.

"Now," you said, settling into the rocker. "How does Tipperary go?"

I sang them all, the joy of it growing with each verse: The Low-Backed Car; The Minstrel Boy; It's a Great Night Tonight for the Irish. And after each song your hands would clap into a flutter, and you'd cry, "Oh, grand! *Grand!*"

And when the songs were done, you said, "Let's see a bit of that Spanish dance, now."

And I stepped and twirled, giddy as the dancing shadow on the wall behind me. Last of all came the jigs. You got up when I started on the reels, and you took my two hands and we circled and turned and stamped at the breakdown. And we laughed till the walls sang with the sound. I was flushed and breathless, lightheaded with the happiness when we finally spun to a stop.

"Well!" you said then, smoothing the loosened hair back over your temples. "Well! 'Twill have to be a fine show they give us this night to top that!"

And when I hugged you, and tried in a tumble of words to tell you how much I loved you, and how much I wanted to be like you—just like you—and how sorry I was for the envy brewing in me all the day, your arms tightened around me.

"'Tisn't always easy to be the littlest one," you said. "Come now, hush, love."

And with the words the last of the envy was gone, and I could wait for the years.

It was a bright Saturday morning just before my tenth birthday when I came into the kitchen with the kite. You were hanging newly starched curtains at the window. Yellow curtains they were. You always loved yellow. "It holds the sun," you used to say. "And the sun's a grand thing to hold."

I'd been kite flying with Billy Crowley, and I was wild because he'd got mine snagged on one of the limbs of their oak tree.

"I pulled the whole side of it off getting it down," I wailed. "Just *look* at it!"

You finished pushing the gathers evenly along the curtain rod, and then turned around. "Sure, a yard is no place to send up a kite," you said, picking up the tattered red tissue. "'Tis a hill makes the finest flyin'. When I was a girl, my favorite Uncle Matt would take me

"I LOST 100 POUNDS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

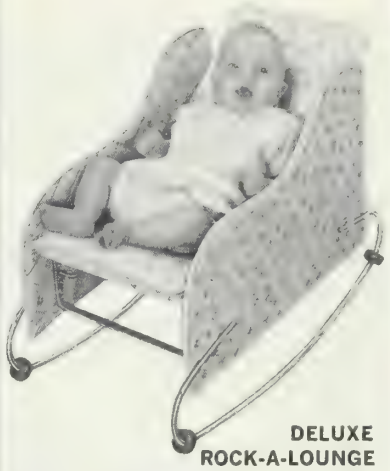
Katie Shallcross is anxious to lose 10 more pounds—"130 would be perfect." She sticks to her reducing diet, occasionally adds a slice of plain cake or small serving of ice cream for lunch or dinner. If the scales go up, however, she promptly eliminates any extras.

KATIE SHALLCROSS' TYPICAL MENU

Before Dieting	*On Her Diet*
BREAKFAST	
Coffeecake	Large orange juice
4 slices buttered toast	Small glass of milk
2 eggs	1 Boiled egg
3 strips bacon	1 slice diet toast, lightly buttered
Several large glasses of milk or cups of cocoa	
LUNCH	
2 or 3 peanut-butter-and-jelly (or other calorie-filled) sandwiches	Hamburger on half a roll *or* cottage cheese and tomato salad *or* 2 hard-cooked eggs
2 glasses milk	1 glass milk
Ice cream	Fruit for dessert
Cake	
DINNER	
Double helpings of *everything* her mother served	Broiled lean meat
	Large portion of low-calorie vegetable
	Lettuce-and-tomato salad (no dressing)
	½ grapefruit for dessert *or* small serving of simple custard
AFTER-SCHOOL AND BEFORE-BEDTIME SNACKS	
Several sandwiches	Celery, raw carrots or fresh fruit
Slices of cake or pie	

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Maker of famous Kantwet crib mattresses — preferred by mothers for more than a generation.

to the side of one of our Kerry hills. And do you know, my kite, and it only a bit of newsprint, would sail off like a bird till it was just a dot in the heavens."

"The string must have been miles and miles long," I said, slipping into the chair beside you.

You laughed. "Oh, I'd let the string go. I'd not the heart to keep holt to it, and that great paper bird beggin' to be off and on its way to the clouds."

You looked up at the sky through the window, and you smiled as if you could still see that little long-ago kite bobbing above you. And then your glance dropped and suddenly the smile vanished. A moment later you were out the door and running along the narrow bricked walk to the Crowleys' yard. You had your hand on the gate latch when we heard the hollow thud and the "whoosh" like air leaving a big paper bag.

Billy Crowley still had the kite string in his hand when you got to him, but the kite he was trying to reach was caught tight on the highest limb of the oak. You didn't touch him, just put your head down close to his and listened. Then you looked up, and the grayness seemed to have slipped from Billy's face to your own.

"Run for the doctor, Francie," you said. "Run fast!"

And when we came back, old Doctor Shea still in his white office coat and clutching his scuffed black bag, the crowd had gathered. Billy's mother was there, too, a great fleshy woman who somehow seemed shrunken as she leaned against you and with each sob drew a little of your quiet compassion. You'd taken off yo white apron and covered Billy with Only it wasn't white any more. Ar your arm tightened around Mr Crowley as the doctor knelt and turn back the covering.

In that moment I saw the bleach whiteness of death for the first tim and the scream was out of me befo I could swallow it. Your arms widen for me then, and I ran into them. Y always had room in your arms for o more.

And above the sobbing of Billy mother, and above the wild beati of my own heart, I heard your wh pered, "Hush, love."

And slowly the gray horror slipp out of the day.

You were waiting the supper th June afternoon when I came ho late from school. The afternoon t results of the eighth-grade examin tion were read. You looked at me a raced up the stairs, but all you sa was, "You're late, Francie."

I'd sunk onto the big brass bed, a was darkening your log-cabin qu with the tears when you opened t door. I heard you pull the rocker to the bed.

"'Tis the medal," you said, befor could tell you. You always kn things before I could tell them. T glad things or the sad ones.

It was the medal, of course. T gold medal, given to the honor pu after eight years of effort. Vera go the year she graduated. And so Julie. No one ever was as smart Julie, but I had tried. And come second. But second wasn't first, a there'd be no medal of mine for y to pin up on the strip of ribbon bes the diplomas.

"Was it Margaret took it?" y asked. And when I nodded, you sa "Margaret's a fine lass, and a qu one. Think a minute now of the she's bringing home with her. Yo not deny her that, and we with t medals already in the house?"

I thought of that, and of Margar thin face with the silver-rimmed gla that were always sliding down bone of her nose. I thought of studying. Even through the re time. And the days I'd gone to house, and her mother with the sa sort of thin face and silver-rimm glasses had come to the door and t me Margaret wasn't to come out, had to be busy with her book thought of how awful it would h been for Margaret if she hadn't the medal. If her mother —— A then I thought of you. And how m I'd wanted to win it for you. And h hard I'd tried too. And I found my smothering the words in the pill

"You know," you said then, " know that old uncle I'm forever always telling you about? Well, was a great one for singin' songs —

I turned my head away. I di want to hear about singing and so Not then.

"And one of the songs," you v on, "was about tryin'. And the en every verse went somethin' like t

"When you've tried and done you best
Don't you trouble 'bout the rest
'Cause a man can only do the b
he can."

I lifted my head. I could see y little feet scarcely covering one ol pink rosebuds in the carpet. You on the black, shiny-tipped shoes tied in a single loop over your in

"You know, Francie"—your v caught deep in your throat—"yo a goodness to you, and a kindn And they'll take you farther than lesson books."

there goes that red box again

Town & Country Shoes

FOR THE young woman WHO Lives in a shoe...

©1960

And when the tears came fresh to
y eyes at the thought that you
eren't ashamed of or disappointed
me, you brushed them away.
"Hush, love," you whispered then,
ush."
And all the bitterness was gone
om the first defeat.

The week before my wedding you
ept so busy. You had old Tim, the
oodman, make a new leaf for the
ning-room table. And you got out
e ivory-colored linen cloth that had
ghteen napkins to the set, and you
ashed it free of the camphor leaves
nd pressed it till it shone. And Mrs.
rowley brought over her silver which
as Rose of Sharon like your own,
nd you sorted and rubbed the glow-
g pieces over countless cups of tea.
"'Twill be only a small wedding,"
ou told her. "Francie's not one for
alls and things. Nor is Dan."
And by the eve of my wedding the
d walnut wainscoting in our kitchen
as glowing with new varnish, and
e iron stove blacked into a dazzle.
he rosewood in the parlor smelled
weetly of cedar oil, and the long
hite curtains at the windows were
iff as thin sheets of ice.
All that afternoon we shopped at
ak's Corner for the pickles and little
lver-skinned onions, and oh, great
sseled bunches of celery and plump

Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. An acorn costs nothing, but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber. THACKERAY

hite chickens. And coming home
ith our arms filled with bundles you
id, "We've enough food bought to
ed Finn MacCoul."
And we laughed aloud on the sun-
street. And I asked you again who
nn MacCoul was, though I knew
e story so well.
"A giant," you said, warming up to
e tale as you always did about tales
home. "He was a great giant of a
an who could eat the like of a hun-
ed. And the coat of him could cover
army."
And when I giggled you said, "Some-
y, my smart young lass, I'll take
u to County Antrim in Ireland, and
ow you the selfsame pathway Finn
acCoul made on his way to Scot-
nd. Rocks and stone squares the like
u've never seen. You and I ——"
nd suddenly you stopped. "Well,
on't be you and *I* but you and *Dan*
ll see them, now," you added.
"Dan wouldn't put a foot in Ireland
thout you," I said.
"You've a grand man in Dan."
ur voice sobered. "And 'tis twice
love you'll need give him, and he
h no one but himself, God help
n."
I think that's why you always loved
n. Because he was all alone, and
ur heart was always waiting for
ngs alone.
Before you went to bed that night
I set the pans of sweet dough on
stove ledge. There'd be crisp
ntons on the wedding table because
I knew they were Dan's favorite
l, and because he said no one could
ke or even pronounce them but you.
t was almost midnight when you
ened my door. You must have
own how hard the last night in that
room would be. You looked at the
e big brass bed, with the log-cabin
lt still smooth and unrumpled, and
n you came over to the window
ide me.

I remember the sky was almost white with stars and there was a sliver of a moon lost among them.

"'Tis a grand day you'll have tomorrow," you said.

You didn't tell me I'd be tired if I didn't get to bed. You didn't remind me that my wedding morning was only minutes away. You just seemed to know I wanted the night to last a little longer. And when the clock on St. Mary's struck the last note of twelve you sighed ever so lightly and you said, "Happy wedding day, love."

And when I looked at you the starlight was pale on your face, and I went into your arms as I had when I was a little girl. And you knew my heart was full to bursting with the wonder of the new love, but heavy with the memories of the old.

"You've a wide, beautiful road ahead," you said. "And a good man to walk it with. And that's as God planned it."

And when the quick tears came, the balm of the old words was there in your whispered, "Hush, love."

And all the vague uncertainties fled, and there was only joy in my wedding morning.

It was in the second year of my marriage, a gray February afternoon, when I brought the bundle of baby flannel to seam. You'd offered the machine twice to Dan and me, saying, "'Tis little use I have for it now." But somehow the oak-finished drop-top with its brass-ringed drawers belonged in your kitchen. It was as much a part of it as the old Seth Thomas



that bonged away each half hour on the mantel.

Your eyes went dark with concern as you drew me into the warmth of the kitchen.

"'Twasn't wise for you to be out in this wind. And ice still on the walks," you said, rubbing the color back into my hands.

And when I told you I *had* to sew or do *something* with those last days so long and endless, you nodded.

"I know, I know," you said. And then you smiled. "They do have a way of draggin' on at the last like one of Father Downey's sermons," you told me.

And we laughed. And I forgot the cold and the length of the days, and everything but the familiar comfort of the old room and you in it. You slid the kettle to the front of the stove and took down the teabox.

"You'll have two hot cups inside you, now, before you'll ever start at the sewin'," you said.

And I got out one of the round loaves of currant bread you always made, and cut great slices of its fragrant sweetness.

"What do you suppose"—I asked the question that had troubled me so often those last days—"what do you suppose young Doctor Shea thinks of me being a full week late, this way?"

"The same thing he thought when Vera was two, and Julie, for all her grand grades in mathematics, almost the full month." You always had a way of laughing the mountain back into the molehill.

The old Seth Thomas had bonged four times and I'd finished all but one seam when the first pain grabbed like a hot tight band.

How quickly you got the cot ready.

"Stretch out a minute here," you said, careful to keep your voice calm.

And when I slipped between the welcome covers, you laid your hands over that new life that was straining to be freed, and you waited and you weighed.

And then you said, "'Twill be a while yet, love, but I'm going after Dan."

And you pulled on your wool coat and anchored your little hat with the same pansy-topped hatpins. And you came over to the side of the cot, and your voice with the soft blur you'd never lost flowed into the cold that was tight inside me.

"I'd not leave you had I a minute's doubt," you said.

And as the low cry slipped from me, you put your face down against mine.

"Hush, love," you whispered. "'Tis but God's way of making a miracle."

And the pain blurred and dulled, and there was only wonder left in the moment.

It was the Thanksgiving Matt (we named him after your favorite uncle) was two years old. The Thanksgiving that my Dan heard at last he was getting the promotion. We had all come to the old house for the holiday—Vera and Sam and their girls, Julie and Bill and their boy, and Dan and Matt and me. I remember each little detail of that day. As if deep inside me something whispered, "Remember it all. Every little thing."

You were basting the turkey when we got there. Great spoonfuls of dark gravy hissed and steamed as they splashed over the golden bird. And you smiled up at us over the pan, and your face was moist and rosy and there were damp feathers of hair across your forehead. I remember thinking how pretty you were. How dear. I remember thinking how wonderful you always made Thanksgiving for us all.

I wonder if ever again in this world there will be smells like the smells that filled that kitchen. Sage and pepper and onion mixing magically with the sweetness of mincemeat and the rich, heady scent of the puddings.

You had Dan carry up the jugs of chilled cider from the cellar, and Julie and I took down the cut-glass pitchers and set them at each end of the long table. Julie had spread the great linen cloth and laid out the old Rose of Sharon silver that richened with the years. And Vera had shined to a sparkle Grannie Dolan's crystal goblets that rang like little silver bells when you touched them with your nail tip. We put walnuts and butternuts and cashews into the polished wooden bowls that were themselves as smooth and slippery as the shells of chestnuts in the fall of the year. And you carried your prized Wedgwood dish to the table center and piled it high with red and golden fruit.

The fruit had dwindled and there were only broken bits of shells beside the nut bowl when Dan finally pushed back his chair and asked, "Shall we tell them the good news now, Francie?" He was bursting with happiness and pride, and I was too. Or I would have been, but the promotion meant the new branch, and the new branch meant the other coast, three thousand miles away.

I watched your face as you listened, and when Dan came to the part about Los Angeles, you put your cup down on the saucer carefully.

"Will it be always Los Angeles?" you asked then.

"I don't know." Dan didn't notice the white tightness of your finger hooked around the cup handle. "But I may get a chance at a branch back here in a few years."

"Years." Your lips formed rather than said the word.

We can't go, I thought. *Oh, Dan dearest, we can't go and leave her. We just can't.*

The snow came down before dark, a few feathery flakes at first, and then a thick white blanket that covered walks and fences.

"There's no need any of you going off in this storm," you said, while the children shouted their delight. "There's more beds than enough for us all here."

And so we stayed. And we sat around the fire, and we peeled fat little tangerines and sucked at the bursting sections. And you sang to the children. The same little song you sang to us when we were their ages.

> "'*Twas a Thanksgivin' Day*
> *That a turkey ran away*
> *And an orange in his pocket*
> *On a Thanksgivin' Day.*"

And finally the children were put to bed. And then one by one the others went up, even my Dan. But we stayed. You and I. And we talked of everything but the thing that was heaviest in our hearts.

And finally you said, "Dan's been given a fine chance. And he long deservin' it."

"I know," I said. "And I want this chance for him too. It's—it's just leaving you ——"

"'Tis by a man's side his wife belongs," you said quietly.

And when I pressed my hands against my burning face, you drew them gently away.

"We'll not dampen this joy with tears," you said. "A mile or a thousand—we'll be no farther apart than the next prayer. Come—hush, love."

And all the miles became moments spanned with your love.

It was almost ten years before I got home again. That first year young Danny came along, and then in quick succession Mary and Theresa. The letters helped. And the telephone calls. Mostly from you. You'd wait till Vera and Julie were both at the old house, and then you'd get Julie to put the call through so we'd all have the chance to visit together. Dan and I would manage the holiday calls. And always the call on your birthday. But this year there was no answer to our birthday call. Each hour the whole day I gave the number to the operator.

She's at Vera's, I consoled myself. *Or Julie's. They're having a celebration.* But when ten o'clock came that night, I knew something was wrong.

"Maybe," Dan said, "there's snow back there. Maybe it's stormed and Julie's making her stay over."

So we called Julie's. And the phone rang over the long quiet miles. Finally I heard my sister's voice, wide-awake but heavy. And she told me. You didn't want to alarm us. You'd gone to the hospital four days before. "A bad sort of flu," Julie said. But I knew it was more than that, if you'd gone to the hospital.

"I'm coming home," I told Julie. And hung up.

Dan and I sat there for a long time. We counted the money on hand. Not very much. Our little Mary (so much like you) had had her tonsils out the month before, and Danny had fallen from the playground swing and broken an ankle. There just wasn't enough for plane fare. Not both ways.

"But you've *got* to take the plane," Dan said. "It's the only way if anything is serious. I'll get the rest somehow and send it."

Yes, indeed, Dan's what you always called him—a grand man.

I went to the hospital right from the airport. It was nine at night, but they let me into your room. You were asleep with the covers up over your nose, as I always remembered them. And as I always pull them up over mine too. Dan used to laugh about it when we first were married. He'd wake me in the morning and say I slept like a bandit. And I'd say, "Naturally. My mother is a bandit too."

I looked down at you and my heart tightened at the white that had frosted your hair. And your forehead was pale as the coverlet. Only the black fans of lashes gave color to the pillow.

I didn't speak. I tried to quiet my quick breathing. But you knew. As you always knew. And the black fans stirred and fluttered open, and even in the dim light there never was blue the color of your eyes.

"Francie!" you said. First in wonder. And then, "Francie," on a little sigh of disbelief.

The nurse turned up the light, and I could see the moisture standing in drops at your temples.

"Is it really you, Francie?" you whispered again.

"It's really me." I wiped the moisture carefully away.

"I'll skin Vera and Julie. Draggin' you over all those long miles and me with nothin' but cold," you said.

"Vera and Julie are innocent as lambs." I grinned. "And don't start skinning them in the dead of winter."

Your laugh was like a silver bell. "You're the quick one," you said. "Come close till I get a good look at you. My! You've grown into a grand woman!"

"I've grown, all right," I said, shifting the heaviness of a sixth-month pregnancy in the chair.

"Another *babeen*." You smiled. "And three I've never set my two eyes on." Your voice weakened.

The nurse motioned to me.

"I've enough pictures with me to fill an album," I said. "Now close your eyes and get some sleep. I'll be here first thing in the morning."

I stayed two weeks. You came home on the tenth day. You looked so fragile, but your smile was brave and certain. You were still at Julie's the day I left.

"I'll humor her," you said, "and play delicate a while longer."

"We're all coming back home after the baby is born," I said, "if we have to rob the crow's nest for the gold."

You smiled. "That kind of thievin' won't worry me none," you said. "And I all the years waitin' to hug my little Matt."

"*Little!*" I said. I was talking to much cover up the trembling inside me. "Wait till you see him! He's as big as—as *Finn MacCoul!*"

Oh, it was good to hear your laughter.

"So! You remember Finn MacCoul, do you?" You glanced into the other room where Julie was busy with a lunch large enough to take me to Egypt and back. "You know, Francie"—your voice had all the old magic—"you're so much like me. Do you suppose it's the vanity in me has made me love you so dearly all the years?"

I went into your arms. *Me* like *you!* Like *you!* Dear God—if I ever could be!

My tears were on both our cheeks as I heard your whispered "Hush, love."

You didn't come to the phone when Julie's long-distance call came this morning. Other times Julia would say, "Hold the line now, Francie, mamma wants to talk to you." But this morning Julie didn't say that. Julie said, "Francie, mamma's gone. She slipped away quietly in her sleep."

I stared at the bare black receiver. *In just a moment now*, I thought, *I'll put it back on the hook and I'll go up the long stairs to my room and sink onto the bed.* Not the old brass bed but a modern bed of a wood called blond birch or some such name, and I'd pull up the quilt—not the log-cabin one—and I'd let the numbness. the killing numbness ——

"*Francie!*" Julie's sob tore through the wall of pain. "*Oh, Francie!* How can I bear it ——"

And suddenly I heard my own voice, immeasurably, unbelievably calm, whisper the old words into the mouthpiece. And I knew: God love you, and God sustain us—I knew we'd have the rest of our lives to live them.

"*Hush, love.*"



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2 teaspoons prepared mustard	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon salt	½ cup vinegar
1½ teaspoons sugar	1½ cups MAZOLA Corn Oil
Few grains pepper	1 clove garlic

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WANTED: Dinners



"What I really need are quick-and-easy dishes my whole family will eat—and enjoy. A really fabulous—but *fast*—spaghetti, for example."

Marian Hutchison admits that one of her biggest problems is simply feeding her family. Serving meals isn't so simple, however, with six little children and a hungry husband to keep happy. The triplets are the easiest of all: three bottles a day and two feedings of puréed baby food.

But lunch for the three older children (Terrie, Connie and Sammy) and husband Tom is a sit-down affair at the kitchen table. Time: 11:30 A.M.—"which doesn't leave me much time after clearing away the breakfast dishes. I try to serve a lunch that isn't just soup and sandwiches. But that's hard too. If only I knew how to make good casseroles—how wonderful it would be to get lunch into one dish to save on cooking and dishwashing time!"

Marian, who never cooked until after she was married, would really like to be a good cook, to know how to use herbs and spices. "But I don't have time to experiment," she says, "and I just don't trust myself to try it every day—I've had too many flops already. If only I could learn some new simple recipes my family would like."

By JEAN ANDERSON

HOW AMERICA LIVES

in a Dish and a Dash

"I'd love a casserole I can just pop into the oven!"

AM, CHEESE AND ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

tablespoons butter
onion, peeled and minced
¼ teaspoon garlic salt
teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon marjoram
⅛ teaspoon tarragon
½ teaspoon salt
epper to taste
tablespoons flour
cups milk
cups grated Cheddar cheese
10-oz. packages frozen asparagus
ackaged dry poultry stuffing
quart cooked ham, cubed

Melt 2 tablespoons butter and sauté onion until tender. Blend in all seasonings and flour. Slowly add milk and heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese and heat, stirring until cheese is melted. Cook asparagus by package directions; drain and cut spears into 1″ lengths. In the bottom of a buttered 10-cup casserole sprinkle a layer of the dry stuffing. Add a layer of ham, then one of asparagus. Pour part of cheese sauce over. Repeat until all ingredients are used up. Top with more stuffing crumbs, dot with remaining butter and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 45 minutes or until sauce is bubbly and crumbs browned. Makes 6 servings.

Fridays are a real problem with us—there are so few fish y family will eat. We do like tuna, but what can I do with it?"

UNA-ALMOND BAKE

cups chopped celery
cup toasted slivered almonds
onions, peeled and minced
7-oz. cans tuna
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
cups evaporated milk
10½-oz. cans cream-of-celery soup
3-oz. can Chinese noodles
ooked rice (if you like)
y Sauce

Mix together celery, almonds, onions, tuna (drained and broken into bite-sized pieces) and Worcestershire sauce. Also combine milk and celery soup and fold into tuna mixture. In the bottom of a 3-quart casserole make a layer of Chinese noodles—just enough to cover the bottom. Now pour in the tuna mixture and top with a layer of Chinese noodles. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about 45 minutes or until bubbly. Makes 6 hearty servings. Serve with soy sauce and, if you like, over rice.

Spaghetti is one dish the whole family adores, t I've never been able to make a sauce in less than ree hours. There must be a quicker way."

QUICK SPAGHETTI

ablespoons olive oil
pound ground beef
nions, peeled and chopped
love garlic, peeled and crushed
easpoon orégano
ay leaf, crushed
teaspoon basil
teaspoon powdered savory
teaspoon nutmeg
ablespoons light brown sugar
-lb.-13-oz. cans tomatoes
-oz. cans tomato paste
lt and pepper
ound thin spaghetti, cooked
ated Parmesan cheese

Heat olive oil in a large skillet and lightly brown meat. Add onions, garlic, orégano, bay leaf, basil, savory, nutmeg and light brown sugar and simmer, stirring occasionally, 3–5 minutes. Now add tomatoes and tomato paste and simmer, stirring now and then, for 25–30 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste and slowly cook 5 minutes more. Serve sauce over spaghetti cooked by package directions and drained well. To top each serving, grated Parmesan. To garnish, if you like, parsley ruffs and button mushrooms, sautéed in butter. Makes about 6 servings.

wish I knew an interesting recipe vegetables—especially green beans."

BAKED GREEN BEANS

0-oz. package frozen French-style green beans
0½-oz. can cream-of-mushroom soup
oz. can sliced mushrooms
-oz. jar bacon-and-cheese spread
2-oz. can French-fried onions
ices crisp bacon, crumbled

Cook beans by package directions and drain. Combine soup, mushrooms and cheese spread. Toss beans with this mixture and place in a 6-cup casserole. Top with French-fried onions and crumbled bacon. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 30 minutes. Makes about 6 servings.

almost always have to have cookies on hand for the children. there a dough you can just freeze and bake?"

ANGE ICEBOX COOKIES

p butter (or ¾ cup margarine)
up each sugar & light brown sugar
g
ps flour
easpoon salt
easpoon baking soda
ed rind of 1 orange
blespoons orange juice
aspoon vanilla
up chopped, toasted almonds

Cream butter and sugars. Beat in egg. Sift together flour, salt and baking soda and blend into egg mixture. Mix in orange rind and juice, vanilla and chopped nuts. Chill dough until stiff enough to shape into rolls (make them about 1½–2″ in diameter, 8–10″ long). Wrap each in aluminum foil and freeze. To bake, slice cookies ⅛″ thick. Place on a lightly greased baking sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 12–15 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.



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TEEN-TIME ROMANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Once we've reached the age when dating in cars is allowed, we are more on our own and more responsible for our conduct than we have ever been before. You, and only you, can decide on your car conduct, but since you've asked me I'll tell you what Shirley and I will one day tell our little lambs. *Cars are a method of transportation. When they're not getting you around, they're getting you into trouble.* If you want to "set awhile," use your own living room or porch. I'll guarantee mom and pop will make themselves scarce if you'll explain this decision.

Next to the technique of actually getting a date, the second biggest item in the May mailbag is kissing. Now. There is "kissing," and *kissing*, and KISSING. Mixed up? Yes. Crazy? No. I'm for two of them at the right time and in the right place and with the right person. "Kissing" is what 'tween-agers do as a mark of affection, or as a forfeit in a game like spin-the-bottle. It shouldn't be an easy thing to get, ever.

Kissing, and my 'tween-age readers will dig what I mean, is an important part of "making out" and is not remarkably sweet or innocent, nor is it all right in view of KISSING.

KISSING is something that belongs to that One-and-Only, that one you hope to love someday both wisely and well—and you'd better start right now taking care of you for that ONE. Don't accept a cheap substitute that might spoil the real thing when it comes along. "Making out" in all its forms spells danger to the lightheartedness, the gaiety, the fun of young love, and I can promise you girls that it is not a real addition to your popularity, present or future.

Now we'll zero in on two last areas where you've asked my ideas about specific rules: Blind Dates and Pickups. My ideas go like this. Pickups—NEVER! Are you kidding?! Blind Dates—with discretion. A date you haven't met, arranged by a friend you trust, to go someplace or do something your good sense tells you is fun, can enlarge your circle of friends. "Pickups NEVER!" means just that. No pickups in a car. No telephone pickups. You never heard of that? Well, one jokester got a real shock when he dialed a number and said, "Hello, Mabel, can I see you tonight?" And a girl's voice said, "Sure thing, Bill, come on over." Our pal gulped, "Hey, this isn't Bill." And the girl said, "And I'm not Mabel, but come anyway."

From my memory these seem like the safety-first rules I'd want to pass on to anyone who's just beginning that up-and-down trek through dateland, who wants to give it dignity and importance while still having all the gaiety and fun. But suppose you—if you're a girl—notice the boys but the boys never notice you? Or the other way round. Then these rules are pretty useless, aren't they? But there *are* techniques for getting noticed at the right time by the right guy or gal.

ARE YOU DATE-BAIT?

Appearance is certainly one factor in attracting a boy's or girl's attention in the first place—and trying to be always well groomed, neatly and appropriately dressed will make a date proud to be seen with you.

But appearance isn't all.

Except for a fortunate few (who just naturally have it made from the moment they first smile), in the early, delicate days of first dating everybody is a little awkward and self-conscious in some way. It takes different forms, but most of them are in that beginning phase where they say defensively, "I love *me* and I'm going to take good care of myself."

The most attractive thing you can do is to recognize that, get *your* mind off *you* and be the one to penetrate that wall of self-defense. A warm outgoing friendliness an honest kindness, is a better magnet than glamour appeal. Too much glamour and too high a tone scares away all but the most self-assured young men. And if I remember my early teens there wasn't a self-assured one among us—myself included.

I remember the first girl I noticed in high school. She wasn't a real doll but she was *bright*. We had an English class together and she was bright enough always to laugh at my jokes (all real killers, because I stole them regularly from the Bob Hope show). She was always interested in the grades I got, cheered if they were good, sympathized if they were bad. I liked her because she liked me. She wasn't my O-A-O. She wasn't even a potential steady. We were a lot too young and she wasn't *it* anyway. But I liked her a lot. And that's how dating starts.

Now I know both from my own experience and from talking to my buddies what fellows look for in a date. And I've conned the most attractive girl I know (*my* O-A-O) into cooperating on what she and her girl friends liked.

Here's a guide test so you can evaluate where you stand.

DATE-BAIT TEST

Boys and Girls Answer

1. Are you enthusiastic about most activities, be they shows, parties, the bowling alley or a Sunday hike? Do you *expect* to have a good time?

Yes ☐ No ☐

2. Do you take pains to look your best and dress as neatly and appropriately for a movie as for a party, for a hike as for ice skating?

Yes ☐ No ☐

3. Are you considerate of the gal or guy who brought you? Do you hide your feelings even if you wish you were there with the little redhead or the new football star?

Yes ☐ No ☐

4. *Do you listen?* Are you honestly interested in what your date has to say instead of trying to overhear what they're laughing about in the corner?

Yes ☐ No ☐

5. Are you informed? Can you talk intelligently about things that interest the opposite sex (or both sexes) such as music—cars—sports—school politics—world affairs, etc.?

Yes ☐ No ☐

6. How are your manners? Do you treat your date as someone special to you for the evening? Do you treat others as you would have them treat you? Are you prompt? (I bomb out here!)

Yes ☐ No ☐

7. Are you trusting and trustworthy? No jealousy and no possessiveness, no flirting on someone else's time. No using this date as a steppingstone to bigger things.

Yes ☐ No ☐

8. Are you a good sport? Do you join in willingly no matter what's going on so long as it doesn't violate your personal principles?

Yes ☐ No ☐

9. Are you willing to place principles above personalities and temporary popularity even if it seems to hurt at the time? (*This is an important one if you mean to have any solid, worth-while admiration over the long pull.*)

Yes ☐ No ☐

10. Do you refrain from gossiping about, making fun of or criticizing others to your date? (Because he or she can't help suspecting they'll be next.)

Yes ☐ No ☐

FOR GIRLS ONLY

11. When you have a choice do you choose *the boy you like best* instead of the biggest spender or the owner of the flashiest car or the one who invites you to the best social event?

Yes ☐ No ☐

12. Are you budget-kind? Will you smile as sweetly if taken by bus to a neighborhood theater to see a movie as if you were taken in a car to see the *same* movie at a plush downtown palace? Do you watch for that worried look at the drive-in and take a cherry Coke instead of a banana split?

Yes ☐ No ☐

13. Do you make the boy feel comfortable and presentable by proudly introducing him to your folks?

Yes ☐ No ☐

FOR BOYS ONLY

11. Do you try to think up interesting different things to do? Listening to records or watching TV is fine part of the time. It's O.K., too, if you've taken a girl out several times to ask her once in a while what she wants to do. But generally speaking, it's up to you. Find out the girl's tastes and follow them within the limits of your available transportation and ready cash.

Yes ☐ No ☐

12. Do you treat your dates like grown ladies—with that extra bit of courtesy? (Even if she's only half an hour out of pony tail and saddle shoes? Even if she isn't out of them yet?) Man, they eat it up!

Yes ☐ No ☐



"Dear Contest Editor: I like Magnetic perfume because . . ."

13. Do you remember that day before yesterday teasing was the best way you knew to get a girl's attention? Do you try to control the urge now?

Yes ☐ No ☐

Now for your Date Rate.

If you've answered "Yes" to twelve or more, you've got what it takes. You'll rate high with the opposite sex.

If you've answered "Yes" to 9–11, you're still in the safety zone.

If you've answered "Yes" to 5–8, you'd better try a little harder.

If you've only managed a "Yes" to 1–4 . . . well, get busy on an inventory. See *why* you feel as you do—and do something about it, pronto!

THE STEADY PICTURE

Now we come to the all-important question—is this love? And if so, what should we do about it?

Old saw to the contrary, I don't believe we "fall in love" so much as we *grow into* love. It starts with that spark of attraction and grows more meaningful as we get to know each other. At least that was the way it happened with Mrs. B. and me.

Now going steady can be a late-teenage method of trying to find out if this growth is really taking place. (In the early teens it's usually a game, real at the time, but short lived.)

There are pros and cons to the "steady" picture. The "pros" seem to me to revolve entirely around a situation for teenagers old enough to think they might almost be ready for a formal engagement to marry. They may believe they have found that all-important *one*.

If this is true, then it should really be a testing time. A time to test the quality of your companionship, your quarrel rate, your ability to adjust to differences, your similarities in vital areas like aims, ideals, religion, family life. Then it has point and purpose. Shirley and I went "serious-steady" before we were married.

But going steady can be based on other motives—and here, to me, is where the "cons" come in. It is true, as so many adults argue, that going steady keeps you from making other contacts. You don't meet others and get into the general stream of activity. In other words, you're out of it, man!

The yardstick I'd use to decide this question would be based on motive. If you must admit to one of these as your honest reason for going steady, my advice is—*BEWARE!*

1. *Is it laziness or fear?* Are you too tired or too afraid to compete? Do you just like the security of always having a ready-made well-trained date on hand?

2. *Are you a reformer?* Do you feel that going steady will be a "good influence" on him or her? Help "change" them? If you feel someone needs changing, it's a poor foundation for a loving relationship.

3. *Are you a scalp collector?* Do you go steady with this one, that one, and maybe three at a time?

4. *Do you like the feeling of possessiveness or domination?* "This girl is *mine!* All mine." "I can make my boy friend do anything I want."

5. *Are you grateful?* Gratitude is a wonderful emotion. But just because he or she "has been so kind to me" doesn't make that one the love of your life.

The best recipe I could offer for the ideal teenage relationship during the budding of romance would not be to "go steady." It has a heavy feel—an almost-married attitude. Marriage is beautiful when it comes marry-time! No one recommends it more heartily than I. And next month we'll talk about marriage. But to have all the joy of teen-time dating we need a lighter touch—a touch of youth! Don't rush through your romance springtime.

It's a lovely trip and you can never make it again.

Baked Spareribs "Aloha"



Juicy, tender, sweet-'n'-sour spareribs—barbecued in your oven with Hunt's Tomato Sauce

This wonderful new spareribs recipe has a "double" life. It's *so easy* you'll make it for the family often. And it's so different — so Hawaiian — you'll want to plan a whole *party* menu around it, too.

Tart-sweet pineapple teams up with tangy Hunt's Tomato Sauce to give these spareribs exciting *new* flavor.

And there's a *special* reason Hunt's works so well in this recipe.

It's *all tomato* through and through. Kettle-simmered to rich, thick sauce consistency. It really clings to the spareribs, gives them a deep, true tomato color and flavor.

And because we season it so carefully, Hunt's Tomato Sauce blends better with other flavors.

That's why Hunt's is the perfect partner for creative cooking. Try it over meat loaf. Add it to stews or leftovers. And for a *new* taste treat, try this spareribs recipe.

3 lbs. (2 strips) lean spareribs
Salt and pepper
½ cup finely chopped onion
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 tablesp. Worcestershire Sauce
⅓ cup vinegar
1 No. 2 can (2½ cups) pineapple tidbits
(Use tidbits and syrup)
¼ cup brown sugar
½ teasp. dry mustard

Cut after every third rib, about halfway through the strip. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in shallow roasting pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 1¼ hours. Carefully pour off all excess fat. While ribs are roasting, mix remaining ingredients, and let stand to blend flavor. Pour over ribs after 1¼ hours' baking. Bake 45 to 50 minutes longer, basting frequently to glaze the ribs with the flavorful sauce. Makes 4 servings.

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SHOULD MOVIE STARS MARRY?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

bruised egos by looming larger than life on a silver screen, who push their way to the top of the fantastic world that is Hollywood, face extra occupational hazards. The profession of movie star is probably the world's worst choice for those who need help in growing up.

Dr. Merril B. Friend, a Hollywood psychiatrist who has worked with film stars for a decade, says, "The stars live in the unreal world of the movies. It is only natural that they should come to confuse their real selves with the romantic characters they portray on the screen."

He believes that many stars—most of whom, after all, have made themselves symbols of sexual attraction—fall prey to a delusion fostered by the movies: that there is a connection between great beauty and romantic love. There is no connection, says Dr. Friend. Actually, overpowering beauty often inhibits true understanding of the beautiful person, on which real love must be based.

So the deluded stars enter marriage and there find a truth so basic and frightening that they cannot face it. When the film gods and goddesses make love to each other, the experience falls far short of what they have acted out on the screen. It is probably less exciting, warm and emotionally fulfilling than the love of the average couple that, enthralled, has watched them from the back row of a darkened movie theater.

Another occupational hazard is egotism. Top movie stars exercise enormous power. The adulation of the public keeps them in a perpetual state of self-consciousness. No wonder they lose all balance. Many of Hollywood's handsome men and beautiful women are so self-centered that they cannot possibly be interested in another human being. The only love affair of which they are capable is with a mirror. They enter into relationships with members of the opposite sex because of their itch to be adored, not to adore. They cannot help it. Without this narcissism, this fascination with their own beauty, they would lack the driving force that makes them successful as actors.

The French philosopher Jean Guitton writes that "The loftiest act of love is not in receiving but in giving. Here, moreover, lies the difference between love and passion; the latter is nothing but love without sacrifice and consequently without gift. It is the essence of love to be reciprocal."

It is ironic that few stars can give in this sense. On the screen—with the help of writers, directors and their own acting skills—they are able to project images of warmth and humanity—of true love. Yet they cannot experience it themselves.

Another reason most actors should not marry is that they are already married—to their careers. Ed Wynn said it long ago: "If an actor wants to stay successful he has to marry the public and stay married to it."

Few people are aware of how hard actors must work. Here's a typical day's schedule: up at dawn or earlier for wardrobe or make-up call, on the set by nine, work until five or six o'clock. Then back to wardrobe, home by eight for a quick dinner and several hours of study of the next day's lines. It's a full, hard schedule—one that requires complete devotion.

When a star is working, he rarely sees his children. The thought of making pleasant "chitchat" with his wife about something as intense as his job appalls him. By the weekend he is so exhausted that he tries to escape all family demands; he sleeps all day or relaxes on a golf course. If he is *not* working, things are even worse. He suffers agonies of insecurity; within a few weeks his family has become a millstone and a bore. It is the nature of an actor to be happy only when working; his life is purposeless without it.

When work and marriage conflict, the star will unhesitatingly sacrifice his married life. Here are some of the reasons which the stars themselves have given for their marriage failures.

James Arness, the Matt Dillon of *Gunsmoke:* "I guess I just couldn't give enough. I took Matt Dillon home with me. The pressure would build up, and I couldn't escape it. If I get home too late for dinner with Virginia and the children, then Virginia and I would quarrel." After their separation his pretty wife, who had helped him arrive as a star, tried to slash her wrists in Honolulu.

Jack Webb (his parents were divorced when he was two), after his first wife, Julie London, left him: "I never saw the kids except for a few minutes in the mornings and on Sundays. And sometimes I even spent Sundays at the studio. I can't stop working—or worrying about the show. I'd go crazy if I did."

These are the reasons Joan Crawford gave the court for her three divorces—and the

GOETHE SAYS:

There is nothing in which people more betray their character than in what they find to laugh at.

The children of a family usually copy those members of a household who seem to live most happily, and most enjoy themselves.

A wife is a gift bestowed upon man to reconcile him to the loss of paradise.

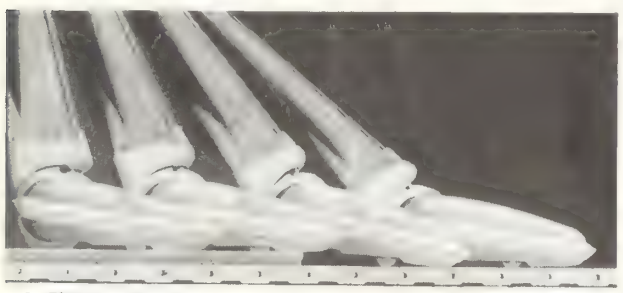
It is a bad thing for a silent, serious-minded woman to marry a jovial man, but not for a serious man to marry a lighthearted woman.

New extra-light upright delivers full cleaning power!

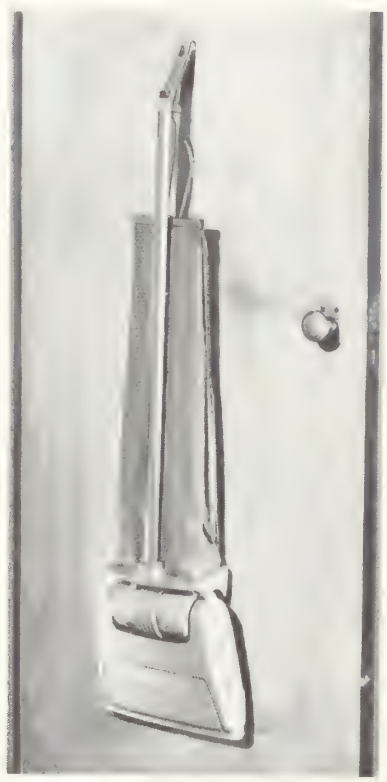
General Electric Upright cleans both rugs and floors!



1. Lightweight, only 14½ pounds! New "Twin Power" Upright, easiest-to-handle vacuum cleaner ever made, yet it's strong and durable. Has full-width cleaning swath.



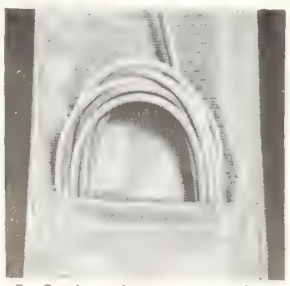
2. Cleans BOTH rugs and floors. Motor-driven "Elevator" brush adjusts automatically to all floor surfaces. Cleans the deepest carpet pile and bare floors.



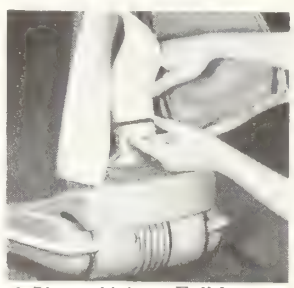
3. Hangs up like a broom—flat and out of the way. Doesn't clutter up your closet floor space.



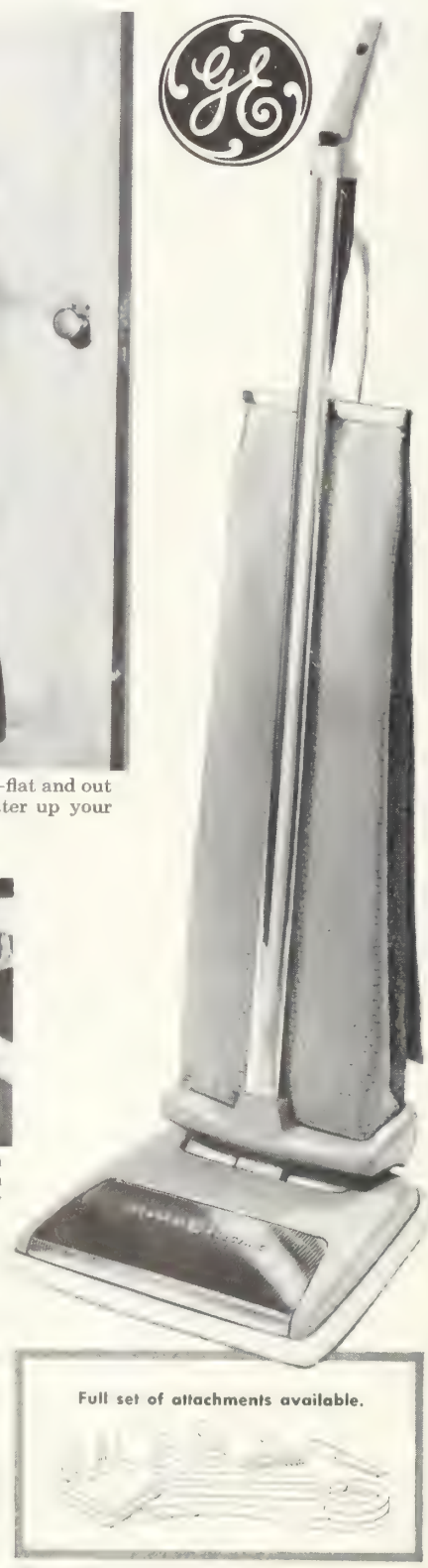
4. Only 4½ inches high, goes under low furniture. "Twin suction" unit packs upright power into small space.



5. Cord pocket on outer bag keeps cord stored neatly out of the way. Vinyl bag wipes clean in a jiffy.



6. Disposable bags. Full-length zipper permits changing in seconds! Clean and sanitary . . . you never touch it.



Full set of attachments available.

Ask your dealer for the "Twin Power" Upright by General Electric. You'll be pleasantly surprised at the low cost. Vacuum Cleaner Dept., General Electric, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ourt found them adequate: divorcing Doug-
as Fairbanks Jr., "His conduct made me . . .
nable to do my work properly"; divorcing
Franchot Tone, "He made unreasonable de-
mands on my time and insisted on going out";
ivorcing actor Phillip Terry, "I turned down
ictures because of his objections."

It is a sad fact that our mixed-up stars
earch for happiness through career success
nstead of in their marriages. Yet it doesn't
ork, because no amount of public acclaim
an substitute for the private, fulfilling ties
uman beings need. I once asked Marlon
Brando if success as an actor—a thing he once
ought very much—has brought him happi-
ess. At the time, he was in the midst of
painful battle to gain rights to visit his
ineteen month-old son. His answer was an
mmediate "No."

I know of no star to whom professional
uccess alone has brought peace of mind and
ersonal happiness. When this becomes appar-
nt to the actor, as it quickly does, he tries
nce again to patch up his personal life with
ome kind of human relationship. No doubt
e enters each new one with hope. And when
e fails in it he finds half a dozen reasons to
ccount for the failure, and tries again. And
, in a land where divorce is easy ("mental
ruelty" is the usual charge), his private life
gzags from divorce to affair to hasty mar-
age to quick divorce again.

"By and large," said attorney Samuel Hahn,
top Hollywood divorce lawyer until his
eath last year, "most actors are a bunch of
arnyard roosters."

Adultery is seldom mentioned as a cause
r divorce—it makes bad publicity. But how
any stars, at the time of a divorce, have a
w partner ready and waiting for them out-
de the courtroom door? Mickey Rooney
nt to Mexico for a quick divorce from his
urth wife, married his fifth on the same trip.
ght months later the latter bore him a child—
ooney's fourth.

Deborah Kerr sought a divorce from Tony
rtley after she met screenwriter Peter Vier-
. Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor first hit the headlines when they spent a week together at a Catskill resort. John Wayne was forty-six years old, married for the second time, and was the father of four children when he announced his engagement to his present wife, Pilar Palette. The wedding took place in Hawaii—timed for the day his California divorce became final. When Errol Flynn died, the status of the young girl with whom he had been traveling was so open that she felt qualified to wrangle with his third wife over the settlement of his estate.

These liaisons have all the elements of a desperate impulse. An "engagement" in Hollywood is almost unknown. Jeff Richards and his wife Vicki tried to make their marriage stick after the birth of their daughter Nina. They signed a twenty-two-page conciliation contract in court. But within months they broke up again, this time for good. They had met, fallen in love and were married within the space of a month. They had wasted no time getting to know each other first. Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson, youngsters following the Hollywood pattern of quick marriages, separated before their first year was out. Consider Lana Turner's stated reason for marrying Steve Crane, whom she had met six weeks before: "I was lonely. I have to have someone to love, and there was Steve." Or Elizabeth Taylor's famous last words before her brief marriage to Nicky Hilton: "We have so much in common. We both adore Ezio Pinza and oversize sweaters!"

As a Hollywood columnist for many years, I have learned to recognize the symptoms of a decaying marriage. Inevitably, the first sign is when a star goes on location for any length of time without his spouse. Stars who try to keep their marriages on a sure footing rarely accept such assignments.

Many actors consider "location" an excuse for hard drinking and hard playing. A recent picture was filmed on an island for three months. It resulted in the breakup of four marriages, three of which were considered "model" ones. One of them was that of a hairdresser who had an affair with a married actor.

In a society built on a foundation of sex—which spends its entire working day celebrating it—it is not surprising that there is a remarkable tolerance for sexual freedom. However, the star who is worried about his career has a special temptation to try new fields. Sex is the supreme test for the ego. The beautiful woman who is still able to interest a handsome, perhaps younger, man, convinces herself that she is still desirable. The aging, insecure actor requires constant assurance that he is as attractive as ever. Edward G. Robinson, in his sixties, married a woman in her thirties. Gregory Peck married a woman many years younger than his ex-wife. Bing Crosby's second wife, Kathryn Grant, is younger than his oldest son.

In either sexual excursions or marriage, actors tend to look for a symbol of security rather than a flesh-and-blood person whom they want to cherish and understand. Multi-married Hollywood stars tend to marry the same person over and over again. All of John Wayne's three wives have been small dark Latins similar in temperament. Mickey Rooney's five wives bear a remarkable physical similarity to one another. Ava Gardner once told me, "I fall in love with the same type of man every time."

Doctor Friend has described life for the average male movie star as "a continuous stag party. What he is looking for is a mother. Once he finds one to stay home with the children, he feels free again to go out and play with the boys."

I was reminded of this when I went to interview a top star at an exclusive golf club. The season was Christmastime. I was amazed at the number of other stars there—having lunch, playing cards or golf, standing at the bar and gossiping. Most of them were married men. Their wives and children were presumably at home—alone.

What is the answer to all this? Can movie stars possibly marry happily? If they marry each other they have the advantages of glamorous spouses who will add to their prestige and understand the pressures of their work. But here is the advice of Zsa Zsa Gabor, who, after three marriages, should be an authority. "It is practically impossible to have a successful marriage between movie actors. If the husband is working and the wife is not, she gets lonely and looks for someone to pass the time with. If one is more important than the other, there is jealousy."

And if they marry someone not "in the business," troubles multiply. It is an unfortunate fact that a nonprofessional wife has literally no place in Hollywood society. My own wife, for example, was a top model in New York before our marriage. Now, twelve years later, she is still a beautiful and intelligent woman. I long ago stopped taking her to Hollywood cocktail parties because of the impact on her ego. "Are you in the business?" asks a cheerful actor prepared to make small talk. When the answer is "No," his smile quickly fades and he wanders off as soon as he can. She is no one worth wasting time on.

The mere wife of a star is condemned to live in her husband's reflected glory. Her social and home lives are equally self-effacing. Nothing that happens to her during her day can come up to the events of her husband's day, no identity she can muster can match his for dramatic personality, no beauty she has can match the professional beauties he works with daily. The history of Hollywood wives is one of empty lives and sad-eyed secret drinkers. Virginia Arness, who had reason to know, told a reporter grimly, "They are forlorn creatures."

An old Hollywood argument runs that if the press would only "leave the stars alone," they might work out their domestic problems with more decency and maturity. I doubt it. Newspaper and magazine exposures have done more to make the stars watch their steps than any privacy has ever done. The pressures for divorce, for erratic questing, for the frantic, immature pursuit of an elusive "happiness," come not from the public but from within the stars themselves. END

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• Cheese Dressing
• Russian Dressing

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

He wasn't interested in the Princess—he'd seen her only from a distance and didn't want a close-up. His record here at the plant was written plain and open enough for anybody to read, any time.

On the other hand, he was no Lubera on twenty-four-hour duty. He'd given his day to Strafton Steel. Full measure. He was tired and hot and sticky. The air conditioner in his office window had conked out during the afternoon. The place was an oven. He'd intended, after he wound up the work schedule, going straight home to his two rooms and bath, into a big tub of lukewarm water, and gradually running it as cold as he could get it. Then into his bib and tucker, to the Elite Grill for a steak and a salad as big as his head, and on to the square-dancing class in the new City Recreation Building where there was a good chance he'd meet up again with a nice, brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, Betty McCalmers, who he was earnestly hoping would help him stay away from a certain roadhouse and its red-haired hostess, Little Nell—a hankering after sugar-mouthed "nobody" girls was the one trait he admitted sharing with the late Jerry Valin—who wasn't going to do Mike Fannin any lasting good and might do him plenty of harm.

A nice clean recreational evening. That was what he'd been, if not feverishly looking forward to, at least planning. So now the old man demanded a ride home.

Mike lifted his head. Words were on his tongue, balanced between the respect for his elders which he'd learned, sometimes painfully, from his dad and mamma, and the blunt honesty he'd learned in his five years with the old man. *Why me, sir? What's the matter with Lubera?*

Then he remembered the gorgeous ape-man was gone. Resigned? Fired? He never gave much ear to gossip, but now he remembered a rumor that Lubera had been booted out. For the past week the old man had been driving his own Cadillac. Now he stood looking at Mike—"I'm parked out front"—wanting Mike to drive it. How come?

He got his answer from the massive, charging-buffalo face. Under a film of sweat it glistened greenish white. *Sick*. Maybe his air conditioner had conked out too. Shoveling the papers from his desk into the drawer, Mike said, "I'll run you home in my car, sir. I never drove a Cadillac." Had to let the old man know, quick and blunt, what you would and wouldn't do. Otherwise, you could be flattened to a battercake under the old man's forward charge. Mike had a thing about battercakes—he didn't want to be one. And, by driving his own car he'd cut the interim between him and that tubful of cold water

The old man looked as if he were going to protest. Then he nodded. "Let's go." Under the heavy authority of his voice there was a tremor, a series of tremors inside the imposing mountain of flesh. But as they walked out into the blast furnace of late day, Texas August, the dry stale bounce of heat up from the pavement taking the moisture of nostril and eyeball, Mike didn't offer so much as an assisting finger. You didn't; you waited until the old man asked for help—*ordered it*. The latter had a hard time with the unfamiliar door handle, but finally got the door open and heaved himself in, sweating faster than the searing breeze could dry it.

Sick as a horse. But Mike didn't ask questions. He just drove smartly across town through the quitting-time traffic, between the brick pillars and up the long winding drive to the house. Close-up for the first time, he saw it was just an ugly old two-story house with added wings, not so majestic as it looked from a distance, not so high up as it seemed from the town. Still, it had the old man's power to intimidate. The Strafton castle.

Turning, Mike looked at his passenger. The old man's breathing was less labored. A int of florid color had returned to his face. His relief Mike, not given to unnecessary rem ks. said the first thing that came to mind: "'ell here we are, sir."

"Yes." Suddenly the old man was loc ing at him, square-on, at once commanding no pleading. Pleading—the old man? "Com in Mike. I want to talk to you."

Disagreeably, Mike was again remind of Lubera. His skin was sticky under his shirt and suit coat. He'd slipped it on automat ally when he got up from his desk—respect fo the old man, or just imitating him? The desi to strip and slide into that cool tub was a li ing crying thing inside him. *Look, I drove you home—gave my day to Strafton Steel—gimme it, I want a bath!*

But he heard himself saying, "Leave m car here, sir, or pull in over there?"

"Pull in over there." The old man's voice was stronger.

Inside the humming, air-conditioned co l of the house Mike caught glimpses of furn ure as massive as its owner, pictures hung in h vy frames, painted eyes which inspected him coldly as he followed the old man do a wide hall, turning in finally to a roo he guessed would be a library or study. The irst library (study?) Mike Fannin had eve set foot in.

His parents still lived in East Texas i the house he had been born in, twenty-nine ars ago. With his help and time payments, they had some conveniences, but that was as it went. His dad was always saying he'd a 'tater patch, a few head of cattle and few acres of cotton, and that was all he mea to ask for. It was, anyway, all he had end up with after sixty-four years of grubbing.

Mike intended to have more. He w isn't ashamed of his dad, but he wasn't proud His pride was for himself, what he had done with the raw material. By working, physically and mentally, like a hound on a perpetual hunt since age nine he had just two thin s: a lean tough body as resistant to disease as the crossbred cattle developed in Texas, an in side his head the engineering know-how which came from formal education and practic ex perience. There'd been no time for fri on excursions into genuine leather-upholstered studies.

When the old man sank into a chai and motioned him to an adjoining one, Mike took a look around to satisfy his curiosity. The surprise, more than his curiosity was sat fied by the shelves full of books, the glowing wood of an old desk, a hearth blackened by many fires. Even the leather of the chairs, wor and softened by time, filled him with satisfa ion.



LINES ON A SON'S TWELFTH BIRTHDAY

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

One was mainly made of
charming bubbles,
Two was rosy with baby lamb and
applesauce (strained),
The kiss of three was sweet with
candy (sticky),
Four was suddenly unsweet—
turning to mud and hammers.
Five was a jumbled box of fifty
broken crayons (the arts
entered here).
Six owned a frightful arsenal of
guns,
Seven had seventy-seven comic
books in his closet,
Eight journeyed forth from home
to find his best friend.
Nine thought conversation should
ideally consist of jokes and
riddles,
Ten would lay down his life for
the glory of the team,
Eleven had ink blots on his page
and fingers (serious homework
furrowed the budding brow).
Now you are twelve. You have
most of the necessary
equipment ready:
Thought, awareness of others, a
past to draw on, some ardent
admirations of your own.
Amazingly, you have not discarded
yet a certain foolish old thing,
Like an outgrown Teddy bear
ready for the shelf—a little
boy's need for his mother.
At thirteen you will probably have
it tucked out of sight,
So I think I had better start putting
it away properly myself.

A big man's room. A place to sit and think and plan, grow bigger than the competition.

A knock sounded on the closed door. Immediately it opened, framing a girl in a blue full-skirted dress, chestnut hair smooth around her face, belling at her neck. He hadn't pictured her tall, hadn't realized until now that he'd pictured her at all. Their eyes held in mutual startlement. "Princess" Strafton. He'd given no ear to the stories, but bits of them came to him now. "Her mother died when she was a baby." . . . "Old man Strafton won't let a fly light on her." . . . "Nothing here's good enough for her: winters, it's that girls' school where they lock the gates, day and night; summers, he keeps her up on the hill." . . . "Nobody here good enough, either, has to send down to Houston for her a fellow." . . . "That no-count Jerry Valin. Guess that'll teach him, but, again, I guess it won't." . . . "They say she's sickly ——"

The stories were untrue in part, at least, for Princess Strafton was anything but imperfect. In that first startled instant Mike couldn't have said whether she was young or old, beautiful or ugly. All he saw was the gloss and perfection like a fine horse after grooming, every detail of her articulated with the other details. Her eyes held his with a directness, a lack of intimidation which came from having more than enough of everything, always.

Abruptly, he turned his eyes from her. She was the princess who lived in the castle. He had no time or hankering for princesses. He just wanted to cease hankering for the no-good Little Nells—find himself a nice plain girl and buy a house big enough for the two of them and a reasonable number of kids, and settle down. That was all he wanted or expected in the nonbusiness line.

As for business, he expected someday—*determined* to become manager of Strafton Steel. For that, he had been proving himself for five years. A day would come when the old man would be forced to shuck some of his responsibilities. The day he shucked Steel, Mike would be there, ready and willing and able to take over.

He scarcely heard the introductions. He was looking at the old man, the main obstacle between him and his goal, the one instrument by which he could gain it. The old man, in turn, had eyes only for the girl. Her name was Meredith. Mike saw now with a half disinterested eye that she was young, probably eighteen, and pretty. Under her unconscious arrogance she was shy, standing like a shy, mannered child in the presence of elders. She asked the old man if he was all right. "Aunt Clara and I saw you being driven up in a strange car." Her dark eyes flicked Mike. "We worried."

"I'm fine, Merrie." The old man held his bulk erect. Made her a big smile which almost hid the fact that he was still sweating, still pale. "Fine and dandy."

Watching, Mike had a small, sinking intimation of what it was going to be like, being a father, especially the father of a girl child. Then the old man said, "I want to talk business with Mike. The only way I could corner him was to have him drive me home. I'll see you later at dinner." Dismissed, the girl went out quietly, closing the door.

Talk business —— Mike met the old man's eyes. Suddenly his mouth went dry and all intimations of fatherhood fled his mind. There was a clanging inside him. *He's going to do it now—shuck Steel and name me manager.* Actually, he hadn't expected it so soon. In two years, maybe even three ——

Then the old man made him know that his big guess was a puny one. "Mike, I'm promoting you to manager of Enterprises. The whole shebang."

Breath hung suspended in Mike's throat. More than he had expected—too much, too soon! Like being told to run the locomotive when he knew only how to fire the boiler. He let the old man see his shock. Voiced it, bluntly. "Why me? Pete Harter knows the mills—could learn the rest. He's older, more experienced. Or Bill Valey—he's been with you for twenty years. Why me?"

The old man's impatience was tangible. "Mike, if I had a son he wouldn't be the age or the temperament of Pete or Bill. You ——"

"Not me, Mr. Strafton!" He made lurching gestures toward the genuine leather and mahogany which surrounded him. "I told you, I'm straight out of a 'tater patch in East Texas ——"

"Mike, Mike. When I was born out in the Panhandle my folks would have counted themselves lucky to have a 'tater patch. But that's beside the point. I'm not looking for a son. I tried that." The massive face held a bleak memory of Jerry Valin, surprising to Mike in its violent bitterness.

Then, remembering the way the old man had looked at the girl, laying down soft carpets with his eyes—remembering the gossip that Valin had been almost a son-in-law when he crashed with that other girl in his car—Mike understood the bitterness. The surprise was the girl, as smooth and untouched as a chestnut filly in the sun. An unreasoning dislike stirred him. *She* didn't look as if she'd ever lost an earring, much less a fiancé.

"This time," the old man continued, "I'm just looking for a good manager. I said *good*, Mike. To me, that means you. As of tomorrow, I'm giving you the title and salary. I know you'll attend to the rest of it."

"Tomorrow —— Why the hurry, sir?"

The big face was gray again, glistening with sweat. "Dammit-all, Mike, I'm going to die!"

The words stomped around the room like choleric ghosts. Mike wanted to laugh. *My word, he's just now realizing he can't live forever.* But it was more than that.

"This afternoon was a preliminary bout. There've been others. The main one's coming, *I don't know when*—that's my hurry!" The big hands spread. "A man's helpless, even with money. I can buy doctors—I've bought a few—and pills by the carload, but I can't buy a son to carry on where I leave off—I can't buy life—I can't even buy time to find another man if you won't take the job! The time that's left I'd best use showing you the ropes, Mike. I need you. *Now*. I'm asking."



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Better than aspirin—even aspirin with buffering for

TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES

Acts Instantly to Give More Complete Pain Relief



How Tension Headaches Start

1. Tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles . . .

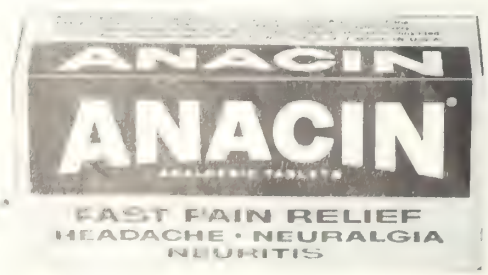
2. . . . puts painful pressure on nerves.

3. Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (not found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.

ANACIN® relaxes tension, releases pressure, relieves pain fast!

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The measure of need was in the asking, not ordering. Mike's throat ached. But he still had to know. "Why me?"

"Because you're young—you'll last. You bite off more than you can chew, and damned if you don't chew it! You're tough and mean and stubborn with ambition—that panther on your back won't let you rest until you're standing in my shoes! But you're honest. I trust you." The old man was breathing hard. "Is that enough?"

Mike nodded slowly. When the old man leveled, he really leveled. That panther . . . even in shock Mike felt the claws digging into him, urging him. Manager of Enterprises. Only a fool would turn it down. "I'll take the job, sir." The occasion demanded more. "I'll do my best for you."

The old man rose. "Not for me, Mike. *For her.* Meredith. She's only nineteen, you saw her. She's not like us, she wouldn't know a 'tater patch from a goober patch. Maybe I raised her wrong, maybe not—whichever, it's done." Now the old man's real need, his fear and hope were naked in his eyes. "Mike, *I want her to continue as safe and happy and innocent as she is today.* Marvin Pline will administer the estate for her. Your job will be to keep Enterprises in the black. It's all I can leave to keep her. If money can't do it —— Dammit-all, why does a man have to die before he's ready!"

Other views of Vogue Patterns on pages 70 and 71

TRAVEL WARDROBE



Vogue Design No. 5030. "Very Easy to Make" reversible coat; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00. Version shown requires 3⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, and 5¼ yards of 1¹₁″ novelty binding, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9972. One-piece dress; 8–18 (30–38). 75c. Version shown requires 4 yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 3000. Basic dress; 10–44 (31–46), 60c. Version shown requires 1⅝ yards of 60″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 5029. Suit-dress; 10–16 (31–36). $1.00. Version shown requires 3⅛ yards of 66″ fabric without nap, and 3⅝ yards of 1″ novelty binding, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9912. One-piece play suit and skirt; 10–16 (31–36). 75c. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 5031. One-piece dress, stole and petticoat; 10–16 (31–36). $1.00. Version shown requires ¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for bodice and 4 yards of 45″ fabric without nap for skirt, size 14.

t wasn't a question Mike could answer. He od awkwardly, staring at the old man. The man stared back at him. Dusk had fallen. the unlighted room the big head, disem- lied, thrust itself forward out of the shad- s. The eyes bored into Mike, searchingly, cely. Mike remembered a hawk with a ken wing that he had come on once in a ture. The hawk's eyes had questioned him he same way. But, unlike the hawk which l made off in the brush on one wing, the old n was apparently satisfied. His glare faded. 'Stay for dinner, Mike."

t was an order. Any other time Mike would e resented it. Would have wondered why was wanted in his sticky shirt and rumpled , with no manners and graces except the ryday ones pounded into him by his mma. Any other time he would have said ntly that he was going home and take a h and go square dancing. Might have led that he was going to hunt up an every- girl named Betty McCalmers and find out v she felt about do-si-do-ing with Enter- ses' new manager.

ll of it flashed through his mind. Then he rd himself saying, "Thank you for the invi- on, sir." Couldn't walk out on the old man ight. *He's lonesome, wants somebody else und who knows the score.*

t the dinner table, it was obvious that e-haired, high-nosed Miss Clara didn't w the score. The girl didn't have an inkling. talked lightly, shyly, arrogantly, about hing. The heat, a book Mike had never rd of, a letter from some girl in Paris. To e, they were five at the table—himself out that East Texas 'tater patch, the three ftons, and the girl's big innocence.

ll right, so the old man wanted her this , sitting there with a smile on his face, ating inside, making rocks out of his din- because he couldn't stick around to wrap in cotton batting the rest of her life. But e had a drop of everyday human blood in she'd know something was wrong!

ut who was Mike Fannin to judge a prin- in her castle? Especially when she wasn't judging him—so nice and polite and friendly. Eating with what he hoped was the right fork, he felt a trickle of sweat between the inside of his arm and his shirt sleeve. The shock was wearing off, any minute the whole business would hit him and he'd be shaking like a dog in a hailstorm. *Got to get out of here.* After dinner he'd say he'd forgotten a date. He'd go home and stick his head under a cold hard shower—could still make the last half of that square-dancing class.

But after dinner the old man brushed aside the feeble beginnings of his lie. "Stay awhile, Mike." Again it was an order. "Maybe you and Meredith would like to play a little tennis. There's a lighted court out back. Weather's cooled off. Clara and I'll watch."

Mike was whirled about between ignorance, white glittering pride and the prod of stubborn honesty. "Sir, I don't play tennis. I never had time to learn."

"Then you'll teach him, won't you, Merrie?"

Mike hated them all, even vague gentle Miss Clara. "I'm not dressed for tennis." Standing there in his sticky, rumpled clothes, suddenly aware with a prickling chill that he and the old man were engaged in a contest. A very important contest, not concerning tennis at all.

"That's all right. Believe it or not, I used to be about your size. Clara, take him up to my room, open that bag in the back of my closet and let him find something to play tennis in." The old man's eyes were relentless.

Suddenly the girl laughed. "Don't look so frightened! Really, I'm a very good teacher. If I could teach George, I know I could teach you." The laugh became a giggle. "George had two left feet and he was muscle-bound."

There was a sudden silence in the room. A black and bitter anguish came: not from the girl who stood smiling like a bewitched princess in a fairy tale; not from Miss Clara, also smiling, but from the old man.

Lubera. The princess was teaching the chauffeur tennis. Maybe Lubera's crime had been no more than letting her teach him, letting his eyes rest too long on her legs where they emerged tenderly from her shorts, but with the old man it wouldn't have taken much. The gorgeous ape-man was—phftt—gone. By the same power, Mike Fannin was—phftt—manager of Enterprises. *And the reason for all of it stood smiling, as innocent as the new-risen dawn.*

Mike wanted to laugh. Then, picturing Lubera's round bulging black eyes testing that innocence, he felt an anguish of his own. He felt like crying. *All right, dress me up like a Jerry Valin and teach me tennis.* He was going to say it, he was going to do it. Not for the old man. Not for her. For himself—to make up for the Luberas and what they did to a man's pride in his sex.

But just then his eyes met the old man's. Something in them stopped him cold. It was gone in an instant, but he had seen it—knew now what had been in the old man's mind, behind the fierce silent questioning, back there in the study. *He's setting me up for her.* The knowledge ran through him on hot and cold feet. *He's afraid the money's not going to be enough for her; he wants me in the package.*

He rocked, briefly, that wild inward laughter because a "nobody" from East Texas was getting the princess as a bonus. Then he knew she wouldn't be a bonus; she would be a sacred trust, and he the new guard at the castle gates, the faithful guard who would keep the world, the Luberas, away. *You can't do this to me, sir.* But the old man stared him down. He was going to try.

Mike's eyes plunged to the girl's face. He used desperate telepathy. *Look, baby, he's setting us up for each other. If you have other plans—you must have other plans—I've got plans! I've got a girl—no princess, but she's my speed. Help me, baby.*

But she only smiled back at him, terrible in her innocence, politely waiting for him to make up his mind about the tennis.

Then the old man—maybe because he was sick, maybe because he was in a hurry—made one of the few mistakes Mike had ever known him to make. He piled too much on too much. He showed his hand. "There's a swimming pool back there, too, Mike. If you can't swim, Merrie can teach you. And when you get out she'll mix you the tallest, smoothest, frostiest Tom Collins you ever tasted."

The old man conked it.

Mike was looking at the girl. He saw innocence die. One minute she was just a kid princess in a Texas castle. The next, she was a woman, her eyes shocked and vulnerable in a white face, aware of the block the old man had set her on.

But she had pride. Her chin lifted. "Yes, Mr. Fannin, as a reward after your tennis and swimming lessons, I'll make you the finest Tom Collins you ever drank. I can't cook or sew and I never washed a dish, but I'm a whiz behind a bar. That's something to look forward to at the end of a long hot day, isn't it?"

Stricken, he saw her small proud smile, a woman's smile on childish trembling lips. His heart split suddenly inside him like a sweet potato baking in too hot an oven. The tough leathery skin popped and the sweetness spilled out. A voice cautioned, *Mike, Mike, this is fairy-tale stuff; it doesn't happen this way.* The rest of him knew only that it had happened.

But it was no good. Under the spilling, hurting sweetness he knew he'd always remember that the old man had set it up for him. He was afraid of her proud closed face. She could be hating him and he'd never know! He had a sudden violent hunger for Betty McCalmers' plain open face—Little Nell's sleepy, full-mouthed smile ——

In his sweaty haste to be out of it, he risked the old man's anger. Risked the one prize the old man had offered him which he had the right and the guts to take, the managership of Strafton Enterprises. He blurted, "I'm sorry sir, I can't stay. I have to be going now." The truth. No softening lie about having forgotten a date.

The old man's head lowered, his eyes were glacial. Then they thawed with shock and shame at his own highhandedness. They admitted that even an East Texas mule had the option of drinking or not drinking when he

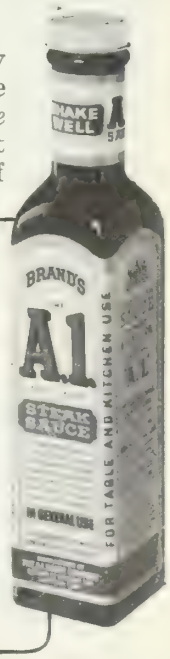
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Add A.1. Steak Sauce to ground beef. Work in well. Shape in flat oval about 2 in. thick in lightly greased, shallow pan. Broil top about 5 min. Finish cooking in hot oven, 425°F. for 10 to 20 min., depending on degree of rareness preferred. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve with the bottle of A.1. as a pour-on. Men love it!

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was forced to the water. "Then I'll see you in the morning, Mike," he told him. "Be in my office at eight o'clock and we'll work out the details."

The details. So he had won. He had sprung himself from the trap, and he was still Enterprises' new manager. It hit him at last, a solid whammy with fireworks. He tried to make his manners and good-bys decently. "I enjoyed the dinner and I'm pleased to have met you, Miss Clara. Pleased to have met you, Miss Strafton."

He had it made, and then he threw it away. Looking into her face, he felt something turn in him, an unbearable sweetness and pain. Out of the unbearableness, the pain and the sweetness, came his voice—too loud, too rough, but all that he could make it at the moment of pleading.

"I can't play tennis and I don't swim worth a shuck, but I do square dance a little. I'm going to a square dance now, down at the City Recreation Building—really, it's a class and we're all just learning, me and Joe Bardy, the plumber, and Sam who clerks in the liquor store and Royce Peters who barbers and a bunch that come across from the pool hall—you'll end up dancing with all of us. Will you come with me?"

He saw his plea shatter, visibly, against her smooth closed face, her small proud smile. He heard behind him the outraged bovine whistle of the old man's breath, and knew he had thrown it away. All of it. Pete Harter would be Enterprises' new manager. The old man had forgiven him once tonight, but he'd never forgive him for this, a boorishness, an impudence worse than Lubera's.

Maybe, tomorrow, he wouldn't forgive himself. But at this moment it was worth whatever it cost to offer her his love, pure and simple, held out in his two hands. To let her know it wasn't her he didn't want—it was the castle, the setup, the guard duty. *Will you come with me? You, Miss Meredith Strafton—you—you* ——

If she refused, he would lose an entire, sweet, new-found world. His sweet new world was lost. He saw it in her frozen face. He had thrown it all away, love included. *Wouldn't you just know a 'tater-patch mule would louse it up?*

They might have stood there for a hundred years, fairy-tale stuff, she with her frozen face and Mike with the frozen tears inside him, but the old man conked it again. "*Meredith, show the young man out.*" It was an order.

Like a reflection seen in a cracking mirror, her face came to pieces. When it reassembled, it was a far cry, as Mike's mamma would have said, from the smooth innocent face of Texas royalty. She was just another pretty girl—not as pretty as some, prettier than others—with her chin squared and a glare in her eyes which even the old man must hav envied.

"I'll be delighted to go with you, Mike Far nin, if you'll tell me what's usually worn to square-dancing class in the City Recreatio Hall."

"Building," said Mike. "I think wha you're wearing is fine." And he stuck out shaky arm, and after a little hesitation sh took it. Not paying any attention at all to th orders being given and the murmurs bein murmured behind them, he walked the prin cess out of the castle and drove her down int the town where the rest of the people were.

He was no fool. He didn't know whethe they'd make it or not. Nineteen years of beir a princess was a hard thing to get over, as we as twenty-nine years of not being born to th purple. She had come with him mostly b cause she was mad at the old man, and he ha asked her partly because he was mad at th old man—he admitted it now. But she wa trying and he was trying, and if the old ma would give them time to work it out their ow way, and if the Lord gave the old man time give them time, they might make it. He hope with all his heart that they did because he kne he would never love any other girl as much he loved Meredith Strafton, or in quite th same sweet, hurting way.

With her beside him, even the tired old h Texas-in-August evening had a fragrance.



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PUBLIC CONCERN FOR ALL AMERICAN YOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

from what I have seen in my visits to many comprehensive high schools that the students enrolled in these courses are keenly interested and their sense of purpose is carried over to the general education courses in English and history taken at the same time.

The practical courses, however, are not suitable for pupils who have great difficulty with their studies; and a certain fraction of the pupils in every high school with which I am familiar do have great difficulties with their academic work. Such troubles become noticeable in grades seven, eight and nine (the junior-high-school years). **In many cases they are the result of the failure of the child to develop a speed and comprehension in reading on a par with that of his classmates.** (Let me note that, in spite of what some critics have been writing about learning to read, American children do learn to read and many of them with a high degree of speed and accuracy!) **The very slow reader may be helped somewhat by remedial measures. But these should come early. Small classes, skilled remedial teachers in third, fourth and fifth grades giving help to those who have difficulty, might salvage many.** Relatively little can be done if, by the time the ninth grade is reached, the pupil is reading at the fifth- or sixth-grade level. How much such difficulty is a result of early instructional failures, how much it is due to a lack of interest in books and a general slowness of intellectual responses, no one can say with certainty.

I have been in schools where as many as 30 per cent of the boys and girls in the ninth grade were in the category I have just described. Such pupils were at the other end of the normal spectrum from the academically talented. (I speak of the "normal spectrum of ability," for I am leaving out of account the mentally handicapped, who present still another problem.) It would be worse than useless to urge the very slow readers to study algebra, chemistry, foreign languages or other courses which should be on the bill of fare for their more academically talented contemporaries. Even the courses in English, history, social studies, general science and general mathematics are too difficult for the very slow readers.

In the eleventh and twelfth grades the very slow readers may obtain only slight benefit from *full-time* attendance at school. They are debarred from the practical courses by their slowness with the printed word and their lack of skill with numbers. In general, schoolwork does not appeal to them, and a sense of frustration gradually develops. This is particularly so if the frustration is coupled with a desire to get out into the real world and earn money. The question arises whether a full school day in grades eleven and twelve is desirable for such pupils or whether it often engenders a rebellious spirit toward both schoolwork and the community.

Educational reformers of the World War I era recommended continuation schools for those who desired to terminate their full-time schooling before graduation from high school. These schools were well attended in certain cities (particularly New York) by youths who had paying jobs and continued their academic studies on a part-time basis. The depression of the '30's killed these schools. It would impossible to re-establish them today—r only impossible but undesirable, for many the present-day equivalent of the continu tion-school pupils are receiving a bet education now by completing high-sch work. The continuation schools, however, gether with the employment practices in t 1920's, did provide relatively satisfactorily that small portion of youths who, for one re son or another, were not adjusted to seni high-school work. Are new developments this area of education in need of exploratio My answer would be an emphatic "Yes."

Already some high schools are trying procedures by which some students are p mitted to be absent from school for the wh afternoon so that they may take a half-ti job. In New York State such an arrangem has been formalized fairly recently as a operative work program. Clearly, its succ depends not only on the attitude of the sch people, but on that of the potential employ This latter fact needs to be underlined.

If the problems of educating (using the w in its widest sense) certain types of youths ar be solved in our cities, consideration of empl ment opportunities as well as school facili must be kept in the forefront of the discuss

Solution of these problems will req money and imagination on the part of adn istrators, skillful and devoted teachers, above all an understanding public. There is use in looking backward to 1910 when 18 cent of children of ten to fifteen were gainf employed. Those days have gone; and I one am glad they have. We have all abolished child labor, we are committe education for *all* American youth. This c mitment does not preclude a sympathetic realistic appraisal of what our schools doing for boys and girls sixteen years over, whose general education for citizen might be better conducted on a part-t rather than a full-time basis, or for a very whose formal education might terminate the completion of grade ten or eleven, vided satisfying jobs were readily at hand

So I close with an appeal to parents t aware of false prestige values which ari taking the length of education as a measu its value, and an appeal to citizens to con the entire youth problem of our citi schools *and* employment opportunities. should not let our proper concern for the cation of the bright pupil in school and versity blind us to the social consequences democracy **of producing, through neglect, a small number of thwarted and resentful y** In the decades ahead we need well-tra technologists and imaginative scientists, above all we need a healthy body politi

A certain king went to visit a madhouse, and found there a youth who after replying sensibly to a number of questions asked by his sovereign, said to the latter, "You have asked me many things. I will now ask you one: at what period does a sleeper enjoy his sleep most?"

The king reflected and then said, "While he is actually sleeping."

"That cannot be," said the madman, "for he has no perception while asleep."

"Then, before he goes to sleep," said the king.

"How can one enjoy anything before it comes?"

"Then," said the king, "after he has been asleep."

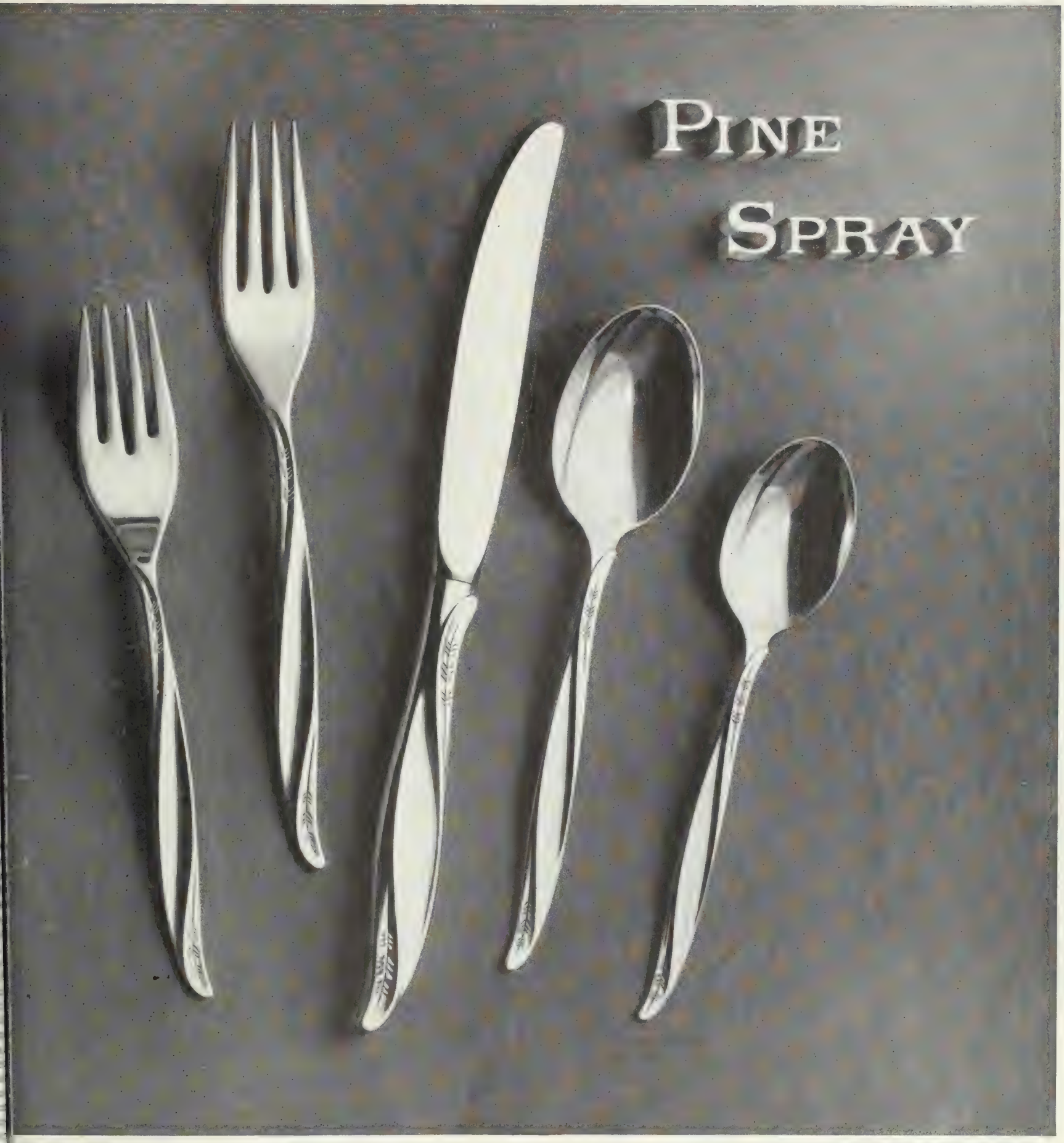
"Nay," said the madman, "a man cannot be said to enjoy a thing that has passed away."

So pleased was the king that he determined to make a companion of the madman, had a table set out in front of the window of the madhouse, and bade his attendants hand a cup of wine to himself and his mad friend.

"You drink your cup," said the latter, "that you may become like me; but if I drink mine whom shall I be like?"

The king on hearing this threw away his cup, and remained an abstainer the rest of his days.

ARAB LEGEND

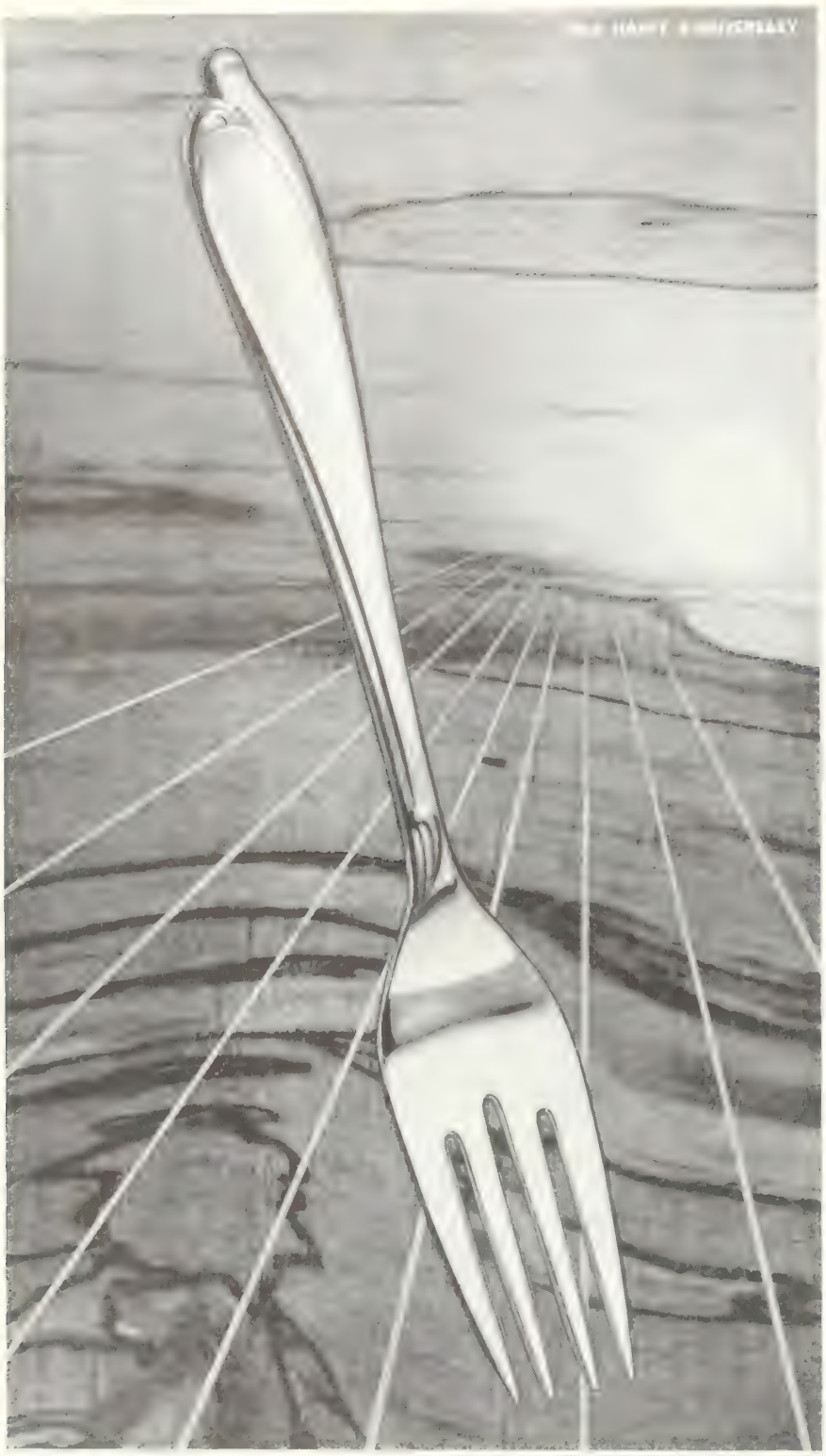


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10 Great Dishes Made With Veal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

Veal has been the favorite of generations of gourmets. (The last words of Britain' great statesman, William Pitt, are said to have been "I think I'd like a veal pie!" Try our tender Neapolitan veal roast, or veal stew Marengo, which simmers slowly t perfection, accompanied by the first shoots of asparagus from the garden. And plum strawberries, and cream, for dessert!

Veal Parmigiana

8 loin or rib veal chops cut ¾" to 1" thick
1½ cups toasted bread crumbs
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 eggs, slightly beaten
Seasoned flour
¼ cup olive oil for sautéing chops
14–16 thin slices Mozzarella cheese (about 1½ pounds)

SAUCE
½ cup olive oil
6 or 7 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
2 cups tomato purée
2 cups canned Italian plum tomatoes
1 tablespoon basil
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon orégano
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Dash monosodium glutamate
Pinch crushed dried red Mexican pepper

Trim fat from chops and remove bones. Curl tail of each chop round center piece, a secure with toothpicks or skewers. Mix together bread crumbs, cheese, salt, pepper a paprika. Roll chops first in seasoned flour, then in beaten egg and lastly in brea crumb mixture. Refrigerate while you prepare the sauce. Heat the olive oil in a skill and sauté the garlic until golden. Add tomato purée and canned Italian plum tomato basil, sugar, orégano, salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate and Mexican peppers. M well. Cover and simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Heat olive oil in a skillet and sauté the cho a few at a time until golden on both sides and almost cooked through. Drain on pap towels. Remove skewers. Arrange in the bottom of two 2-quart shallow casserol Pour ¾ cup sauce round the meat in each casserole. Cover the chops in each dish wi 7 or 8 slices Mozzarella cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 15 minutes until cheese is melted and chops are fork-tender. Brown lightly under broiler. He and pass remaining sauce. Makes 8 servings.

Sauerkraut-stuffed Veal Roll

6-pound piece boned shoulder of veal cut open and laid flat (butterflied)

STUFFING
2 medium-size onions, peeled and finely chopped
1½ cups minced chopped mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
1-pound can sauerkraut
2 cups dry white bread crumbs
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 scant teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon powdered rosemary
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon orégano
1 egg, slightly beaten
4 10½-ounce cans beef consommé
1 cup water
Paprika
Monosodium glutamate
Flour-and-water thickening

Sauté the onions and mushrooms in the butter until butter is absorbed. Stir constant Do not allow to brown. Drain and reserve liquid from canned sauerkraut. Break sauerkraut with a fork. Add bread crumbs, onion-and-mushroom mixture, parsl salt, rosemary, pepper, orégano and the egg. Mix well. Wipe the meat with a cle damp cloth. Spread the stuffing on the veal, leaving ½" uncovered on all sides. Roll jelly-roll fashion. Tie with string and secure with skewers where necessary. Place o rack in a shallow roasting pan. Mix together sauerkraut juice and 2 cans consom Pour over veal. Dust surface of the veal lightly with paprika and monosodium glu mate. Roast, uncovered, in a moderately low oven, 325° F., about 3½ hours or u fork-tender. Baste occasionally. Transfer to a warm platter. Cover and keep wa

Gravy. Add 2 more cans consommé and 1 cup water to the baking pan. Bring t boil, scraping all the brown bits from the bottom of the pan. Thicken slightly wi thin paste made with flour and water. Cook and stir until well blended. Taste for pep Makes 10–12 servings and 5 cups gravy.

Veal Marengo

6 tablespoons olive oil
3 pounds lean veal, cut into 1" cubes
2 small onions, peeled and chopped fine
9 tomatoes, peeled, seeded and coarsely chopped
5½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Generous dash paprika
5 teaspoons flour
4½ cups chicken broth or, if you like, 3½ c chicken broth and 1 cup white wine
12–14 small whole carrots, scraped
8 whole white onions, peeled
18–20 whole button-size mushrooms, wiped
10-ounce package frozen peas
Chopped parsley
Garlic French bread, toasted

Heat the olive oil in a large heavy kettle. Add the veal and brown rapidly over h heat. Add the chopped onions, tomatoes, salt, pepper and paprika. Stir in the fl and chicken broth (or broth and white wine). Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Add carrots and white onions. Continue simmering, covered, another 30 minutes. Add mushrooms and simmer another 30 minutes, when the meat should be fork-ten Five minutes before serving, add the frozen peas. Be careful not to overcook the p Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley and surrounded by wedges of toasted ga French bread. Makes 8 servings.

Horse-Radish-Stuffed Veal Patties

1 pound veal } *ground together*
½ pound pork }
1 cup milk
1 cup dry white bread crumbs
1 small onion, peeled and grated
1½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ cup butter for sautéing

STUFFING
⅓ cup prepared horse-radish
2 hard-cooked egg yolks, sieved
2 tablespoons soft butter
2 tablespoons white bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon salt

SAUCE
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup chicken broth
½ cup commercial sour cream
½ to ¾ teaspoon paprika

Add milk to crumbs and let stand 10 minutes. Mix meat and crumb-milk mixture together. Add onion, salt, pepper and egg; mix thoroughly. Using ¼ cup as a measure, form into balls. Shape with hands and flatten slightly into patties. Refrigerate while you prepare the stuffing.

Stuffing: Mix horse-radish, egg yolk, 2 tablespoons soft butter, bread crumbs and salt. Place 1 rounded teaspoon stuffing in the center of each patty. Turn up the edges over stuffing and shape into patties again. Be sure no stuffing shows through the meat. Sauté in ¼ cup butter until golden. Drain on paper towels. Arrange in a 2½-quart casserole. In a saucepan make a cream sauce, using the butter, the flour and chicken broth. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add the sour cream and paprika. Mix well. Remove from the heat immediately. Pour the sauce over the meat patties. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Sprinkle the surface with paprika. Makes 8 servings—about 16 or 17 patties.

Neapolitan Veal Roast

Rump of veal, boned, about 8 pounds (reserve bones)

STUFFING
1½ cups prepared stuffing mix
2 eggs, lightly beaten
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
3 tablespoons peeled, chopped onion
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 chicken-bouillon cube
¼ cup hot water
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

SAUCE—SALSA DIAVOLA
1 onion, peeled and chopped
½ green pepper, seeded and chopped
¼ cup chopped celery leaves
¼ cup olive oil
4 cups Italian plum tomatoes
2½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Pinch pepper, paprika, saffron
1½ tablespoons chopped chives
2 cups veal stock
2 tablespoons dry vermouth, if you like
1 teaspoon sugar
Flour-and-water thickening

Early in the day, make the veal stock and the sauce. Put bones and 2 quarts water into a kettle. Cover and bring to a boil. Skim the surface. Simmer 3 to 4 hours. Strain and reserve liquid to use in sauce.

Sauce: Sauté the onion, green pepper and celery leaves in the olive oil for 5 minutes; do not allow to brown. Add the canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, paprika, saffron and chives. Simmer 30 to 40 minutes. Put through a food mill. Add veal stock (and the vermouth, if you like). Mix well. Reserve 2 cups of this mixture to pour over veal while roasting. Put the rest into a saucepan. Add 1½ teaspoons salt and the sugar. Set aside. Wipe the veal with a clean damp cloth. Mix prepared stuffing, eggs, parsley, onion, green pepper, salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate, and chicken-bouillon cube dissolved in the hot water. Stuff the pockets in the rump with the mixture. Tie securely with string. Place on rack in large roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour ½ cup water into the bottom of the pan. Roast in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 1 hour, turning once. At the end of 1 hour pour 2 cups *salsa diavola* over the veal and continue roasting in a moderate oven, 350° F., until meat is fork-tender, about 3 hours. Baste frequently. Transfer to a warm platter. Reheat sauce previously set aside. Thicken with a flour-and-water paste. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Pour a little sauce over the veal. Serve the rest in a sauceboat. Ample for 8 servings with plenty left for seconds. Makes about 4 cups sauce.

Noisettes of Veal Gruyère

2 pounds veal cutlet cut 1" thick and divided into 8 equal pieces (or 8 loin veal chops, cut 1" thick, remove bone and excess fat)
2 eggs, slightly beaten
Seasoned flour
½ cup butter for sautéing

SAUCE
¾ cup butter
3 cups peeled and chopped onion
1⅓ cups heavy cream
¾ pound Gruyère cheese, grated
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
2 14-ounce cans hearts of palm.

If you use chops, curl the tail of each around the center part, and secure with toothpicks or skewers. Coat each cutlet or chop with egg and seasoned flour. Refrigerate while you prepare the sauce. Melt butter in a saucepan. Add onion. Cover and simmer until onion is transparent. Stir occasionally; do not allow to brown. Buzz contents of saucepan in a blender or purée in a food mill until very smooth. Transfer to the top of a double boiler over simmering water. Add heavy cream, cheese and nutmeg. Cook and stir until cheese melts and sauce is smooth and thick. Drain all liquid from canned hearts of palm. Cut each "heart" into 2 or 3 pieces. Add to cheese sauce. Continue heating until palm is warm. Do not stir. Heat the butter in a large skillet and sauté the chops a few at a time until golden on both sides and fork-tender. Drain on paper towels. Remove skewers. Cover and keep warm while you sauté the remaining chops. Arrange on a large platter. Garnish with the hearts of palm and pour some of the sauce over the chops and palm. Serve the rest in a sauceboat. Makes 8 servings.



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Veal Roll-Ups Continental

8 pieces of veal cut as for scaloppine (about 7" x 4")
Pepper
1 4½-ounce can deviled ham
8 tablespoons ricotta or pot cheese
4 teaspoons grated onion
2 eggs, slightly beaten
Toasted bread crumbs
4 tablespoons butter
¼ cup undiluted beef consommé

SAUCE
1 tablespoon butter
8 scallions, chopped
1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
1 cup undiluted beef consommé
3 drops liquid pepper seasoning
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoons dry Marsala, if you like

Sprinkle each piece of veal with pepper. Spread with the deviled ham, leaving ¼" border all the way around. Next spread each piece with 1 tablespoon ricotta or pot cheese and ½ teaspoon grated onion. Roll up jelly-roll fashion and secure with toothpicks. Dip in egg and coat with the bread crumbs. Heat the butter in a skillet and sauté the rolls until golden all over. Drain on paper towels. Remove toothpicks. Transfer to a shallow casserole. Add consommé. Cover and bake in a moderately low oven, 325° F., for 45 minutes. *For the sauce:* Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the scallions, mushrooms and garlic. Cook 5 to 7 minutes. Add consommé, cover and simmer until vegetables are tender. Season with liquid pepper seasoning. Mix cornstarch and cold water to a smooth paste. Add to vegetable mixture. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. When veal rolls are tender, drain liquid from casserole into sauce. Add Marsala, if you like. Pour over the rolls. Makes 8 servings.

Veal Battuto

6–7 pound boned rump of veal (reserve bones)

BATTUTO PASTE
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon dry mustard
3 tablespoons anchovy paste
3 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
½ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
10 slices bacon
Flour-and-water thickening

Mix mustard with lemon juice. Add anchovy paste, garlic, pepper and lemon rind. Mix well. Spread ⅓ of paste inside meat. Roll up and fasten securely with string. Spread remaining paste all over outside of veal. Cover and let stand 1–2 hours at room temperature. Place bacon over surface of meat. Roast, uncovered, on a rack in a roasting pan in a moderate oven, 350° F., 25–35 minutes per pound or until meat thermometer registers 170° F. (internal temperature). Remove bacon 15 minutes before the end of roasting time. Transfer meat to platter. For the gravy, remove as much fat as possible from liquid in roasting pan. Add 3 cups seasoned veal stock, made with veal bones. Stir, heat, and thicken slightly with flour-and-water paste. Makes 8 servings—3½ cups gravy.

Poached Veal With Green Sauce

4–4½ pounds boned rump of veal (reserve bones)
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 large clove garlic, peeled and crushed

GREEN SAUCE
5 tablespoons finely chopped chives
5 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
3 tablespoons finely chopped dill pickle
¼ cup capers
4–5 tablespoons lemon juice
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
¼ cup salad oil
1 cup veal broth
⅛ teaspoon sugar
2 good dashes liquid pepper seasoning
Salt and pepper

Place meat and bones in as small a kettle as possible so that the minimum of water may be used. Cover meat ¾ with water. Add salt, pepper and garlic. Bring to a boil. Cover and continue simmering until meat is fork-tender—about 2 to 2½ hours, or 30 minutes to the pound. Turn meat occasionally during cooking. Cook meat conveniently in advance; let it stand in the broth and reheat before serving. Place all the ingredients for the green sauce in a saucepan. Heat slowly to boiling point, stirring occasionally. Arrange slices of poached veal on a warm platter and garnish with parsley. Spoon some of the green sauce over each slice and serve the rest in a separate bowl. Makes 6–8 servings—2 cups sauce.

Terrines of Veal

1½ pounds veal, cut as for scaloppine
1⅓ cups finely sliced scallions
¼ cup finely chopped parsley
Fresh-ground pepper
Powdered thyme
Bay leaves, crumbled
1½ pounds thin-sliced cooked ham
1 cup chicken broth
3 cups undiluted beef consommé
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1 ⅞-ounce can black truffles
½ green pepper
1 tomato
2 stalks celery

Put eight 4¼"x2¼"x1½" loaf pans on a tray. Trim a piece of veal to fit the bottom of each pan. Sprinkle lightly with scallion and parsley, pepper, a dash of thyme and a little bay leaf. Add a layer of ham. Repeat until the pans are full. After the first layer of veal you need not worry about using uneven pieces. Put 2–3 tablespoons chicken broth in each pan. Cover tightly with aluminum foil. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., 1½ hours. Remove from oven, allow to cool a little. Place a weight on the foil covering the meat in each pan (a can of soup will do). Cool. Refrigerate overnight. Turn out of pans. Trim to an even shape. Refrigerate while you make the aspic. Heat the consommé and gelatin until gelatin dissolves. Cool. Wash pans previously used and when dry put 2 or 3 tablespoons liquid aspic in each. Chill until firm. Cut fancy shapes from truffles, green pepper, tomato and celery. Dip in liquid aspic and place in pans. Chill until firm. Replace each veal-and-ham stack. Fill with aspic that is syrupy. Chill until firm. Unmold. Makes 8 servings.

BECAUSE WOMEN CARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

By 1955, school officials were using every vice they could think of to stretch space. asement rooms were turned into classrooms, ades were combined, leftover children sent to other wards.

And then the ceiling fell in Webster.

It was not really the ceiling—only a bit of aster. Although it fell where a child *might* ve been sitting, it fell over a weekend, and one was hurt. But if the whole ceiling had llen, it is doubtful if the cumulative effects uld have been greater.

At nine o'clock the following Monday rning (the time was February, 1956), Mara Jane Lynn's kitchen telephone rang. She d her husband, Bob, had been away over e weekend. That morning she had seen the ler of her two children, Vicki Sue, off to ndergarten at Webster, and was already rting on her Monday washing. But it was indignant Webster mother on the line. e and a friend were spreading the news of fallen plaster. Could Martha Jane come to neeting at nine-thirty?

Martha Jane tucked her red-haired, freckled four-year-old, Steve, into his snow suit soon as she could and arrived in her neighr's living room at ten o'clock. Conversation s already buzzing.

Martha Jane remembers, "It was a regular fee hash-session." All those present were ng Webster mothers. Most of them had ned out to vote "yes" for the previous bond ues, and all were sympathetic to school offils who, they felt, had tried hard to keep d Webster in "pretty good repair" over the rs. They were in a crusading mood. Not n a bond issue that *would* pass seemed bed them.

We agreed we wanted to do something itive, even if we weren't sure what. But re were only fifteen of us, so we decided to e ourselves two weeks for each of us to find more people."

wo weeks later, seventy young women met he basement room of a Webster neighbor, ough this time some of the mothers were m other wards. Preschoolers swarmed ong the grownups. Rules of order were inmal to an extreme. Martha Jane says, "We er *did* get around to electing officers. Our n reason was that we wanted to avoid all sonal publicity because of the personal cks of the last bond-issue campaign. I k this was one of the wisest decisions we le." But Mrs. Leonard Spurgeon, then sident of the Webster P.T.A., says of ty, auburn-haired Martha Jane, "*She* was chairman."

Martha Jane declares that when she was a ntry girl coming from her father's farm to aloosa High School, she had as many kles on her face as Steve has now (hunds). But her red hair has deepened now, freckles have vanished and in their place look of sweetness and poise. She graduinto World War II, went on to Iowa e University where she majored in home omics, specializing in institutional cookBut in her senior year an old high-school smate, Bob Lynn, now a Navy veteran, ed up in the sophomore class. Martha was excited at being offered a job in Boson her graduation, but as Bob says, e never got there." They were married in ember, 1947.

ey spent two more years at Iowa State e Bob finished his degree in poultry husdry—years both speak of as sociable, imerished fun shared with other married ents. They came back to Oskaloosa in the g of '49, where Bob, an only son, joined mother and father in their dressed-poultry ness. The younger Lynns were the kind of le to do things in their community. Mara Jane's Sunday-school teaching has deed into serious church work. Blond, us-minded Bob had a Scout troop for s, is now district chairman of leadership ing. They became square-dance enthusiand Bob even took a course in calling.

Their resources were most tested, however, after the birth of Vicki Sue, in February, 1950. The birth was difficult, and the baby didn't breathe for almost half an hour. In the interval her brain was damaged, and she now has mild cerebral palsy. The good sense and courage of her parents have given Vicki Sue courage too. She is now an extra-thin little third-grader with fine gold hair and her father's blue eyes. Speech and physical-therapy classes at the University of Iowa, special tutoring by her beloved first-grade teacher help her keep up. She knows she can count on her family to listen attentively as she struggles to get out her flow of words at the family dinner table. On the other hand, she knows there is no exploiting her difficulties; she must tie her own shoes, make her own bed. Steve is her self-appointed protector at school. With a face like Tom Sawyer's he is a bringer home of A's, champ baseball player and riddle collector, but he helped argue his mother into letting Vicki join a dancing class this year.

The meeting of seventy mothers became a general discussion of how to promote a bond campaign, "with everyone throwing in *every* idea." Perhaps the most concrete result was a new feeling of excitement, for never before had so many supporters of building drawn together. "We discussed whether we were interested in just Webster, or the whole school setup. We agreed we didn't want to be tagged as just a Webster group. We laid down our no-personal-publicity rule and decided to send a delegation to the school board to see what they thought we could do."

Mr. Joe L. Gettys, Oskaloosa school superintendent, smiles now at his own underestimation of the power of aroused mothers. He says, "Frankly, I didn't think they could do a thing. The last campaign had developed into a really nasty situation. We were trying to meet emotions with facts and figures—too many—and it hadn't worked. What the mother's group was offering, of course, was emotion on *our* side."

The school board was still responsibly trying to give the public facts. That fall it had held open forums in each ward, hoping to find out what program the town *would* vote for. Says Martha Jane succinctly, "They fell with a flop. Hardly anybody came." Again in January, just a month before the plaster fell, it had scheduled a town meeting with all school-board members present to answer questions. "It was *really* discouraging. Twenty or thirty people came. I remember saying afterward, 'Somebody's going to have to do something awfully drastic.'"

It was not surprising, then, that the board's advice to the mothers was: wait. It was too early in the year. Spring or summer would be better. Having heard this advice, the mothers made up their own minds. "We thought no, let's act while the spark's there. The board was awfully nice—they said they'd support anything we did."

It was in these early meetings that Martha Jane was pushed into position of spokesman. She says, "It was because I wasn't afraid to talk," but Mrs. Spurgeon elaborates: "She was *much* our most interesting speaker, she was capable and attractive, and—you have to know Martha Jane—she would *never* make anybody mad. We *needed* her."

Decisions had to be made, and Martha Jane admits, "Mrs. Spurgeon and I made many of them. I don't know that we had the authority to do so, but we wanted to keep things moving quickly."

The next decision was to send out a call through all ward P.T.A. chairmen for another meeting of "just the pro votes. We stressed again that we didn't want to stop to argue with those who weren't with us. A hundred and five mothers came from every ward—and we'd had practically no publicity."

The meeting took place in the Farm Bureau basement. The high-school principal had sent over some high-school girls to take care of the preschoolers, and throughout the three-hour meeting the thumps of children at play sounded through the ceiling. "We described what we had been doing, and what we hoped to do," says Martha Jane (actually it was she who did the talking), "then we took a vote on what we wanted to support. We had two main choices—

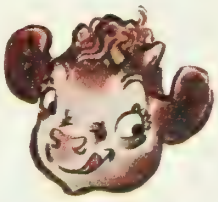
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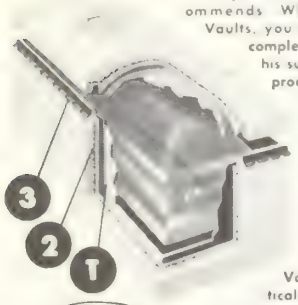
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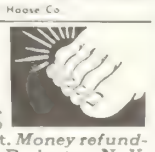
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the big one and the little one. The big one was what the school board really wanted—to build a new high school and convert the old into a junior high. We were still on the old-fashioned eight-four system [eight years of elementary school, four of high], and the school people felt strongly the six-three-three system was better, and would relieve congestion in the elementary schools. Oskaloosa's bonding limit was over a million dollars, and if we went the whole way, we could do something about the elementary schools too—give Webster a new unit and add multipurpose rooms to several of the others that had absolutely no assembly room or play area for rainy days. The smaller plan was to put up just the Webster unit and the multipurpose rooms for about $300,000.

"We never dreamed how the vote would turn out. It was 103 to 2 in favor of the big one. We were overwhelmed. This generated all *sorts* of enthusiasm."

By now it was early March. Within two weeks, mothers in pairs had gone through every ward circulating a petition that Oskaloosa vote on a bond issue for $1,060,000. Thirty-five signatures were needed. The mothers got over a thousand.

One final meeting was held before Easter week at the end of the month. At this, tables were placarded with the names of committees, and committees were formed by the simple device of asking every mother to walk to the table of her choice. This meant every woman there would have a job to do during the campaign. As Mrs. Spurgeon puts it, "Never before have so many people from all parts of town been so friendly—and probably never will be."

The mothers wanted a quick vote while spirits were high, and had asked that voting day be May first, a Tuesday. They decided to do nothing during Holy Week. April, then, would be campaign month.

A few days before the petitions were circulated, Martha Jane and Mrs. Spurgeon had gone together to have a little chat with the man they regarded as the leader of the opposition during the earlier bond-issue fights. He had received them in his office. So sure was he that the mothers were harmless that he could afford to be totally benign. "All right, little lady," he told Martha Jane, "if you keep it in your own hands and don't let those other fellows [the school officials] run you, I'll give you a hundred dollars for your campaign."

Martha Jane smiles rather grimly. "He never did give us the money. A few weeks later he was fighting us as hard as ever. But I suppose at that stage it never occurred to him our campaign would amount to anything at all."

The Mothers' Crusade for Better Schools started that April with a cash debt of $150 already spent for campaign supplies (the money had been loaned by the Junior Chamber of Commerce). It had assets, too, however. It had a thorough, imaginative campaign program worked out from all the ideas mothers had thrown in at early meetings. It had eight committees totaling nearly 300 women to put the program into effect. And it had all the zest in the world.

Thanks to its zest, the campaign grew in impetus all during the month of April. The hundred women on the "campaign materials" committee, who were going to distribute placards among merchants, sell beanies, bumper strips and campaign buttons to raise money, started their work with practice sessions in how to handle hostility, had one rule drummed into them: Don't argue. By the end of the month, merchants who had earlier turned down placards were calling up and pleading for them. (Martha Jane says, "The rumor that we boycotted them wasn't true. It was just that nobody had *time* to shop.")

Preparations were careful. Martha Jane wrote a speech for her "organizations contact" committee, "so we'd all be saying the same thing—then we tore it up so we'd speak spontaneously. In all, fifteen of us talked to two hundred organizations in that one month. *Many* of us made two or three speeches a day. It got so if Bob wanted to see me, he'd have to come to a meeting where I was speaking."

The young mothers would arrive at meetings armed with campaign buttons ("I'll Vote for Better Schools"), bumper strips ("Vote Schools Now") and a device called the "wheel of truth" meant to show every property owner just how much his taxes would actually increase ($9 a year for Oskaloosa's average homeowner). The town's ministers gave them "wonderful support," invited them to speak to church groups where they hoped to reach older citizens. All the men's service organizations gave them resounding votes, in a few cases cheerfully circumventing their own by-laws to do so.

Three hundred women gave uncountable numbers of coffees. They were small ("no more than ten or fifteen people") with large aims: to capture 3000 "Yes" votes, the minimum needed to beat an all-out opposition estimated at 2000. (The bond issue would have to carry by 60 per cent). Hostesses invited two or three antis or fence-sitters, surrounded them with a dozen enthusiastic but tactful pros, tried diplomatically to ascertain what their husbands' sentiments were, wrote down on carefully kept lists such facts as whether they might need baby sitters on voting day.

The transportation committee offered their time and cars to any voters who wanted to take a firsthand look at the schools. One retired schoolteacher told her driver she didn't believe a word of this dire need for more school space, but she was so shocked when she actually saw children studying in hallways and cellars that she apologized for her doubts and went straight home to start calling up friends.

A day that had been scheduled for a massive sweep of downtown sidewalks to sell campaign buttons turned out to be a "nasty, blustering day—oh, *nasty*!" But 200 umbrella-carrying mothers covered the town anyway,

ALARM CLOCK: an invention used to wake adults who have no babies. EASAR'S COMIC DICTIONARY

because they heard that a feature writer from a Des Moines newspaper had come for the occasion. Oskaloosans had the satisfaction of reading a Sunday-feature story and two subsequent editorials in the newspapers of their state capital. Oskaloosa's awakening was state news.

Oskaloosa's own newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, had offered full support from the first, and probably no influence outside the mothers themselves was quite so instrumental in building up a powerful, town-wide campaign fever. It worked closely with the mothers' publicity committee. Daily it presented the bond issue as though it were Christmas: "So many days left to register and vote!" It ran a series of question-and-answer boxes in which "the old, sore points" were fairly and objectively answered. It gave front-page space to a series written by one of its own reporters, taking up each ward's school situation, the benefit each would derive if the bond issue passed. Once again the point was made clear: that the whole town had a stake in better schools.

The opposition, of course, did not remain idle, but somehow this time those in favor of the bond issue had so much heart and verve that answering back became easy. Martha Jane says, "We mothers kept ourselves on a *very* clean level—no arguments, no personal attacks. But a few men's groups *did* raise some personal attacks that made the *Daily Herald* awfully lively reading the last few weeks." A "Taxpayers' League" that bought newspaper space to argue against the bond issue was countered by a "Little League Taxpayers' Association" that bought equal space to poke fun at the former's elusive membership. When a school official received an illiterate, misspelled anonymous letter, the letter was reprinted over the caption "Here's Why We Need Better Schools."

The town's social-service workers wore campaign buttons, countered the opposition's arguments to low-income renters and pensioners. After a leading opponent of the bond issue used personal attack over the radio, the radio station made a rule that all future scripts had to be submitted in advance. Martha Jane says, "This took all the fire out of them. They had the kind of speakers who liked to talk off the cuff." Both the newspaper and the rad station encouraged advertisers to insert "W support the Mothers' Crusade for Bet Schools" in their advertising, and the rush holdout merchants and professional groups make this public proclamation in the closi week of the campaign told volumes. "It got they began to feel they *had* to have that lit thing in there." As Martha Jane puts it, "Wh we got going, there wasn't any one pers the antis could attack. It was a kind of ov whelming tide. For the first time they were the defensive."

The day before election day, the moth held a parade. It was a parade such as Osk loosa had never seen. Only mothers and ch dren marched—over 2000 of them. Ten abrea they marched for eleven blocks through t downtown area. Some of the high-sch students had made floats. The children chant Mothers held preschoolers by the ha pushed babies in strollers. Says Martha Ja "It was very, very orderly and very, very i pressive." The state's superintendent of pu lic instruction happened to be driving throu Oskaloosa that day on his way to somewh else, and as the *Daily Herald* gleefully scribed it, "ran smack dab into the ho blowing parade traffic." Said the amazed perintendent, "I never saw anything like i wouldn't have missed it for the world."

The next day the mothers were still at wo They baby-sat, drove voters to the polls, set a network of poll watchers and telephoners make sure every known pro-vote did his c duty. But this was the day when a month devoted effort was rewarded. The vote wa record one (the mothers had brought over new voters to the rolls during April): 3504 the bond issue, 1241 against. This was m than double the highest number of "y votes in any of the previous elections. bond issue made a clean sweep in every sin ward, winning by a 74 per cent majority. *Daily Herald* put out an extra with a ban headline, and church bells rang.

All this was some four years ago. But r dents say that Oskaloosa hasn't been the s town since. The elementary-school additi are up now; last fall the handsome new h school, sitting on the crown of a hill beh the town, opened its doors. But Martha J says, "The best result of all was a new com nity feeling. Twice in the past we had lost industry because surveys showed we ha 'poor community attitude.' Since 1956 n new plants have come to town. People h got behind other town projects with a bo spirit. We've been chosen by the U.S. S Department as a 'typical American town' foreign visitors to see. Oskaloosa is just a ferent place to live in."

But what of Martha Jane? One of her h est offices this year is den mother; she steadily turned a deaf ear to suggestions she run for the school board. For a yo woman with above-average gifts of energy ability, her arguments sound suprisingly fashioned. But they are very firm. "There' ready one woman on the school board, that's enough. The Mothers' Crusade w once-in-a-lifetime thing and it's better t the men carry on now. Besides, I don't wa start anything like that while my children this age."

She still does extraordinary things. She Bob built a new house over a period of years, and clad in pedal pushers and s shirt she helped him do much of the lab from putting in wiring to laying down crete forms. She brings in extra family in with a part-time job ("My hours are own") as "hospitality hostess" exte greetings to newcomers. When hands are at the poultry-processing plant, she pitch She says, "I've never killed a chicken- I've driven a truck."

Nevertheless, when she and Mrs. Spur get together, there is a special bond of m ories between them. Some time after C loosa's school-bond election, the nearby of Perry, Iowa, held one, and Perry mo came to Oskaloosa mothers for advice. tha Jane says, "We told them everything done. After the election one of their mo telephoned us. She was crying, 'We won won!' I knew *just* how she felt."



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TEENAGERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

We're talking about when we're sixteen or seventeen, and are supposed to start thinking things out for ourselves. Many parents *say* they want us to, but they get frightened when we actually start to do it.

Take smoking. Hardly any parents approve, even for older teens. But we don't see anything wrong with it—so we smoke. Not everybody. Especially not all girls. But almost all of us have tried it, and don't feel guilty about it either.

Parents are apt to be narrow-minded about dates too. There's an awful lot of trouble about dating outside our religion. We agree that a girl's parents have a right to meet her date. But some parents are snobs who judge our friends unfairly and too quickly. Some girls play it cool, try bringing a boy around more often so their parents will have a chance to know what he's really like. Others date the boy anyhow—and friends cover for them, or their parents know and there's a perpetual war.

Then there's the question of where we're allowed to go. It annoys us that so many parents are against drive-in movies. Could be because we call them "passion pits." We forget how literal-minded parents can be, and that they are in such a sweat about anything that even *sounds* like sex.

We don't really mind bars and taverns being off-limits—they haven't much appeal anyhow. A wild party now and then is another thing. A number of us at one time or another have been on one, if only because we got carried along with a crowd that went in for them. But if girls ask their dates to take them home, the boys are generally willing to. If not, girls have been known to take a cab or even to go off with a date's car.

The important thing is that most crowds choose not to be wild most of the time. Most of us frown on heavy necking, smoking and drinking. We like to think these are *our* choices, not our parents'. But, as one teen put it, "Someday you have to make a choice between getting a bad reputation and being accused of being from Parentsville. You can't always be in the middle."

Usually our "wildness" is pretty innocent. Like deciding to go swimming at midnight on a hot summer night instead of minding the home curfew. We balance the swim against our parents' wrath. Sometimes we take the wrath.

On the other hand, there are some parents' and groups' rules we accept. Just about everybody, everywhere, agrees that a girl's parents have the right to set the rules for dating, that these shouldn't be broken. Everybody moans about early curfews (usually 10 to 10:30 for young teens, 11 to 12:30 for older ones), but boys don't question the right of the girl's parents to set them. Another rule determines whether a girl can date on a school night (it's generally *no*). All agree that a girl's parents have the right to meet her date and have something to say about where she's allowed to go. Boys are not apt to take a girl to the kind of place her parents disapprove of.

Boys agree their parents have rightful authority over the family car—and all rules governing its use. Most parents are generous about this, and to do us justice, we don't burn the rubber or go bombing around on dates. We think chaperons are dated except for large parties, and even then they shouldn't be in the middle of things. Our parties are milder than people think. The truth is, most of us are too well brought up, have too much sense of responsibility to go in for anything else. When we do get in trouble with our parents it's apt to be because, as one teen put it, "Actually, the group rules are more apt to conform with what I think is right."

[illegible]

Don't panic, but not one out of ten of us thinks our own parents are too strict or too lenient—but just about everyone thinks other kids' parents are either one or the other. We feel our own parents "let us do the things they can trust us to do," as one teen put it. Or another, "My friends think my parents extremely lenient, but I have a feeling that if I got into trouble my parents would crack down."

For some strange reason we're readier to classify *other* kids' parents. Some think others' parents are "too rough," others "*all* too lenient." But by and large most think "half are strict, and half are lenient, none are too lenient." A comment from Minneapolis is typical: "Most kids' parents treat them exactly as they deserve."

When we're punished we usually think we deserve it, but we think parents really goof when it comes to what they deal out. Punishments tend to be blown up out of all proportion, or just don't fit the crime. We're persecuted about little things—and the big things ride. If we're five minutes late because the guy at the gas station didn't have change, we're grounded for three weeks. Yet a kid can get drunk or rod it up and parents hardly notice it. Almost all teens feel parents act before they think—without giving us a chance to explain. And that punishments are silly—and ineffective. We think punishments alone aren't enough to make a person stop doing a thing—we have to understand *why* we shouldn't do it. Yet punishment is accepted with resignation—rarely with revolt.

[illegible]

People who think teenagers as a whole *approve* of boozing it up are really out to lunch.

Wives, like children, need to be loved most when they least deserve it.

Or if they think most of us haven't been exposed to it, likewise. The majority of us are worried about the amount of drinking that does go on. So much so we may give an impression that there's more drinking than there is.

Let's rule the young teens out first. They practically never come in contact with liquor except at home. This is true of some crowds too. You'd think they'd never heard of the stuff. But most kids have at least experimented with liquor. (By no means have we all tied one on.) This is not as much a question of where-we-live as you might think. There's the same amount of concern about drinking in small Kansas towns as there is in big cities.

The only areas in the country where teenage drinking even begins to be an accepted thing are San Francisco, Tucson, New York and their suburbs. Everywhere else, the pattern is pretty much the same: Very little drinking at parties, but a few boys may show up stony. On dates, the crowd sets the pace. The crowd's attitude influences us more than parents' (although a few teens who've seen excessive drinking at home have strong convictions against it). *Most* crowds frown on drinking too much. Not many girls drink, although a lot have sampled. Girls haven't much control over whether boys tie one on or not, although a boy will get a kick out of letting a girl feel noble about reforming him when he doesn't much care for drinking anyway.

Most drinking is among boys who want to find out what it's all about, see what it feels like to get plastered. They get together in small groups for the pure and simple purpose of getting smacked. But once they've proved they're men, there's no rush about doing it again.

WHAT IS THE TEENAGE STAND [illegible]

This may come as a shock, but we don't believe in teenage marriages. Even in the deep South, where marrying early is supposed to be customary, 98 per cent of the teenagers today *say* that teens are just not mature enough for a marriage that has much chance of success. As one boy put it: "We shouldn't get married unless we are emotionally mature and financially able, which is a hard combination to find in teens."

Around the rest of the country we feel even more strongly. Maybe the wave of reaction against the teenage-marriage fever has finally hit us. Some of us feel that if a girl is 18 or 19 *and* mature enough, she might make a go of it. But boys should be over 20 at least, highly responsible, and earning at least $80.00 a week. Most of us feel strongly that we still have a great deal of growing and living and learning to do before we're ready for marriage.

We think a forced marriage is a sad situation. Some question it altogether, feeling that if a girl gets p.g. it's evidence of irresponsibility, and love probably isn't involved. Most of us don't know personally of any forced marriages, or have only heard about them vaguely. It hardly ever happens to people you know well. Or else you're not sure.

We think mooning about "my ideal" marriage partner is kind of juvenile. We expect to marry people, not ideals. But *all* of us expect to marry for love. In fact, we look forward to marriage as a relationship of special understanding. As one Brain said: "The ideal wife is the one who'll love *me*."

Girls in general say a lot of money won't be important in choosing a husband—although they want him to be able to support a family. Boys say wives should be attractive, *not* a dish. Party girls needn't apply. And unless a whole generation changes its mind, the male is going to be the head of the house.

DO TEENS WHOSE MOTHERS WORK [illegible]

There are few wild parties while mothers are at work. Quite a number of teens got indignant at the very suggestion. *All* the teens whose mothers work testify this sort of thing simply doesn't happen. Wild parties seem to be a question of how you're brought up rather than whether your mother works or not.

We know what we're talking about, too, because it seems that *at least* half the mothers of teenagers work. We do have more freedom in this situation, but we have more responsibilities too. Practically none of us feels this extra work hurts us. We're rather proud to do our part. We're proud of our mothers too. A lot of us feel they are more interesting people because they have jobs—and that they're easier to talk to. We don't mind their working if they want to, and we appreciate their effort if they have to. Nobody hollers because the house is empty after school. We feel it's sad if a person in his teens can't do without mommy when he comes home.

WHAT ABOUT TEENAGE MANNERS AND CONSIDERATION OF OTHERS?

Teenagers all over the country are convinced that basically teens have good manners. Then we go on to admit that there's room for improvement. We think we're all right on small things—like saying thank you, opening doors, walking on the outside—but we're not so sure about the big ones—like consideration. Yet we hate to hurt people's feelings—and that's supposed to be the basis of courtesy, so maybe we'll catch on. We're particularly apt to forget manners when we're in a gang.

We find especially repulsive: eating with your mouth open, pushing in school halls, standing up a date, not including other people in conversation (especially your date), using dirty language, yelling out of cars, not respecting elders, bragging, rowdyism in general.

It comes as a painful revelation to most of us that we aren't considerate enough of our parents. We are *very* considerate of our dates. And reasonably so of our friends (as one cynic said, "We don't want to kill off any prospects"). We are pretty considerate of our friends' parents. But, it looks as though we take our parents for granted—or have an extradefensive relationship with them. We

would like the situation to be better, and we're going to try to remember to gas this one.

BUT NOT ABOUT SEX!

Even in big cities where everyone's supposed to be more couth, teens find it *very hard* to have serious, heart-to-heart talks with their parents. Some of us feel it's our own fault—we could if we wanted to, but we don't want to. It's embarrassing. Some feel it's the parents—we'd like to talk but they're hard to reach. Most have one parent they can talk to more easily than the other—about some things. Our ambitions are the easiest subject. Parents really open up on this score and talk freely and helpfully. Talks about behavior are generally a one-sided conversation.

Sex is a real block. Very few—whether it's the parents or the teen who takes the initiative—get far in this department, though teens (mostly girls) wish they could. Some say their mothers freeze at the word. So they talk to their girl friends instead. Most boys say they don't like to talk to their parents about it. A good many report their mothers worry so much about it they just don't bring the subject up. Yet parents seem scared to death we'll get into "trouble." If they only knew how little cause they have to worry.

When a girl knows a boy, she can pretty much predict how he will act on a date, so she isn't apt to find herself in a car in the park wishing she knew judo. Of course everyone makes mistakes. One teen remembers a time when she misjudged a boy, and she was so nervous she banged her head trying to get out of the car. This made her so mad she really told him off, and he was so surprised he meekly drove her home.

But to sum up, most girls know enough not to get themselves in spots like that. They can size up—or handle the boys they know. Also, most of us frown on heavy necking—and ditto going all the way! Believe it or not, we're romantic. We'd rather think our date's the most. And don't forget—teens are shy. Many parents like us to double-date because they think it's some kind of morality insurance. Actually we like to because with four it's easier to keep the conversation rolling.

Pickups (and this should come as no surprise) are frowned on by teens as well as parents. One in a hundred girls thinks it's cute to go to a game or somewhere and pick up a boy she never saw before. But nobody thinks it's cool to be a tomato. As for straight sex—we think that's a panic. Who's anxious to get into trouble? The few who break the rules say they lived to regret it.

And here's a word for parents: we think being brought up to be responsible and informed is our best insurance.

BASIC INTEGRITY?

Most kids think school rules are not reasonable, though we suppose there are reasons for them. Many seem to us an insult to the dignity of decent teens (99 per cent, since hoods add up to 1 per cent in the average high school). We feel some are a first-class pain: needing a pass to go into the school corridor, keeping absolute silence when changing classes. We resent some of the rules about clothes: having to wear a belt (the new Continental pants are designed to be worn without one), girls' not being allowed to use a rinse on their hair or wear slacks to a game. And penalties are too severe, expulsion is used too freely.

So we abide by the rules when we must, but privately we have contempt for them (even the squirrels do) and we play a cat-and-mouse game of trying to break them without getting caught. None of us feels guilty about this (the way we do about breaking parents' rules), and on the whole it's considered cool. The crime consists in getting caught. When we have a part in making the rules we feel differently.

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Catalogue. Box Radnor, Wayne, Pa.

considerable." Most of us feel it's more common in the junior grades, and that kids just learn not to do it. But we're embarrassed that there's *any*. We all condemn it. Most teens say it can't be justified under any circumstances. Those who do alibi it give these reasons for cheating: when the volume of work is too great, when you can't date if you don't bring home good grades, when pressure about college from parents and teachers gets too heavy. Many teens think there's pressure on them all the time. The competition's keen.

Deception as a whole, of almost any other kind, is something a teen would rather die than stoop to. Lying, for instance, has absolutely no place in our book. Of course it would be stupid to balk at little white lies told in order to save someone's feelings—like telling a creep whom you don't want to date that you're going steady. But a deliberate lie is *never* justified, unless to protect others—our parents or friends. Never for our own benefit. We especially look down on the phony, the person who pretends to be something he's not, who talks about getting bombed and crashing cars and snowing girls.

Considering we take such a strong stand against deception, it's ironic that this is what most often gets us into trouble—mostly because *loyalty to a friend* has top place in our scheme of values. This can mean taking the blame, covering up in any number of ways, and—inevitably—lying. Most of us say this is the only circumstance under which we would lie to our parents. A girl will say a friend is staying at her house when the friend is on a date. A friend covers for someone who's cut a class. Or a girl at her friend's house, when the friend's mother comes into the room and smells smoke, will say *she* is the one who has been smoking. Girls sometimes regret protecting someone who doesn't deserve it.

Not so boys. They don't regret lying or covering for another boy, even if they get the full brunt of the blame themselves. They just don't squeal, even if the consequences might be serious. Here's a case: A school paper ran an editorial criticizing the school. A young teen on the staff was severely punished because he had taken it to the printer without having it O.K.'d by the faculty adviser. But the student managing editor had told him it had been O.K.'d. The younger boy didn't defend himself by explaining it, and the m.e. didn't come forward because he was a senior and thought trouble would hurt his chances for college. That was O.K. by the younger boy. He suffered a black eye with the faculty as a result. But he didn't regret not having squealed and would do the same thing again. And everyone felt he did the right thing.

[illegible]

In small Southern towns, in big Northern cities, from East Coast to West, more than half the teenagers are regular churchgoers. Even in a city like Chicago, 80 per cent of the teens have some sort of church affiliation.

Religion means a lot even to a great many teens who do not go to church often. To some it means a great deal indeed. They say it is something to set ideals and moral goals by, it gives them inner peace and security. They think of it as a stabilizing force in the world too. Others are puzzled because religion doesn't mean as much as it used to and they find it hard to put a finger on why. Still others are finding it hard to work out our true relationship with God.

MOTTOES OF THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE

(INSCRIBED IN THE LATER DAYS IN THE DELPHIAN TEMPLE)

SOLON: Know thyself.

CHILO: Consider the end.

PITTACUS: Know thy opportunity.

BIAS: Most men are bad.

PERIANDER: Nothing is impossible to industry.

CLEOBULUS: Avoid excess.

THALES: Suretyship is the precursor of ruin.

[illegible]

More than 90 per cent of the teenagers in the country are convinced that money isn't everything. Wherever we live—North, South, East or West, we're one on this. If there were a choice between two jobs—one we liked and one that was strictly for cabbage—we wouldn't have any trouble deciding which we'd take. We think personal satisfaction and happiness add up to much more through the years than plain money, period. We're just not interested in pursuing the mazoola for its own sake. What good's money if you're too unhappy to enjoy it? As for the you-gotta-play-the-angles gambit, that's strictly out of orbit.

No teen feels the world should be served up to us on an oyster. None of us feels the world owes us a living. We already like to earn our own date and car money, and we expect to do O.K. on our own. Moreover, we're full of hope, faith and optimism about our adult years. We're told it's a tough time ahead, a time of change and challenge, perhaps the biggest possible crisis in man's history. What an era to be part of! We're excited at the prospect.

NEW YORK TEENAGERS AREN'T [illegible]

In the biggest city in the country there are the biggest teenage problems. Maybe this is only natural, when you think how many people live in such a concentrated area. At any rate, it is hard to fit New York in anywhere. Some kids gave answers in such a way that it was just like not answering at all—being smart, that kind of thing. And the answers varied so much they couldn't be broken down into a category. Though some teens are concerned about drinking, others feel it is O.K.—"What's wrong in getting high now and then?" Some say they do it because it makes them feel good—"cool, daddy, cool." The subject of good manners is often laughed off. A few say their friends are all big slobs, and who cares anyway? Regarding allowances, one boy praised them because "You don't have to work for your dough." Several teens remarked they would rather work for money than do what they enjoy—"for with money you can do the things you want, anyway." When asked whether they would follow group rules or parents' rules, the answers ran from "I make up my own rules" to "I listen to whoever is stronger." There were many "Yes" answers to the question: Are teenagers more free if their mothers work? Some say they can *never* be too free. Others are glad their mothers work because (1) It gives them (mothers) something to do. (2) They bring home more money; (3) "I need the quiet to do my homework." Hardly anywhere in the city did teens show respect or pride in the fact that their mothers worked. As for cheating, some say it is O.K. if you don't know the answers; others admit (without much caring) that it goes on all the time. And when asked if they thought parents were too lenient, more than one teenager replied, "How do I know? It's none of my business."

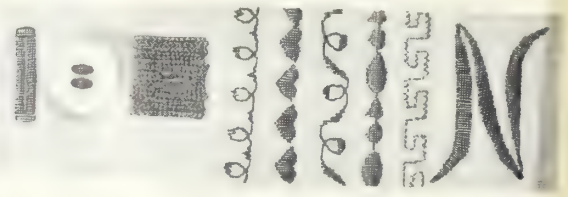
I guess you can understand why New York is unique. However, there *are* some conscientious teens who are very worried about the delinquency problem in their city, and we have the feeling they would really like to polish themselves up—even if it would take a while to do it.

Editors' Note—The American Field Service does not place foreign teenage students in homes in Manhattan or in Chicago proper (only in the suburbs). The organization feels that there are not enough activities or associations to give the visiting teenagers an opportunity to know or take part in normal teenage life, characteristic of the U.S.

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THE KIND OF MAN HE IS

hould Movie Stars be Parents?

BEHIND SCENES IN WHITE HOUSE.
THE LIFE OF THE PRESIDENT
AND HIS FAMILY

ne Arthur Murray Kitchen

DARK PURPOSE
MYSTERY NOVEL CONDENSED
N THIS ISSUE

Barbara Eisenhower...
ow she dresses
nd lives



COLOR PAGES—THE WONDERFUL WOR

JOURNAL

VOL. LXXVII NO. 6

June, 1960

JOURNALITIES



"*Dark Purpose* (page 42) is the outcome of living two years in Mexico," reports the author, DORIS HUME. "With two blond teenage daughters. Which guaranteed there would never be a dull moment. There wasn't! See that grin I'm wearing in the photo? It's been there ever since that grand moment I heard the JOURNAL was going to publish my novel."



HOLLYWOOD reporter JOE HYAMS (*Should Movie Stars Be Parents?* page 72) is a *New York Herald-Tribune* syndicated columnist. His column, This Is Hollywood, appears in some sixty papers across the country. He informs us that he and his wife, Elinore, and their two children live "in the most exclusive middle-class part of Hollywood on the wrong side of the San Fernando mountains."



JOE BOWLER, illustrator of *Agatha*, page 40, was born in Forest Hills, Long Island; now lives with his wife, Marilyn, and daughters, Jolyn and Brynne, in Briarcliff Manor. Attended evening classes of Art Students League in New York while holding full-time job as an office boy. Hobbies: "My family, painting, hunting, fishing, golf and loafing." Ambition: "To continue same indefinitely."

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI

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LETTERS our readers write us



CALIFORNIA

OH, IT'S DIN, DIN, DIN!

Dear Sirs: In the March JOURNAL you published:

Dinner is a major daily activity, which can be accomplished only by intelligent people. It is not enough to eat. To dine, there must be diversified, calm conversation. It should sparkle with the rubies of the wine between courses, be deliciously suave with the sweetness of dessert, and acquire true profundity with the coffee.

Must you remind me of all that I'm missing as I butter endless slices of bread for my three-year-old, and look away shuddering as the fifteen-month-old smears cottage cheese in her hair?

Sincerely,
Concord — BARBARA RUANO

P.S. But I still enjoy your magazine—and my family too.

OHIO

WOMEN FOR WORLD DISARMAMENT

To the Editor: Since for the first time there are more American women voters than men, their responsibility is greater and so is their power. If they will, they can force an end to the threat of world-wide nuclear slaughter.

Across the country, women are writing to the Hon. Paul M. Butler, Chairman, Democratic National Committee, 1001 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., or to the Hon. Thruston B. Morton, Chairman, Republican National Committee, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C., or both, to tell them that the women's vote which is now decisive will be cast only for the candidates who publicly endorse immediate world disarmament with *reasonable* verification, a world ban on tests, and an honest, responsible approach to co-operation with all nations.

This is admittedly a Rolling Pin for Peace operation. We urge your readers to join us. Sincerely,

ANNE K. EATON (Mrs. Cyrus S. Eaton)
Northfield

MARYLAND

BEN'S MOTHER

To the Editors: In the many articles I have read about Dr. Spock, I never feel that justice has been done to his mother, Mrs. Benjamin Spock, Sr.

Mrs. Spock is a lady—and I mean lady—of great wit and charm, behind which lie a brilliant mind and enormous interest in people and in living. It is not surprising that some of these qualities rubbed off on her famous son.

My affection for her has stood the test of years during which she has beaten me countless times at rapid games of Scrabble. Sincerely yours,

Chevy Chase — MRS. TALBOT M. ROGERS

FLORIDA

IF I COULD BE A NEW MOTHER AGAIN

Dear Editors: My children are nearly grown now. They are beautiful, good, smart and happy. But I wonder how much *more* beautiful (etc.!) they could have been. *What if I . . .*

. . . had not been so concerned with each sneeze and with little damp feet—and had gone running in the rain *with* them?

. . . had ignored the grubby (germy, of course!) small fists—and had been more ecstatic over mud pies with jasmine petals sprinkled all over the "chocolate" frosting?

. . . had been less squeamish about newts, toads, spiders, emerald snakes—and had shared the wonder of Nature inherent in each child?

. . . had been less concerned about a balanced diet at every meal—and had occasionally enjoyed, with a whole-family abandon, the recklessness of lunching on banana splits, jelly roll and soda pop?

. . . had been blinded to litter—and had a clearer vision when they took friends elsewhere because I had just cleaned house?

. . . had excused the broken glassware, lumpy beds, the dust in corners—and had complimented the too-young child who lovingly wanted to help?

. . . had been less concerned about the scuffed shoes, the ripped skirt and tousled heads—and had seen only the eagerness in the telling of a wonderful adventure?

. . . had been braver about bucking crowds and traffic when there was a parade in town?

. . . had ignored some of the C's in math—to praise more a teacher's note on Mary's mannerliness, Pat's art talent, or Wendy's ability to win friends?

How I wish I had been less serious—more joyful! Children are tough; health rules and cleanliness are only partial necessities. The one essential is laughter: the plus ingredient in all our lives. Enjoy your children! Sincerely,

RUTH HAYWARD
Tampa

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

"Washes out every bit of dirt every single time"



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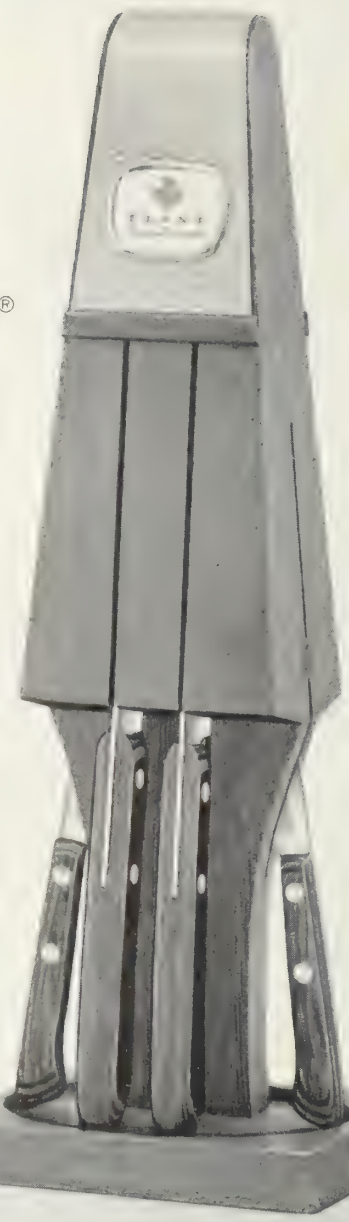


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

GERMANY

ANSWER TO A FAT GIRL'S PRAYER

Ladies' Home Journal: For a long, long time I have wanted to protest. I *like* fat girls. I *adore* fat girls. I have known many girls, 200 pounds, even 340 pounds, who were very happy, who were loved and cherished by all, married happily, and whose husbands wouldn't want to lose an ounce of them. Yours truly,
Kehl/Rhine GANDOLF SCHWEIZER

MAINE

SORORITIES VS. CIVIL RIGHTS?

Dear Editors: No political candidate can hope to be elected today unless he makes a lot of noise about civil rights. In the light of this, it is appalling that we continue to allow our schools and colleges to sanction—even encourage—organizations which frankly exclude members of certain racial and religious groups.

So long as we can shut our eyes to this situation, our so-called concern about the moral values of our youth becomes a mockery. Yours,
Portland LOUISE P. WILLIAMSON

ILLINOIS

MY FAVORITE DOCTOR

Dear Journal Friends: Adolph Dasler is a psychiatrist. He has increased my faith and enriched my life—not only by the help he gave me, but by being my friend.

When my second baby was born I had severe *post-partum* depression, and spent several months in a sanitarium. Coming out, I was assigned to him for treatment. Without meeting him, I had decided I wouldn't like him.

Then I met him. He looked alert, understanding. He said casually, "Hello, Barbara. I have a daughter your age. Her name is Barbara too." He was one of the few people to talk to me instead of about me since I'd been sick.

He is an excellent sportsman, and his office reflected this—guns, trophies, much-loved pipes. He seemed to have an interest in and a knowledge of almost every field. I felt comfortable with him, knowing he was more than a doctor. He was a *person*, and he treated *me* as a person, not just as a patient. You cannot fully understand what this means unless you have been mentally ill. He seemed to care if I got well.

I expected to shock him, as I said, "I'm a minister's wife, and I don't believe in God!"

He didn't raise an eyebrow as he said, "All of us doubt sometimes. Thomas doubted. Then he went on to do good work for the Lord. All the disciples let Him down, but when their true faith returned, they were all the stronger. You will be too."

From that time forward we talked. He listened, shared his views, guided my thinking, interpreted everything from a Christian point of view.

He said once, "You know, in the Bible it tells of the sins of the fathers being visited upon generations of children. That is true with mental illness. If the father is sick, he will have a bad effect on his children. Those children, in turn, will have an unstable relationship with their children."

There were many things I feared. I couldn't go shopping; I couldn't talk to people; I couldn't be left alone. He said firmly, "You can do it! Make yourself. Every time you do, it will be easier." He made me look at every fear as a challenge, a chance to be victorious. When I did make it, he was as glad as I was. Feeling his faith in me, I couldn't let him down. I began to believe in myself.

When I was feeling . . . not like my "old self," but better than I had ever felt in my life, his interest continued. I go in periodically to keep in touch, and he is always delighted that I am doing well. I wish there were more like him to bring calm to the many troubled people who seek it. A faithful reader,
Lena BARBARA WENG

AWARD OF MERIT
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in recognition of outstanding service rendered to organized religion through the pursuit of impartial journalism, and as a testimonial to its continued efforts, in behalf of all faiths, to advance the spiritual life of our nation.

Inscribed
this Fourth Day of April, 1960,
in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WILLIAM C. WALZER
National President

RALPH STOODY
Chairman, Awards Committee

INDIANA

WHY WE PUBLISH PAT BOONE

Gentlemen: I have read and enjoyed your magazine for many years. Now as a thoughtful, I hope, mother of three daughters to rear in today's environment, I note with approval your teen-age-directed trend. I think it good to interest youngsters in a magazine that also has adult values—good adult values, that is—rather than one slanted exclusively to their natural faddishness.

Sincerely
Columbus MRS. JOHN HATHAWAY

KANSAS

AFRAID OF SILENCE?

Dear Editors: What, in our world of the '60's, has become of the value that was once placed on silence?

The quiet child who would rather read a book than play a noisy game is not "adjusted." The adult who does not chatter about trivia is "withdrawn." We no longer hear such maxims as "Silence is golden" and "Think twice before you speak once." Why?

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LEO GAREL

"Daddy, if one of the lions got out and ate you, what bus do I take home?"

Under Cover

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

Clifton Fadiman is one who loves books. He makes a good living by them, true, but if he were a railroad engineer he'd still pick up a book to read at each whistle stop. Now he has compiled **A Lifetime Reading Plan** (World) which is sure to be a stimulating guide for bookish-minded people. His list is the equivalent of a college lit. major. What's more, he contributes just enough about each work to "set" it, to show how it figures. Then it's up to you. Mr. Fadiman says, "Take it easy, read what appeals." But my guess is you'll find yourself building your vacation around those books which for some long-forgotten prejudice you've always side-stepped.

If you feel strong enough to face one of the toughest international problems ahead of us, read **The Death of Africa,** by *Peter Ritner* (Macmillan). On the other hand, if you can forget the political whirlpool, take an hour or so off with **Born Free,** by *Joy Adamson* (Pantheon). It's delightful. About a young African lioness who lived for three years in a Kenya game warden's household, as free to come and go as our cat or mine. She might knock Mrs. Adamson down with one push of her big paw, but it was all in a spirit of good clean fun. Theirs was mutual adoration, and the parting as tragedy.

Such is the spirit of Africa. And it's the same thing in Westchester County. ***H. Allen Smith*** **(Let the Crab Grass Grow)** is so sentimental about his dog Rufus that he sprinkles Accent on his horse meat. *Charles Goren's* **Contract Bridge Complete** (*Doubleday*) *has now sold 200,000 copies, as it deserves to do. Charlie is a nice modest man. He admits that his eyes aren't what they used to be. Bifocals aren't enough. When he plays cards he has to wear three-part glasses. . . . Another well-known figure, equally modest, describes himself: "Can't act. Slightly bald. Can dance a little." This is Fred Astaire, just past 61.*

Probably the most fascinating book about the most fascinating figure in all English literature is **The Heart of Hamlet,** by *Bernard Grebanier* (Crowell). No Hamlet lover can afford to miss it.

And here are three fine novels: **The Absence of a Cello,** *by Ira Wallach* (*Little, Brown*), *light, witty, sophisticated. . . .* **The Big Pink Kite,** *by Clyde Brion Davis* (*John Day*), *a lovely quiet turn-of-the-century story about an awfully nice guy. . . .* **The Sea Change,** *by Elizabeth Jane Howard* (*Harper*), *an English psychological novel, completely absorbing.*

And two topnotch thrillers: **Gideon's Risk,** by *J. J. Marric* (Harper), another of that matchless series, and **Blindfold,** by *Lucille Fletcher* (Random), author of the famous *Sorry, Wrong Number.*

And the all-important **Can This Marriage Be Saved?** (Macmillan) by *Paul Popenoe* and *Dorothy Cameron Disney*, if you haven't saved the articles from this magazine.



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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BRUCE GOULD BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD EDITORS



FROM PALM BEACH GALLERIES, WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA. COURTESY OF FINDLAY GALLERIES, INC., CHICAGO, SOLE AMERICAN AGENT.

Bernard Buffet, at thirty-two the dominating figure in contemporary French art, has waged a solitary revolt against abstraction and romanticism. His stark, realistic paintings reflect the melancholy asceticism of his own nature, and a universe he sees as hostile.

Is America's Moral Code Breaking Down?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

That the times we live in are immoral or amoral is a commonplace of speech borne out every time we open a newspaper or switch on radio or television for the news. Never has the crime rate been higher, and this is especially true of juvenile crime. One notes one thing about the latter: much of it appears to be completely without motive. When one combines senseless criminality with the enormously high rate of mental cases which fill our hospitals, one gets the notion that a considerable part of the nation, mature and immature, is suffering from nervous or psychic derangement.

The condition is not confined to this country. It is true to greater or lesser degree of all the advanced nations of Europe, and especially of the ones where the standard of living is highest. Although within this country the greatest number of offenders come from adults and youth living in slum or semislum conditions, murder, larceny, rape, vandalism are not confined to such areas. They occur in suburbia and white-spired small towns.

The first great question is, *why* this alarming breakdown of moral codes?

I should like to suggest that it follows upon a great expenditure of moral passion—perhaps the greatest, in the first half of the twentieth century, that the world has ever known.

It has, so far, been a century of great wars and revolutions each of which has held forth to its participants the promise of a "new and better world."

Modern wars are not fought by professional armies, but by whole peoples. To mobilize them, a moral issue is necessary. A whole population goes to arms to extirpate evil and to make the world "safe for democracy," or establish "the four freedoms."

The greater the idealism, the more ruthless the war. The American Civil War is a case in point. A larger proportion of our population was killed, or died of diseases resulting from it, than in all the rest of our wars put together. Every slave could have been purchased and freed for a fraction of what the war and the awful reconstruction period cost in actual money. But the moral revolt of the abolitionists was such that the end was lost sight of. The wicked slave-owning

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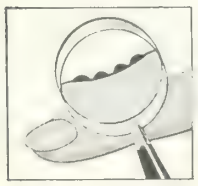
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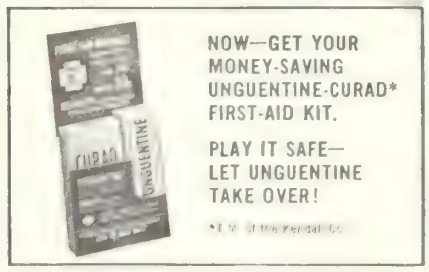
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South had to be punished; the evil had to be extirpated in blood; the grapes of wrath had to be trodden.

In World War I the German kaiser became the embodiment of all evil. Unless one goes back to the publications of that day, it is difficult to believe the fervor which made him the object of a moral crusade.

All we had to do was to get rid of the kaiser and democracy would rule, world without end, amen.

The Second World War was even more inflamed with moral passion. Hitlerism, we were taught, was the true and eternal face of Germany. The war had to be fought to unconditional surrender; war criminals put on trial by the victors; the country divided into many separate states (we forget that not only the Russians wanted to dismember Germany); all in order that by the extirpation of the evil nation, peace should reign forevermore.

Enormous faith was placed in the United Nations, especially by the United States. That it was and is merely a standing committee of the states of the world, all operating under the instructions of their separate foreign offices, each concerned with its own real or imagined interests, was lost sight of. It does not represent a "world rule of law," nor would it be possible for its members to agree on the basis for a universal law.

All great revolutions have been sparked by a similar moral fervor. Communism combined the idea of a scientifically planned society with an apocalyptic vision of the coming of heaven on earth, without the aid or intervention of a "mythical" God, and initially it attracted some of the most idealistic youth of Europe and America. It is another of the gods that failed.

Even the Nazi revolution appealed to moral fervor. In the late twenties and early thirties I spent many hours arguing with young Nazis. They were conscious of the very real evils in German society and looked upon National Socialism as a moral crusade to bring about social justice and purify the race and nation. They had come out of the German youth movement and were imbued with its romantic ideals of purity, simplicity, self-sacrifice and devotion.

All their ideals were perverted. To serve the end of creating what they thought would be the perfect Platonic state, any means were adjudged to be "true" and "good." The means (as they always do) determined the ends. Germany became ruled by murderous gangs. Russia became a vast slave camp ruled, during Stalin's later years, by a madman.

Mass moral passions always, I think, have something pathological about them. At any rate, when after a great expenditure of blood, destruction and horror in behalf of a moral crusade the millennium does not dawn, when yesterday's enemies become today's allies and another moral crusade is mounted as a cold war, there follows a period of disillusionment, marked less by immorality than by amorality and nihilism—a distrust of all established values. The whole Western world and, I am sure, the people of the Soviet Union are in that condition today. Then the sole aim of life becomes personal security, personal pleasure, personal success, personal self-indulgence.

In our society self-indulgence is encouraged by the fact that our industries produce more than we can easily consume. In a shortage economy, extravagance is obviously a vice and thrift a virtue. Where the problem is overproduction (or underconsumption), as it is in ours, spending today's dollar and tomorrow's before it is earned keeps up full employment, prevents depression, and leads to an increase of the gross national product, which along with technological advances in armaments has become the test, and apparently the only test, of the strength of a nation.

But the acquisition of things does not bring the anticipated happiness, and debt creates anxiety. In 1958 consumers spent 293 billion dollars, an increase of 120 per cent over 1945. Income, however, had increased by only 75 per cent, and in that period personal debts grew from 55 billion to 240 billion.

Success and status have come to be measured almost entirely in terms of material acquisitions, and quite regardless of the productive effort expended. This undoubtedly has an effect on the morals of youth, who hear every day (and *ad nauseam*) that ours is the richest nation in history and that these riches have a national and moral value. But the riches are by no means evenly or even equably distributed. Our people pour into the metropolitan areas faster than decent housing can be provided to accommodate them, and millions live in foul slums. Where the quest after material things is the main object of a society, contentment is practically impossible, for there is always something newer and better to be desired.

The disparity between the picture of life as it is painted for us in general and the picture as it appears to hundreds of thousands in particular creates in youth a desire for revenge. They are being deprived, they think, of something which is their "right." This is the evil side of the welfare state, which encourages all to believe in their rights without commensurate responsibilities—and in democracies to believe that they can determine their rights by mass political action. Revenge over frustrated "rights" takes the form of juvenile crime, or the milder misdemeanors of cheating and chiseling which to an appalling extent are treated as matters of course.

Under the influence of sociologists and psychiatrists we have also seen the decline of any absolute moral values. The sociologists are addicted to the statistical method, which leads them to describe as "normal" whatever is widespread. What "everybody is doing" is all right if it does not go too far. The psychiatrists attribute behavior to "trauma" acquired in childhood. Both tend to deprive the individual of responsibility for his own behavior. Many "beatniks" can quite learnedly explain how they came to be "mixed up," as if the explanation justified their behavior.

> Marry a man who is a fortune in himself. Houses, lands and large inheritance are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone. There are some things, however, which are a perpetual fortune—good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry and wholeheartedness. Marry such a one and you have married a fortune, whether he has an income now of $50,000 a year or an income of $1000. TALMAGE

But actually it is increasingly difficult for the individual to be responsible for his own behavior. Most of us live not as individuals but as members of organizations which impose their own standards. Workers may think there is neither virtue nor sense in a strike which is, in fact, against the whole economy, resulting in higher prices for everyone, including workers, but the union bosses are stronger than they. A minor executive may have a positive distaste for having his life and the society in which he moves governed by the industry's concept of proper appearances. A teacher may think that a few sharp whacks with a ruler might be the best medicine for a child's unruly behavior. But one holds one's job by conforming to the organization or "cultural pattern." This invariably means a weakening of the moral fiber, an adjustment to the average and mediocre.

I have recently had an opportunity to talk with teenagers and college students about standards of value, posing a single question: "What virtues do you most admire?"

Invariably the leading virtues mentioned were friendliness, kindness and tolerance. A little prodding introduced honesty into the list. Duty was never mentioned, nor were dignity, modesty, perseverance, sincerity. Self-esteem was dismissed as no virtue at all—as equal to arrogance. I had to explain that "self-esteem" was an inhibition within oneself that caused one to maintain certain standards or suffer self-contempt, and was, therefore, a bulwark against temptation. If Charles van Doren had had more self-esteem he would not have been bribed into cheating and lying. But the attitude toward the Van Doren case—and to "payola" in general—was that it was much ado about nothing.

"After all, Van Doren didn't *hurt* anyone" was a common remark. Of course he *did* hurt all honest contestants and shook the faith of people around the world in the mores and morals of America.

Friendliness and kindness are certainly virtues. Tolerance, extended to toleration of or indifference to evil, is no virtue at all. And they are not the virtues that build a fortress for the soul, that lead people to make difficult choices and reject for moral reasons what may make them appear to be "different," and even unpopular.

When one thinks of the disillusionments that have followed mass-excited moral passions, and the technological and scientific revolution that has within less than two generations enveloped the whole world, changing all the forms of life and society, morally and intellectually, the wonder is not that human beings, both juvenile and adult, are unstable, but that they are as stable as they are!

Intellectual and moral guidance once came from our teachers, preachers and priests. Today the teacher is enmeshed in administration and the preachers bring less of a message to the individual soul than to the social order in general. Today's guides are the experts and the scientists, who are not concerned with moral values but assume that "progress" is good in and of itself.

Yet even they must question this, as they see that for every problem solved a new one arises. Epidemics are wiped out and the resultant population explosion threatens, we are told, the world's food supply. We are told one day, by one group of experts, that atomic explosions have had no serious effect on the amount of radiation in air, water and soil, and on the next, by another group, that parts of our country are already overradiated. With the expansion of industry our streams (and drinking water) are increasingly polluted with industrial sewage; the air of our car-crowded cities is poisoned with carbon-monoxide gas, our bodies, we are warned, are being chemicalized by poisonous sprays applied to fruits and commercial fertilizers to soil. Penicillin is given to cows to cure infections, but in their milk it causes illness in humans allergic to it. Medical science has prolonged the span of human life by wiping out epidemics, radically lowering infant mortality, and by more skillful surgery, but cancer is on the increase; so are diseases caused by tension.

All the crusades and "isms" of the century have let man down. Science, which involves constant interference with the processes of nature, creates new problems while seeming to solve others, and suggests that nature herself will take her own revenge.

This, then, is the human condition—one of moral and intellectual confusion—as we see it today.

But it is not the whole story

Wherever one looks one can discern alongside amorality and moral indifference a longing for moral regeneration. Americans are flocking into churches as never before; and if they do not always find what they seek, they are searching.

Man has always been a creature with a soul, and as long as we have any records of him he has asserted himself as a subject, not an object to serve the market or respond to psychological conditioning or fit himself into technology or adjust his whole life to a particular groove. He seeks a purpose in his life beyond the immediate, tangible and material, and he gropes for guidance that will help him find such a purpose.

The moral regeneration of a society never starts with masses, but among individuals and small groups. It can start in schools, which make a discussion of ethical values part of daily work and do not omit the more rigorous and austere.

Certainly the only way we shall save freedom, in a world from which it has steadily been retreating, is to make it synonymous with personal and national character. Luxury and ease are not its attendants. They have ever been its enemies. END

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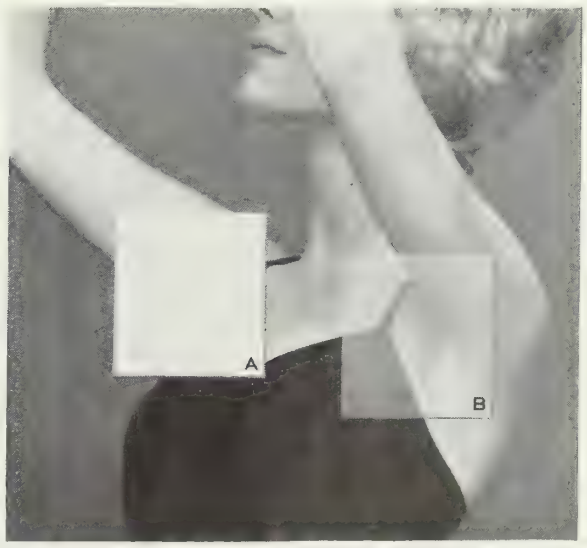


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[5] **Super Model** SS-9-60. 4 Door Shelves with Lift-off aluminum fronts. Full-width moist-cold Hydrator. Two 14-cube ice trays. 9.10 cu. ft. overall. 37-lb. top freezer chest. H–57½″; W–24″; D–28¾″.

[6] **Super Model** SA-9-60. New Magnetic Door Seal for better cold-keeping. Sliding Chill Drawer. 4 Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 9.10 cu. ft. overall. 37-lb. top freezer chest. H–57½″; W–24″; D–28¾″.

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[7] **Combination Model** FI-13T-60 shown in Sunny Yellow. New Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 2 whisper-quiet Roll-to-You Shelves. 12.60 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 86-lb. top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28¾″.

[8] **Combination Model** FD-13T-60. 3 all-aluminum, removable shelves. Twin moist-cold Hydrators. 2 removable Egg Servers. 12.60 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 86-lb. top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28⅝″.

[9] **Combination Model** FDA-13T-60. Twin moist-cold Hydrators. 4 full-width removable shelves. Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 12.51 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 88-lb. across-the-top freezer. H-64″; W-32″; D-28⅝″

[10] **Combination Model** FD-13-60 shown in Mayfair Pink. 5 full-width Door Shelves with Lift-off fronts. Twin Glide-Out Hydrators. 12.68 cu. ft. overall. 60-lb. across-the-top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28¾″.

[11] **Combination Model** FD-11-60. Full-width moist-cold Hydrator. 5 Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 10.50 cu. ft. overall. 44-lb. across-the-top freezer. H–64″; W–28″; D–28¾″.

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[12] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPI-15B-60 shown in Mayfair Pink. 3 whisper-quiet Roll-to-You Shelves. Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 14.54 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 150-lb. bottom freezer. H–69¾″; W–32″; D–29⅛″.

[13] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPI-13B-60 shown in Aztec Copper. Flip-Quick Ice-Ejector. 2 all-usable Roll-to-You Shelves. Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 13.20 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 150-lb. bottom freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–29⅛″.

[14] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPD-13B-60. Huge Roll-to-You Freezer Basket. Butter Compartment. 2 removable Egg Servers. Twin Hydrators. 13.20 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 149-lb. bottom freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–29⅛″.

[15] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPI-13T-60 shown in Turquoise. New Flowing Cold Meat Tender. Two all-aluminum Roll-to-You Shelves. 13.10 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 96-lb. top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28¾″.

[16] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPD-13T-60. Twin Glide-Out Hydrators. Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. Butter, Utility Compartments. 13.10 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 96-lb. top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28¾″.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

What You Can Do

By MARGARET HICKEY

No one knows exactly how many children are mistreated every year by sex offenders. Distraught parents, afraid of possible publicity, often help obscure these crimes by refusing to press charges.

But protection of children and effective treatment of offenders will never come about in the shadow of a revulsion so powerful that we turn our backs on the problem. Easy answers don't exist, but there are steps for parents to take.

Do's and Don'ts, such as those featured in the films and poster used by the Junior League of Abilene, Texas (whose program is described this month), stressed firmly and matter-of-factly, can help build into boys and girls one of the best safeguards. "We *know* such knowledge can save a child," says Mrs. Thomas W. Leach, a founder of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, Citizens' Protective Committee.

Since 1956, the Federal Bureau of Investigation has distributed more than 3,000,000 copies of its "child-molester poster," designed for coloring by youngsters, in response to requests from schools, police departments, citizen organizations, businesses, individuals. In Cincinnati the poster was sent home attached to the report card of every public-school student.

Even more important than posters and films, however, are secure, loving homes, adequate sex education, and citizen willingness to seek better laws, enforcement and treatment.

In Massachusetts, the state Congress of Parents and Teachers, wanting to stop the "revolving door of arrests, releases, offenses," won legislation for a special treatment center, now being built. Joined with others', its interest and efforts have helped provide psychiatric staff for each of the state prisons and the district courts, with diagnostic service available for all kinds of offenders, not just those *booked* on sex-offense charges.



Mrs. Hudson Smart, who inaugurated the program, with two-year-old son Rob.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON HUTCHESON

Elementary-school children view with rapt attention the film "Dangerous Stranger."



If a stranger accosts this schoolgirl she'll know what to do.

Public schools in Abilene, Texas, set up roadblocks for molesters of children

One January afternoon in 1959 a fifth-grade girl was walking home alone from the Anson-Jones elementary school in Abilene, Texas. She lived only a matter of blocks from the school, but the school was in a newly developed part of town, and her way was along a road without sidewalks. A car drew up beside her, a man lowered his window and he called pleasantly, "Want a lift?"

The little girl knew better. She darted like a rabbit off her shoulder of road and into the adjoining field, putting good yards of mud and stubble between her and the driver. Slowly the car moved on.

When the little girl reached home, she told her mother about the incident. Her mother listened attentively, got a description of the car, and went to the telephone at once to notify young Mr. Craver, principal of Anson-Jones.

Mr. Craver had hardly put down his phone when a second call came. A mother of a sixth-grader thought Mr. Craver should know that a stranger had offered her daughter a lift not twenty minutes ago. Fortunately, the girl had quickly caught up with a group of school friends. Both girls' descriptions of the car were the same.

Mr. Craver then made two telephone calls. The first was to the police, who promised action at once. The car shouldn't be hard to spot. Plain-clothes detectives would keep it under surveillance beginning immediately.



The second was one he regarded as almost equally important. It was to Dr. James Roberson, head of the Abilene school system's large audio-visual department. "Hello, Jim," he said. "Remember those films the Junior League sent around last year? The ones warning kids not to go with strangers? I'd like to show my children the younger film again. If possible, starting tomorrow."

The film he was speaking of was *Dangerous Stranger*, a ten-minute movie designed for elementary-school-age children. It shows a neighborhood policeman joining a group of children in a ball game. In a reasonable, unfrightening voice (every now and then tossing the ball) he warns them against going alone into empty alleys, against hitchhiking or accepting car rides. The warnings apply to boys as well as girls. Highest spots are of a man being satisfyingly thrown out of a movie theater by the scruff of the neck (the little girl had known what to do: call an usher) and a car chase (of *course* the police catch up with the bad man). But its simple, vivid scenes make an impressive reinforcement for lessons learned at home.

This movie and its companion film, *Name Unknown*, for junior-high-school age, had recently been made a part of Abilene's school curriculum because a group of women—almost all of them young mothers—had heard of it, been impressed by its possibilities as an educational tool, and then followed through with practical action. The group was Abilene's Junior League. In 1957–58 the League, nine years old, was already well known in the fast-growing city, had won respect through its valuable clearing center for volunteers, its children's theater that staged two plays yearly for 14,000 school children. Its president in the fall of '57 was Mrs. Hudson Smart, slim and hazel-eyed, mother of two.

As president, part of Martha Smart's job was to keep alert to new projects the League might support. Not so long before, she had heard from an out-of-state friend about a "child protection" program against sex molesters that had been launched in several Northern cities. Her friend had spoken with particular enthusiasm of two films that were the basis of an education program in the schools. The memory had stayed sharp with Mrs. Smart, perhaps because of her daughter Marty, then thirteen, and her son Jim, nine. As she planned the year's work ahead with her board members she asked each of them what she thought of bringing the films to Abilene. All were immediately interested. Mrs. Smart next wrote her friend a letter. Did she know where the films could be rented?

The answer was that they couldn't. Every film-rental library was out of them. But Mrs. Smart was tenacious, and her friend offered to lend the League her own copies of the films as soon as they could be spared. Under Martha Smart's direction, the League quickly swung into action. If the films were to become a civic project, they would have to be sold first to school authorities and other interested groups. In view of their controversial subject matter, the wider the support for them, the better.

The League sent out thirty-five invitations to a showing of the films to a wide cross-section of the town. The guest list included school administrators and principals, P.T.A. officers, the chief of police and his juvenile officer, and members of the city government, the school board and the press. Mrs. Smart then went a step further. She went to see Dr. Donald McDonald, Abilene's then director of curriculum for the public schools, whose support would be essential. She told him what the films were about and the large hopes the Junior League had for them. Young Dr. McDonald, father of three children in Abilene schools, pricked up his ears.

The date for the showing was March 15, 1958, but the long-awaited films didn't arrive until the thirteenth. Mrs. Smart says, "We knew they'd won an endorsement from the FBI, but we were still shaking in our boots. We ran them right away—and thank *heavens* we weren't disappointed."

The League's august audience of fellow townspeople assembled two days later. This "premier" didn't take very long in the darkened auditorium, for the films were short. But Mrs. Smart began to worry. They had been made ten years before. The children looked contemporary, but the cars and women's hair styles looked a little bit dated. Furthermore, the film for junior-high-school youngsters, *Name Unknown*, packed a more explicit punch than the younger one. Narrated with dignity by a Los Angeles Juvenile Court judge, it cautioned both boys and girls against frequenting lonely lovers' lanes, baby-sitting for strangers, accepting pickups. Mrs. Smart wondered: were that man emerging from behind a bush on the lonely road, that headline screaming of a sex murder, too much to show to youngsters?

When the films were done there was a moment of silence. Then Doctor McDonald rose and said, "I'd like to start Monday morning showing these films to every school in the city." He was followed by Chief of Police Warren Dodson. Chief Dodson knew, perhaps better than anyone there, that the films had shown realities, that a small percentage of parents everywhere are incredibly negligent about teaching their children precautions, that many sex crimes needn't happen. Said he, "These films should be shown to every parent as well."

The cars may have been outdated, but the message evidently was not. Mrs. Smart says, "What a relief! We hadn't been wrong in thinking this was worth while. *Now* we could go ahead and make it a real project."

All the rest of that spring *Dangerous Stranger* and *Name Unknown* circulated among Abilene schools. Showings in nineteen different buildings were held in the first month alone. In between public-school schedules, Abilene's private and parochial schools, P.T.A. and other adult groups were invited to arrange

> The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.
> FRANCIS BACON

showings. League volunteers shuttled the boxed films to and fro, nervously conscious that the films were borrowed in the first place.

By May there was no longer any doubt about whether the films could make a place for themselves. Mrs. Smart says, "We had accumulated praise from principals. Teachers had stopped our volunteers in school corridors to add a good word. Before we elected a new president that month we took a vote at a meeting of the full membership: did we want to make the showing of these films a permanent project? The answer was a unanimous yes."

From now on, new League officers would be handling the films, although as the incoming president insisted, "The credit for their wonderful inauguration goes to Martha."

First, the League purchased for $70 apiece its own copies of the films from the California company that produced them—and thankfully returned the borrowed ones intact. Then they worked out with school officials long-range plans. Lively Ann Murphy (Mrs. James D.) was made the first chairman of the "Child Protection Film Project."

Says young Mrs. Murphy, "Well, I loved it. But we could have done nothing without the really positive interest of the school people. Martha Smart and I—Martha still kept her maternal interest in the films—went down to talk to Doctor Roberson, and he agreed to keep the films permanently in his library. We also talked about methods of showing. Doctor Roberson believes that a film means more when it is shown to a small group, with a discussion period around it. We have never tried to control how the individual teachers and principals manage this, but to encourage classroom discussions I wrote to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which I understood put out a simple drawing for children to color, with four little safety rules at the bottom." She laughs. "I asked for 10,000 drawings—very confidently. The FBI sent only 500 copies, but I got a *lovely* letter from Mr. J. Edgar Hoover congratulating us on our work. We had the drawings reprinted, and they now go out regularly with the film."

In the last two years the League has built up an extensive program that comes close to its aim: to give every child and parent in Abilene a chance to see the films. They are televised annually. The League will deliver them to any group wishing to show them. They are available to teachers or principals at all times, and regular school showings are being scheduled as well. As Doctor Roberson puts it, "There's a tendency of teachers not to reshow the films; they say, 'We saw them in '58—or last year—we don't need to bother again.' Yet they all believe in repetitive drill in their classwork!" The League believes that annual showings to new first and seventh grades are essential, but not enough. Says Mrs. Smart, "Every child should see them enough times during his twelve school years so that if a stranger makes advances to him his response will be *unhesitating* and *educated*. He should know enough not only to refuse but to call that usher or scratch down that license number in the dirt."

What are the results of this program? One is the look of respect on the face of Police Chief Dodson when he speaks of the films. Chief Dodson says, "We've never had a really *bad* problem. For us, this League program is a prevention, not a cure."

Comparative figures are hard to pin down in Abilene, which is growing at a rate of about 10 per cent a year. In 1950 its population was 45,000; today it is estimated at over 80,000—a small city with a city's crime problems. Yet its annual total of *all* sex crimes has remained about twenty for the last several years. And Chief Dodson says earnestly, "The number of children molested by strangers has definitely dropped since the League program began."

Chief Dodson, who took office in 1957, is a burly-chested graduate of the tough FBI school for police chiefs, but his basic attitude is, "The citizens are the police; we can only enforce what they want." Abilene citizens have long wanted good civic care taken of their children. Chief Dodson has a specially trained juvenile officer on his staff; a young "youth counselor" under the probation department helps youngsters keep out of trouble. Last winter police and citizens co-operated in a broad drive against pornography. (As one officer put it, "The League helped stimulate us all.") The police department has one main message for all Abilene children: "A policeman is always a friend."

If Chief Dodson supports such things, it is because he knows that some of the most brutal crimes on police records have happened to children. Then he gets to the heart of the matter, which faces law-enforcement officers, parents and every interested citizen the country over: "No, we haven't solved the problem of what to do with our perverts. No sir, I don't know who has. If the offense is minor, they get committed to the state hospital for ninety days, but no special treatment is given to them there. They're turned loose to do the same again, or a lot worse. This is why prevention is doubly important. As long as we simply cast these people back on society, educating our children is about the only weapon we have. I am one hundred per cent in favor of these films."

What do the children think of the films? Last year when *Dangerous Stranger* was recalled to Anson-Jones school, a third-grade room taught by a pretty young teacher named Miss Gay was among those who saw it in small groups. Miss Gay remembers, "They were just as *quiet* during the showing. You could tell the movie was touching on things they had thought about—perhaps had half-hidden fears about.

"No, I didn't have a single child who seemed to be made unduly *anxious* by it. What it did, after we got back to our home room, was release a lot of talk. Some of the children quoted what their mommies or daddies had told them. Others wanted to talk about it a lot—and these were the ones I felt hadn't talked about it enough at home. One of the children said, 'Let's draw the part we liked best.' So we did. Oh—the bad men in those pictures! They were done in black or deep-purple crayon and were simply loaded with guns. But I tell you what I think. I think any stranger who tried to pick up one of my third-graders—even if he offered a whole candy store full of candy—would have a tough time. I think every one of them would know exactly what to do." END



4-Decker Fruit Tart... new "what-to-serve" for a party,

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Make this version for fancy affairs—other times, skip the pastry and serve the filling as a pudding. The color and flavor of DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail will make it a sparkling success either way.

DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail shines just as brightly whether you use it in a recipe or spoon it straight from the can. Families welcome its happy colors, neat cuts and ideal flavor balance every time—in appetizers, salads, desserts. No wonder it's America's favorite!

4-DECKER FRUIT TART

From pastry dough based on 3 cups flour, roll out 4 10-in. rounds. Place on baking sheets or backs of 9-in. cake tins; fold under ½ in. around edges; flute. Prick well; bake in hot oven (475° F.) 8 to 10 min., till golden brown. Chill.

To make filling use following ingredients:

- 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail, drained
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
- ¾ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup syrup from fruit cocktail
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 pint dairy sour cream
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon almond extract

In saucepan, mix gelatine, ½ cup of the sugar, salt; add syrup and slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook and stir over moderate heat till thickened. Pour into large bowl; beat in sour cream. Add peel, juice, extract and 2 cups of the drained fruit cocktail. Chill, stirring occasionally, till consistency of soft whipped cream. Beat egg whites till foamy; gradually add remaining ¼ cup sugar, beating till firm peaks form. Fold into fruit mixture. Spread first pastry layer evenly with ¼ mixture; top with second layer and repeat as shown. Decorate with remaining DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail; chill several hours. Serves 8 to 10.

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By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

Tell me, doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler discusses some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names used are fictitious.

"What's this Rh business going to do to our baby, Doctor? I want you to tell me frankly just what it is that we're facing, so that I can be the most help to my wife when the time comes."

"This is Dick Evans, Doctor. Marjorie Evans' husband." The voice on the phone sounded agitated. "Marjorie said you wanted me to go to the laboratory, let them take a sample of my blood to test. So I did. But when I called them just now to see what they had found out, they wouldn't tell me. What is this all about?"



ABBOT MILLS

"Nothing to be particularly excited over, Mr. Evans. We took a sample of your wife's blood on her first prenatal visit. She proved to be Rh negative. So we needed to find out whether you are Rh positive or negative. The laboratory report is on my desk right now. You are Rh positive. Yes, I'm afraid that means Rh incompatibility. I was planning to ask you to come in with Marjorie on her next visit, so we could talk it all over together."

There was a shocked exclamation. Then Dick Evans asked slowly, "Look, Doctor, before you say anything to Marjorie, could *I* talk to you? Alone?"

"Certainly." The doctor glanced at his engagement pad. "I see that we've had a cancellation. Would you like to come in an hour from now?"

"I certainly would, Doctor. Thanks a lot!" The receiver at the other end went down before the doctor could say anything more.

An hour later a prepossessing young man with tousled hair and a grim, set expression on his face was shown into the doctor's consulting room. "It's like this," Dick Evans said. "I figured that if you talk to Marjorie and me together, you will quote a lot of reassuring statistics, paint a rosy picture. That's what I want you to do—to Marjorie, that is. She has been the happiest girl in the world since she found out we're going to have a baby. I want her to stay that way just as long as she can. But I want you to give *me* the straight goods about what's ahead of us so I can be ready to be the most help to Marjorie when the time comes."

"I'll be glad to discuss the situation with you, as freely and frankly as you like. But honestly, Dick, there is very little to be concerned about in your case. I was going to tell you that when you rang off."

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"I was pretty excited," Dick said apologetically. "I'll tell you why. One of the men in my office has a child in an institution—result of the Rh factor. It has come close to making his wife a mental case too."

"Tragedies still result from Rh incompatibility, in spite of the great advances that have been made in the last fifteen years or so," the doctor acknowledged. "But they aren't nearly as common as we used to think, and the great bulk of them can be avoided today with proper care. Suppose I tell you first of all why I believe there is little reason to worry about the baby Marjorie is carrying right now. Just how much do you know about the Rh factor, by the way?"

"I know it can cause a lot of trouble for the babies when a man and woman with opposite Rh factors happen to marry. But just how and why it comes about—I guess I'm pretty vague about that."

"It's true, as you say, that positive and negative Rh factors are antagonistic to each other, just as certain other blood types are antagonistic to each other. The Rh factor is transmitted by the father. So if an Rh-negative woman marries an Rh-positive man, their offspring will have to be Rh positive. Or so we have thought, until rather recently.

"The trouble comes, if it does, when some of the Rh-positive factor in the baby's blood gets across the placenta and mingles with the mother's Rh-negative blood. Substances we call antibodies develop in the mother's blood to fight off the invasion. If this sensitized blood crosses the placenta in its turn, and mingles with the baby's blood, the antibodies then attack the red corpuscles in the baby's blood. Is it clear so far?"

"Yes. Just what does this do to the baby?"

"With a first baby, there is almost never any difficulty. But in many instances, each succeeding pregnancy with an Rh-positive baby increases the amount of antibody in the mother's blood. We call this the antibody titer. After the titer reaches a certain concentration, it can bring about a disease in the baby called erythroblastosis. The baby is made anemic through destruction of its red blood cells. There is nearly always liver damage, probably caused by toxic products from the destroyed cells. And since it is the red cells that carry oxygen, there may also be damage to the baby's brain, due to oxygen deprivation. Unless, that is to say, the condition is corrected very quickly.

"In fact, before we learned to remove the baby's damaged blood in more serious cases and replace it with good, whole blood, erythroblastosis often was fatal. But the point of severe damage or death was seldom reached before the third or maybe the fourth baby of an Rh-incompatible couple, even in that day."

Young Mr. Evans was frowning. "It seems to me that this child I was telling you about, the one that is brain-damaged, was their first baby. Yes, I'm sure it was. How do you account for that?"

"There are several possible explanations. The wife might have been given a transfusion, or transfusions, of Rh-positive blood at some previous time. That would start the development of antibodies in her blood. In that case her first pregnancy—with an Rh-positive baby, that is—could raise them to the danger level. Another possibility is that it might not have been the wife's first pregnancy, even though it was the first by her present husband.

"For some reason or other, there must have been a fairly strong build-up of antibodies in her blood before she entered upon this particular pregnancy. But Marjorie has no antibodies in her blood. Her titer shows that. And if you will permit me just one little statistic, the chances are nineteen out of twenty that you and Marjorie will have no trouble from the Rh factor at any time."

"How do you figure that?"

"Because it is now stated reliably that *only one out of twenty Rh-incompatible couples will have a baby who develops erythroblastosis.* Why, Dick, I have had Rh-incompatible couples in my own practice who had as many as four, even five, babies without a sign of erythroblastosis. In many cases, the baby's Rh factor never seems to get across the placenta. In others, antibodies develop in the mother's blood, but don't seem to get *back* across the placenta. There is still another possibility. Your baby may not be Rh positive. It may be Rh negative like its mother. Though that's something we can't know about until it is born."

Dick Evans frowned again. "I don't understand. Doctor. If, as you say, the baby gets its Rh factor from me, and I'm Rh positive ——"

"But you may be heterozygous!" There was a twinkle in the doctor's eye.

Dick gave a low whistle. "They certainly picked tough names for this Rh business! What does that last one mean, in plain English?"

"It is one of the newer wrinkles in this Rh business, as you call it. We know now that a certain number of men have the ability to transmit *either* the positive or the negative Rh element to their offspring. This is a matter of tiny particles called zygotes. Men who can transmit either factor are therefore called heterozygous. Men who transmit only one element are called homozygous."

"What did my blood test say about me in that respect?"

"It's pretty hard to tell about this for sure from a blood test. But if your baby should prove to be Rh negative, then we will know that you are heterozygous. In that case, further babies might be Rh negative too."

"This is all very interesting, Doctor. But suppose I'm not hetero—— whatever you call it. Suppose the baby is Rh positive. Suppose its blood *does* get across the placenta and the antibodies start building up in Marjorie's blood. Can you do something to stop them?"

"Not at present. A number of scientists are working very hard to find a way of immunizing the mother's blood against the antagonistic factor in the baby's blood. When they find it—and I believe they will—the Rh threat can be done away with entirely. Unfortunately, that time hasn't come. But today we *can* keep track of what is going on. Throughout her pregnancy, and any succeeding ones, we will be testing Marjorie's blood. If the titer rises to dangerous levels, we will be prepared to start exchange transfusion after the baby is born. At the first moment it becomes evident transfusion is needed."

"That *sounds* good, Doctor. But the child I told you about had transfusions. They didn't keep its brain from being damaged."

"Of course I don't know what the circumstances were in that particular case. But we doctors are learning more about erythroblastosis all the time. Naturally, we don't want to subject a newborn baby to anything as drastic as an exchange transfusion unless it is necessary. Undoubtedly there have been cases where transfusion was started too late to prevent lasting injury.

"Nowadays, though, we have much more reliable tests to guide us in assessing the baby's condition than we used to have. We start testing as soon as the baby is born, by taking blood from the umbilical cord. First we find out whether the baby is Rh positive or negative. If it is Rh positive, we can apply a test which tells us whether or not antibodies in the mother's blood have mingled with the baby's blood. And if they have, there is still another test which tells us how much damage is being done to the baby's red cells. It enables us to start exchange transfusion before harm has been done."

"Are you saying that today, if all doctors are on the job, there needn't be any deaths or damage from the Rh factor?"

"No, I can't say that. We have found no way yet to prevent harm to a baby while it is still in the womb, when a mother's antibody titer has become extremely high. Nowadays, though, these cases appear mostly when couples have disregarded a warning against any more pregnancies."

"You mean a doctor can tell when a further pregnancy might raise the titer so high it would damage the baby in the womb?"

"Exactly. And the parents should be told. That is the best we can do under present circumstances."

"I appreciate your frankness, Doctor. I believe you now when you say there is no particular need to worry about this first baby of ours. But I still don't like to think of Marjorie's having to sweat it out for seven months, before we find out for sure. She knows that something is up, because of my blood test. Couldn't you tell her it was a false alarm?"

"Dick, I want to say in my turn that I appreciate your concern for Marjorie. It does you credit. I've given you the gloomier side, since you wanted it straight from the shoulder. The encouraging side is that when Rh babies are born alive and are not already badly damaged, their outlook today is close to one hundred per cent. Not just to survive, but to be completely normal.

"But there are incalculable factors in the way Rh antagonism may operate. The great advance that has been made in saving these babies comes from the fact that parents, as well as doctors, have been alert, have followed through faithfully. I've already mentioned the blood samplings we must take throughout Marjorie's pregnancy. If there is the slightest chance that the baby may become erythroblastotic after it is born, Marjorie shouldn't go to just any hospital. She should go to a hospital where there will be blood available at all times for transfusions—and the right kind of blood for her baby. It's not easy to find, there may be an unusual demand. Not all hospitals keep it in regular supply.

"There must be staff people who are trained to carry out the tests I mentioned. The hospital must be equipped to give the delicate exchange transfusions in the right way, if transfusions are needed. Of course doctors should see to these things. Nevertheless, it might be wise for the parents of a possible Rh baby to make some pretty sharp inquiries in advance as to what would be available in case of trouble. A hospital underprivileged in any of these respects is not a satisfactory place for childbirth, when there is a chance that erythroblastosis may develop.

"There is another thing. Marjorie needs to know the situation for her own sake. If her blood should become sensitized by an Rh-positive pregnancy and she were mistakenly given an Rh-positive blood transfusion at some future time, the reaction might be very bad. Even fatal."

"I didn't know that!"

"It's true. And so vital a point that we doctors give these women a card to carry at all times, stating the facts. Dick, I don't believe Marjorie is as fragile as you think. I believe that if erythroblastosis should develop in a baby of yours, you'll both be glad we were alerted and prepared. If it doesn't, you'll be extra happy because the worry was needless! That's the way I've seen it work with countless Rh-incompatible couples.

"Why don't you come in with Marjorie just the same, when I break the news to her? I believe you will find I'm right."

Next month Dr Schauffler will discuss breast lumps, and what to do about them

GIFT OF THE SUN

By ELIZA LOUISA DAWSON

By the little shack is the sweet fern
Tangled with black ivy berries; and wild fireweed
Grows where the old stable burned. The fences
Are down and grass is deep and green.

The day, with its quill-blue sky and gulls, shall pass
As the ones when the house was gay, the leghorn flocks
Cackling. And offered again with roses
In a Georgian breadbasket the memory of a sunny day.

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Fems



NAPKINS
AND BELT

"We never stop quarreling"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

How long should a honeymoon be? I say a month, but John says a week.

Few honeymoons should extend longer than ten days or two weeks.

ASK YOURSELF:

Am I at Odds With My Daughter?

Many mothers worry about their teenage daughters and are distressed by their negative attitudes and undesirable ways of behaving. If you have a daughter of 14 to 16, answering these questions may help you see how she compares with other girls of her age and improve your understanding.

At times, does your daughter:

1. ***Flatly disregard your wishes?***
2. ***Date boys of whom you disapprove?***
3. ***Act rudely or disrespectfully?***
4. ***Dress carelessly or in poor taste?***
5. ***Have trouble with her teachers?***
6. ***Deliberately deceive you?***
7. ***Keep unreasonable, indiscreet hours?***

Does she usually:

8. ***Do her share of home chores?***
9. ***Take pride in her appearance?***
10. ***Discuss her plans in advance with you?***
11. ***Telephone when she will be late?***
12. ***Get along well with her father?***
13. ***Take real interest in her schoolwork?***
14. ***Confide freely and frankly in you?***

For each "No" answer to the first seven questions and for each "Yes" answer to the last seven, credit 1 point. If the total score is 11 or more, your daughter compares very favorably to other girls her age. (An average score is 9 or 10.) With a total of 8 or less, [illegible] trouble—either with her or with your training of her. Before discussing the situation with her, see what you can do to improve the relationship between you.

REPEATED ARGUMENTS CORRODE LOVE

"When Roy and I were married a year ago, I didn't dream two average people could be so different. There's nothing we agree on. We don't like the same food or TV programs; I like to dance, he hates it; he is a bridge fiend and I have no card sense. We tolerate these differences because we are still deeply in love, but when we talk about them we end up fighting. We both give in at times, but this constant bickering hurts our marriage. It will get worse now that I'm pregnant. We have firecracker tempers, so it's no use telling one of us to keep cool while the other blows his top. Is there any hope for us?"

No husband and wife, nor any two human beings, can expect to live together in unfailing agreement. When you consider the differences between men and women, biologically, temperamentally, and in responsibilities and circumstances, it is surprising that the typical young couple adapt to each other as well as they do.

Nevertheless, the young wife who wrote to us has cause for concern. There is indeed hope for her and her husband, because they recognize the danger; because they appreciate the need of compromise ("we both give in at times") and because they still love each other.

But note that word *still*. Repeated arguments ending in quarrels have a corrosive effect on love. She will do well to think out a program of corrective action and adopt it now. So will any young wife whose disagreements with her husband too frequently lead to quarrels.

These suggestions are certain to produce improvement if followed faithfully and with good will.

Recognize the danger signals. Has he had a hard day? Is he short on sleep, upset by an unexpected bill or an unwelcome social engagement, or just edgy? If so, a trifle may set off an explosion. Be on guard; avoid controversial topics; suggest some diversion; and count ten! And be just as alert to your own "storm warnings" as to his.

Choose a favorable time for discussing an issue that must be resolved. When something disturbs either or both of you, suggest waiting a bit to talk about it—until you've had dinner, or he's put the car away, or while you make coffee. The postponement will create a chance for tempers to cool, emotions to settle, thoughts to clear.

Consider the facts. Before discussing the matter, gather all the facts (*not* arguments) available to you. Did you exceed your food allowance? You may have reasons he doesn't know—extra entertaining, a chance to take advantage of specials. You may simply have miscalculated. Whatever the explanation, tell him honestly, but without trying to justify your action. And listen while he tells you what he knows of the situation. So long as either has information unknown to the other, you will be talking at cross purposes.

Agree on the facts. It isn't enough simply to recite the circumstances. Review together the information step by step. Establish the accuracy and relevance of each statement before going on to the next. Avoid discussing feelings and emotions except as necessary to understand the facts. And don't confuse the issue by referring to some earlier dispute or grievance—stick to the matter at hand.

Once you agree on the facts, many problems seem to solve themselves, because the answer becomes obvious. But if the issue remains unresolved, a final step remains:

Reach a compromise. This may be the time to give in. If the matter is vital to your husband, and of minor concern to you, by all means yield to him. But if you are both affected equally, each must concede on some points. The time-honored technique of "give and take" is invaluable here.

Abide by the decision. Once a settlement is agreed upon, stick to it, cheerfully and wholeheartedly, without reproaches or afterthoughts. Probably neither of you will be fully satisfied—but how often do both parties to a dispute get all they want, in any field? You have nothing to gain by reopening the discussion, and much to lose by shirking the bargain.

Many wives instinctively adopt a program like this. But opinionated, argumentative or hot-tempered individuals will have to make a deliberate effort. One couple, utterly unable to talk about a disagreement without getting into a fight, finally tried the counselor's last-resort suggestion of writing out what they wanted to say. It worked! After a few of these literary exchanges, they were able to discuss their problems peacefully. It wasn't easy, but it was worth the trouble. You will find it so as well.

LITTLE AMENITIES

"My husband says I'm too much of a stickler for manners, that I fuss too much over trifles, and that when I 'gush' over people I sound insincere. To me, small courtesies are important, and compliments can't do any harm. He's as polite as most husbands, in public, but I wish he were more mannerly at home. He's never really rude or unkind, but he overlooks little things that make life pleasant. Is it asking too much for him to help me with my coat, or to open the car door for me? Don't think we're unhappy—we're not—but this is a bone of contention. I feel that he should be just as polite and considerate when we are alone as when other people are around. He says that formality at home is phony and that I am a perfectionist and make everything a production. Which of us is right?"

Probably both are right, up to a point. She may be justified in thinking that her husband is too casual, if not actually negligent, in his behavior toward her when they are alone. Many husbands are. On the other hand, he may be justified in thinking that she makes too much of a fuss about trifles, about matters that have more to do with superficial appearances than with genuine courtesy. Many wives do.

In any event, this husband and wife, or any other couple, might find ways of making life more comfortable and agreeable if they spent a little time in analyzing the true basis of good manners. And parents who are concerned about their children's deportment might find clues to improvement by reviewing their own standards, and considering the example they set.

Kindness is fundamental. The wife who wrote us says her husband is never unkind. If so, she is fortunate, and he is a gentleman. For all good manners are based on kindness, or the ability to put the comfort, convenience and pleasure of others ahead of one's own. A kind remark, however crudely stated, can never be ill-mannered; a kind action may be unconventional, but it cannot be impolite.

Consideration, graciousness, generosity, appreciation—all are attributes of good manners, and all are aspects of kindness. The truly well-mannered person will also be self-forgetful, unassuming, unpretentious; will show respect to superiors and inferiors; toward those older and those younger. He (or she) will have too much self-respect to be servile in any company, but he will not let false pride prevent him from trying to adapt his speech and behavior to those of the ones around him.

The individual who genuinely and sincerely observes these principles will never disgrace himself—or his wife—by a breach of etiquette. He may commit a minor blunder, like using the wrong fork or performing a clumsy introduction, but he will not insult or hurt anyone.

This is not to belittle the forms and ceremonies of correct social behavior. The accepted rules—governing the use of silver, the form of introduction, the writing of thank-you notes—are based on common sense and consideration for others. To refuse to learn them and observe them is a form of arrogance and therefore, in itself, of bad manners.

By the same token, little amenities are important, because they reflect concern for the comfort and pleasure of another. Few wives need their husband's help to put on their coats, but they appreciate the gesture quite as much as they appreciate his carrying in the groceries.

Many a husband obscures major virtues by neglecting minor attentions. If your husband is one of these, be thankful for his good qualities—but showing your gratitude for any little courtesy he extends will encourage repetition.

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"Here we are almost out of debt and they have to buy a new car."

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

I can hear the Duke of Edinburgh say to the Queen of England, "Let's have your brother-in-law over for Sunday dinner so he can snap some pictures of the baby at six months crawling on the palace lawn."

My loyal Dream Girl has invested some of her grocery money in a book called *The Slim Gourmet*. "You've lost twenty pounds," she decrees, "and I intend to keep you that way; fewer groceries, but tastier."

I've told three auto dealers I'd like for my next car a four-door automatic convertible. But they don't pay much attention; they think Detroit knows what's best for me.

My wife and I were first in our neighborhood to read two new best sellers by two famous novelists. We told our friends they were both tripe, and so far eleven different people want to borrow 'em.

Our most lovable bore is the baldish plumpy so comical about your waistline and his, and who notes you're both losing your hair. "Wanna weigh?" retorts a taut chum. "Wanna count hairs?"

In wooing, confirms a Japanese tale my young flyer sent me, it's often what's left unsaid that's the most fragrant bouquet.

Our town's most extravagant wife is aghast at a $1.50 bill for cleaning a pair of gloves. "Why," she exclaims, "I can save money by buying new ones!"

My favorite fourteen-year-old in our block resents adults blaming teenagers for all sins. "How do they know," he protests, "that it wasn't a kid of twelve or a college boy of twenty who stole the governor's hubcaps?"

After years of disdain, my Lady Love at last concedes the new artificial flowers aren't too dreadful. She even put a sprig of phony lily of the valley on my desk during the final snowstorm.

One of our cleverer young mothers taped her young daughter's yak-yak on the phone, to cure her. . . . Then her husband used the strategy on her thirty-minute chats. Both are half cured.

Our volunteer Autocrat of the Lunch Table has a new theory about why unlucky husbands die eight or ten years too soon: Wifely melodrama and exaggeration take the steam out of 'em, and they just wilt.

So far the new flower boxes on our downtown sidewalks haven't thrived. We're trying to incite brave-new-world rivalry among bevies of the green-thumb girls to tend 'em more expertly.

"If our wives suspected our bitter struggle downtown," muses Peter Comfort self-pityingly, hosing the garage floor, "they'd reduce the pressure and be sweeter!"

I've rescued a few rock-garden rocks from fifty foreign lands, and mementos from the fifty states and countless counties, and we're carving 'em into bookends. My new theory: scatter relevant books around the house like bunches of posies.

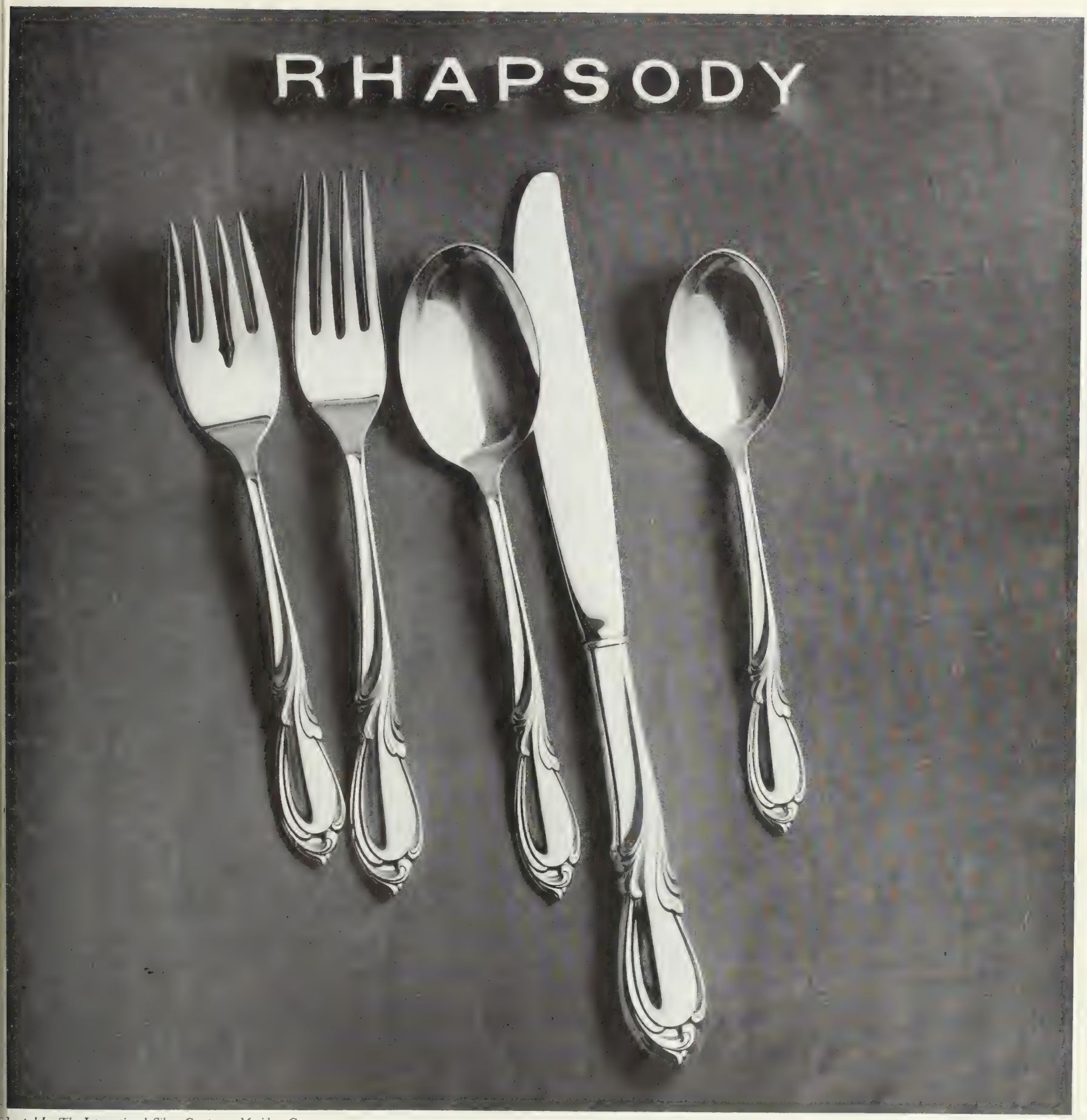
My stop watch caught my wife's chum monopolizing conversation with two hours of nonstop chatter. When interrupted she's graciously irked, but barges on bravely.

I've vowed not to play such sloppy golf this summer. I'll concentrate on each stroke and shoot a few 80's. If not, I can always return to dub tennis and my ball thrower.

My son and pals at the university rebel against hints that their quarters be inspected weekly by ROTC officers. Or how about letting coeds do it, with wrinkled noses?

My candidate for brave-new-world husband: he installs a washer and dryer in the bathroom so he can ensconce a tennis table or darts in the liberated laundry room.

When I get a fantastic scrawl from five-year-old Pat, his first letter,
. . . Or all our young ones forgive us for our riotous nude baby snapshots of 'em,
. . . And Junior snapshots the stone house where we lived when he was seven,
. . . Or our youngest urges me to see a new highbrow play in New York,
. . . And my Lady Love, when I stub my toe on it, says, "O'd rocking chair's got him"
Then I relish keenly the wild-herb and tame-garden-flower flavors of marriage:
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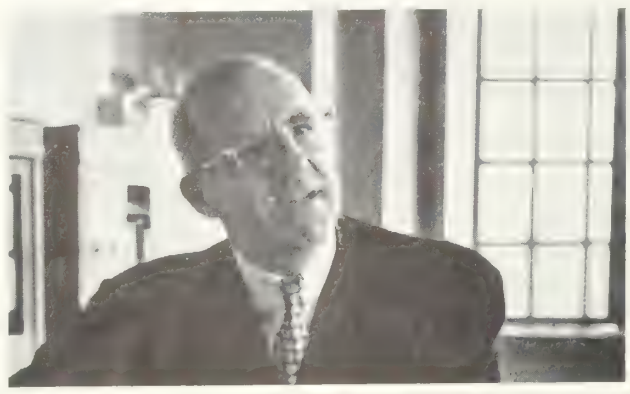
Canvas shoes may look alike, but that blue label makes a whale of a difference, for it says they're genuine U. S. Keds... made to fit better and last longer. Built over scientifically shaped lasts, with shockproof arch cushions and permanently bonded soles and uppers. From Grandad on down—it's U.S. Keds for quality! *(top)* Boys' Big Leaguer. Traction-tread sole. *(bottom)* Mom's Katydid Keds.

*Both U.S. Keds and the blue label

United States Rubber

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

"Our size and shape are largely determined by the genes we inherited at the moment we were conceived. But if children play outdoors regularly they will develop their muscles and vigor and posture to the degree that is expected by Nature."



Are our children getting enough exercise?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

SUZANNE SZASZ



"What can parents do to foster good physical development in their children?" the editors asked me. Other people are raising the question, too, now that physical educationists warn us that American children, whom we have liked to think of as the healthiest in the world, are actually lagging behind the young people of many other countries in their fitness.

The readiest explanation is that many of our children aren't getting much exercise any more. In simpler days they walked to school or wherever else they were going. Now they are taken by car or bus. In their free time they used to be actively playing, and they usually preferred to be racing around outdoors because there was so much more freedom and company there. Now television lures the young ones in and sits them down, for hours and hours every week. Some have the regular privilege of sitting all Saturday afternoon in the movies too.

The character of the bony framework inside each of us—whether heavy- or light-boned, whether broad-shouldered or slender, whether tall or short, whether pleasingly shaped in the face—is mainly determined by the genes we happened to inherit from our various ancestors at the moment we were conceived. A serious chronic illness or a drastic emotional strain in the family or a severe restriction of diet may slow down the growth of a child in height, but only to a moderate extent. Such misfortunes as these do not touch the great majority of American children.

The size and shape of the muscles that are attached to our bones are also largely determined by the germ cells which made each of us. To be sure, the amount of exercise we give to different muscles will influence their size to a degree. The ballet dancer's calves and thighs are slightly larger because of her hours of work each day. The eager boy who is exercising with dumbbells can increase the circumference of his biceps enough to measure the difference. But still there are ballerinas and figure skaters with slender legs. And the stringy youth who hopes to make his body a solid mass of lumps, like the strong man in the body-building advertisements, is doomed to disappointment. Another adolescent who has never made much of an effort in sport or hard labor may end up with a well-muscled body.

When it comes to the amount of soft tissue ("fat" is such an ugly word) which is distributed through the different zones of the body, it is probable that the strongest determining factor is the genes with which the individual is endowed (or handicapped) at conception. Dr. William Sheldon and his colleagues, who developed the system of body

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Dr. Spock sympathizes with boys who are poorly equipped to become great athletes. "The stringy youth who hopes to make his body a solid mass of lumps, like the strong man in the body-building advertisements, is doomed to disappointment."





Hunt...for the best

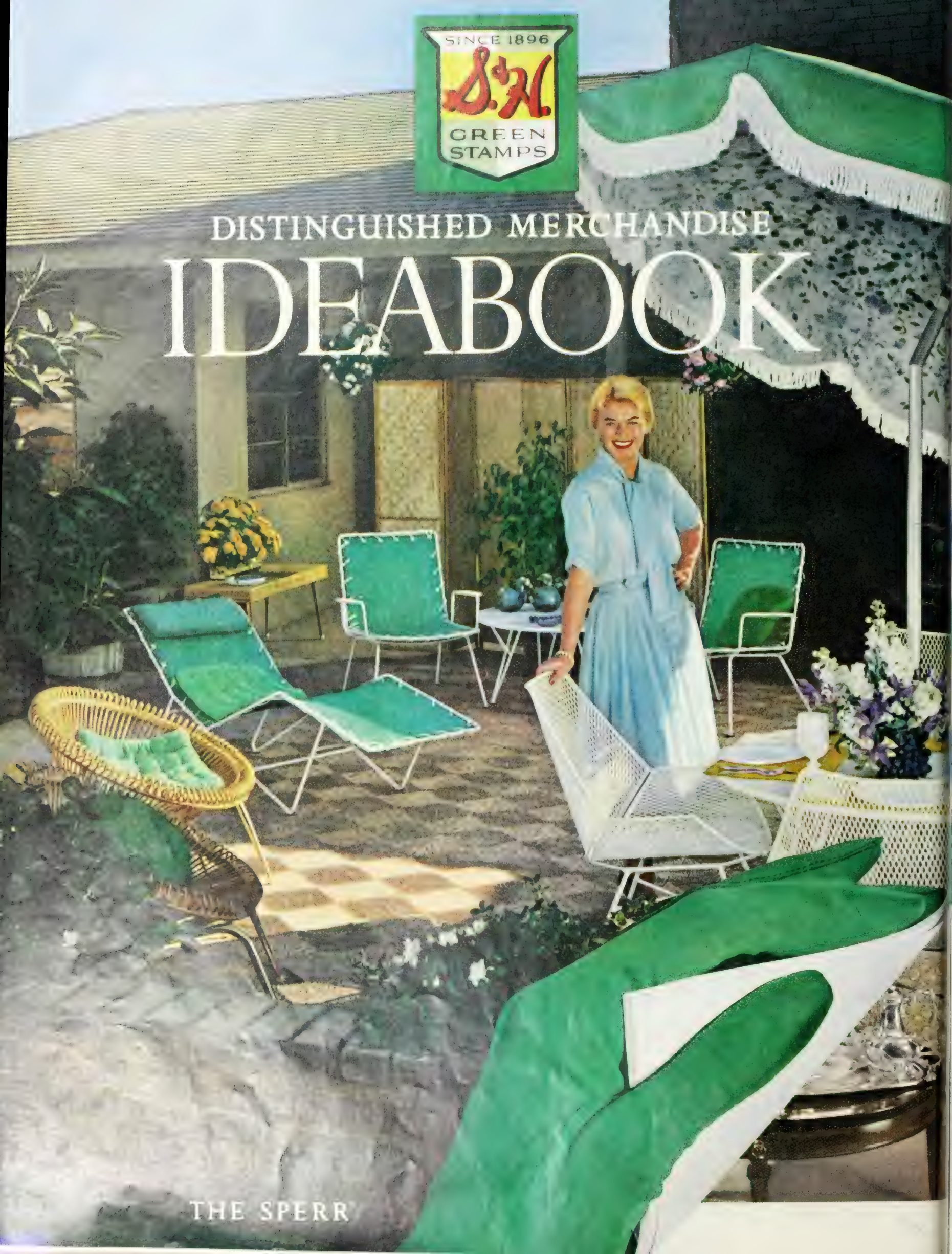
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

description called somatotyping, believe they would be able to recognize the bodily proportions of a person who was born with a natural tendency to be obese even if he were emaciated from starvation at the moment when they happened to measure him. The "endomorphs," the people of the extreme type who have the greatest liability to put on extra fat (in contrast to the extremely heavy-boned, heavy-muscled people, the "mesomorphs," and the extremely narrow, slender people, the "ectomorphs") are large and round in the middle, but have "ham-shaped" limbs which taper down to small hands and feet. Of course most of us are not predominately one or another type but have some combination of these three tendencies. Men on the average have more of the mesomorph in them and women have more of the endomorph.

But parents and doctors and physical educators have always known that many individuals don't maintain the same amount of fat all their lives. Dr. Sheldon noted that most individuals, whether fat or lean, come as close to ideal as possible at the beginning of adulthood, perhaps because Nature conspires to aid romance. The individual with a tendency to plumpness frequently shows it in the preadolescent period, becomes somewhat slenderer in adolescence, then begins to put on weight again in the 20's and 30's.

There are certainly environmental and emotional factors which affect a child's state of nutrition. In many parts of the world there are various kinds of malnutrition, because parents can't procure or don't know the right dietary essentials, but there is much less excuse for this in our country.

Probably the commonest type of unnatural thinness in America is caused by a chronic feeding problem. It most frequently starts when the child is going through a phase of picky eating at one or two years of age, or after an illness.

This creates anxiety and frustration in any mother who is not casual by nature. But the more she frets or cajoles or forces, the more it lowers her child's appetite and increases his obstinacy. It's a vicious circle all right, most prevalent here where food is plentiful and where mothers are conscientious in providing a well-balanced diet.

This kind of feeding problem keeps thousands of American children thinner than they would be otherwise. It is particularly likely to occur in those families in which the mother was herself a very poor eater in childhood. The worry about sufficient intake gets passed from generation to generation, and creates the very condition which it is trying to prevent. I mention it first because it shows the futility of trying to improve a child's physical development by anxious persuasion.

Another type of unnaturally thin child is the one whose constant nervous tension uses up an excessive amount of energy (and often holds down appetite at the same time). One such child is an unhappy worrier, but another may be a cheery dynamo.

Emotional factors can lead to overfeeding too. Though most of the children whose mothers are urging food will react with poor appetite and balkiness, a few submit docilely to stuffing and become fatter and fatter. You'd think that a mother who was forcing food because she has a deep anxiety about nutrition would be able to relax as soon as she saw the child becoming overweight. But, as the unhappy parent who has this worry knows, the fear persists, and she may even bring her obese child to a doctor still complaining that he doesn't eat enough.

Overeating may result from emotional factors in the individual himself, whether child or adult. There is the person who has never developed much independence or initiative but, like a baby, continues to get his main security from eating and being cared for by others. And there are quite a few people who notice that whenever life presents disappointments—in friendships or romance or work—their appetites and their weights go up. Overweight, however it starts, becomes a vicious circle, because it creates self-consciousness, restricts social life, increases unhappiness, and thus may lead to greater appetite. Obesity also decreases exercise and thereby conserves calories.

The different effects of emotional tension on nutrition once struck me most dramatically in the case of two excessively rivalrous brothers. The older boy was an unhappy person who was resentful toward all the other members of his family, had no friends, withdrew into himself. He was fat. The young one was sociable, tense, overactive, and insisted on every single privilege the older one had. He was thin. Because the older one was so miserable at home, it was eventually decided to send him to a very understanding boarding school. There he made an excellent adjustment, and in four months, without dieting, he lost twelve pounds. The thin one became much more relaxed at home and gained eight pounds in the same period.

The term "physical fitness" is used by physical educationists to cover a variety of traits such as strength, endurance, posture, skill and grace.

Strength has to be considered in relation to different parts of the body. A long, lanky individual may have strong legs for running and jumping and yet be so slender in the arms that he can barely "chin" himself once. (I feel sympathetic with these boys, who always get laughed at in a gym class, because I could never chin myself or do push-ups.) A weight lifter *has* to have a heavy, well-muscled body to start with, ever to be really good.

Regular exercise will increase the strength of any set of muscles to a considerable degree, but it won't change a person who is muscularly inadequate for some sport into a champion. And muscles which have acquired additional strength by deliberate exercise will lose part of this as soon as the exercise is abandoned.

> Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own to it yourself. Illness is one of those things which a man should resist on principle at the outset.
>
> WILLIAM HENRY BULWER-LYTTON

Endurance is even more dependent on exercise than is strength. Endurance comes partly from the strengthening and conditioning of the body muscles that are being used in a particular sport or work, and partly from the strengthening of the heart and breathing muscles that will improve the transportation of oxygen and carbon dioxide. Endurance, too, will promptly decrease as soon as vigorous exercise is given up.

It's disappointing, isn't it, to realize that strength and endurance will diminish when not being regularly called upon. But this is only the reverse side of our bodies' marvelous ability to respond to need. They are ingeniously adaptable in so many respects. They adjust to cold climates by learning to conserve heat, to high altitudes by enriching the blood and to low altitudes by thinning it again, to excessive sunshine by tanning the skin and to little sunshine by paling it, to hard use of the palms by laying down calluses which are shed when the work is over. You couldn't design a body that would respond positively to need unless it also responded negatively to lack of need.

What this all means—in terms of strength and endurance—is that there is little permanent gain in going in for vigorous exercise for short periods of time. It's the exercise that a person takes regularly through the week and throughout his life that maintains his level of fitness.

Most people who take regular exercise claim that they feel better—more bouncy, and at the same time more at peace with the world—and think that they look better. This is my opinion too. But it's hard to be sure about this because human beings are extremely suggestible. Experiments have proved that if a man believes that vaccine will diminish his colds, it will, whether the shots he receives contain bacteria or whether they contain only salt water.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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2. Write your entry on plain paper, on the entry blank at the right, or on entry blank to be found inside many FLEX-VAC packages. Complete, in 25 *additional* words, or less, the statement; "It would be fun to own my own car because..." Print or write your name and address on your entry.

3. You may enter as often as you wish but each entry must be accompanied by the front of an empty FLEX-VAC package showing the FLEX-VAC seal and brand of meat, or a reasonable hand-drawn facsimile. Mail each entry individually with adequate postage.

4. Your entry must be your own original work, submitted in your own name. All entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in event of ties. The judges' decision will be final.

5. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, August 10, 1960 and received by August 24, 1960. They will become the property of Standard Packaging Corporation, and will not be returned.

6. Winners will be notified in person or by mail about six weeks after close of contest. Contest subject to all governmental regulations. Employees (and immediate family members) of Standard Packaging Corporation, Renault, Inc., their advertising agencies, packers and/or manufacturers using FLEX-VAC packaging, are not eligible. A list of winners will be sent upon receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope.

7. Twenty Renault Dauphines (with standard equipment) and 160 cash prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere in this notice.

CLIP 'LE COUPON' NOW!

Mail to **FLEX-VAC**, P. O. Box 42A, Mt. Vernon 10, New York.

Finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less: (Use this coupon, plain paper, or entry blank from a FLEX-VAC package)

"It would be fun to own my own car because_____

_____

_____."

Enclose with each entry the front of one empty FLEX-VAC package (showing brand of luncheon meat or franks) or reasonable facsimile. Contest closes midnight, August 10, 1960.

NAME_____

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CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____



BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE INSIDE A TIN OF TUNA...

CERTIFIED MERCHANDISE · UNITED STATES TESTING CO. INC. · SEAL OF QUALITY

THE TUNA CERTIFIED FOR QUALITY, FLAVOR AND TEXTURE

YOU'LL WELCOME THIS NEWS FROM UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY!

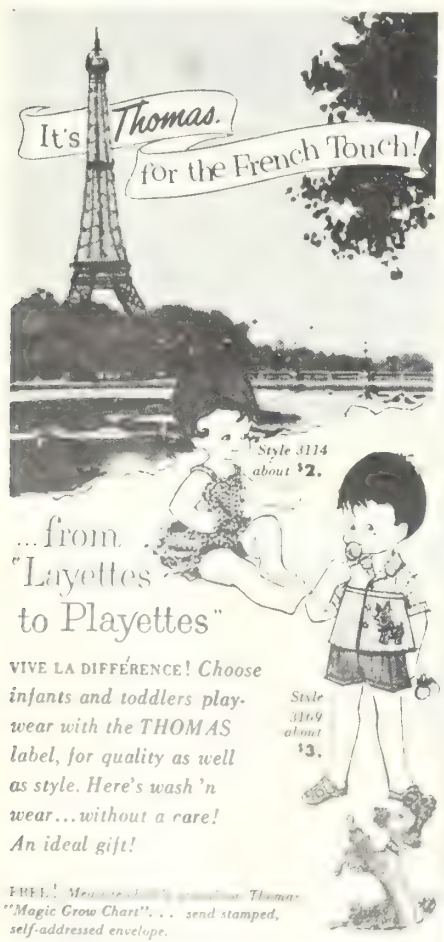
Today you have a guide to quality in tuna. Breast O' Chicken is now *the* tuna that's certified for quality, flavor and texture, by the United States Testing Company.

Enjoy the satisfaction of knowing you are serving only the best o' tuna. Choose Breast O' Chicken Tuna for your family!

Breast-O-Chicken Tuna

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...from "Layettes to Playettes"

VIVE LA DIFFÉRENCE! *Choose infants and toddlers playwear with the THOMAS label, for quality as well as style. Here's wash 'n wear...without a care! An ideal gift!*

FREE! *Mother-to-be's guide to Thomas "Magic Grow Chart"... send stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

WIN a trip to France for 2

Watch for store contests with more prizes plus entry in the THOMAS Grand National Contest! TEN prizes including round trip, New York to Paris with daily allowance for 2...or $1250 cash.

THOMAS TEXTILE CO., INC., DEPT. LHJ, 112 W. 34TH ST., N. Y. 1



Henry VIII would've given his crown for Adolph's Salt Substitute!

Adolph's

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT FROM CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY

WANTED: YOU!

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that card today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
336 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

GOTTSCHALK'S metal sponges



For [illegible] Gottschalk's Metal Sponges. Gottschalk Metal Sponge Sales Corp., Phila. 40.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Just what makes for co-ordination and posture and grace is a confusing matter to untangle. I remember well one of the first families for whom I became the pediatrician. The older child, a girl, was graceful from the start. From six months onward she picked up everything so delicately that the parents never had to put breakables out of her reach, and her toys lasted forever. The son in his early years lunged for whatever plaything he sought, grabbed it in his whole fist if he didn't knock it on the floor first, stumbled over something almost every time he crossed a room. Yet he was a happy, undestructive character. When differences like these come out so early in life you suspect that they are inborn, at least in part. But emotional factors certainly complicate the picture.

I think of athletic and graceful people as usually being the secure and outgoing type, but if that's true there are many exceptions. Some withdrawn people subject to the mental disease schizophrenia are unusually graceful. The great ballet dancer, Nijinsky, was a famous example. I remember a college friend who was such a natural athlete that he could become an expert in any sport in a quarter of the time it would take the average devotee, but who on the dance floor shuffled around miserably. One tennis player, when he sees victory in his grasp, does better and better. Another plays well when he is behind and then always goes to pieces when he gets ahead.

Posture is another area in which both the shape you were born with and your feelings about life play a part. The heavy-boned, heavy-muscled mesomorph has a tightly knit body which tends to maintain a good posture. A spindling ectomorph has a spine which readily slumps forward in the neck and in the small of the back, unless he has a proud spirit to buoy him up.

A slouched posture can neatly express a variety of attitudes: self-consciousness, shame, lack of confidence, discouragement, resentment, especially in the individual who can't easily vent his feelings in words. Childhood and adolescence is a period when it's hard to know what one's own feelings are and when it's often risky to express them, so posture is a handy outlet. An energetic mother is constantly bothered by the poor posture of her languid child. She hisses at him "Sit up straight!" twenty times a day. But of course such a child characteristically responds to prodding in a passive, obstinate way. As soon as attention is distracted, he slouches even more, without any conscious realization of it.

The most rewarding aspect of co-ordination and skill is that, once learned by hard practice in any activity—whether it's ice skating or piano playing or typing—the major part of it stays learned. To be sure, a person becomes rusty and he may feel quite discouraged about how much he has forgotten, but actually he can get back to nearly his former level in a very short time compared with the long struggle it took to achieve it in the first place.

This of course speaks in favor of children's learning, when young and adaptable, a sport or skill which they'll enjoy the rest of their lives. If only they had the sense to realize it! Of course they are full of enthusiasm when they first see an expert perform. They imagine, in their sublime innocence and egotism, that if they could just acquire a tennis racket or ballet costume or violin, they'd soon be performing to the cheers of the audience. Children will stick with great perseverance to acquiring skills which are almost within their power and which everyone else in the neighborhood is practicing (jacks or hoola hoops, for instance) but most of them quickly become discouraged as soon as they sense that real accomplishment is way beyond them. Then when the parent finds himself being more insistent than the child about practice, the latter's enthusiasm turns into rebellion.

It seems as if most of the thoughts I've expressed so far about physical development and fitness have been fatalistic or pessimistic: so much depends on the equipment our children happen to be born with, and parental efforts too often work in reverse. But the outlook is not that hopeless.

We have to accept our children's bony and muscular endowment, because we gave it to them and because we can't change it. But there are two different ways to accept it. One is reluctant. The other is serene. If we are miserable about our son's shortness or our daughter's tallness, we make them feel the same way, whether or not we try to hide our concern. If we show we think they are wonderful as they are, they'll feel good about themselves too.

In regard to fatness or thinness we have to admit that we have only a partial control. We can't make a child eat more, or less, by nagging—we're apt to produce the opposite effect. When a child is thin it's good to check with doctor and teacher to be sure that nothing more needs to be done in investigating health or adjustment.

If a child is only slightly plump in the seven-to-fifteen-year-old period, I think it's wise for parents to keep their mouths shut and their fingers crossed, since so many of these individuals will slender down by themselves later if no fuss is made.

Definite obesity is a much tougher nut to crack. The child faced with such a handicap is inclined to feel that his parents are persecuting him when they try to limit his diet. He should be encouraged to work on the problem with an outsider—a family doctor who inspires confidence, or a psychiatrist, or a supervised weight-reducing group in school. The mother can co-operate mightily by adjusting the family menus, and keeping cakes, cookies, candy out of the house most of the time, so that temptation is minimized.

As for exercise, I myself think that all children should stay outdoors (when it's not raining) at least a couple of hours a day—more when the weather is pleasant and when there is no school—so that they will develop their muscles and vigor and posture to the degree that is expected by Nature. This can be accomplished if the parents believe in it. The children take it for granted and enjoy it. If they later get the idea from friends that it would be fun to rush to television right after school, the parents only have to make it quite definite that there is no television and no coming indoors till five or five-thirty.

> Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow!
>
> HELEN KELLER

Through P.T.A.'s and other channels parents can campaign for supervised after-school games in playgrounds in the elementary grades, and in the high-school years for sports for all boys who are interested. (I'm not enthusiastic about highly competitive overemphasized athletics for a few individuals, especially before ninth grade.)

I have a prejudice against forcing girls to participate in competitive athletics, particularly after they enter adolescence. Many of them have no appetite for such battles, which were really invented by boys, for boys. But it's fine if they can be offered such activities as group dancing, swimming, tennis, golf, riding, skiing and skating.

Where such luxuries are impossible there are still walking and bicycling—for both sexes—and it's up to parents to see that their children get a reasonable amount of these healthful forms of transportation. (It bothers me to see high-school boys standing on corners trying to thumb rides for a half mile.)

In the final analysis it seems to me that the most important contribution parents make to their children's physical development is to bring them up so that they have confidence in themselves and love life. These attitudes can be counted on, better than other motivations to keep them active, set their appetites at the right level, make them stand up proudly. And it's the spirit glowing through that makes different shapes attractive. Audrey Hepburn and Marilyn Monroe both have great appeal. Abraham Lincoln's nobility made his very gauntness inspiring.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



Chiquita Banana suggests—

Great taste idea: Bananas!

Try these 3 low calorie ways to enjoy life!







Split a medium-sized banana — only 88 calories there! Add a good and wholesome topping — fruit or cottage cheese or sparkling fruit gelatin. You've a wonderful-tasting salad treat, with a wonderful nutrition bonus. That sweet-flavored banana brings you vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, C, niacin and 12 essential minerals. Gives you energy, too . . . a quick pickup and a lasting lift. Calorie low, vitality high — bananas belong in your daily diet!

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BlueBonnet

Looks, Cooks and Tastes Like The "High-Price" Spread





When they make the "high-price" spread they normally add a flavoring agent. It comes from nature herself—it's what gives you that natural taste. And nature helps flavor BLUE BONNET *the very same way, so you get that natural, delicate taste like the "high-price" spread.*

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NATURE FLAVORS both!

The taste of the "high-price" spread is a *natural* taste. And BLUE BONNET has a similar taste—because nature flavors *both*.

Result? The taste you've always hoped for in a margarine is yours in every pat and pound of BLUE BONNET . . . the subtle, *natural* taste that makes its delicious way into everything you spread it on, melt it on, or cook it with.

MADE WITH PURE VEGETABLE OILS



"Everything's Better Wit Blue Bonnet On It!"

Another Fine Product of Standard Br

JOURNAL about town

What we do **Where we go** **Whom we meet**

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

50 years ago in the Journal

In June, 1910, President Taft was pushing a constitutional amendment for a Federal income tax (between sessions on the golf links). New Mexico and Arizona began forming state governments, and Ethel Barrymore became a suffragette. Popular American cars in 1910 were the Premier, Maxwell, Cino, Moline and the Ohio. World-renowned Helen Keller turned thirty, and multimillionairess Helen Gould could shoot a pistol with either hand.

In the June, 1910, JOURNAL, *Editor Bok disapproves of the "horseplay" at weddings, such as the throwing of rice and old shoes. He also criticizes the new custom of women wearing their hats in hotel dining rooms as "bad manners" and "a mark of disrespect to their husbands who would never think of wearing their hats at the table."*

Writes A Plain Country Woman to the parent of a girl who isn't popular socially: "It is a great mistake to imagine that because a girl is missing 'good times' in her youth they will never come to her. I had more happiness, more pure fun, and more heartfelt laughter after my children were grown and we all went out together than ever before in my life."

Walter writes: "Is it a compliment *or the reverse to be asked to take the chaperon in to dinner?" Answer: "The honor is (sometimes) great, but the pleasure small."*

"What about fresh-water bathing for my boy who is six years of age?" a mother wants to know. Answers the JOURNAL baby-care expert: "On very warm days it will not harm the boy to go in once, but twice is too much."

Asks Patty: "If a girl meets a man *very often on her way to work, is there any harm in showing that she recognizes him?" Answer: "Decidedly! The girl who works is exposed to enough daily dangers without inviting familiarities."*

Our town is a flowerpot. Once Helen Gould Shepard planted the first window boxes on Fifth Avenue. Today Mary Lasker and Salute to Seasons make Manhattan a bower of blossoms. And near our Workshop, pedestrians buzz like bees around the Outdoor Cleanliness Association's flower sale. There the JOURNAL's Richard Pratt met Mrs. Charles Gristede, who told him: "The city gives us an awning. Stores give carts. The mayor's *for* us—his wife opens our show. We net $500 to fight air pollution. Do you know dry cleaning has quadrupled; carbon monoxide threatens trees? Buy a flower for a better city?" He bought an armful.

WERNER WOLFF



Fabrics, fashion editor and fair director Lamb.

June Forecast: The British Trade Fair this month will be a smasher. Our food taster Louella Shouer has been sampling pheasants, cheeses, custards; our fashion editor Wilhela Cushman sniffing meadowy Scotch tweeds. Executive editor Mary Bass, viewing a brilliant cargo of goods, turned to a British Empire representative with an idea: "I wonder if you've thought of borrowing our slogan for the commonwealth? It's Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!" He'll let us know.



Fragrant Fifth Avenue: Sherry-Netherland clock.

ABBOT MILLS

Women buy 60 per cent of men's ties, so Bill McCleery asked president Peter F. Lynch of Sulka how *men* buy the other 40 per cent. "Winston Churchill," said he, "is a polka-dot man. Harry Truman and the Duke of Windsor both designed their evening ties. Women balk at price—men don't. Henry Ford splurged $10 once and asked us never to tell Mrs. Ford—*she'd* object."

Sunday breakfast is really hard to get *in New York, if you're an early bird. Our Neal Stuart, in from a New Mexico assignment and off to New Hampshire by train, found that at 7 A.M. all food bars were shuttered. Hungry Neal "had oval spots in front of my eyes" when she arrived at the interviewee's door, and her first words were: "I'm from the JOURNAL. Please—do you have two eggs?"*

When the Arthur Murrays *(page 70) came to one of our parties, talk turned to a onetime Gould editorial comparing dancing to marriage. "A woman," wrote Mrs. Gould, "must submit to a man's guidance . . . but she must stand on her own feet." Said Mr. Gould: "The man chooses the pattern but he is controlled by the demands of the music." The Spaniards say, "The dances I have danced no one can take from me."*

Cynthia Wheatland learns in a hurry from expert Murray.



ABBOT MILLS

Carole O'Brien, *who answers diet mail, recently attended a lunch talk on "obesity." The menu: sauced meat, buttered peas, potato, ice cream with fudge sauce, and chocolate cookies. "We left," she reports, "several pounds heavier but knowing that overweight is a definite threat to our health."*

Sitting alone,
she had to decide which way it was to be for her
and Peregrine:
the shallows of cocktail parties and divorce,
or the depths of
a happy marriage.

Agatha

THE Journal PRESENTS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY MAGAZINE

T. A. Down

"Look," I said in the darkness after half an hour of silence, "do you want a divorce?"

"No," came the answer. From across the room. From the other bed. "It would kill my mother to have a divorce in the family."

That was the night I got out of bed and went to the kitchen and started scrubbing the floor. You can't cry in the same room with somebody and not have him know it, and Peregrine never could bear tears. We're still married, with three children instead of one. And even though I've scrubbed the floor more midnights than I care to count, I've been happy, and so has Peregrine.

Mostly I don't think about that horrible summer or the two or three other later bits of miserableness. I've been much too busy. But every time Agatha turns up I remember, all right. Even though it wasn't Agatha that first time. I think it was . . . well, somebody else.

Anyhow, last week we got an invitation in the mail. "Cocktails," it said. "Six-thirty to eight." An address in Georgetown, down on North Place, and Agatha's name. Agatha's name of twenty years back. Agatha Aldrich. Back in about 1942 it was Mrs. Richard Addington. That was when we first knew her, when everybody in the world almost was going through Washington all the time, and people were sleeping on the thick carpet behind the sofa in the brand-new Statler, and nobody could find a room anywhere, and there were all those jokes about pushing people into the Potomac so you could rent their apartments.

Agatha was a young thing and a bride and bright and oh, so misunderstood. She was always asking people in for drinks in the little Georgetown house she'd managed to get somehow and making them understand about her being misunderstood. She had some sort of secret job—everybody did but me. I just worked for a plain

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115





And every week a letter from Peregrine.
Every week.
Letters you'd write out of duty
to someone you disliked.



It began as a lighthearted vacation trip. She could not know that it would end in a nightmare of fear and terror—and death.

Dark Purpose

By ***DORIS HUME***

Across the awesome summit of the great Toltec Pyramid of the Sun the morning breeze moved, cool and thin. Voices of tourists less intrepid than Paige MacRae could be heard far below, lamenting unresponsive muscles as they inched up the endless steps. To the southwest was Mexico City with its bright modern overlay, but the haze of distance wrapped it in invisibility as if it had never been. Time seemed, as Paige stood there, to check its forward thrust; she caught the feeling of backward flow, of return to another day, another century.

Here was the very spot on which the great altar had been based, where, spread-eagled in sacrifice, the victim had seen the knife-edged stone raised high, to catch the light as it plunged downward to his heart. So acute was Paige's sensing that a prickle swept across her skin. Alone against the sky she stood, bareheaded; red-gold hair giving back glints. A slimly built girl of twenty-three, her fine carriage made her seem taller than she was.

The gray eyes were widely set, dark-lashed, under brows that had no need of penciling. She had a round firm chin, a generous mouth, and a throat line cleanly modeled because of the proudly lifted head.

"You feel it too! So few are capable of it. So few."

A man's voice so close made her turn in surprise toward the speaker. "You startled me," she said, but she smiled with the camaraderie of tourists; in a strange land he who speaks one's language is a friend. "I didn't see anyone here."

She was aware that he was studying her from behind the glasses. "You must trust me." He smiled. "You must believe that I know what is best for all of us."

"I came up from the other side," the man said. He came closer and the movement was balanced, easy. He had a narrow face, pale brows above a high-bridged nose, fair hair that lay sleek, its blondness blending into silver at the temples. A deep tan intensified the color of his blue eyes. He was, Paige decided, in his early forties. A very striking man—and somehow vaguely familiar.

He said, "I've been watching you. I come here CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

© 1960 BY DORIS HUME

Two determined women can give a man a hard time—

especiall



See YOU in THE papers

when one is a glamorous movie star and the other is his wife.

By EDWARD KAYLIN

Joe Blaine, boy accountant, and Betty—the most beautiful girl in the world, who, for some reason beyond his ken, had consented to join him in holy matrimony—had *discovered* Monte Madden. Six months ago, when Joe was home with the virus, he'd happened to tune to "Homebody"—one of those programs that examine the contents of women's handbags—and there was Monte doing a guest shot. Joe spotted him immediately as the funniest thing since bubble gum and when he called Betty—Betty didn't watch daytime television; it made her feel guilty—Monte convulsed her too. Then, three months later—bang!—Monte Madden was hotter than a two-dollar pistol and every Monday through Friday night, at 11:30 Eastern Time, a great clicking could be heard in the land as millions of viewers switched away from late movies and onto the Monte Madden Show. Betty and Joe, of course, were among his most devoted fans.

It was on a Tuesday, a perfectly ordinary Tuesday, that the main event came off. A few warm-up remarks addressed to the studio audience, a topical joke, a brief announcement for Prince, the new shorter cigarette, a piano solo by the leader of the band, a rapid-fire exchange with the announcer, and Monte introduced his first guest, Julie Thomas, the skyrocketing young Hollywood star whose great performance in *The Sure Thing* was packing them in at the Radio City Music Hall.

Monte was given to flowery introductions, but this time he outdid himself. Julie, he announced, was the most exciting person he'd ever met. "You know," he said, "the thing that gets me is how you can be so fiery and at the same time so sensible and relaxed. You *are* relaxed, dear, aren't you?" He paused. "Even if there *are* thirty million people out there watching you?" Julie Thomas assured him that she was relaxed.

He turned back to the audience. "It's absolutely amazing how completely calm she is. Nothing flusters her. And she's so outspoken. I was talking to her backstage. Whatever she feels like saying, she says. You know," he continued, "I admire that." Then, addressing himself to the girl, "I admire *you*." Julie Thomas made ineffectual motions with her hands as though burrowing out from under the laurels being heaped on her, but Monte went on. "Tell me," he said, with his familiar quizzical smile, "were you always so willing to speak up?"

The girl really *was* terribly pretty—piquant little face, dancing dark eyes, generous mouth, wind-swept Italian-boy haircut and a suggestion of curves she hadn't even used yet. She wasn't beautiful like Betty, of course, Joe thought. Betty was a blonde with high cheekbones, bright blue eyes, creamy complexion. Yet he had to admit, in all fairness, there was much to be said for Julie Thomas.

Her voice was good too—soft and sultry. "I don't think I was ever afraid of people, if that's what you mean," she was saying. "But I don't come out with everything that's on my mind, either. No," she went on thoughtfully, "you have to compromise or become a hermit. Why, if I said everything I thought, even right now, we'd be cut off the air and CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

"Of course," Joe said. But he had a vaguely troubling thought that he really ought to be getting home to his wife.

Princess Margaret's Husband



KEYSTONE PRESS

Margaret loves Tony for what he is—she could easily have found a more obviously "suitable" mate long ago—but he will have to change greatly in his new way of life.

THE KIND OF MAN HE REALLY IS

By LAURA RILEY

When Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth announced that her daughter, Margaret, was going to marry Antony Armstrong-Jones, the royal establishment quickly lowered its velvet curtain between him and the outside world. Old friends who had sat on the floor of his Greenwich-Village-type apartment in London eating garlic bread and drinking Spanish wine were persuaded to silence. Former female companions were "unavailable." Business associates "could not confirm or deny" even the simplest detail.

The predictable happened. In the absence of fact, speculation flourished, and Antony became an enigma by default. He was described as "tense with a hair-trigger temper"—and as "easygoing and friendly." He was called a dilettante playing at photography, and praised as a "devoted, sincere artist." He was "intelligent" but "not terribly intellectual," "gallant" and "arrogant" at once.

What is he like, really?

Why did Princess Margaret marry him?

What kind of husband will he be for the girl whose lively, unconventional behavior and attitude have made her the most admired, criticized and widely discussed royal princess since King George IV's Caroline was censured by Parliament "for the levity of her manners"?

One thing certainly: he will be different from most royal husbands, and different from the way he himself has been in the past.

Margaret and Antony—or Tony, as he almost invariably is called after a few minutes' acquaintance—are much alike—but not entirely. They have important differences, not all of them simply reflections of the difference between royalty and commoner. And their very alikenesses are not those which necessarily make for harmony.

If he is moody—she can be equally so, a propensity that started with inherent willfulness and was heightened by the traditional privilege granted royal whim.

If Tony needs attention and admiration—he has married a young woman who needs them as much as anyone in the world. The basic conditions of her life and training made this almost inevitable, and several deeply trying experiences have nurtured this inner demand.

On the other hand, both like entertainment—to be entertained and to entertain others. Both like night life and conversation of a witty, rapid-fire, somewhat gossipy nature, about popular music, the current theater, and what's new around town generally. Both like off-beat acquaintances, and sometimes themselves strive to startle.

Both have been overshadowed by close relatives—and have reacted against it: Margaret by her sister, Elizabeth, the queen; Tony by an overwhelmingly vital father who went from an eminently successful student life at Cambridge to become one of England's outstanding attorneys. And both have had previous romantic interests.

But, again: Margaret enjoys elaborate evenings in formal dress—elegantly careful hair-dos, soft, expensive furs, glittering diamonds in quantity. She is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

a Child's world

The Wonderful World of Little Children

Where every fine day the sun comes up with a good-morning smile that is personally meant and warmly returned.
Where soap and water are hotly prized, not for cleanliness but for bubbles.
Where the commonest blade of grass may become some boy's whistle.
Where riding a merry-go-round is the perfect form of travel.
There, anybody knows that the harder a child tries to be good,
The brighter the birthday candles will shine in his eyes.
Never were rivers and fields so fresh,
Days so daisied,
Nights so star-splashed,
Or heroes so much like
Home-town folks
As they are for little children.
O World, that should be fairer for their sake—
You are!
Never without them were ordinary women like you and me
So blindly, stubbornly,
Trustfully, whole-sweetheartedly,
Clung to and adored
For all those lovely rockaby qualities we wish we really had.
("Oh, mummy, I'm going to love you all my life.
Because I like you so much, that's why.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY MORRIS STEINER



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LITTLE CHILDREN—as described in the writings of Dr. Benjamin Spock. What is the world of a small child? We look in a child's face and know that his must be a world of awe and wonder, of continents and hemispheres waiting to be discovered and explored. But what is this world like, how do its tiny inhabitants think and feel? We ourselves once journeyed through it, but it has grown misty in our minds, we no longer remember. Dr. Benjamin Spock is loved by millions of mothers because he knows, as does no one else, the heart of a child. Here we present a small child's world, as seen through the eyes of our own Dr. Spock.

EXCERPTS FROM WRITINGS OF DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND IN "BABY AND CHILD CARE" BY PERMISSION OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNERS.

"We must remember that each child as he develops is retracing the whole history of mankind, physically and spiritually, step by step. Human beings are born sociable. In civilizations that are simpler than ours, children and grownups, too, go to sleep curled up together. It's not surprising that a child, particularly an only one, feels a little lonesome going to sleep in a room by himself. If he can breathe life into a stuffed doll or animal, so much the better.

"There must be very little time sense in the child's world. A frightening separation for a day probably seems like eternity. Tomorrow or a week from now means almost nothing. A child doesn't even know whether it's morning or afternoon until he's four or five years old.

"Young children are always in the dark in the sense that their inexperience, ignorance, lack of a sharp sense of what is real leave them at the mercy of their immediate feelings."

DORIS PINNEY



How does his world appear to the child himself?

What are they like—the young dwellers in this world?

"Two- and three- and four-year-olds are curious, sensitive, imaginative. They feel strongly their dependence on their parents and are easily threatened by any danger of separation from them.

"The more significant emotional developments take place below the surface, in the unconscious levels of the child's mind. That's one reason why we, as grownups, don't recall such feelings and events from our own pasts. One of the principal reasons that young children worry about their parents' anger (and their own) is that their own anger is more violently, more barbarically felt than is the adult's. The young child senses that when he is angry at a parent, he wants, momentarily, to do away with him or her. But realizing that he is utterly dependent on the parent—and loves him too—he is filled with anxiety and guilt. He has no confidence yet in his ability to control his anger.

"Young children often interpret an illness or an operation as punishment for having done something bad or for having had antagonistic thoughts toward another. A child feels as guilty about a mean thought as about an act. He assumes that in a magic way his thought can do real harm."

HARRIET ARNOLD



What does the small child believe?

"Young children believe what they want to believe. They are quite capable of believing two contradictory theories at the same time (as in the case of the stork theory and the seed theory in regard to the origin of babies). When they are hearing a story being read, they eagerly swallow it whole, and yet, in another compartment of their minds, they realize, at least dimly, that it's only a tale. They love to pretend that they are some person or some animal, and play the part without self-consciousness. When a little boy sees a man driving a bus, he forgets about the man and immediately imagines how it would feel to drive it himself.

"A young child believes that a bad wish is almost as harmful as a bad act; that his parents know all his thoughts; and that if he has angry feelings toward someone, the latter automatically has the same feeling toward him."

CARROLL SEGHERS II



"Children always sense what their parents' feelings are. A little boy realizes that his father is disappointed when he is timid or clumsy, irritated when he is rude, disobedient or destructive, no matter how hard the father is trying to conceal these negative attitudes. Small children prefer—most of the time—to be helped to conform. They aren't comfortable with parents who disapprove but who are trying to suppress disapproval. They immediately detect parents' off moods. They are more apt to be bothered by a strained silence that lasts all day than by a hot argument that's over in a few minutes.

"All children are uneasy about their own lawless impulses (the rude child is always an anxious, unhappy child) and it comforts them when they know they have parents who will help them keep these under control. The fact that the air is cleared after a moment of firmness or disapproval or anger is a relief."

How does he view his parents?

How his parents serve as his models

"By the age of three a boy is beginning to realize more clearly that he is a boy and will grow up to be a man like his father. This gives him a special admiration for his father and for other men and boys. He watches them carefully and works hard to be as much like them as he can, in appearance and behavior and interests. In his play he concentrates on propelling toy trucks, trains and planes, pretending his tricycle is a car, being a policeman or fireman, making deliveries, building houses and bridges. He copies his father's remarks in his father's tone of voice. He takes on his father's attitude toward other males and toward women. He is preparing himself to play a man's part in the world, spiritually, occupationally, socially, by means of his love for and admiration of his father and other men.

"The girl at this age realizes that it is her destiny to be a woman, and this makes it particularly exciting and challenging for her to try to be like her mother and other women. She turns with more concentration to housework and baby care if these are her mother's occupations. In caring for her dolls, she takes on the very same attitude and tone of voice her mother uses toward children. She absorbs her mother's point of view toward men and boys."

CARROLL SEGHERS II



He must feel that he is loved

"But the most essential requirement is that a child shall feel he *belongs* to his parents (or parent substitutes) and is loved by them. Being loved by parents or parent substitutes means more than being protected, provided for and kissed. Good parents, in addition, will care how the child behaves and require that he be considerate of them and the rest of society. But all the teaching of parents and others is relatively useless unless he first gets the feeling of being cherished, and develops, in response, a deep attachment to and a desire to please those who are so important to him."

Can a small child be taught to love in return?

SUZANNE SZASZ



"The evidence is strong that a baby is born full of the inclination to love. At about one month, when he can't use his arms and legs in any way, can't even turn his head from side to side, he smiles when his mother brings her face near his and murmurs to him. By three months he is so brimming with warmth that he'll grin and squirm delightedly at a greeting from any old kind of person, including his doctor.

"At three and four and five years, children from reasonably happy families are almost as outgoing and affectionate as three-month-olds. They love children and adults who give them half a chance. More important still is their intense imitativeness of anyone they admire. They strive mightily to acquire the same table manners, tone of voice, vocabulary, hobbies as their parents and other grownups of whom they're fond. Even more fundamentally, each one is forming attitudes that will, to some extent, persist for the rest of his life. The mixture of tenderness and rivalry that he will feel for those of opposite sex, the proportions of enjoyment and anxiousness he will feel about those of his own sex, his basic feelings about himself and what he is in the world for, are mainly based on the parents' example. In such respects, these are the most formative years of all."

HAROLD FOWLER



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LITTLE CHILDREN

A "children's corner" in the living room, fitted up with special toys and treasures, bridges the child's world and that of the adults from whom he has so much to learn. Outdoors and in their playrooms, the children may romp and use their own playthings as they like. In the family living room, they learn respect for other people's possessions, and to show courtesy and consideration to their parents and adult guests.

Journal interior-decoration editor Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland has used the lower shelves of the floor-to-ceiling bookcases for a charming display of decorative animals, a flower painting, antique toys, art books. An old doll's trunk contains still more "special" toys and books. The children can play with these toys and animals, or look at the pictures in the handsome books, as long as they handle them carefully. Father and mother are at hand, to answer questions and to give the necessary guidance. When parents want to talk with adult guests, the children can play quiet games at their own little table. The children's corner makes them feel they are always welcome in the family circle—so long as they behave.

"In such respects, these are the most formative years of all . . ."

"Good parents will require that their children be considerate of them and the rest of society. A child learns a little about what is expected of him in his second year, a little more in the third, a lot between three and six. Firm guidance that springs from devotion is not only good for children; they love it.

"Boys and girls need chances to be around their father, to be enjoyed by him and if possible to do things with him. Better to play for fifteen minutes enjoyably and then say, 'Now I'm going to read my paper,' than to spend all day at the zoo crossly.

"Two-year-olds, three-year-olds and four-year-olds have an intense intellectual curiosity about the meaning of *everything* they run up against, from where the rain comes from to why birds eat worms. We can be on the lookout for direct questions, for veiled questions and for unspoken questions." —Dr. Spock.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LITTLE CHILDREN



HAROLD TOWLER

"Children usually love simple toys best and play with them longer. This isn't because children are simple—it's because they have so much imagination. Your child loves to have you play with him if you are willing to play at his level. Let him show you how. Help him if he asks for it." —Dr. Spock.

Cynthia Wheatland has designed, for a small girl and a small boy, playrooms which double as bedrooms, and can grow up with the child. In the girl's room, shelves, magazine rack (ideal for outsize picture books) and sliding-door unit are attached by brackets to metal wall strips. The bookcase has a built-in doll's house, which can be removed when the little girl tires of it. (Furnishings are from the dime store.) Doors can be shut when it's "a perfect mess." The small easy chair for mother is covered with a timeless blue-and-white check.

Reverse the bedspread and you have a scrumptious shade of washable velveteen. Put up two curtain rods; hang up, with brass clips, easy-care sheets that match the shades—washable ones, the ball-fringe edging just glued on; tie the sheets back with pretty ribbons and you have a room for a young lady. If you move the shelf unit up the wall, a roomy dresser will fit underneath.

"Children usually love simple toys best and play with them longer."


MEET THE PRESIDENTS
THREE LITTLE PIGS
Golden Dictionary
1050 WORDS
Pinocchio
SMOKEY


PARCHEESI

"A child loves his play not because it's easy but because it's hard . . ."





HAROLD FOWLER

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LITTLE CHILDREN

"When we see children building with blocks, pretending to be airplanes, learning to skip rope, we are apt to think that these are just amusements. Yet the baby passing a rattle from one hand to the other or learning to crawl downstairs, the small boy pushing a block along a track pretending it's a train, are training themselves for useful work later just as much as the high-school student studying geometry. The child is striving every hour to more difficult achievements and to do what other kids and grownups do."

—Dr. Spock.

The boy's room will need little changing to suit his growing needs. Remove the doors from the cupboard between the windows, take out the lower shelves and you will have a desk for a school boy, with good light and a bulletin board. That does it!

The fitted mattress covers are of a bright striped denim at 79 cents a yard. The secondhand chest cost $10, was painted bright red, has real marine cleats for pulls, since small boys love boats. The nautical idea is carried out further by rope tiebacks for curtains, rope drawer pulls, canvas chairs. The floor is painted with blue deck paint, patterned with a sponge dipped in white paint.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LITTLE CHILDREN

"How happily a person gets along as an adult in his job, in his family and social life depends a great deal on how he got along with other children when he was young. The important thing is to have him like people.

"At three and four and five children make friends quickly. It is necessary, however, to teach a child just how to be polite and considerate. Young children have to be gently reminded that they themselves are part of a social situation. If it's done in a friendly spirit, they are proud to learn.

"We have been going through a half century in which the trend has been progressively to throw off stiff forms and rely on the good intentions underneath. My own hunch is that after having pushed casualness as far as we can we are due for a reaction—as happens regularly in human affairs—and that good manners will come to be almost universally admired and taught again."

— Dr. Spock.



LEOMBRUNO-I

Good manners are acquired naturally and easily in parties marked by fun and friendliness. The nautical theme of the birthday party pattern editor Nora O'Leary has planned is yours for the making. The centerpiece is a hatbox covered with blue denim, with a red-and-white ball-fringe trim. A painted white stick makes the mast; it is strung with cotton cord. The banners can be made of paper or fabric. The tablecloth is blue denim, edged with four-inch white trim. The French sailor berets for the girls are made by gathering a thirteen-inch circle of fabric and adding

"Friendly feelings come first, good manners then come naturally..."



PIETRO

blue grosgrain and a red pompon. Seven-by-nine-inch bags, again of blue denim, are furnished for "take home" goodies and prizes.

The boys' gob hats, the plastic boats which serve as candy dishes and the other "take home" gifts (in the gaily wrapped packages) are all from the dime store.

The menu JOURNAL food editor Louella Shouer has planned—sliced chicken, potato chips, sandwiches, milk, ice cream and birthday cake—is made up of foods almost all small children like, and that are easy for them to manage.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LITTLE CHILDREN

Little children, so clear-eyed and unswerving in their view of life, live close to the heart of all ceremony. Even the smallest wedding guest thrills to the ageless poetry of the bridal procession. The veiled bride on her father's arm, "given away" to be received into a larger world; the ring, the kiss, the holy promises—so that is how a home begins!

Our small hero and heroine, beautifully and immaculately clad, are ready for any great family festival—a marriage, a christening, even an aged relative's unbelievable golden-wedding celebration.

"How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?"

—William Butler Yeats



"The girl at this age realizes that it is her destiny to be a woman . . ."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI

"Mommy made it!"



Blue-and-white dotted-swiss dress topped with a crisp white pinafore edged with Irish lace. Vogue Design No. 5043.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



White organdy bound and sashed in blue. The needle-point roses (by the yard) are appliquéd on. Vogue Design No. 5043.

These delightful concoctions of organdy and trimmings belie their modest cost to make. In fact, *your* hand finishing would put a $50 price tag in a de luxe store on any one of them. The simplicity of design, the choice of fabric and trimming make these "one of a kind" custom dresses so right for a very special birthday party. By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*





This pink-and-white check is all Dacron and drip-dry. Her "name" apron is appliquéd with flowers (come packaged). Vogue Design No. 5043.

This beguiling dress of white organdy is trimmed with beading and pink ribbons. Other version on facing page. Vogue Design No. 5051.

This lavender Paris-designed frock is the essence of charm and simplicity. Vogue Design No. 2901.



See page 101 for details of pattern dresses on front cover.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 126. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered. © Vogue



She bought the pale yellow sari fabric in New Delhi, had it made in Washington with her own ideas.



Family group: children David, Barbara Anne, Susan Elaine, Mary Jean.

Mrs. John Eisenhower says she leads



Paris-pink taffeta for formal occasions, around the world, any time of year.

Like so many of today's busy young marrieds, Barbara Eisenhower, wife of Maj. John Eisenhower, son of the President, divides her life between bread and butter and "swish." One moment she is shopping at the supermarket in Gettysburg, an hour later driving to Washington for an official luncheon; one day she is a nurse's aide at the local hospital, that night she may be in a ball gown at an embassy.

Tall, hazel-eyed and with fabulous energy, Mrs. Eisenhower has no "as usual" routines about clothes. She likes casuals, wears a sweater and skirt, slacks or shorts at home, prefers a suit for travel. She loves all colors, has a collection of simple clothes, "backbone of a wardrobe." Each season, she adds according to her needs.

Below, left: She cooks for the family or a few guests, likes to wear cottons.



Something cool, washable and comfortable—yellow linen—for morning marketing.



A favorite kind of shirt dress: pleated skirt and blouse in silk shirting, pretty anywhere in summertime.



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER

a double life

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion Editor*

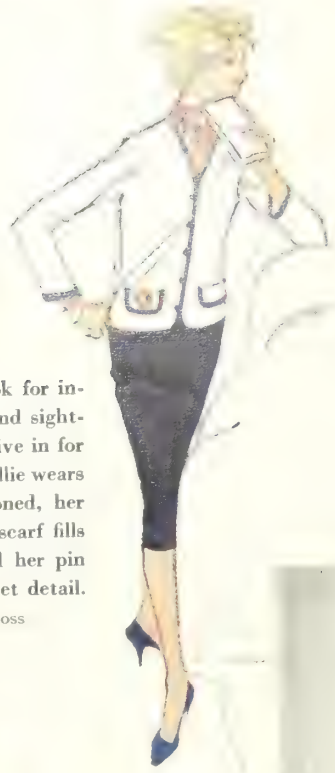
After luncheon at the White House, Mrs. Eisenhower leaves for home in a silk dress and a red linen coat.

Silk tweed travels well, and Mrs. Eisenhower likes beige because it accessorizes easily.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!



A pretty suit look for in-town shopping and sightseeing—or to arrive in for the weekend. Mollie wears the jacket buttoned, her new red-striped scarf fills the neckline and her pin accents the pocket detail.

SEPARATES BY DORIS ROSS

Carefree Vacation

Mollie Farnham believes vacations should be without fashion cares at all. Her former spring and summer purchases (navy polka-dot dress, bright blue jersey coat) she wears for going and coming, and for bad-weather protection. For resort wear, Mollie adds clothes and accessories for fun that are practical *and* pretty—ones which will pack easily. By BET HART



For more casual wear, the skirt is perfect with other shirts and sweaters already in her wardrobe. Here Mollie wears her mauve plaid blouse from last month. Her new denim play shoes are pretty with this and other costumes too.



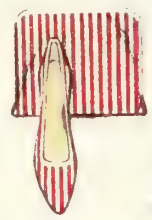
For evening, Mollie takes along her white separates bought in April. She alternates tops for different nights with her bright pink cotton blouse she made.



For early-morning or casual wear all through the day, Mollie has her bright blue cotton slacks she made last month. This time she wears them with a favorite white blouse bought long ago.



Mollie wears her first vacation investment: a navy skirt and white jacket with matching trim. Light, bright and gay, it's practical as well because fabric is a cotton knit. Skirt, $5.95; jacket, $5.95.



To brighten past purchases, make new ones prettier than ever, Mollie adds gay accessories: red-and-white-striped waterproof slippers—the price, $3.95, includes their own terry-lined traveling case; a huge striped silk scarf, $1.98; a glamorous pin, $3.95; and a pair of blue denim playshoes, $5.95.





Mollie loves to swim and likes a good suit and a classic one that will last this season and on to the next. She chooses this bathing suit in white ribbed cotton. It has a short overskirt, a wide red print belt to make a tiny waistline even smaller. $12.95.

BATHING SUIT BY JOHN WEITZ



The two partners to a marriage must agree on their destination, which is, of course, a successful marriage and a home favorable for the rearing of their children. If each makes decisions by asking, "Will this promote the success of our marriage?" they can differ widely in other ways. But if each makes decisions merely on the basis of self-assertion, on the basis of "Whatever I do is right and I'll always entitled to have my own way," the matrimonial ship will soon be wrecked. Four hundred thousand marriages are wrecked each year in the United States. Most people naturally want their marriages to succeed. Many of them need some help in learning how to succeed. . . . The counselor in this case was Mrs. Edna K. Upton. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *President, The American Institute of Family Relations.*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: *"Away back in our courtship days, I realized my husband put his mother and his whole family ahead of me. I loved him—and I hoped he would change."*

HE: *"Ivy thinks I'm a mamma's boy. It isn't true. I enjoy my mother's company more than I enjoy hers, but so would any other man in similar circumstances."*

Ivy tells her side: "I once thought I could cope with my mother-in-law," said thirty-four-year-old Ivy, whose crisp, incisive voice suggested she could cope with anybody. But her clenched hands were trembling. "It seems I was too optimistic. After fourteen years of marriage and three children, I'm on the verge of divorce. Tod's mother is responsible.

"Away back in our courtship days, I realized my husband put his mother and his whole family ahead of me. I loved him—basically I still love Tod—and I hoped he would change. His devotion to his mother has increased through the years, as she's grown older, more vocal about her ailments, more slavishly dependent on him and his brothers.

"I'm no crybaby. Perhaps I could come to terms with Tod's constant neglect except for one thing. He clearly shows that his own little daughters—Cathy is eight, the twins are five—are as unimportant to him as I am. His indifference to our children tears me to pieces.

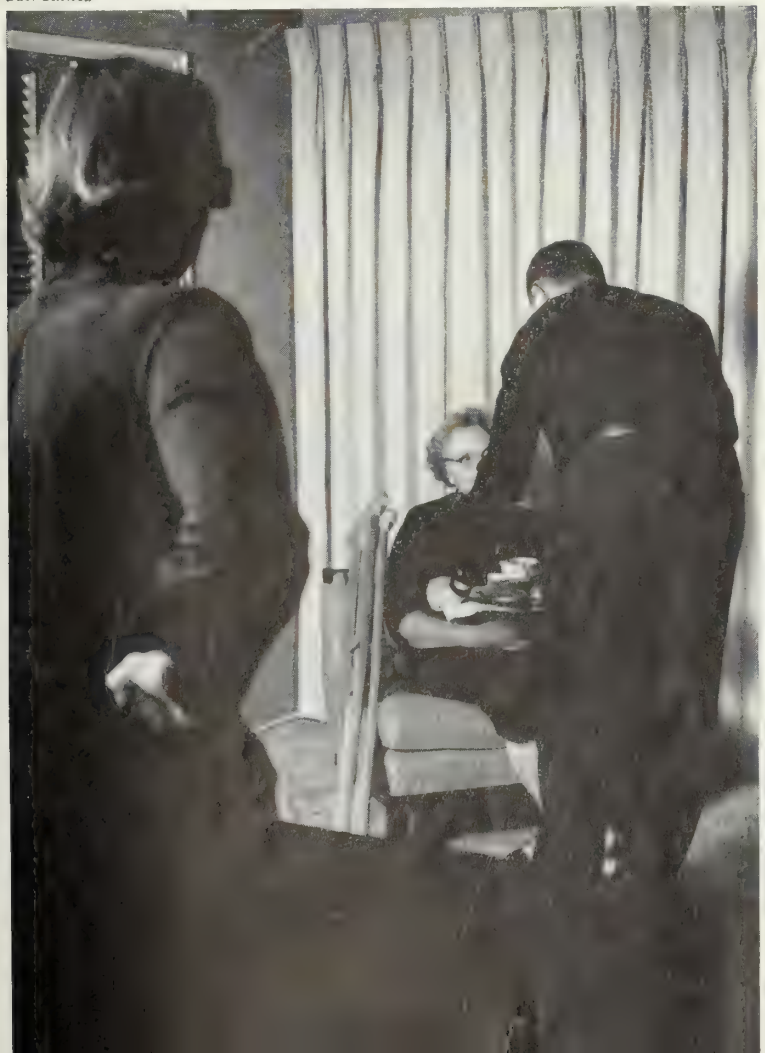
"We bought our present home two years ago shortly after the death of Tod's father. I chose the house because it was forty miles away from my mother-in-law, who shares an apartment with her bachelor son. Once Tod was pried loose from their vicinity, I supposed he would begin to pay a little notice to our daughters and me. I was mistaken.

"The moment Tod arrives home in the evening he flips on the TV and collapses on the sofa. He doesn't kiss me, he doesn't say hello to the girls. If they are anywhere in sight, he orders them to keep quiet. The other night I asked him to discipline Cathy, who had sassed me during the afternoon. He refused to co-operate with me, although when he personally is annoyed he is much too strict. He jumped on the twins about their table manners until I now serve him dinner separately at the TV set. I like to cook, but all he wants is the dreary meat-and-potatoes fare his mother dished out in his boyhood. His glowing recollections of her cottage-fried potatoes and pan-fried steak have practically destroyed my pleasure in cooking.

"He wastes no praise on our children. Last month I repeated to him a compliment from Cathy's teacher, and he just grunted.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

DON ORNITZ



"My mother-in-law manages to be a hundred per cent clinging vine, and also a subtle meddler in and manipulator of all our family affairs."

Other people don't want your hair in their food.
Besides being disgusting to have to look at,
hair combing in restaurants is unsanitary.



CARROLL SEGHERS I

When is Casual Too Casual?

In April the JOURNAL published a letter from a reader who told of visiting Washington, D. C., and being shocked by the hideous, unkempt appearance of the tourists.

Most nightmarish among the sights she saw: A woman weighing at least 250 pounds wearing a halter top and blue jeans rolled up to her bare knees. At least a dozen women over the age of 50, all barelegged and featuring varicose veins, wearing abbreviated shorts or sun suits. Teenage boys slouched in rumpled, flashy sport shirts opened to their navels.

How widespread is such casual disregard of personal appearance—such lack of sensitivity toward other people's sense of decency? The pictures on these pages, snapped on locations from coast to coast, speak for themselves. Hair combing in restaurants, dirty feet on public display, hair up on rollers in office-building elevators, slacks and shorts worn in museums are all candidly recorded.

In Anywhere, U.S.A., a clean, attractive, *appropriate* appearance is easily possible, no matter what your budget. Surely all of us can do ourselves the simple justice of looking *right* and, in turn, add appeal to the American scene at every level.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN *Beauty Editor*



If you look like this in a bathing suit, should you wear one except for actual swimming?
The least this Miami Beach visitor could do is wear a skirted, one-piece suit.

Dressed charmingly for the theater, this young woman casually displays her ignorance and spoils any illusion of loveliness by performing a strictly personal grooming chore in public.



Slacks are ideal for many informal affairs,
but a visit to the Metropolitan Museum
in New York calls for a dress or a suit.
It doesn't take more than an ounce of good taste to know this.



JUDITH HARRISON

This shameful display of dirty feet belongs to a woman
who was dressed quite
attractively, otherwise.
Thank heavens it wasn't you!



CARROLL SEGHERS II



CARROLL SEGHERS II

This girl's halfhearted attempt
to cover up her rollers is not
enough. To any normally
sensitive person, this state of
undress is obnoxious. Why do
teenagers and young marrieds do it?

Here are two women in the park near
Washington Monument so inappropriately
dressed as to appear comic as well as unmindful
of other people's sense of decency.
They should be wearing cool summer dresses.



ABBOT MILLS



JUDITH HARRISON

Attractive freedom in dress
is refreshing, but this teenager has
gone too far. With a mother's help,
even two-year-olds can learn
what's appropriate.



© 1960 Victoria Holt

ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

I had done a foolish thing—perhaps the most foolish thing I had ever done in my life. I had fallen in love. . .
and I had an uneasy feeling that he might be aware of it.

The MISTRESS of MELLYN

BY VICTORIA HOLT

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II • I, Martha Leigh, a young impoverished gentlewoman, was governess to Alvean TreMellyn, eight. Aware that her father, Connan, a handsome, wealthy widower, was coldly indifferent to her, I secretly entered Alvean in the gymkhana which he judged. I prayed she might win his approval by riding well. Alvean's mother, Alice, and her lover, Geoffrey Nansellock, I was told, had been killed while eloping. Nansellock's brother and sister, Peter and Celestine, remained Connan's close friends.

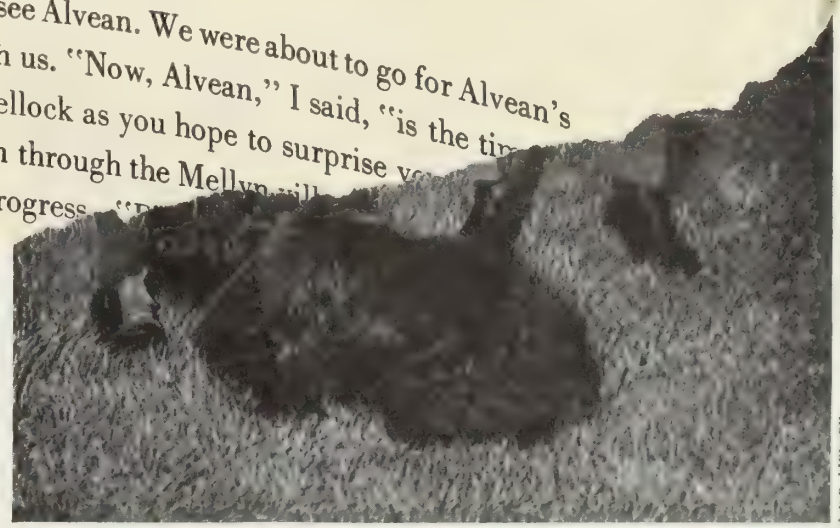
When the mourning period for Alice ended, Connan gave a lavish ball. With Gilley, odd little granddaughter of Mrs. Polgrey, the housekeeper, Alvean and I, enthralled, watched through a concealed peep in the solarium wall as Connan danced with beautiful, young Lady Treslyn. Gossip said they would marry when her old, sick husband died. Yet, later, Connan kissed me—a thrilling, stolen kiss which disturbed me. He apologized and, to my joy, asked me not to leave, as I planned.

Oh, I could *not* have left! Not while the bewildering mystery of Alice haunted and held me. Why—if she eloped—the emphatic notes in her diary about a party that very same evening? Why—if she was dead—did I *feel* her presence? And, more frightening, hear her anguished plea, "*You must not go . . . help me!*"

PART 3 Celestine Nansellock rode over the next day to see Alvean. We were about to go for Alvean's riding lesson, and she insisted on coming with us. "Now, Alvean," I said, "is the ti
have a little rehearsal. See if you can surprise Miss Nansellock as you hope to surprise y
We were going to practice jumping, and rode down through the Mellyn
Celestine was clearly astonished by Alvean's progress. "
her, Miss Leigh."

We watched Alvean canter around the fie
She has entered for one of the events in the
Celestine smiled at me. "He'll be v
"I'm counting on his being rather p
I was conscious of her eyes upon
brother, Peter. I did want to speak to yo
I flushed faintly, and was annoyed
"I know he gave you the horse and
"Too valuable a gift to accept," I ans
"Of course. I'm afraid he is very thc
afraid he's offended you."
"Please tell him I'm not offended, anc
accept such a gift."
"I explained to him. He admires you v
wanted a good home for Jacinth. You know that h

Roosevelt's ... terrible.



F.D.R. LIBRARY



EUROPEAN

Roosevelt seemed "very much impressed" by Wendell Willkie. But when they met with presidential assistant Harry Hopkins for a private talk, Willkie flared up at Hopkins' remarks about "Old Guard Republicans" and "conservative Democrats." "What do you guys have up your sleeves?" he exploded. "Let's lay the cards on the table."

Bed warmers for the king and queen—in *June?* Why ever did Roosevelt want to see his opponent, Willkie? Was the family really for a fourth term? *Another* bottle of Scotch for Churchill? While the Roosevelts were in the White House, the place was abuzz with historic meetings. Also some of the best stories ever told about historic people.

PART II OF IV. By ALONZO FIELDS



PIX INC.

Alonzo Fields became chief White House butler when the Roosevelts moved in.

© 1960 by Alonzo Fields

Looking over the President's Shoulder

Washington went all out in its reception for ... King and Queen of England in the spring of ... ith the red carpet and all the trimmings. ... House we were well informed ... and the British ... Their ... for important state ... use at teatime, ... downtown ... come. ... Lady ... pend ... ouse ... and queen's beds. Can you imagine using a bed warmer in June in Washington? We deliberated for a long time as to whether they were confused and meant a bed cooler, because there certainly would be no need for a warmer in June in Washington. In England, however, I under- ... n be cool in June.



I had done a foolish thing—perhaps the most foolish th... and I had an uneasy feeling that he might be aware o...

But the King and Queen of England stayed at the White House until their departure for New York and Hyde Park with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The king was a retiring, frail-looking man. The queen, with her pleasant expression, was a mild-mannered-appearing person. They were people that you liked, without affectation, and you admired their royal dignity.

President Roosevelt was very much interested in this visit and took over planning the menu for the state dinner. I mean he actually went over the menu. In all the twelve years of his Administration I dare say this was the only dinner that CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



... dinner, the President offered a toast, then the king stood to reply to it. "He ... d an affliction of stammering and I never in my life felt so deeply moved as I ... tched this man of royal birth uttering his words with deliberation and dignity."



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

"Mme. Chiang had great charm. Your opinion of the great lady, however, depends on what status of life you might happen to belong to. Her bed had to be stripped and the silk sheets replaced with fresh ones each time she got up—even if she went to bed for only ten or fifteen minutes four and five times a day."

Churchill refused to stay at the White House when Mme. Chiang arrived. "I know I couldn't stand that woman," he told Mrs. Roosevelt, "and I might not be able to hold my tongue." He often wore his air-raid suit around the house, models it here for Harry Hopkins' daughter, Diana, and the Roosevelt pet, Fala.

The Hoovers had six-course formal dinners every night. Mrs. Roosevelt's simpler meals brought on complaints that White House food was terrible.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 29, 1942.

MEMORANDUM FOR E.R.

Do you remember that about a month ago I got sick of chicken because I got it (between lunch and dinner) at least six times a week? The chicken situation has definitely improved, but "they" have substituted sweetbreads, and for the past month I have been getting sweetbreads about six times a week.

I am getting to the point where my stomach positively rebels and this does not help my relations with foreign powers. I bit two of them today.

F.D.R.



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EUROPEAN

Roosevelt seemed "very much impressed" by Wendell Willkie. But when they met with presidential assistant Harry Hopkins for a private talk, Willkie flared up at Hopkins' remarks about "Old Guard Republicans" and "conservative Democrats." "What do you guys have up your sleeves?" he exploded. "Let's lay the cards on the table."

Kitchen IN STEP WITH The Arthur Murrays

The Murrays wanted a big kitchen in their weekend home. And big it is with "his" and "hers" cooking corners. A brick barbecue grill for Arthur (he's the meat chef). Across the kitchen, gleaming counter space—and two ovens—for Kathryn (cakes, cookies and pies—the better to please five hungry grandchildren). These two dance as a team, but cook more efficiently if each sticks to his own specialties.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

WESLEY BALZ



For an open look, Arthur designed recessed wall cabinets with continuous glass shelves just as wide as dinner plates. Tile floor, lacquered wood cabinets, plastic wall covering all match. For efficiency: sliding glass doors, a second sink, outlets aplenty.

Beyond the teak table (for breakfast, lunch and "when-grandchildren-come" dinner) is Kathryn's corner. It is well equipped from freezer-refrigerator around stainless-steel counters to gas range where Kathryn can—and does—cook on all six burners.





The Arthur Murrays' weekend world lies an hour northeast of New York where carpeted lawns run down to the shore and Long Island Sound salts the air. On a ridge of land above the rugged coast line stands their new home, as carefully planned by the Murrays as any of their dance routines. Built of washed brick, the house is long and low, and floor-to-ceiling windows that span its sea side look out upon the Sound.

Arthur and Kathryn wanted a house for fun, for friends, for family. Arthur, who studied architecture in his predancing days, designed a house in step with modern living; Kathryn brought to its contemporary *décor* her own rhythm and gaiety.

The pride of their new home—and the Murrays' joy—is a light, bright kitchen planned *by* Arthur and Kathryn *for* Arthur and Kathryn. They both love to cook. Theirs is a cheerful kitchen, predominantly warm beige because the color is restful, neutral, and Kathryn's

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Highly paid nurses must stand in for parents in most movie-star homes.

Should Movie Stars Be Parents?

By Joe Hyams

I recently asked a number of Hollywood psychiatrists why so many children of the stars go wrong. The answers I received were very similar. One of those who put it most clearly was Dr. Marcel Frym, a criminologist-analyst (president of the American Society of Criminology) on the staff of the Hacker Psychiatric Clinic of Beverly Hills:

"I believe these troubled children are trying to get back at their parents. This is the only way they know to get even for hurts inflicted at home. It may sound sadistic, but it's the common motive. These children are in trouble because their parents have failed them."

Then Dr. Frym, who has been treating Hollywood children for fifteen years, told me a story: "Last month a world-famous star came to see me. With tears in his eyes he asked me to help his son.

"I made appointments to see the boy. The boy failed to show up. Finally his father bribed him to come. He arrived drunk. For an hour he spouted obscenities. He came a second time, drunk again. This time he told me that his mission was to let the world know what a bastard his father really was—this father whom the world thought such a fine man. The boy has never come back here since."

Perhaps this story should not be too surprising. I suggested last month in this magazine that stars make poor marriage partners. A small handful of them are chronic punks and hoydens when off-screen. Yet even the hardest-working, most dignified names in the business—Joan Crawford (four marriages), Clark Gable (five marriages)—also have a record of discontent in their private lives.

Yet they marry. Then they have children. Can they do any better as parents than as marriage partners?

I believe the odds are overwhelmingly against it. I believe that most stars are basically unhappy people, and it follows that their children will be or are unhappy. How could it be otherwise? Sometimes I feel sorry for many of Hollywood's great and their restless search for security. But not too sorry; it's hard to make a tragic figure of someone grossing more than a million dollars a year. But for some of their children, "tragic" is the only word.

Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl, was only fourteen when she killed her mother's lover with a butcher knife. Her life has evidently not straightened out since; a recent court order placed her in a correctional school for girls. Barbara Burns, daughter of the late comedian, Bob Burns, has spent time in jail for the possession of narcotics. Cathy Crosby, daughter of the Bob Crosbys, left home at seventeen, then had a nervous breakdown.

Bing Crosby's four talented sons are currently making a public spectacle of themselves with their ambitions to enter show business. The spectacle includes public drunkenness and sullen intrafamily quarrels which hit the front pages. None of the boys finished college. All four have married show girls. Two have been disciplined by judges for drunken driving. One has had a paternity suit filed against him.

The delinquencies of Edward G. Robinson, Jr., are notorious: open warfare with his parents, a brief marriage (the bride was visibly pregnant), theft, alcoholism. He has reported that he first got drunk at the age of seven.

Unhappy parents are raising unhappy children the world over. What goes wrong that is special to Hollywood? I would suggest, first, that the opportunities there for plain old-fashioned parental neglect are vastly greater than they are for most of us. Movie-star parents have compelling distractions of their own and plenty of money to arrange for hired hands to raise the children. Nurses and governesses—not always the best, though well paid—for the early years are the rule. Thus the children become disturbed when they are still quite small, and by the time their parents are ready to notice them are often fairly unpleasant characters. It is embarrassing, not to say irritating, for a great and beautiful star to have a five-year-old child who won't take his thumb out of his mouth, or screams before guests. Of *course* the star would prefer to love her child. Stars, like everyone else, are all in favor of parenthood. But the child is regrettably unlovable. As conditions deteriorate, the hurt star thinks he or she has only one recourse: more hired hands—boarding schools, psychiatrists—to solve the problem.

Here is a story told me by the director of one of Hollywood's best-known private schools. The school had decided it would have to expel the son of a prominent star. Before doing so, the director wanted to call the parents and explain.

The boy's mother was out of town, so he tried to get the boy's father. For five days he left urgent telephone messages—at the father's studio, dressing room, home, with his secretary and his business manager. On the sixth day the star finally called back. He listened briefly as the director began an account of the son's misbehavior, before bursting in belligerently, "Why are you bothering me! I pay good money for your school to solve this kind of problem!"

The director was so appalled that he changed his mind and decided to keep the boy in order to work with him. Sending him home seemed like throwing the boy to the wolves.

There are variations on this routine, of course. Families differ. Lana Turner, for example, is a warmhearted woman. Those who know her agree that she is a fond, impulsive mother. Cheryl is a sweet girl, not an unlovable Hollywood brat. But the fact remained that Cheryl lived much of the time with her grandmother. She ran away from a convent school. Her CONTINUED ON PAGE 152



Marriage Magic

And so they were married and lived happily ever after.

Would a child's fairy tale be a fairy tale if it didn't end that way? And being myself a partner in just such a real-life dream, I can't recommend it too highly. But as your old married friend (seven years this fall) I've got to warn you, though love is wonderful, "ever after" is a lo-o-ong time. To believe in this kind of magic is to walk into disappointment and heartbreak.

Here's a typical letter that came in—the kind that really sends your Mailbag Philosopher into a tailspin. An engaged miss named Wendy writes: "We're young, my family says. Well, what's better than being young and in love with a whole life together ahead of us? Mom and dad keep asking what Rod and I expect to *make* of our life together. We really haven't thought about it much. If we're truly in love, that'll work itself out. The important thing is to get off on the right foot, and I *do* know exactly the kind of wedding I want."

Wendy's wedding plans call for the whole treatment: a June bride married in a garden, in bridal white, with veil and orange blossoms, accompanied by bridesmaids, ushers, a best man. There are to be a three-story cake, a cloudburst of rice, a glorious honeymoon, and on their return her groom will carry her over the threshold. Then, because they're in love and have got off to a good start with a proper wedding, Wendy expects the "happily ever after" to work *itself* out. Does that sound logical to you?

Did you ever wonder where some of our bridal customs come from? I did. And for Wendy's information, as well as yours and mine, I looked into it.



Demons and Omens

Let's start with that engagement ring every girl hopes to wear. Why a diamond instead of a ruby or a nice inexpensive rhinestone? Because the diamond, as late as the Middle Ages, was supposed to get its sparkle from the "fires of love," to be good magic against the evil eye, and a symbol of permanence since it never wears out. The wedding ring itself represented the circle, symbol of eternity. And why are both worn on the third finger of the left hand? Because in ancient times the heart, which they'd discovered to be on the left side of the body, was regarded as the center of emotions, and the Egyptians thought that a special vein ran directly from the heart to that third finger. Later a Roman scholar wrote that the wedding ring must always be worn there to keep love from escaping from the heart.



Egyptians thought a special

The idea "happy the bride the sun shines on" stems from the belief that the sun's light will bring many children. In England until the middle of the sixteenth century they followed the custom of the Far East and most marriages took place outside, usually at the door of the church. Certainly a bride exposed to the elements would be far happier on a sunshiny day than in a shower.



The bride's wedding veil is

Bridal white signifies purity, while ushers and bridesmaids appear to be our legacy from an old Roman law that required ten witnesses at a wedding (legally sensible, I guess). But the real purpose was to deceive any evil spirits by dressing the bridesmaids like the bride, and the groomsmen like her intended. This way, should a jealous demon envy the happiness awaiting the marrying pair and wish to make trouble, he couldn't single out the woosome twosome.



Romans broke bits of cake over

Today the best man serves the useful function of holding onto the ring for the shaky groom, but in an older day when the groom often had to capture his bride by force he required a very good friend, and certainly the best man he could find, to fight off her relatives while he vanished with his lady. The honeymoon came into popularity at this time because it was really necessary for the couple to dash away from her friends and relatives and for the groom to keep her hidden until her family gave up the search or acquiesced to the marriage. The actual term *honeymoon* came from a custom that decreed that one month after the wedding, while the moon was going through its phases, the newly married couple drank mead, a wine made from honey.

According to the sages of the ages, the Orientals thought the orange tree had much good magic. It is evergreen, and

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CHOICE CHINESE RECIPES



Tenderest cubes of pork gently simmered in a tomatoey sauce with onion rings and delicate lettuce shreds: Pork Chops à la Lee, so savory and satisfying.

By CALVIN LEE

Meats succulent and subtly seasoned, delicate crisp-tender vegetables, sauces tantalizingly sweet-sour are among the mysteries of Chinese cooking. But a greater mystery, still, is the economy and ease with which these elegant dishes can be served. To ancient Chinese philosophers, in fact, we owe thanks for much of today's common-sense cooking:

"*Do not plan a conglomeration of expensive, out-of-the-way dishes just to give your guests something to talk about* . . . for that is to eat with the ears and not with the mouth."

"*Do not cover the table with innumerable dishes and an indefinite variety of courses* . . . for this is to eat with the eyes and not with the mouth."

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FROM THE BOOK, CHINESE COOKING FOR AMERICAN KITCHENS, BY CALVIN LEE. PUBLISHED BY A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK. COPYRIGHT 1952 BY CALVIN LEE.

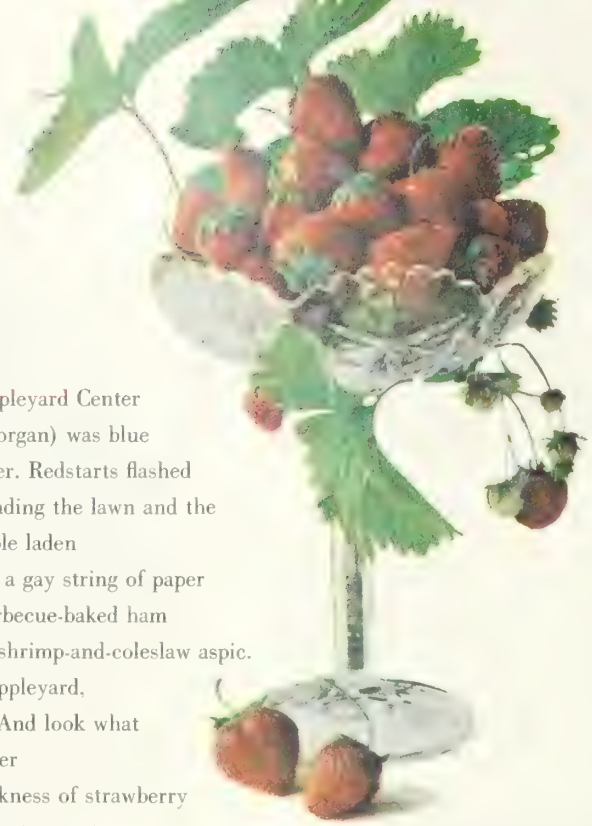
Appleyard strawberry festival



Tender baked ham basted with barbecue sauce, tangy shrimp-and-coleslaw aspic, a basket of piping-hot "gingham muffins," and strawberry jam. There's a strawberry-macaroon whipped-cream mold and strawberry-cream cake too!

CONTINUED





JOSEPH LONG

strawberry festival

The evening of the strawberry supper at Appleyard Center (to help pay for the new church organ) was blue and gold, scented with syringa and clover. Redstarts flashed into and out of the maple trees shading the lawn and the broad side of the church, with its buffet table laden with delicious food. The soft light from a gay string of paper lanterns flickered over a succulent pink barbecue-baked ham and a creamy, coral shrimp-and-coleslaw aspic.

"I'll carry out the succotash," said Mrs. Appleyard, rosy-cheeked, in a blue checked apron. "And look what we have for dessert." She proudly surveyed her masterpiece, a towering sculptured pinkness of strawberry whipped-cream mold, waiting in the refrigerator next to Patience Barlow's strawberry-cream cake.

As people finished their supper, they went into the church and sat in the square pews listening to some of the old hymns the organist was playing. Voices began to join in:

"Drop thy sweet dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease. . . ."

It had been a perfect evening with a perfect ending.

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

Baked Boned Ham With Barbecue Sauce

1 boned whole ham—"fully cooked" or "ready to eat"
¼ cup whole cloves
1 cup drained pineapple titbits
6–7 maraschino cherries, cut in half

Sauce
½ cup soy sauce
½ cup vinegar
½ cup pineapple juice
½ cup honey
½ cup chili sauce
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon onion salt
Pinch cayenne

Combine sauce ingredients and simmer 15 minutes. Score ham and stud with cloves. Place on rack in shallow baking pan. Pour sauce over ham. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1½ to 1¾ hours for a 10–12-pound ham, or 2 hours for a 12–14-pound ham. Baste every 20 minutes. Remove from oven 20 minutes before end of cooking time. Baste and decorate with pineapple and cherries. Complete baking. If using a meat thermometer, it should register 130° F. (internal temperature at end of heating period). A 10-pound boned ham yields 25–30 servings.

Gingham Muffins

2 cups flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1¼ cups chopped pitted dates
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
¼ cup melted butter

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice. Add sugar and dates. Toss to distribute dates evenly. Mix egg, milk and butter. Make a "well" in dry ingredients and pour in the egg mixture. Stir lightly just to combine ingredients; there will still be lumps. Fill greased muffin pans ¾ full. Bake in a very hot oven, 425° F., for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve warm. *Or* cool on a wire cake rack. Wrap airtight in foil. Reheat, loosely wrapped in foil, in a slow oven, 300° F., for 20 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

Strawberry-Cream Cake

Cake
2¼ cups flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
⅓ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter
1⅓ cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup milk
4 egg whites

Strawberry Cream
1½ cups sugar
3 pints strawberries, washed, hulled and halved
3 cups milk
4½ tablespoons cornstarch
3 cups confectioners' sugar
1½ cups heavy cream

Cake: Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together twice. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add vanilla. Add alternately dry ingredients and milk, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into cake batter. Divide between two well greased and floured 9″x5″x2¾″ loaf pans. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 35 to 40 minutes. Turn out onto wire cake racks. Cover with a clean cloth. Serve warm, sliced, with strawberry cream. 20 servings.

Strawberry Cream: Mix sugar and strawberries. Let stand at room temperature for 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Heat 2½ cups milk in a saucepan. Mix cornstarch to a smooth paste with remaining milk. Add to hot milk. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Cool and chill. Beat until smooth. Add confectioners' sugar, a little at a time, beating after each addition. Drain syrup from strawberries and add to cornstarch mixture. Mix well. Fold in strawberries. Whip cream until thick and shiny. Fold into strawberry mixture. Chill. Makes about 10 cups.

Shrimp-and-Coleslaw Aspic

3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
3 cups water
2¼ cups mayonnaise
9 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons grated onion
9 drops liquid pepper seasoning
3¾ teaspoons salt
2¼ cups finely chopped cabbage
2¼ cups finely grated scraped carrot
4 cups cooked, shelled and deveined shrimp

Heat gelatin and 1 cup water until gelatin dissolves. Add remaining water, the mayonnaise, lemon juice, grated onion, liquid pepper seasoning and salt. Mix well. Cool. Add the cabbage, carrot and 3 cups shrimp. Chill until thick. Mix well. Spoon into a 9-cup mold or divide between two smaller ones. Chill until firm. Unmold and decorate with chicory, escarole and the remaining shrimp. Makes 12 servings.

Spaghetti Loaf

2½ cups light cream
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter
2½ cups dry white bread crumbs
⅔ teaspoon thyme
1 tablespoon salt
1¼ cups grated Cheddar cheese
⅓ cup minced onion
5 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
2½ pimientos, slivered
2½ tablespoons finely chopped parsley
7 eggs, well beaten
1¼ cups cooked spaghetti

Heat cream and butter until butter melts. Pour over bread crumbs mixed with thyme and salt. Let stand 10 minutes. Add remaining ingredients in order listed. Mix well. Pour into a *well-buttered* 9″x5″x2¾″ loaf pan. Place in a baking pan half full of water. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½ hours or until a silver knife comes out clean from the center of the mixture. Remove and cool for 2 to 3 minutes. Turn out and serve with cheese-and-mushroom sauce. Makes 12 servings.

Cheese-and-Mushroom Sauce

1 onion, peeled and finely chopped
3 tablespoons butter
2 pounds button-size mushrooms, wiped clean
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup light cream
1½ cups grated Cheddar cheese
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Sauté onion in butter until transparent; do not brown. Add whole mushrooms. Cover and simmer until just tender. Blend in flour and add cream to make a sauce. Add cheese, salt and pepper. Cook and stir until cheese melts. Makes about 5 cups sauce.

Strawberry-Macaroon Whipped-Cream Mold

2 quarts strawberries, washed and hulled
1½ cups sugar
1½ cups crumbled macaroons
2 cups heavy cream
1½ pounds cream cheese
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
½ cup orange juice
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
½ cup water

Cut 1 quart strawberries in half and mix with the sugar. Let stand 2 hours at room temperature, stirring occasionally. Soak macaroons in cream until soft. Allow cream cheese to soften at room temperature. Add milk and beat until smooth. Add orange rind and juice. Heat gelatin and water until gelatin dissolves. Drain berries. Add the syrup to the gelatin and beat into the cream-cheese mixture. Fold in strawberries. Whip cream-macaroon mixture until thick and shiny. Fold into strawberry mixture. Pour into a 10-cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve surrounded with the remaining strawberries. Makes 12 servings.

FIX-AHEAD CASSEROLES

Make 'em first thing in the morning – or even the night before! Make 'em the easy way with Campbell's Soups! There's your perfect sauce (or gravy) – cooked and seasoned with special care to put exciting new flavor in your casseroles! Before dinner, just pop your casserole in the oven – and relax till it's time to serve that golden, bubbling, Campbell-delicious casserole!



SAVORY CHICKEN CASSEROLE. In skillet, brown 2-lb. cut-up frying chicken in 2 tbsp. shortening; place chicken in 2-qt. casserole. Pour off drippings from skillet and blend into skillet 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, ½ soup can milk, ¼ tsp. each poultry seasoning and salt, dash pepper. Add 4 carrots (cut in quarters), 6 small onions, 1 pkg. frozen lima beans. Cover; cook 20 min.; stir. Pour over chicken; cover; refrigerate immediately. Remove 1 hr. 15 min. before serving. Bake, covered, at 375°F. for 1 hr.; uncover; bake 15 min., or until chicken is tender. 4 generous servings.*

TOP-O-STOVE CASSEROLE STEW

Roll 1 lb. beef cubes in 2 tbsp. flour, ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper. Brown in 2 tbsp. shortening. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 cup water, 1 minced garlic clove. Cover; cook slowly 1 hr. Add 6 carrots (cut in 2-in. pieces), 8 small white onions. Cover; cook 1 hr. Refrigerate immediately. Remove 30 min. before serving. Add 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen peas; cover; cook 30 min. If desired, uncover during last 10 min. to thicken.*

TUNA MACARONI CASSEROLE

In buttered 1½-qt. casserole, blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ½ cup milk, 7-oz. can tuna (drained, flaked), ¼ cup finely minced onion, ½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese, 2 cups cooked macaroni. Sprinkle top with ½ cup additional cheese. Cover; refrigerate immediately. Remove 30 min. before serving. Top with 2 tbsp. buttered bread crumbs; bake at 400°F. about 30 min. till bubbling. 4 servings.*

FRANK 'N POTATO CASSEROLE

To prepare sauce, combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, ¾ cup milk, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, 2 to 3 tsp. prepared mustard. In buttered 1½-qt. casserole, arrange alternate layers of 4 cups diced cooked potatoes, sauce, and ½ lb. frankfurters (slit lengthwise). Cover; refrigerate immediately. Remove 45 min. before serving. Bake, covered, at 400°F. for 30 min.; uncover and bake 15 min. 4 servings.*



*Each dish may be completely prepared at one time. Reduce total baking time (cooking time for stew) 10 or 15 min.

Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soups*



Traffic signs you don't see

...but should always remember

The "traffic signs" shown here, though fictitious, are as important to your safety as the familiar ones posted along our streets and highways. Let's consider these "signs" and how they could help you avoid accidents.

Drive extra cautiously when you're upset. When you're worried or upset you may not give the alert attention to driving that today's highway conditions require. This is the cause of many accidents. Emotional stability is as important as any single factor in maintaining traffic safety.

Be sure your eyes are all right. Have your eyes examined regularly. If you notice changes between examinations, see your doctor for another eye test. To reduce eye strain, wear properly fitted sunglasses, but take them off after dark.

Never drive after drinking. No driver can take much alcohol without becoming a potential menace to himself and to others. Always remember that alcohol and gasoline are a dangerous combination!

Stop when you feel tired. Driver fatigue plays a part in many accidents, especially those that occur at night. With increasing fatigue, driver efficiency falls, until finally, nodding at the wheel results. Accidents that occur when the driver is dozing are generally very serious ones.

Don't drive after taking certain medicines. Sedatives may dull your reflexes; tranquilizers can cloud your judgment. Ask your doctor about the side effects of drugs, including antihistamines and cold tablets.

On long drives, take turns at the wheel. Share the driving with others—or stop now and then for a rest or refreshment. Prolonged driving—and its attendant eye, muscular and nervous strain—can impair your efficiency without your being aware of it. It's wise for drivers to rest every two hours on long trips.

Drive only when you're physically and mentally fit, and keep both hands on the wheel—for your own safety and that of your fellow motorists.



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Please send me the free booklet, *"Guide to Good Driving."*
6-60-J

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PRINCESS MARGARET'S HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

perfectly comfortable surrounded by pomp and ceremony, has been used to this way of life from birth. Tony Armstrong-Jones has never known it.

Indeed, at twenty-nine, he had until four months ago acquired those extra degrees of informality, odd mealtimes, haphazard sleeping hours, and freedom from normal conventions regarded as the privileges of the artistic set of London's elegant Bohemia of which he was a full-fledged member. His homes were in a cheap, dark and rather chilly basement in Chelsea, some small rooms overlooking the dockside of the River Thames at Rotherhithe and then in Pimlico, a faded neighborhood near Buckingham Palace, all of which might be likened to the cheapest apartments in the medium-priced districts of Greenwich Village.

He had no servants and few personal home comforts. When he entertained he either cooked the meals himself, got his daily cleaning woman to help out, borrowed help from the neighbors, or collected snacks and liquor from the nearby "local," as the British affectionately call their nearest tavern.

His last home, above his studio in Pimlico, was small and attractive, contrived largely by his flair for the unusual together with his ability to make an expensive-looking something out of a cheap and unpromising nothing. The spiral staircase of wood and brass leading from his apartment to the downstairs studio he built himself. Walls, woodwork and doors were papered and painted by him.

"Tony has wonderful ideas on decoration," said Mrs. Anna Garnett, mother of one of Tony's closest friends, Andy Garnett. "Bright colors, goldfish bowls in the walls—anything. Princess Margaret's home and his will be the chicquest in London."

Mrs. Ethel Wright, seventy-two, Tony's charlady, gave a more laconic opinion: "Princess Margaret may have to change her ways," she said, "but she isn't the only one. She will have to persuade Mr. Armstrong-Jones to be tidier. Maybe he was busy, but he used to let the place get into an awful mess."

Tony in many if not most respects would be better qualified as a husband for a commoner than for a princess—which is probably what he would have wound up as if a princess hadn't proposed (although he proposed back).

Of this young man whose background and inclinations are in most ways quite nonroyal, several personal glimpses are revealing.

He is extremely sensitive—though almost never referring to it—about a leg weakness left over from an attack of polio he suffered as a boy. He has a barely noticeable limp and the leg is a trifle thinner than the other. Because of it he rarely wears shorts or bathing trunks, and seldom dances—one of Margaret's chief loves is dancing. It is the reason he did not have military service. As a result of it, also, he did not equal his father's athletic career when he was at Cambridge University, although he took pictures of athletic events for the Cambridge newspaper, the *Varsity*. (The paper did not like his pictures well enough to keep him on the staff, but sportingly headlined news of his engagement in a local-boy-makes-good spirit, PRINCESS TO MARRY MAN WE FIRED.)

He is acutely sensitive to the reactions of those he is with and sympathetic to the feelings of those who matter to him personally.

The queen mother, attending a movie *première* not long before announcement of his engagement to Margaret, extended her hand graciously to a tall, imposingly dignified gentleman standing near the entrance to the theater. She had never seen him before, but she is accustomed to being greeted at theater entrances by some rather dignified gentleman—usually the theater manager—who then personally shows her to her place. The gentleman in this instance was not the theater manager, but he grasped her assumption, and with the help of quick cues from theater assistants ushered the queen mother to her seat. Tony did not want to tell the queen mother the man's identity for fear of embarrassing her—but Margaret did. It was Tony's father.

Tony's perceptiveness to the possibility of discomfiture in others is perhaps a result of his own sensitivity: he himself is embarrassed when revealed as not knowing something that everyone else knows. In his first public appearance with Margaret as husband-and-wife-to-be, at a ballet telling the story of a girl who prefers a poor boy to a rich man, his hands, kept clasped behind him in an effective poise-inducing mannerism copied from Philip, were clenched so tightly the knuckles showed white. When the time came to leave the royal box Tony moved aside to let the ladies of the party proceed first. They smilingly motioned him to his proper place—preceding *them*. But it was a moment of confusion.

He has shown he can be less sensitive on familiar ground or when his work is involved. Once while photographing one of the society matrons who, along with actresses and theatrical subjects, have formed a large part of his clientele, he informed another woman present at the sitting that he "no longer required" her help. She was a close friend of the woman being photographed; her suggestions had been friendly and not dictatorial, if persistent. His dismissal was conclusive. "Your suggestions are not needed here," he said. Yet the woman he had come to photograph thought him "a darling boy. He understood me. I mean he understood *me*, what I am like inside."

Most women he has photographed feel the same way about him, and have felt it immediately on meeting him. On a trip to the United States two years ago to photograph backgrounds for the play *Rashomon*, he photographed Mrs. Henry Fonda.

"You sense instantly that he is interested in you and likes you," she said. "He is terribly alive and always restless and moving around, like a fox—or a hummingbird. Very imaginative, though he can be a little corny when he is directed to make conventional poses. He was told to photograph me in a big gauzy dress and he took it with me lying on the floor and the skirts all around me. I didn't like it too much. But when he is following his own inspiration it is very good. He wanted to photograph me against the New York slums, and he did and they were beautiful, wonderfully expressive pictures. He wanted to photograph me in my kitchen. He will work, work, work to capture the feeling of realism he senses in a subject."

He photographed the "best-dressed" Mrs. William Paley leaning and looking out the window of her suite in New York City's St. Regis Hotel while he himself hung precariously out over an adjoining balcony to capture just the right angle of light.

He once developed a picture twenty-seven times under varying conditions of wash to get a particular "white on white" effect he wanted, to show sunlight filtering through a tree onto a city pavement.

WORLD MENTAL HEALTH YEAR

January, 1960—August, 1961

How can positive mental health be promoted? Can we prevent mental illness? What can we do to reduce human suffering and material loss by better care and treatment for those who are ill? The answers to these questions are being sought in a world-wide program of research and fact finding sponsored by the World Federation for Mental Health. If you wish to give your financial support to this important effort, address the U. S. office of the World Federation for Mental Health, 162 East 78th Street, New York 21, N.Y.

CONSTIPATION Make You Weak?

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What other people say about Tony can be illuminating. "I have known Tony all my life," said Lady Lewisham, one of Britain's best known and prettiest peeresses. "He was a terribly handsome little boy. I remember once I was at René the hairdresser's and Tony was taking advertising pictures. He caught me under the hair dryer. My hair was wet and in curlers. He said, 'Let me take a picture of you like that. It won't appear anywhere.' He'd practically taken it already by then. The next thing I knew it was in a national newspaper. My husband was horrified, but Tony talked me out of being angry. He said, 'It was good. It was real. I honestly didn't think you'd mind.' Tony isn't a society type. He doesn't like coming-out balls and things like that."

"He's splendid with children," said a friend, Mrs. Anthony Kinsman. "He has fantastic energy and at the same time tremendous patience. Once my four-year-old daughter Amanda was asked to join seven other little girls and eight boys to do bridesmaid and pageboy pictures for Tony. Well, Tony took them all off into the country and he was a marvel. Keeping sixteen children under control would shatter my nerves utterly. But not Tony's. In no time at all he had the children in their little costumes playing in trees and doing the most unlikely things. My little girl has been terribly fond of him ever since. He would make the most wonderful father."

(Tony once said he got along well with Prince Charles because "I always talk to him like an adult.")

As the future brother-in-law of Her Majesty Elizabeth II, he had been "invited" to live in Buckingham Palace until his marriage, thus protecting him and the royal family from the scrutiny, speculation and unending questions which would have hounded him every moment. To offer hospitality to the young man who was her sister's future husband presented no problem to Elizabeth. Her palace occupies 45 acres of land, woods, a lake and gardens in the center of London, has 602 rooms and a permanent staff of 260 footmen, maids, charwomen, kitchen workers and maintenance men to look after them.

But going to stay at the palace presented innumerable problems to Tony Armstrong-Jones, first of all in pure geography. Every member of the household (officials who serve the queen and Prince Philip), every gentleman, porter, page and ladies' maid knew the palace and its procedures better than he did.

When he arrived last February, as a future member of the royal family, he was told to use the "royals'" private entrance, screened from public view by the front façade of the palace. He had been given an identity card, a code telephone number. His name, description, picture and index number and type of his automobile had been circulated to palace security officials. But it was not possible to issue his picture to all 260 members of the palace staff.

Mr. Armstrong-Jones must have been glad that on the announcement of his engagement he was the most photographed photographer in the land. It was a help toward recognition when he lost his way in the palace, thus minimizing the embarrassment of being politely stopped and asked his reason, as a stranger, for wandering in the wrong direction down one of the many corridors. Since the late Queen Mary once got lost in Buckingham Palace when she decided to explore a little-used staircase, Mr. Armstrong-Jones had a formidable amount of map reading to do.

He was given private apartments on the third floor with windows overlooking the side garden of the palace, flanked by the busy moving traffic on Constitution Hill. He was fortunate in being housed in that part of the palace where the central heating extends to provide hot running water. There are still many rooms in the 240-year-old building which cannot be serviced by central heating and to which the hot water must be brought by maids or valets in big copper cans each morning.

Margaret loves Tony for what he is—she could easily have found a more obviously "suitable" mate long ago—but he will have to change greatly.

He already has changed. He lives more by the clock, along more conventional lines. He has given up his tight-fitting "drainpipe" pants which he had in materials ranging from beige gabardine to blue jean; high boots, flashy scarves. loud shirts and socks and "braces" (suspenders). Before he knew Margaret he almost never wore a dinner jacket. He will now wear Savile Row suits for ordinary everyday wear. and tail coat and white tie when required, riding breeches and possibly even kilts should the occasion make them appropriate.

He has always preferred an utterly informal do-what-the-spirit-moves-you sort of life. Although he made a comfortable living from his photography in recent years, he continued to live the free-and-easy life he adopted in the early days when he was earning little. It gave him a world in which he could exist without restraint, in which nothing was expected of him that he was not willing and able to give.

This does not mean that Margaret's style of entertaining and life is completely unknown to him either by birth or by experience. His parents are well-to-do and prominent. He is even said to have a remote connection with Welsh and British royalty—genealogists have figured out that Tony is the great-grandson of English King Edward I; and is, as well, Margaret's twelfth cousin twice removed, their first common ancestor being Collwyn ap (meaning son of) Tangno, a Welsh chieftain who existed 1000 years ago. And there are several titles scattered among his family members.

His mother is the Countess of Rosse. His father, from whom she was divorced shortly after Tony's birth, is Ronald Owen Lloyd Armstrong-Jones, who inherited a small fortune—in the hundreds of thousands of dollars—from his father, Sir Robert, who added the Armstrong to the family name in 1913. His full sister is the Viscountess de Vesci, and he has two half brothers by the Earl of Rosse—Lord Oxmanton, twenty-three, and the Honorable Desmont Parsons, twenty-two. He also has a new thirty-one-year-old stepmother, pretty, blond Jenifer Unite Armstrong-Jones, former British Overseas Airways hostess and daughter of a fruit-and-vegetable merchant, who was on her honeymoon with his father in Bermuda when the official news of Tony's engagement to Margaret broke.

The Countess of Rosse, who was the society beauty Anne Messel, is an elegant hostess, in Ireland, Yorkshire and Eaton Terrace. With her husband and her artist brother, Oliver Messel, she is devoted to nineteenth-century art and architecture.

It was his mother's gift of a camera when he was convalescing from polio that started his interest in photography. It was her interest in architecture that led him to study that subject at Cambridge.

The architecture didn't take, but the camera did.

Tony was educated at Sandroyd School, then at Eton, where he was stricken with polio. After he recovered he entered Jesus College at Cambridge, where his record was considerably less than impressive. After two years as a rather bored architectural student he was "sent down"—expelled—for the "usual high jinks," failure to attend classes regularly, staying out late beer-drinking.

Tony has seldom referred lightheartedly to this episode in his life.

After that he got a job in 1951 with Baron, who was a court photographer and personal friend of Prince Philip from wartime days. Several months afterward he opened his own studio. He got few commissions at first. The turning point came in 1956, when he wrote the Duke of Kent asking for a sitting. The duke liked his pictures and the results were so pleasing that Tony took the duke's twenty-first-birthday portrait. After that jobs came fairly rapidly. He compiled a book of photographs of London, collaborated with Sacheverell Sitwell on another book, on Malta. He did the first photographic scenery for a stage revue in Britain—*Keep Your Hair On*, produced by John Cranko, which failed despite critical approval. He was so busy he sometimes went back to his studio to work most of the night.

Two years ago he met Princess Margaret. He almost met her two years before.

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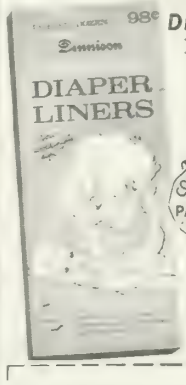
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One rainy afternoon in March, Margaret was sitting in the back of a London theater watching rehearsals for a new revue. She laughed at some of the effects—she had not laughed a great deal lately following her announcement six months before that "I have decided not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend." The revue's managers had engaged Tony to take publicity photographs. He walked in the stage door. "Princess Margaret's out there," a stage attendant told him. Tony thought a minute. "Oh, well—the pictures can wait a day. I'll make myself scarce," and he left.

The honor of making possible their first exchange of words is claimed by the Earl of Leicester, at the wedding of his daughter to a friend of Margaret's, Colin Tennant, at Holkham Hall, near Sandringham. Margaret was in the wedding party and Tony took the pictures. The Earl of Leicester is certain they spoke, something like this: Tony said, "Would you mind just standing over there, please? Thank you." Margaret replied, "Here?"

Officially they met when Margaret attended a small private party given by her lady in waiting, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, about two years ago. Lady Elizabeth asked Tony to come and take some pictures, and she introduced them. It was a polite meeting, but little more.

Not long afterward Margaret attended a ball with "old faithful" Billy Wallace—a nickname he earned by being the only one of Margaret's suitors who remained single over the years. They were with a group of friends. Tony spoke with a girl he knew at Margaret's table. Later on there was a Paul Jones, in which the dancers whirled about in large circles around the floor, and in a pause in the music Margaret stopped near Tony. They spoke briefly and later she signified her wish that he join her party.

They did not dance, or even speak further, until several weeks later at a debutantes' ball given by the other of Margaret's ladies in waiting, Iris Peake. Margaret again indicated her wish that he join her group. This time she indicated her desire to dance with him—in her customary way, by nodding her head in a definite, clearly identifiable mannerism (no one ever asks her for a dance first). They danced for a short time—Tony does not dance well and does not like to, although he enjoys dance music. But they talked. It is one of Margaret's great attributes that she can ask men about their work—men ranging in interests from Bertrand Russell to comedian Danny Kaye to renowned archaeologist Sir Mortimer Wheeler—just one leading question, and then gaze at them with shining blue eyes, needing to say little else besides "Oh, really?" and they will feel after an hour that they have been with a person who is not only lovely but gifted, who can discuss their subjects on equal terms with them.

She asked Tony about his work. He told her excitedly about the special photographic scenery he was doing for the next John Cranko show, *Keep Your Hair On*. She told him, "One night I shall buy every seat."

She didn't, because she was away when the show opened, and it closed after fourteen performances. But she continued to see him.

Once, when she was making up a theater party (she always made up a party of four to six, at least, in an effort to forestall the ever-upcropping rumors of romance) "old faithful" Billy Wallace was ill, and she invited Tony in his place.

She asked him sometimes to join her small informal cocktail and supper parties in her Clarence House sitting room. But she did not need to extend invitations in order to see him without attracting notice even among members of her own family, because by then he was accepted as a court photographer. Court photographers have a special status—they may often come and go as they like in the royal palace. Once Philip, an avid amateur photographer—as are most of the members of the royal family—took up Tony's invitation to visit his studio and inspect his equipment. Margaret visited him there, too, though not often.

But they also met at private parties in Mayfair and Belgravia. Margaret and Tony were weekend guests at the home of Jeremy Fry, thirty-five-year-old chocolate heir, several times last fall. They were Elizabeth's guests at Balmoral for two weeks last September. Still, not even the royal family knew. And Margaret didn't want them to. Tony was in a unique position to excite no suspicion: partly because he could always be assumed to be around in a picture-taking capacity; partly because he personally was such a contrast to the type of man whose public appearance with Margaret might cause marriage talk.

Tony was acceptable socially—but only barely. He was acceptable as the son of prominent, respectable parents. He was nice-enough looking, though not handsome in the classic sense. He is five feet five inches tall—tall enough to look over the top of Princess Margaret's most bouffant hairdo, but dwarfed by many of her friends such as Princess Alexandra, five feet nine in her nylon stockings. He has bright blue eyes, even features, a longish face, distinguished mainly by a quick flashing smile that comes often, showing white, even teeth.

But he was "different." His clothes were different; his manners were different. He does not give the impression that he was obviously "to the manner born"—even though he was.

And, finally, his whole life was "different" and everyone knew it. He gave wildly imaginative and informal costume parties. He once threw a friend into a fountain. He seemed to enjoy shocking people.

His girl friends were unconventional too. He has always known girls who were from established families—notably Henrietta Tiarks, daughter of millionaire banker Henry Tiarks, and one of England's most publicized post-debutantes. But there were also Edwina Carroll, a beautiful Anglo-Burmese actress, and Jackie Chan, striking half-Chinese actress-dancer who went into hiding when the engagement was announced. Tony had known Jackie for three years. She was his favorite photographic model—he took many pictures of her—and they kissed at the airport when Tony returned from the United States last year. They went on a holiday to Switzerland. Margaret knew about Jackie. Friends teased him about her in Margaret's presence—Tony, they said, had booked the entire front row at a pantomime in which Jackie played the lead. (Jackie Chan later won the role of Gwenny Lee, the Japanese "yum-yum girl" who never gets her man, in the film version of *The World of Suzie Wong*.)

As a result, when Tony and Margaret were seen together—even riding in his car together—there were no rumors of romance.

They had long conferences together and even the queen did not question that they concerned—largely, at least—photography.

Tony took the breath-takingly lovely upward-looking photograph that Margaret chose for her official twenty-ninth-birthday portrait. He also took some that were not so highly regarded by the British public, such as the one that shows her between two merry-go-round horses—much too undignified and untraditional a way for royalty to pose, many thought.

Once the family knew, they tried to persuade Margaret to wait. It would be more seemly, they argued, to make the announcement when the family was not in personal mourning for the deaths of two loved relatives—the Countess Mountbatten and the Marquis of Carisbrooke—and when it would not draw attention away from a royal welcome for Elizabeth's baby, the new young prince.

But Margaret wouldn't wait. She had listened before, and waited, and held family conferences and fought delaying actions over more pressing matters than these. She had waited until she was almost thirty years old, and that was as long as a girl ought to wait.

"They" proposed in January. Margaret proposed in much the same way she has always proposed that a young man ask her to dance, in a figurative sense. They discussed marriage; then she "nodded"—her meaning clear: she wanted to marry Tony and no one else.

Between the day Margaret told her family she would wait no longer to tell the world, and the time of the official announcement, Philip nearly let the "best-kept royal secret" out of the bag.

"It has been a tremendous month," he told painter Norman Hepple while sitting for his portrait in Buckingham Palace, just twenty-four hours before the announcement, "with the baby, two funerals and my sister-in-law getting engaged."

Hepple is a man who keeps his mind on his work. "I was so busy painting," he said, "I really didn't take in what he said about a sister-in-law."

Some people criticized the timing of the announcement. To these the family could only answer: "Margaret wanted it that way." Mostly public reaction, after astonishment, was delight that Margaret would not be a spinster, as had been feared increasingly with every birthday. (One newspaper waggishly suggested that "an American song writer" compose a piece for the royal couple—taking into consideration Tony's photographic background—and call it "Someday My Prints Will Come.")

Both of their lives will change—Margaret's, too, although Tony will inevitably make the greater adjustment.

Margaret will drop out of the limelight considerably—not performing so many public duties, mixing far more with the "arty" set she adores. This will be a mixed blessing. Actually she has always loved being a princess—but not as fully as is usually said. She enjoys living a gay, interesting life and doing it observably *as* a princess; but she has never enjoyed public duties, and has performed them mostly out of a sense of obligation to her family and training.

Tony gave up his professional photography before his marriage, and with it his erratic studio life. But he will certainly try to make Margaret's life the kind of life he likes, within the limits of what can be done in their rarefied set. He has never been an intimate of the "court set," nor enjoyed more than a little of the "garden-party/grand-ball routine."

Already Margaret seems more relaxed, especially when Tony is around. When photographers were taking their picture together at Windsor Great Lodge, Tony disappeared. It had been a long session. Margaret looked around, puzzled. Then she spotted him behind a tree. "There you are, Tiresome, I see you," she called teasingly and ran after him and they played hide-and-seek, giggling like children.

As a member of the family Tony now calls her Margaret (even her closest friends outside the family call her "ma'am" and "your Royal Highness"), but he also has affectionate names for her, "Pet" and "Sweetness."

He has already learned and does without conscious effort things that were a source of confusion to him five months ago—like walking four paces behind Margaret when they enter an auditorium or theater, and not picking up the check in a night club. (It will be mailed to them later.)

He is different from Philip, despite the comparisons drawn—that both liked casual clothing and a gay life before marriage. A significant difference often pointed out is that "Philip was a prince of Greece!" For him to slip into the royal niche was simplicity itself compared with the transition facing Tony should he choose to take a full public role.

It can come; but it will come gradually if at all.

Meanwhile, they will have an active life. Money will be no problem—Margaret's government income rose from $16,800 a year to $42,000 when she was married. She also has a private fortune, some of which she inherited from both her father and her grandmother, Queen Mary; and valuable jewelry.

They will travel abroad. They will exchange house visits with the queen mother and occasionally with Elizabeth and Philip. They will attend the theater, the ballet, concerts. Their social life will be sprightlier than that of any of the rest of the royal family.

Both will have to change small personal habits as well as important ones. Both have strong wills and hot tempers, but Tony is more subtle. Margaret simply puts her royal foot down in the royal manner when she wants something. Tony coaxes, reasons, if necessary goes by an indirect path to get what he wants.

Margaret is deeply religious. Tony, though a member of the established Church of England, has been a perfunctory and even dilatory churchgoer.

Both are impatient and find it difficult to focus their complete attention long on a subject or an individual they find dull. Both are intensely interested in doing and seeing everything possible.

Tony said in one of his books, "It's no good saying 'hold it' to a moment of real life. Like trying to hold a breath, you find you've lost it."

Margaret said once, "I cannot imagine anything more wonderful than to be who I am."

Already she has changed in a way that was apparent even before her engagement and could have given away her secret to a close observer.

She has always varied a great deal in her appearance on various occasions. She could be startlingly lovely when she took the pains to be perfectly made up, her hair consummately coifed, gowned in elaborately worked jewel-encrusted satins, an ermine stole flung over her shoulders with a carelessly *soignée* air managed by no other member of the royal family. At other times, in the Scottish highlands, wearing tweeds and little make-up, with her hair combed back in an indefinite style, she could appear quite plain.

"Lately she looks beautiful all the time," said a woman friend. "And," she added, "she looks like the cat that swallowed the cream."

People have said one reason she was attracted to Tony was a resemblance to her late father. She was devoted to her father and felt a deep sense of loss at his death. But there is not really too much similarity between the two men, beyond, physically, blue eyes and fair hair and a tendency to stammer slightly when tense and excited; and otherwise, an inclination to indulge Margaret. Her father let Margaret have her own way most of the time, excusing his helplessness before her with "She could charm the pearl out of an oyster." He never "told her off" the way Philip is not afraid to do, and has on several occasions.

Tony has a tendency to fuss over her, and indulge her too. But a man who loves a woman has a tendency to do this. It is a characteristic widely observed and, fortunately, not fatal.

But Tony, though soft-spoken, is not the basically gentle man that Margaret's father was. He has never compromised to live on another's terms. It is likely both will have to compromise now.

It is even more likely—in fact, a certainty—that the future for the Armstrong-Jones will not be humdrum. When you start off with a marriage license engrossed on vellum it's hard to achieve an ordinary way of living.

To learn how Princess Margaret kept her secret, turn to page 92.

THE LOLLIES

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

Summer's a blue tin music box
That the same old tune goes through:
A penny, a penny, a penny—
The children have nothing to do!

Amber, emerald, ruby, sweet
Barley sugars to last all day,
Everlasting the afternoon—
The children have nothing to play!

If only today be spent, my dears,
We shall spend more and many.
And mine's so thin I can see the moon—
A penny, a penny, a penny.

Glamourous Chicken Italian and salad with a Continental touch...you do them both with



Try all 7 of these tangy dressings—guaranteed fresh by Kraft.

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New way to make a name as a fabulous cook—baste fried chicken with vividly seasoned Kraft Italian. Sunbeam's new Lite-Fry Lever tilts frypan into basting position automatically. Golden-clear Kraft Italian gives chicken a delightfully mysterious, Continental flavor.

Caesar Salad with *Kraft Italian* IS THE GOURMET'S CHOICE

The tangy seasonings of Kraft Italian Dressing—vivid with herbs and spiked with just the right amount of garlic—make it the perfect choice for classic Caesar Salad. For a delicious simplified version, toss crisp greens, onion rings and croutons with sunny Kraft Italian.

LOOKING OVER THE PRESIDENT'S SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

compared in dignity and quality with the White House dinners of the Hoover Administration.

The President wanted terrapin à la Maryland for the first course, but we did not have any terrapin dishes. When the President heard this he asked about it and I took the opportunity to tell him of the inadequate equipment of the kitchen for entertaining the rulers of the world with the dignity becoming to the wealthiest country in the world. The gold flatware lacked soupspoons, fish forks and knives. We had to use salad forks for dessert forks, and this meant washing the forks and spoons between courses before we could serve the fish or the dessert.

He said, "How horrible. But you know, if we were to ask for all those things you say we need, the politicians would make headlines out of the gold tableware being bought for the White House."

I said I realized this, but the newspapers had been sort of belittling our furnishings in comparison with the British embassy and the elegance and royal traditions of our visitors.

The President smiled and said, "I know how you feel, but at least I am sure we can arrange to get the terrapin dishes."

The dinner was a success. Besides an elegant course of terrapin I was, for once, able to buy enough Belgian hothouse grapes not only to decorate the table but also to make a service of fruit bowls to pass as a fruit course. I don't remember any other time since the Hoover Administration when this had happened or ever did happen again. We had been taking Tokay grapes and wiring them together to form clusters to decorate the tall fruit dishes on the table.

At the center of the horseshoe table there was usually one high-backed chair on each side for the President and First Lady, but the ruler of a country rates a high-backed chair. So there were two chairs with high backs on each side of the table that night. The President and the queen sat on one side and the king and First Lady on the other side.

On this occasion we changed the form of service. The President and king were served at the same time, and likewise the First Lady and queen were served at the same time. The dinner began at eight o'clock with the aides in their colorful uniforms, ladies in beautiful gowns especially bought for the occasion, and with royalty present everything seemed just a little bit more exciting.

The queen had a pillow she used in the car seat, and shortly after she was seated she requested this pillow. I think it prevented her from sitting too low in the car or at the table. So the President asked me to have her pillow brought. I sent one of the men to her maid for it, and as the Queen of England lifted herself I gently slipped the pillow on the chair.

We had a schedule to keep. My orders were to have the dining room cleared by ten o'clock, for 300 more guests were coming for the musicale after the dinner. When the President tapped his goblet of heavy cut glass that rang like a beautiful bell the table hushed to quietness. Then the President offered a toast to their Majesties, the king and queen, and to the people of England.

In response the king stood and offered a toast to the President and First Lady and to the people of the United States. If there had been complete quietness when the President offered his toast, it was even more noticeable when the king spoke. The king had had the affliction of stammering and I never felt so deeply moved in my life as, standing behind the President's chair, I watched this man of royal birth uttering his words with deliberation and dignity. His face showed a determined effort as he paused after each word, but without any hesitation or stammering.

I had an even greater admiration for the king, for to face an audience with this impediment of speech must have required great courage, will power and long hours of training. Perhaps it was my imagination, but the guests all appeared too alert in listening for the impediment of speech—or else I was judging others by myself.

After the toasts Mrs. Roosevelt and the queen led the ladies to the Green Parlor for coffee, and the President and the king led the gentlemen for coffee and liqueurs. For the concert we had Kate Smith, Lawrence Tibbett and Marian Anderson. Needless to say, the concert was a success and the artists were presented to the king and queen. After the musicale we served champagne punch to more than 300 guests.

At 1 A.M., before closing shop, I went over my instructions for the next morning's breakfasts. I had these instructions:

"Her Majesty, the queen—8:00 A.M. a small tray of tea; 9:00 A.M. tray of tea and fresh fruit, nothing else; 10:00 A.M., have a small decanter of sherry in Their Majesties' sitting room. Also be prepared with a tray of tea in case Their Majesties ask for it."

This message was from the lady in waiting. There were no orders for the king's breakfast. One thing was certain: breakfast was to be a little vague. But, including the lady in waiting, His Majesty's aide and royal servants, we served tea, more tea and still nothing but tea for breakfast, which was a novelty for us.

We had luncheon for the royal party and the presidential family, and a tea in the south grounds that afternoon so that some of the Cabinet members and heads of Government departments could be presented to Their Majesties. Each department head was seated with the royal party for a short time, when the king would ask questions about the working of their departments—especially the WPA and Social Security, for they were new adventures in government. On the third evening the king and queen departed for New York and from there to Hyde Park.

It was indeed an honor and a pleasure to have had this opportunity to play my small part in this important event. The king and queen were two grand people, but their royal servants could have stayed in England. They required more service than the king and queen, the lady in waiting or His Majesty's aides. The royal maid to the queen had two assistants, and she was a real browbeater. She would storm at the girls and they darted around like scared rabbits. In short, that royal maid to a royal lady was an overbearing snob. She criticized about everything we did with a sharp tongue. She was our guest and we no doubt would not ever see her again, but once was enough.

The Hitler shadow was looming over Europe. Little did I realize that within a few months this royal couple, their nation and all Europe would be in a death struggle to survive. By September Hitler struck Poland and England declared war on Germany.

Shortly after Dunkirk Ambassador Kennedy returned for a conference with the President, and after the conference Harry Hopkins asked, "How did you make out with Kennedy?"

The President replied, "Oh, I can handle Joe, but you know it is a shame that a man as smart as Kennedy is so blinded by his Irish hatred of England that he thinks England will be finished within the next two months. And he would not mind a bit. I did leave him with this thought: that when the liberties of forty million people on the British Isles are threatened, we are more than interested."

The President's name was offered at the Democratic National Convention for the third term and he was drafted over Garner and Farley. Mr. Willkie captured the Republican top spot and the race was on.

The President seemed to be very much impressed by Mr. Willkie, and after the election invited him to an off-the-record dinner in the Oval Room on the second floor. The President had been tipped off that Willkie was very fond of terrapin, and as we had no terrapin we rushed off to Harvey's, one of Washington's then finest eating places which catered to the diplomats with rare dishes. Mr. Willkie entered by the back door and went up the elevator to the second floor, where Mr. Hopkins ushered him in to the President.

Cocktails mixed by the President were served and just the three gentlemen had dinner. Mr. Hopkins began the conversation by saying, "I wanted you and the President to get together, for I think you are as important as the President in your approach to the new ideology of government which, as you know, isn't the Old Guard Republican viewpoint. As you know, also, the President doesn't have the viewpoint of the conservative Democrats."

These remarks brought from Mr. Willkie a sudden explosive, "Oh! I'll be damned!" He pushed his chair back from the table and said, "What do you guys have up your sleeves? Let's lay the cards on the table."

I heard no more of this conversation, for it was necessary for me to leave the room. I certainly would have liked to hear more, for this man from Indiana seemed to be very explosive. Mr. Willkie was never mentioned again after this conference in my presence, nor did I ever know the full reason for his off-the-record dinner appointment.

We were serving a luncheon party for Mrs. Roosevelt and the President was having lunch in the study on the second floor on Sunday, December 7, 1941, when the news really started things buzzing around the old house. The President called in the Cabinet and leaders of Congress. The Japanese envoy was called in and I understood from the usher, Mr. Claunch, that the President read the blast act to Mr. Saburo Kurusu, the envoy from Japan.

The President remained in the study. I heard him remark as further details continued to come in about the destruction of the fleet, "My God! How did it happen? I will go down in disgrace."

When I left the White House for home near one o'clock the next morning people were crowding the street in Lafayette Square, watching the White House. I do not know what they expected to see at that hour of the morning. The next day the President went before Congress stating that a state of war existed with the imperial government of Japan.

If I had thought the days of the early New Deal were busy, from then on I really had something to learn. For instance, on December 22 I thought that my daily detail was completed at 6 P.M. and was preparing to leave for home when my phone rang. I was told that an important guest was expected at about 7 P.M. The number in his party would be anywhere from 25 to 40 people, and the name of the guest was off the record.

Well, when the guest arrived one look told us that he was the Prime Minister of England, Winston Churchill.

This man Churchill was a dynamic personality. You felt it when he stepped into the room. His stature was typical of John Bull himself, with a jovial, ironic wit, a gruff, outspoken personality that could wax warm at times, yet you knew that underneath it was cold, factual and determined. His entourage occupied the entire east wing of the White House.

His was a healthy appetite. On his breakfast tray I was instructed to have something hot, something cold, two kinds of fresh fruit, a tumbler of orange juice and a pot of frightfully weak tea. For "something hot" he had eggs, bacon or ham, and toast. For "something cold" he had two kinds of cold meats with English mustard and two kinds of fruit plus a tumbler of sherry. This was breakfast. At lunch he had Scotch and soda. For dinner always champagne, and after dinner, brandy. Then during the evening more Scotch and soda.

The Prime Minister would wear an air-raid suit around the house, attending most of the morning conferences in this outfit. He would have conferences with his staff in which Lord Mountbatten was an important figure and the President would have conferences with his staff, including Admiral Leahy, Admiral King and General Marshall. Later the two combined staffs would go into conference together which could last and last.

During this stay many people who knew that the Prime Minister was a house guest were disappointed, on being invited to the White House, not to meet the President and the Prime Minister. Except for official occasions, they did not eat in the dining room. By dining together with a few of their advisers much time was saved. Mr. Churchill was to be with us for quite a few days.

At one time during this visit he left and went to the British embassy to avoid meeting Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. I heard Mrs. Roosevelt in the West Hall telling him that she wished he would stay. Mr. Churchill replied, "No. Thank you very much, but I know I couldn't stand that woman and I might not be able to hold my temper, or rather my tongue."

The next time he left us was when Mr. Crim, the head usher, called me and said, "The President wants you to get a crew together for a secret mission, destination unknown." The crew had to be selected at once. Each person was to leave his job and go home and stay there until a Secret Service man would come for him. The men were to pack for a stay of ten or fifteen days. When the Secret Service man arrived he would tell them what to do. No further information could be given.

Mr. Crim said, "The person to be cared for is a very important man and the President would appreciate it very much if you went in charge of the detail yourself." Of course the President had but to order, but men of great quality have a way of giving you the feeling that you are aiding them and that you are needed.

This was on Saturday, January 3, 1942, at 2 P.M. I selected my crew, called them together and gave them the instructions just as I had received them. I was asked, "What can we tell our families?"

I said, "There isn't anything you can tell them except that you are going on a mission for the President. Where, when and for how long, you do not know. But, by all means, remain at home." Those who needed tools I told to get their tools, to answer no questions and get out of the house as quietly as possible without attracting attention.

I called in my first assistant, Charles Fickling, and told him I would be gone for a few days and to take over. Then I went home and waited.

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EXTRA! EXTRA!

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

What prop more gladdens the hostess than
That aid to the party, the Extra Man?
And pampered and petted, he'll be invited
Wherever the festive candles are lighted.
And opposite to this priceless pearl
Is placed that burden, the Extra Girl:
"Do go and be nice to her, Bill"—*or* "Syd."
For the Extra Girl is the loose-ends kid.

So no one is more sincerely elated
To see this problem successfully mated
Than is the hostess, whose spirits rally
With one less Extra Girl on her tally.
Though often her pleasure is blunted when,
In checking her list of Extra Men.
She realizes the blessing has cost her
One Bill or Syd from her scanty roster.

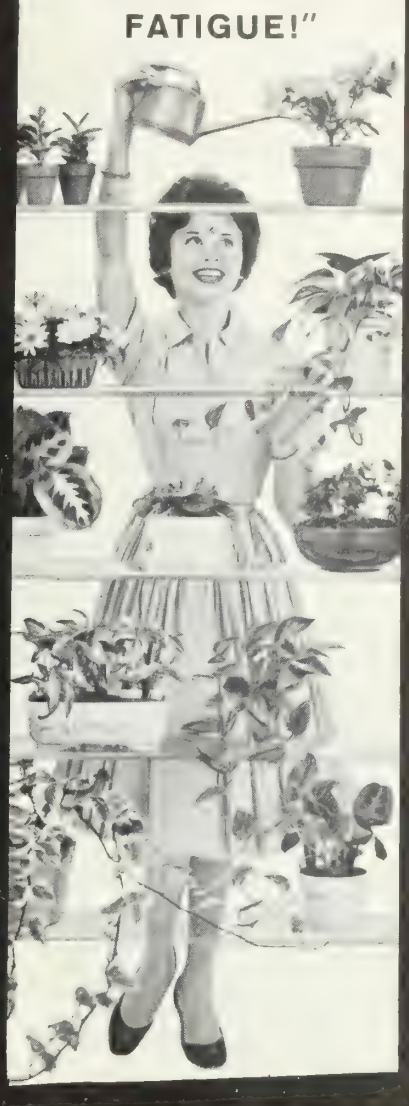
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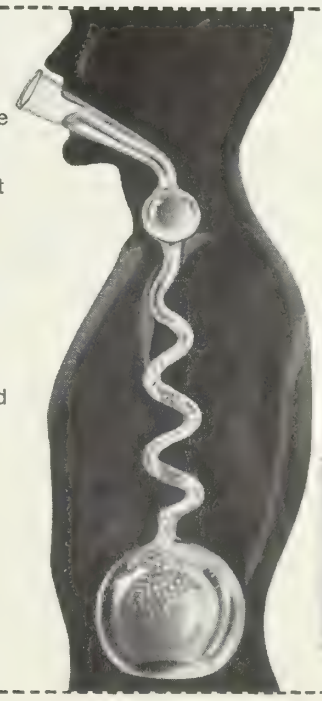


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

Sunday, January 4, at about 2 P.M. a Secret Service man whom I had never seen before rang my doorbell and presented his I.D. card. I grabbed my bag and said good-by to my wife and daughter. Then we went to the Washington Union Station, where we entered by the official driveway.

The Secret Service instructed my crew to wait in the concourse and took me into the stationmaster's office. In a small room off this office he gave me my instructions and the tickets. He told me to read the instructions and then destroy them.

After reading the instructions I went back to the crew and took them aboard a train. I was the only one in the party who knew our destination, but I was not to tell the others until we arrived there. My instructions were to get off the train near Fort Lauderdale, Florida. The conductor would let me know when we arrived there, which would be about noon on Monday. There we were to be met by another Secret Service man. The rest of our trip would be made by car.

We reached the place near Fort Lauderdale at 12:25. The man who met us was not a Secret Service man, but identified himself as the caretaker of a home owned by Mrs. Campbell, a relative of Mr. Stettinius, of the State Department. Her house was at Pompano on the sea and he said we were going there. His name was Edwin Lewis.

He was anxious to know whom we were going to take care of. Since Mr. Stettinius had made the arrangements, he was sure it would be the President. I told him I did not know, and at this he smiled. But I truly did not know.

However, I was guessing and when we arrived at Pompano the Secret Service detail told me to be prepared for about 15 or 20 people. Well, my job was cut out for me, for it was nearly 2 P.M. The plane was due to arrive with the important guest at 7 and dinner was scheduled for 8.

Mr. Crim, the head usher, had said that the Secret Service would arrange credit and that the house was completely ready to occupy. But the Secret Service had not been so instructed. With the help of the caretaker, I made a quick check of linens, china and supplies and sleeping quarters. Lo and behold, we even had to set up beds, and I had to drive fifteen miles for provisions with no credit credentials. Someone had failed somewhere along the detail.

I did not know just what to do, for I had only $100 of my own to buy whisky, brandy, champagne and food for from 15 to 20 people. The Secret Service man in charge told me he had no way to get to the stores because all the cars and trucks were needed to meet the plane. He said perhaps the caretaker could help me out. Mr. Lewis said he would take me in his car to the markets and stores. I showed him my White House I.D. card and asked if he would take me to Mrs. Campbell's tradesmen and vouch for me in securing provisions. He did, and we had no trouble. In fact, the tradespeople were most cordial. In many cases they invited me behind their counters to select whatever I wanted.

When the guests arrived I was not in the least surprised to find that it was Mr. Churchill and his party. Besides the Secret Service detail, this included the Scotland Yard chief and his detail, the Prime Minister's naval aide, his secretary, his physician, his valet and other staff members.

Well, I had everything for the dinner except the champagne, for which I made my apologies to the Prime Minister. This little town did not supply champagne for their trade and by the time it had arrived from Miami it was too late for dinner. The day ended at 2 A.M. when we had bedded the Prime Minister.

Next morning I was in the pantry when I heard a voice roar, "I say—where is everybody?"

I answered as I entered the dining room off the pantry, "Good morning, Mr. Prime Minister."

There he stood in his bare feet, looking like a pudgy, mischievous boy with a smile. He said, "Good morning. I say, can you expedite my man, Saunders, for me? And have the morning papers arrived?"

He was very complimentary about the dinner we had served the night before. I had had a standing roast of beef with Yorkshire pudding and horse-radish sauce, and of course at any meal—even breakfast—you always serve English mustard to the Prime Minister. He mentioned only the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, saying it helped him to forget the fact that there was no champagne—which to my mind was a reminder to be sure and have champagne for dinner. I assured him there would be champagne that night.

Before we finished our little talk Saunders, the valet, came rushing in. The Prime Minister turned and roared at him, "So you have found your way!"

Saunders was a very nervous little man and he rushed off in a twitter, saying, "Sir, I will have your bath ready in a jiffy." After his bath the Prime Minister would have a tumbler of sherry. Then he was ready for his hearty breakfast.

Shortly after his tray had been returned, my bell rang and the indicator registered the Prime Minister's quarters. I entered the sitting room where he was sitting at the desk. I said, "Did you ring for me, sir?"

He grunted and said, "Yes. I am sure you are aware that I do not like whistling or talking outside my quarters. May I depend on you to take care of this detail?"

I replied, "By all means, Mr. Prime Minister."

Medina, the chef, was great for whistling. He enjoyed whistling Schubert's *Serenade*, and sometimes he would keep it going for most of the day. In the White House the kitchen was so far from everything that he was never heard except by the crew. Here it was different, so I told Medina, "No more whistling."

But every so often Medina would forget. Most of the times I would stop him. However, one of these times I forgot and, behold, my bell rang. I knew what was up when I saw the indicator. It pointed to the Prime Minister's quarters. Medina was in the midst of his whistling rendition of Schubert's *Serenade*. On the way to answer the bell I stopped by the kitchen and halted Medina.

Mr. Churchill was in the library reading as I entered. I said, "Yes, Mr. Prime Minister."

For a second or two he looked at me with that Churchill scowl. Maybe he thought this would unnerve me, but when you have faced men with six- and eight-ounce gloves and you knew their only thought was to beat your brains out for a few dollars and their reputations were such that you knew they were quite capable of doing it, no mental lashing could unnerve you. [*Editors' Note:* As a young man in Indiana, Alonzo Fields was an amateur boxer. He says now he "did not go far."]

Then he said, "How many stone do you weigh and how tall are you?"

I replied, "Sir, I am not too familiar with the English system of weight. I weigh two hundred and fifty pounds and I am six feet three and a half inches tall."

He replied, "Well, that is good. Don't you think you are big enough to stop that whistling?"

I said, "Oh, yes," in a voice of deep humility. "Mr. Prime Minister, the whistling shall be stopped."

That ended the whistling, but when the Secret Service were changing their posts of duty they would very often exchange a few words of conversation. Then you would hear the British Lion roar, "Stop that talking!"

There was a constant tour of couriers and often they would be invited for meals. The President and the Prime Minister had code names. A call over the phone would be "Mr. Worthington is calling Mr. Effingham." I was never too sure who was who, for I failed to note which in my diary.

The Prime Minister was one who was always late to bed, yet he wasn't a late riser. However, he usually took a nap in the afternoon before dinner. It was a pleasure to plan for the comfort of this great man because, like all great men so taken up with the problems of their countries and the world, he showed appreciation for the efforts of those paid to plan the things that were comforting to him.

The Prime Minister was in Florida incognito, so the daily routine was that after dinner he would retire to the library with Mr. Martin, his secretary; Commander Brown, the naval aide; and Sir Charles Wilson, his physician. There they would discuss the problems of the world and as he pranced up and down across the floor, creating phrases, he sometimes would stop and say, "Now there, let's say that again. Yes, put that down. We can use that sometime, I am sure. Yes, I like that," and he would repeat the phrase. I am sure many of the phrases that always gave a Churchill speech a punch line were created in this manner.

During these sessions Scotch would evaporate. I recall one such night when I thought we had the Prime Minister well fortified for the nightly session and was near retiring when I was summoned to the library. As I entered, I suppose my face must have reflected my astonishment to see the empty bottles, for the Prime Minister said, "Yes, my man, I need a little more to drink. You see, I have a war to fight and I need fortitude for the battle. And there is one more favor I hope you will do for me."

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Well," he said, "I hope you will come to my defense if someday someone should claim that I am a teetotaler."

I smiled and said, "Mr. Prime Minister, have no fear, sir. You can depend on me to defend you against such a claim."

He chuckled and said, "That will be all. Good night."

Mrs. Campbell's cottage was about 100 fee from the beach, so one fine morning th Prime Minister went for a swim. The beac had usually been cleared. The nearest hous was at least three or four blocks away an when the P.M. went in, the Secret Servic could not find anyone within a mile of th beach. However, when he had finished hi swim there was discovered a woman with a dog strolling on the beach nearby and she sor of loitered around.

As the P.M. was incognito, the Secret Serv ice dared not in any way attract attention t him, so he had to stay in the water, for he wa without bathing trunks. We all had a few chuckles concerning his predicament and o course the P.M. never dared to swim in th raw again.

The afternoon of the day before we left Harry Hopkins called from Washington an told the Prime Minister not to let me forget t have stone crabs for him before we left. Ston crabs are a delicacy in Florida, and the Pres ident and Mr. Hopkins were very fond o them.

So at dinner that night we had stone crab for an entree. The Prime Minister said he en joyed them, but he was anxious to know i there was going to be any soup. He said fo an Englishman, soup is always a must if yo want to please him.

Mr. Churchill had invited the Prime Minis ter of Australia to board the train at Jackson ville, Florida, and to dine with him in hi stateroom. The dining-car waiters brough the food to me in a room next to the state room, since the P.M. was still traveling incog nito and not even the train crew knew who wa in the private car. The entire train crew wer curious about their special passenger. One o the vice presidents of the railroad made th trip and kept the conductor and other train crew members from interfering with th Secret Service detail and our party. The dining car waiters thought we were all FBI men. Th dining car was kept open for our party afte the car had been closed to the travelers. We all ate in the dining car except the Prime Min ister. All his meals were served in his state room.

The Prime Minister left the train just befor we entered the tunnel to cross from Virgini into the District of Columbia. We continue into the capital, where a detail of Secret Serv ice met us. Not until then did our familie know where we had been. We returned, as w had left, without any warning.

The end of the Florida trip certainly did no mean that Mr. Churchill's visit was over. H remained with us for nearly a month and half—from December, 1941, until nearl February, 1942. He returned again, and o September 8, 1943, when Italy surrendered h was with us. The President had a privat luncheon to celebrate the surrender. Th guests were Mr. Churchill; Mr. Stimson, th Secretary of War; Mr. Martin, secretary to th Prime Minister; Commander Thompson; Mr Bernard Baruch, and Colonel Llewellyn.

The party had a ring of joy, but there wa also a ring of soberness, for the P.M. re marked, "We are rid of the jackal. Now w can give our full attention to the Hun withou this jackal snapping at our heels."

We were getting well acquainted with th Prime Minister of England and he always le something to talk about each time he cam and went. The last time I had the honor t prepare for his comfort and entertainment wa after the war when he visited this country i 1952 and President Truman gave a luncheo on January 5. The guest list included Mr Franks, the British ambassador; Anthon Eden, Lord Ismay, Vice President Barkley Secretary Acheson, Secretary Snyder, Sec retary Lovett, Gen. Omar Bradley, Admira Leahy and several others.

Mrs. Truman was away at the time, so th menus were sent to the President. Whereupo I received this note from President Truman

"Fields: I made some checks on thes menus. I believe that filet mignon would b the best meat course. The Prime Minister i fond of champagne. My salad preference is o No. 1 although No. 3 is excellent. Dessert o

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

One reason it is all but impossible to sympathize adequately with another's physical pain is that, according to the psychologists, pain is the only human experience which, the second it ends, leaves no memory.

The way to be happy with a husband is to have a poor memory; with a wife, a good one.

An old colored man declined to earn any "whether" money. Asked what he meant, he said, "When I works exter, that's 'whether' money because my wife and I fuss whether she's goin' spend it or whether I is."

Teenager, asked about his evening's activities: "The movie we saw wasn't there."

When new mothers leave a local hospital, they are wished "Many Happy Returns."

Small boy: "I don't see how God gets the matches down to us."

Mother: "What do you mean?"

Boy: "Well, I heard you tell Aunt Helen that matches are made in heaven."

When her daughter discarded a treasured potato peeler in the trash, my neighbor wanted to search the community dump for it. I know how she felt. I once had a measuring cup, used since my first days in the kitchen. It was split open at the top and I had to measure half a cup, then half again. But I much preferred it that way, and something wonderful went out of cooking when my family replaced it with a new one.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

No. 1 is best and purely U.S.A., as is the filet. You look all three menus over and we will talk about it. HST."

So from the three menus we decided on oyster soup, celery hearts, assorted olives, filet mignon smothered with mushrooms, watermelon pickles, asparagus au hollandaise, grilled tomatoes, hard rolls, hearts-of-lettuce salad and Roquefort dressing, strawberry shortcake.

The Prime Minister was in rare form and on this occasion the habit of drinking was mentioned. He remarked that when he first went to India the drinking water was unfit for human consumption and the only drink fit for humans was whisky. For that reason he took up the habit of drinking and he just hadn't been able to drop it.

This brought quite a chuckle from the other guests. You would have to see the gestures of the P.M. and hear the inflections of his voice to be able to appreciate his remarks. Without a doubt, Sir Winston Churchill was one of the most impressive, dramatic and dynamic men it has been my pleasure to serve among all the leaders of this era.

Sandwiched in between Sir Winston's visits we had Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. She was and is a most charming lady to those who did not serve her. She is a proud and vain lady, especially about her ancestral line, and her table conversations were mostly about this ancestral line.

Of course I must say she had encouragement from the Roosevelts, for the President enjoyed talking about his ancestors too. But somehow the Roosevelts did not wear it on their sleeves.

Mme. Chiang was a very light eater—usually very weak China tea, soups and stewed fruits. A difficult person, extremely nervous and irritable with servants; but to many of the servants she made up for her demands, as she was a liberal tipper. Her bed had to be changed from top to bottom each time she got up. Even if she went to bed for only ten or fifteen minutes four and five times a day, each time the bed had to be stripped and the silk sheets replaced with fresh ones.

She had as her bodyguard a Mr. Kung, her nephew, and as her traveling companion a niece, Miss Kung. Miss Kung was not too pleased with the quarters assigned her at the White House. I understand that she expressed her objections to the State Department and after one or two nights she was provided with a suite at the Mayflower Hotel.

Mme. Chiang, without a doubt, had great charm and a striking personality and when she spoke before the joint Houses of Congress, I heard many of the gentlemen express praise for her ability and charm. She departed from her last visit at the White House May 5, 1943. I repeat that Mme. Chiang was a lady with very impressive charm and ability to sway people. Your opinion of the Great Lady of China, however, depends on what status of life you might happen to belong to.

On May 29, 1942, I was summoned again to prepare for an off-the-record guest of importance. As with most of the unannounced guests, he would arrive late in the day in time for dinner. The party staying at the White House would be small. The dinner also would be small, in the private dining room and very informal. So I pondered as I prepared my details just whom to expect.

The guests were rushed in through the south grounds and upstairs to their quarters. I did not see them upon their arrival, but shortly afterward I was summoned to the Rose Room. My assignment chart registered a "Mr. Brown" in that room.

My knock at the door was answered by a small, thin man who opened the door. He spoke excellent English, with an accent that I thought was Swedish. As I glanced over his head into the room I saw near the fireplace a man whom I readily recognized as Mr. Molotov of Russia.

The gentleman at the door was Mr. Molotov's secretary. He asked me to bring Mr. Molotov's valet to him. My chart showed that "Mr. Brown's" valet had the Yellow Room, so I proceeded to the Yellow Room and knocked on the door.

For some time there was no answer. I added a little weight to my knocking and shortly the door opened. For a second I was speechless, for standing before me was a nude woman with a bath towel wrapped—of all places—around her head. She could not speak English and the only words I could say in Russian were "Good morning," but I doubt very much that I could have thought of even those words just then.

I had nothing to say, but she said "*Ya*."

I said, "Mr. Molotov wants his valet," and she repeated "*Ya*."

I repeated, "Mr. Molotov wants his valet." Again she said "*Ya*" and pushed back into the room, leaving the door open. I turned my back and stepped away from the door and shortly she had a robe on, still with the towel around her head, and I led her to Mr. Molotov's room. I would like to think that I acted just as nonchalant as she did, for she certainly was not at all disturbed as she kept saying "*Ya*" while I tried to tell her my mission.

Mr. Molotov, with his round, chubby face, his stubby mustache and his eyes behind glasses, had an owlish, wise look, especially during conversations when he was listening. At other times his eyes would dart around with the glint of a fox waiting to spring on hi prey. It was this that often gave me the ide that perhaps he understood English.

Dinner in the small dining room was serve to the President, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Molotov his secretary, and Charles Bohlen, from th State Department, who acted as the inter preter for the President. Mr. Molotov's sec retary did most of the talking in English an in Russian, and Mr. Bohlen kept the Presiden informed of what was going on. Mr. Molotov' rebuttals were just a little too fast for me and with the maneuvers of his eyes while a presi dential statement was being made, he seeme to be smiling to himself as if he knew what h was going to say before the translations wer even started. The President found it necessar to take his time in digesting the full content of Mr. Molotov's statements during thes translations.

Dinner was a simple affair of shrimp cock tails, clear soup, roast saddle of lamb wit mint sauce, hearts of lettuce with Russia dressing, and apple pie with sharp cheese.

Mr. Molotov made no particular request about food or drinks while he stayed with us He remained only a few days and then move across the street to Blair House for three o four more. He used to walk, unaccompanied up and down Pennsylvania Avenue and bough peanuts from Nick, the popcorn man, whos stand was a familiar sight to sight-seers an White House occupants for years.

After he returned to Russia his visit wa announced to the American public. The ma from Russia who many at the time though might be Stalin's successor seemed to me t be more mystic than impressive. The myst has no appeal for me. I rather distrust myst tendencies.

President Beneš of Czechoslovakia arrive on May 13, 1943, for a dinner party and con ferences and was a White House guest in ad dition to Mr. Churchill, who had arrived tw days before. President Beneš was a very quie little man and a pleasant personality. He gav the impression of a school professor who wa not quite rough enough for the task befor him.

I have chosen a few highlights from th many foreign personalities entertained at th White House during these years. By this tim these affairs had become so frequent that the were more or less daily routine. I should lik to list others whose visits I cannot mentio specifically: King of Greece, King of Yugo slavia, King of Iraq; Duke and Duchess o Windsor; Queen Wilhelmina of the Nethe lands; Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard o the Netherlands; Duchess of Luxembour and consort; Crown Princess and Prince Ola of Norway; General de Gaulle and Genera Pétain of France; General Smuts of Sout Africa; Duke of Kent; Pandit Nehru of India Ramsay MacDonald; Ernest Bevin; Clemen Attlee; Anthony Eden and Lord Mountbatte

The rigors of the war in late 1943 were be ginning to tell on President Roosevelt. Th anxieties, long and late hours of conferenc on war policies, internal policies and politic were taking their toll. He no longer woul stand in a receiving line. He remained seate and received guests in a chair to conserve h strength.

The President always saw his secretarie while he was abed in his room, and usuall went to the office around 11 A.M. My brothe George and Arthur Prettyman divided th valet duties around the clock. This was not be cause of the President's health, but, sinc McDuffie had transferred to the Treasury De partment, two men were required to do h duties. McDuffie had had only one day off week and that usually started about 2 P.M When he was off Gus Generich, a former Ne York State policeman, would take over h duties. Gus Generich was the President's pe sonal bodyguard on the Secret Service detai

Here I must tell you something about th White House back-door politics. The hous hold servants were constantly in a dithe about the long hours they had to put in an no one would dare to say too much about i When the Hoovers were in the White House was a short day for the dining-room and kitche help if they were through after twelve hour but you did get one day off a week. The maid



housemen and doormen had much better hours. Despite the pride that existed in those days of a butler feeling his class was above a houseman, most of the men on the butlers' staff—except the head and second man—always welcomed the chance of being detailed to houseman duty because it meant you would get home earlier.

The tension in the dining room under the Hoovers was hard to get used to, I confess. But once you had passed the scrutiny of Mrs. Hoover, you had to be tops. The slightest error was an offense. I do not believe it really mattered too much to President Hoover, but this I will say: once you had served under Mrs. Hoover, you really knew the formalities of service.

During the Hoover Administration the sounding of three bells would send the help hurrying and scurrying for a hiding place. One of the ushers would rush down the stairs with a doorman who would get the elevator and lock it, waiting for the arrival of the President, and the usher would see that no one was in the corridor.

There was only one elevator then, and if anyone was on it other than the First Lady, you had best jump off as soon as possible. On the second floor, which is the living quarters, there was a closet with a sink near the stairway used by the housemen and maids for their cleaning equipment. If either the President or First Lady came out of their rooms into the corridor the maids, housemen and butlers would scamper to this closet. They would almost run one another down trying to be first in the closet and out of sight, for if you lingered and were seen you would be warned not to let this happen again.

No man is exempt from saying silly things; the mischief is to say them deliberately. MONTAIGNE

I am sure the President and Mrs. Hoover never requested such actions, but those in charge preferred to have things done this way. It was really funny to see the help packing into that closet. It was like a cat coming into a room and surprising the mice playing and they had only one hole to dart into for safety. In those days I, too, pushed my way in, and no question about its being full after I got in!

On the roof of the house was a sun parlor which was used as an office for Mrs. Hoover's secretaries, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. McMullin and Miss Hobby. The secretaries usually had luncheon served upstairs in this office at 12:45. The family had lunch at 1 P.M. The butlers' staff at that time consisted of six men—the first, second and third man and the rest of the crew who really did the work, as the song goes. We toted the trays, washed the dishes, cleaned the silver. We had no status except to do what we were told by the three men of rank. So a free elevator during mealtime meant a lot to the three of us, since we had to carry those trays from the kitchen to the top of the house.

But at 12:45 the elevator would be locked, waiting for the three bells that would signal the coming of the President. Sometimes the doorman might take a chance and run us up, but if he did and the warning bells were to ring, he would be in bad with the head usher, even if he got back before the President arrived.

The top-salaried servants were the valet, head cook and head butler. The rest of us received from $60 to $90 a month and, with the depression on, you were mighty thankful to have a job, for you well knew it could be worse. Much worse. If you were a butler or cook, you received three meals a day. Other servants, except those that lived in, had two meals a day.

Well, March 4, 1933, brought some changes for the help that were improvements and some that were worse. They no longer had to run and hide when they heard the President's three bells, and when they were working in the halls, if Mrs. Roosevelt or the President came out, they were told to keep on working. If you happened to be near an elevator with a tray and the President or Mrs. Roosevelt was going up, they would call for you to come and ride up with them.

Although the removal of this tension was a great relief and many of the rigid formalities were dispensed with, you had longer working hours and less time off. But the closeness of the family had a way of making you enjoy working hard, up to a certain point.

The first thing Mrs. Roosevelt said was that your day off would be after the serving of lunch once a week, with every other Sunday off after the Sunday midday meal. Vacations would consist of only two weeks

We soon found out that the day off after lunch meant you would hardly get out before 3:30 P.M., so your day was gone. On Sundays it was even later. James Mingo and James Reynolds, the two butlers the Roosevelts had brought to the White House, were very disappointed over the working conditions. James Reynolds said he did not think it would do much good to talk to Mrs. Roosevelt about the long hours and inadequate time off. He said this was her custom and she would be hard to convince otherwise. But Mingo started a campaign with Mrs. Dall, and after not too long a time we started getting our full day off again. Except me—I had to take whatever day there was when there might not be many activities scheduled, and such days were few and far between. Also. we finally got our full vacation time back.

The next feature which upset the help was the cutting of salaries. The President in his campaign had promised to cut the government cost 25 per cent. All salaries were reduced 25 per cent, so a check that had read $43.65 the first and fifteenth now read $32.54. The valet, head cook, housekeeper and head butler's salaries were cut at the base pay and then the 25 per cent cut. The valet's salary was cut from $150 a month to $75.

The old White House servants were alarmed at the lack of dignity of the valet who appeared in a white coat where all other valets had worn

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striped pants and short coat in the morning and in the afternoon striped pants and a cutaway coat. McDuffie wore a white coat and most any color pants and shirt and tie. The two butlers had never worn full-dress clothes.

Of course as chief butler I lowered the dignity of that position, for I did not take walks up Connecticut Avenue in the afternoon in a cutaway coat and striped pants. Also, I broke down the class in the ranks of butlers because we all pitched in and worked together. There was too much work for even the head man to stand around and pose.

In the mornings until after lunch the butlers wore tuxedos, stiff shirts and black ties. For afternoon tea and dinner they wore tails, stiff shirts and white ties both summer and winter. Again the backdoor politics changed this to soft shirts with tuxedos and in the summer a light worsted business suit with black tie and soft shirt.

This was much cooler and less expensive, for we had to pay for our laundry and in the Washington heat a stiff shirt and collar didn't last long. With the cuts in salary, we finally got it settled for the laundry to be paid for by the Government.

The Roosevelt grandchildren and nurses added many problems to the duties of serving meals on trays. Finally a kitchen was built on the third floor which also served as a diet kitchen for the President. When all the grandchildren were present, meals could be prepared there and served in the sun parlor or hall.

My wife, Edna, was hired by Mrs. Nesbitt to cook for the grandchildren. I protested, for, as I told her, my wife was not a cook. Nevertheless, she went to work and I must say she surprised me, for she certainly cooked much better for them than she had for me. My wife still tells me off about the time I told the people at the White House she couldn't cook. I am not sure whether she has forgiven me, but she certainly hasn't forgotten about it.

She happened to cook a few meals for the President when the grandchildren were there, so now I dare not go into the kitchen at home when a meal is being prepared.

It was during one of these occasions that she had an experience with little Buzzie Dall. He peeped into the kitchen and asked if he might ask her a question. She told him to come in. He climbed up on a kitchen stool, crossed his legs and looked at her for a second or two. Finally he said, "What I want to know is do little boys have to have two daddies?"

I have always admired my wife's ability and at the same time begrudged it because I have never been able to keep up with her retorts. But she said this was one time she had to think before talking. She answered him, "I should think a little boy would be very lucky to have two daddies loving him. Just think how wonderful it is to have one daddy loving you. Some little boys are not lucky enough to have even one daddy to love them."

By this time the other children were calling him to play and she was relieved that the conversation was over.

One of the dearest and just about the most lonesome child ever to live in the White House was Diana Hopkins before her father married again after the death of her mother. She was a well-behaved and very companionable child. Mrs. Roosevelt was busy and likewise Diana's father. The maids were kind to her, but they offered little understanding or companionship.

She went to a private school and the little Soong girl from the Chinese embassy seemed to be her closest companion. She would go to the Chinese embassy to dinner and the Soong child would come to the White House.

One day a butler, Bill Coates, said to me that Diana and the little girl friend wanted to learn to cook. I said, "When we are not busy they can come in and we will be glad to teach them to make cookies, biscuits and cakes."

Diana was so pleased that she wanted to fix her own lunches for school and we taught her how to set up a tray and a table. She wanted me to put her name on the butlers' weekly schedule, so I made out a schedule with detail for her. She took it seriously and was just as punctual as any member of the crew and she was so pleased with herself for being a part of the crew.

Despite all the problems of the war, a presidential election was looming. It was obvious to those near the President and in position to observe the steady decline in his appearance that the talk of a fourth term would arouse a question as to his ability to see it to the end. He would appear fresh and pink when he arrived at a dinner party, but by the end of dinner he would seem to sag. His face would turn pasty and blanched. Whereas two or three hours prior he had looked alert and peart, he appeared tired and exhausted.

At a luncheon of a few political leaders and members of the family including Mrs. Roosevelt (although the President was not present), the talk was of the need for him to run again. Mrs. Roosevelt made no comments, but Mr. James, who was home on furlough, was very much set against it. He said, "If father runs for a fourth term and is elected, it will be the means of killing him."

Well, the pros and cons kept this up until the spring of 1944, with the doctors declaring that the President was as good as ever. At that time it was conceded that no doubt the President had a job to finish and only he could see it through.

After the election and Christmas holidays, normal activities continued, but the President had fewer social obligations. To save him from physical wear, the inaugural ceremonies were held on the south portico of the White House. By now the inaugural parties gave me little excitement. However, when one was over and you were complimented it made you feel that you had accomplished something.

The inaugural climaxed three days of teas and dinners, with the house filled with guests. On January 23 we were having a Cabinet dinner, to be followed by Mrs. Roosevelt's double-header teas. Just around the corner would be the luncheon for the movie stars, the March of Dimes Ball and the President's birthday. So each day taxed our imagination



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nd ability, with the war activities added to he duties of keeping the official family comortable.

On March 17, 1945, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt celebrated their fortieth wedding nniversary. Princess Juliana of Holland was aying an informal visit to the Roosevelts. We ad the usual exchange of presents between Mrs. Roosevelt and the President. On March 3 the governor general of Canada, the Earl of Athlone, and Princess Alice arrived for a state ffair and there was the usual fanfare and inner.

There were rumors that the President had ad an attack at Hyde Park during his stay here during Holy Week. Easter was on April rst. The President returned to Washington fter Easter and remained two or three days, hen took off for Warm Springs, Georgia. I verheard John Mays, the doorman, saying to Admiral McIntire, "I know it is none of my usiness, sir, but the President looks very bad o me. Don't you think you should have gone ith him?"

The admiral said, "I don't think he will eed me. However, if it will make you feel any etter, I have assigned the Navy's top man to o with him. I am sure he will come back a ifferent man. Ten or twelve days at Warm prings will make him feel fit as a fiddle."

The twelfth of April started out like any ther day. Mrs. Roosevelt, Colonel and Mrs. oettiger and little Johnny Boettiger were the nly ones in the house. For once Mrs. Roosevelt had no important activities scheduled, and fter luncheon I took advantage of the situaon and went home, leaving word to call me I was needed.

On arriving home I found that my wife was ut and I thought it would be a good time to

To believe in immortality is one thing, but it is first needful to believe in life.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ux and polish the floors. I turned on the dio while I was working. I really didn't reit when first the announcer said, "Our beved President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, ssed away at Warm Springs, Georgia, day."

I was stunned. I left my floors half finished, anged my clothes and was rushing out of e house when the phone rang. I said, Hello. . . . Yes, I heard and am on my way."

I took a cab, but the cab could not get any oser than Lafayette Park. Thousands of peoe were packed in the street on the park side ross from the White House. Police details re keeping the people on one side of the eet. I had to present my I.D. card to cross er to the house.

When I arrived the family was upstairs in e West Hall. I went up and offered my conlences and any services one might be able to nder. Though most of us in the house had own that perhaps this might happen, somew we found it difficult to accept.

This was Thursday afternoon, April 12. ce President Truman was sworn in as Presint of the United States. He called on Mrs. oosevelt after the swearing in, with Mrs. uman and Miss Margaret. I was in the West ll when they arrived.

One of the first things Mrs. Roosevelt said s, "We will be getting out as soon as ssible."

President Truman told her, "Now don't u give that a thought. Take your time and not hurry."

President Truman and his family moved m their apartment to Blair House and ormen and ushers were sent across to Blair ouse.

Preparations were made to receive the body President Roosevelt to lie in state in the st Room. The funeral train left for Hyde rk Saturday night. Aboard the train were sident Truman, Mrs. Truman, Miss Marret, members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court tices, political leaders, the press and radio ople and the Roosevelt family. The memrs of the household staff were Mrs. Nesbitt, the housekeeper; Arthur Prettyman, the valet; Alice Palmer, Mrs. Roosevelt's Hyde Park cook; John Boardley, chief messenger, and myself.

It was a cool, chilly April day at Hyde Park. I think most of us who were trembling and with voices quavering when we talked were hoping that our neighbor, standing next to us, would assume that the chill in the spring air was the reason for the tenseness and shivering. But he, too, appeared to be having the same trouble.

After the impressive, white-haired vicar had pronounced the benediction and taps had been sounded over the final resting place of the President you dared not even look at your neighbor or try to say a word. You merely took one last look and walked away with eyes straight ahead.

We left for Washington at noon and next day faced the work of taking inventory of the personal effects which the Roosevelt family had accumulated during twelve years in the White House. I had catalogued the personal silverware, pewter and china, so we did not have too much trouble in my department.

Mrs. Roosevelt was anxious to get away and she warmly thanked me for this effort. Within two weeks a farewell reception was held by Mrs. Roosevelt, the children and grandchildren to say good-by to the household and office help and police guard. This, too, left you emotionally limp, as each member of the family would take your hand and say, "Thank you for being so nice to us for all these years."

Once the family had departed, we had to put our attention to making the house ready for President Truman and his family. Again, after twelve years, we were faced with apprehension, wondering what to expect. Would we be able to please the Trumans, and what would they be like?

To Be Continued



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How Princess Margaret Kept Her Secret

There were so very few rendezvous where she and Tony could elude the headline writers.

By JAMES LEASOR

How was it possible for the most publicized princess of our time to conceal the exciting fact of her love?

The main reason why the princess and the photographer could keep their romance a secret so successfully was the seemingly complete unlikelihood that they could possibly be attracted to each other! Once, in May of last year, a reference to their being together in public did appear in a British newspaper. They were two in a party of six at *West Side Story*. The reporter wrote that he "hardly recognized" Tony Armstrong-Jones in a white tie and tails. His usual wear was loose black sweater, tight narrow trousers, suède boots. They saw the musical together, without any companions, on two subsequent occasions. These visits were not reported for the best of reasons—that no one knew about them. They arrived separately and only met in their seats, which had been booked in other names. During the intervals they remained seated, studying their programs.

Such a genuinely private visit to the theater was so unusual, so out of keeping, so unexpected that no one in the audience would imagine or expect that the girl who *looked like* Princess Margaret could actually *be* Princess Margaret.

When arrangements were being made for them to meet, Armstrong-Jones was never referred to by name lest suspicions should be aroused. He was known by the nickname Taj, from his initials, T.A.J., or even as "Taj Mahal."

Antony's studio at 20 Pimlico Road was under half a mile from Clarence House, Princess Margaret's home. He had fashioned his flat from an ironmonger's shop, wedged between a laundry and a store that sells dead men's clothes. Here he lived his lively and social bachelor life against a background of twentieth-century bizarre and eighteenth-century elegance. A tiny stuffed bird moved endlessly in its gilded cage to the music of "Sweet Violets." In the background was a parachutist's dusty bicycle.

Guests asked to dinner, more often than not, would be asked to help get the meal. Armstrong-Jones invited important guests to scratch their names on his bathroom mirror with a piece of diamond instead of writing in a visitor's book—but Margaret's name is not there. When Armstrong-Jones did the cooking he and she usually ate green or red peppers, stuffed with chopped meat and rice. When the princess cooked, she favored bacon, eggs, sausages and fried bread.

Who would credit that Princess Margaret would marry a man who regularly carried his own laundry to the local self-service launderette?

When Princess Margaret first decided to visit Antony Armstrong-Jones at his studio, her chauffeur drove her several times around the block before she was satisfied that the road was empty and she could alight without being seen.

RONALD WESTON



Tony and the princess often sat on these stools at the bar of the River Club, a mile from Tony's flat.

Once, on an impulse, the princess borrowed a scarf from one of her maids to wrap around her hair. This was elaborately unnecessary. Who of Queen Elizabeth's loyal subjects, walking along middle-class Pimlico Road, an area that even borders on the seedy, would expect to see her sister knocking at the gray-painted front door of a common photographer's studio?

Once, when the two young people were dining *à deux* at a small restaurant, a woman at a nearby table thought she recognized the princess. She approached for a closer look. Then apologized. She had nearsight, she said. "Forgive me," she explained. "For a moment I thought you were Princess Margaret. There *is* a striking resemblance."

"Thank you," smiled the princess graciously. "I am very flattered."

Gradually, as this astonishing love affair went on, the happy pair grew in confidence that it would not be discovered until they were ready for discovery. Gaily they dined together in one or two of the more dimly lighted restaurants in Soho, and at the River Club, a magnificent club on the edge of the Thames.

RONALD WESTON



A favorite table at the River Club. Waiters recognized Princess Margaret, but no word leaked to the newspapers.

In a pub called "The Orange" last year, Tony Armstrong-Jones, opening his wallet to pay for drinks, was seen to have a small photograph of the princess inside it. This caused some little surprise until it was pointed out that since he had taken the official photographs on her twenty-ninth birthday, it was surely reasonable for him to have a miniature one. His role of photographer was very helpful, too, in explaining away the increasingly frequent visits he paid to Clarence House, Royal Lodge, Windsor, Sandringham and Balmoral.

For what the lovers needed most of all was time to be alone together, to discuss their future.

The number of people who had any inkling of her feelings for Armstrong-Jones was very small, although now all manner of people claim that they knew months ago. They didn't.

The chief conspirators were her old friend and onetime escort, Billy Wallace, and his best friend —Jeremy Fry, who had gone to school at Gordonstoun with Prince Philip. Antony explained his predicament to Fry, who asked them both down for the weekend. Jeremy Fry and his wife Camilla, plus their young family, live in a lovely Georgian manor, Widcombe House, just outside Bath. Here Margaret and Tony decided to get married.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the day the news was finally announced, the telephone rang in Tony's studio. He took the call himself, and then turned to his staff, his face white and strained. "I'm engaged, chaps," he said suddenly.

"Congratulations," someone replied. "To whom?"

"Princess Margaret!"

John Timbers, his assistant, said afterward: "He poured us all a whisky, and dashed about the place terribly nervously. He flung clothes and some camera equipment into two suitcases, shoved them in the back of his car and was off."

Tony Armstrong-Jones drove west out to Windsor Castle, where he was when the news was made public.

So the strangest, most surprising, most unexpected and most secret royal romance of our times came to its happy ending.

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THE MISTRESS OF MELLYN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

"He did mention it."

"I expect he will sell some of the horses. I shall keep a couple, but there is no point in keeping an expensive stable with only myself at the house. He saw you on Jacinth and thinks you'd be a worthy mistress for her. That was why he wanted you to have her."

"I see."

"Miss Leigh, you would like to possess a horse like that?"

"Who wouldn't?"

"Suppose I asked Connan if it could be taken into his stables and kept there for you to ride. How would that be?"

I replied emphatically, "It is most kind of you, Miss Nansellock. But I do not wish any special favors here. Mr. TreMellyn has a full and adequate stable for the needs of us all. I should be very much against asking for special favors for myself."

"I see," she said, "that you are very determined and very proud." She leaned forward and touched my hand in a friendly manner. She understood how desperately I clung to my pride because it was my only possession.

I thought her kind and considerate, and I could understand why Alice had made a friend of her. *One day*, I thought, *I'll tell her what I've discovered about Alice.* But not yet. I was, as her brother had said, as spiky as a hedgehog. I did not think for a moment that I should be rebuffed by Celestine Nansellock but, just at this time, I was not going to run any risk.

Connan TreMellyn came back the day before the gymkhana. I was glad he had not returned before, because I was afraid that Alvean might betray her excitement.

I was entered for one of the early events in which points were scored particularly for jumping. It was what they called a mixed event, which meant that men and women competed together.

Tapperty, who knew I was going to enter, wouldn't hear of my riding Dion.

"Why, Miss," he said, "if you'd have took Jacinth when she was offered you, you would have got first prize. That mare be a winner and so would you be, Miss, on her back. Old Dion, he's a good old fellow, but he ain't no prize winner. How'd you say to taking Royal Rover?"

"What if Mr. TreMellyn objected?"

Tapperty winked. "Nay, he'd not object. He'll be riding out to the gymkhana on May Morning, so old Royal 'ull be free. I'll tell 'ee what—just suppose master was to say to me, 'Saddle up Royal Rover for me, Tapperty.' Right, then I'd saddle the Rover for him and it would be May Morning for you, Miss. Nothing 'ud please master more than for to see his horse win a prize."

I was anxious to show off before Connan TreMellyn and I agreed to Tapperty's suggestion. After all, I was teaching his daughter to ride and that meant that I could, with the approval of his head stableman, make my selection from the stables.

The night before the gymkhana I presented Alvean with the brooch. She was delighted.

"It's a whip!" she cried.

"It will pin your cravat," I said, "and I hope bring you luck."

"It will, Miss. I know it will."

"Well, don't rely on it too much. Remember luck comes only to those who deserve it." I quoted the beginning of an old rhyme which father used to say to us:

"Your head and your heart keep boldly up,
Your chin and your heels keep down."

I went on: "And when you take your jump, remember . . . go with Prince."

"I'll remember."

That night when I went in to say good night I sat on her bed and we talked about the gymkhana. I was a little anxious about her, because she was too excited, and I tried to calm her down. I told her she must go to sleep, for if she did not she would not be fresh for the morning.

"But how does one sleep, Miss," she asked, "when sleep won't come?"

I realized then the magnitude of what I had done. A few months before this girl had been afraid to mount a horse; now she was looking forward to competing at the gymkhana.

That was all well and good. I would have preferred her interest not to have been centered so wholeheartedly on her father. It was his approval which meant so much to her. She was not only eager; she was apprehensive, so desperately did she long for his admiration.

I went to my room and came back with a book of Mr. Longfellow's poems. I sat by her bed and began to read to her, for I knew of nothing so able to turn the mind to peace as his narrative poem Hiawatha.

I often quoted it when I was trying to sleep. The words flowed from my lips. I knew I was conjuring up visions for Alvean. She had forgotten the gymkhana—her fears and her hopes. She was with the little Hiawatha sitting at the feet of the good Nokomis and . . . she slept.

I woke to find the mist had penetrated my room. I got out of bed and went to the window. Little wisps of it encircled the palm trees and the feathery leaves of the evergreen pines were decorated with drops of moisture.

I hope the mist lifts before the afternoon, I said to myself. But all through the morning it persisted, and there were anxious looks and whispers throughout the house where everyone was thinking of the gymkhana. Most of the servants were going to the show. They always did, Kitty told me. Billy Trehay and some of the stableboys were entrants.

"It do put master in a good mood to see his horses win," said Kitty; "but they say he's always harder on his own than on others."

Good will is the mightiest practical force in the universe. DOLE

Immediately after luncheon Alvean and I set out. She was riding Black Prince and I was on Royal Rover. It was exhilarating to be on a good horse, and I felt as excited as Alvean. I fear I was just as eager to shine in the eyes of Connan TreMellyn as she was.

The gymkhana was being held in a big field close to the village church, and when we arrived the crowds were already gathering. Alvean and I parted company when I discovered that the event in which I was competing was one of the first.

The show was intended to start at two-fifteen, but there was the usual delay, and at twenty past we were still waiting to begin.

The mist had lifted slightly, but it was a leaden day. The sky was like a gray blanket and everything seemed to have accumulated a layer of moisture. The sea smell was strong, but the waves were silent and the cry of the gulls was more melancholy than ever.

Connan arrived with the other judges; there were three of them, all local worthies. Connan, I saw, had come on May Morning, as I expected.

The village band struck up a traditional air and everyone stood and sang. It was very impressive, I thought, to hear those words sung with such fervor:

And shall they scorn Tre Pol and Pen,
And shall Trelawny die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

A proud song, I thought, for an insular people; and they stood at attention as they sang. I noticed little Gillyflower singing with the rest, and was surprised to see her. She was with Daisy and I hoped the girl would look after her.

She saw me and I waved to her, but she lowered her eyes at once, yet I could see that she was smiling and I was quite pleased.

A rider came close to me and a voice said, "Well, if it is not Miss Leigh herself!"

I turned and saw Peter Nansellock. He was mounted on Jacinth.

"Good afternoon," I said, and my eyes lingered on the perfections of Jacinth.

I was wearing a placard with a number on my back which had been put there by one of the organizers.

"Don't tell me," said Peter Nansellock, "that you and I are competitors in this first event."

"Are you in it, then?"

He turned, and I saw the placard on his back.

"I haven't a hope," I said.

"Against me?"

"Against Jacinth," I answered.

"You could have been riding her."

"You must have been mad to do what you did. You set the stables talking."

"Who cares for stableboys?"

"I do."

"Then you are not being your usual sensible self."

"A governess has to care for the opinions of all and sundry."

"You are not an ordinary governess."

"Do you know, Mr. Nansellock," I said lightly, "I believe all the governesses in your life were no ordinary governesses. If they had been, perhaps they would have had no place in your life."

I gave Royal Rover a gentle touch on the flank and he responded immediately.

I did not see Peter again until he was competing. He went before I did. I watched him ride round the field. He and Jacinth seemed like one animal. Like a centaur, I thought. Were they the creatures with the head and shoulders of a man and the body of a horse?

"Oh, perfect," I exclaimed aloud as I watched him take the jumps and canter gracefully round the field. *And who couldn't*, I said to myself maliciously, *on a mare like that!*

A round of applause followed him as he finished his turn.

Mine did not come until some time later.

I saw Connan TreMellyn in the judges' stand. And I whispered, "Royal Rover, help me. I want you to beat Jacinth. I want to win this prize. I want to show Connan TreMellyn that there is one thing I can do. Help me, Royal Rover!"

The sensitive ears seemed to prick up as Royal Rover moved daintily forward and I knew that he heard me, and would respond to the appeal in my voice.

"Come on, Rover," I whispered. "We can do it!"

And we went round as faultlessly, I hoped, as Jacinth had. I heard the applause burst out as I finished, and walked my horse away.

We waited until the rest of the competitors were finished and the results were called. I was glad that they were announced at the end of each event. The practice of announcing all winners at the end of the meeting I had always thought to be a sort of anticlimax.

"This one is a tie," Connan was saying. "Two competitors scored full marks. It's most unusual, but I am happy to say that the winners are a lady and a gentleman: Miss Martha Leigh on Royal Rover, and Mr. Peter Nansellock on Jacinth."

We trotted up to take our prizes.

Connan said, "The prize is a silver rose bowl. How can we split it? Obviously we cannot do that, so the lady gets the bowl."

"Of course," said Peter.

"But you get a silver spoon," Connan told him. "Consolation for having tied with a lady."

We accepted our prizes, and as Connan gave me mine he was smiling, very well pleased. "Good show, Miss Leigh. I did not know anyone could get so much out of Royal Rover."

I patted Royal Rover and said, more for his hearing than anyone else's, "I couldn't have had a better partner."

Then Peter and I trotted off—I with my rose bowl, he with his spoon.

Peter said, "If you had been on Jacinth you would have been the undisputed winner."

"I should still have had to compete against you on something else."

"Jacinth would win any race—just look at her. Never mind, you got the rose bowl."

"I shall always feel that it is not entirely mine."

"When you arrange your roses you will always think, 'Part of this belonged to that man . . . what was his name? He was always charming to me but I was a little acid with him. I'm sorry now.'"

"I rarely forget people's names, and I feel I have nothing to regret in my conduct toward you."

"There is a way out of this rose-bowl situation. Suppose we set up house together. It could have a place of honor there. 'Ours,' we could say, and both feel happy about it."

I was angry at this flippancy, and I said, "We should, I am sure, feel far from happy about everything else." And I rode away.

I wanted to be near the judges' stand when Alvean appeared. I wanted to watch Connan's face as his daughter performed. I wanted to be close when she took her prize—which I was sure she would.

The elementary jumping contest for eight-year-olds began and I was feverishly impatient as I watched those little girls and boys go through their performances. But there was no Alvean. The contest was over and the results announced.

I felt sick with disappointment. So she had panicked at the last moment. My work had been in vain. When the great moment came her fears had returned.

When the prizes were being given I went in search of Alvean, but I could not find her; and as the more advanced jumping contest for the eight-year-old group was about to begin, it occurred to me that she must have gone back to the house.

I wanted to get away, for now my own petty triumph meant nothing, and I wanted to find Alvean quickly, to comfort her if need be, and I felt sure she would need my comfort.

I rode back to Mount Mellyn, hung up my saddle and bridle, gave Royal Rover a quick rubdown and a drink, and left him munching an armful of hay in his stall while I went to the house.

The back door was unlatched and I went in. The house seemed very quiet. I went up to my room and called Alvean as I went.

There was no answer, so I hurried through the schoolroom to her room, which was deserted. Perhaps she had not come back to the house. I then remembered that I had not seen Prince in the stables.

I came back to my room and stood uncertainly at the window. I thought, *I'll go back to the gymkhana. She's probably still there.*

As I stood at the window I knew that someone was in Alice's apartments. I was not sure how I knew. It may only have been a shadow across the windowpane. But I was certain that someone was there.

I ran from my room, through the gallery to Alice's rooms. My riding boots must have made a clatter along the gallery. I threw open the door and shouted, "Who is here? Who is it?" No one was in the room, but I saw in that fleeting second the communicating door between the two rooms close.

I had a feeling that it might be Alvean who was there, and I was sure that Alvean needed me at this moment. I ran across the dressing room and opened the door of the bedroom. There was no one there. Then I ran to the other door and opened it. I was in another dressing room and the communicating door—similar to that in Alice's—was open. I went through and I knew that I was in Connan's bedroom, for I saw the cravat which he had been wearing that morning flung on the dressing table. I saw his dressing gown and slippers.

The sight of these made me blush and realize that I was trespassing in a part of the house where I had no right to be.

But someone other than Connan had been there before me. Who was it?

I went swiftly across the bedroom, opened the door and found myself in the gallery.

There was no sign of anyone there, so I went slowly back to my room.

Who had been in Alice's room? Who was it who haunted the place?

"Alice," I said aloud. "Is it you, Alice?"

Then I went down to the stables. I wanted to get back to the gymkhana and find Alvean.

I had saddled Royal Rover and was riding out of the stableyard when I saw Billy Trehay hurrying toward the house.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

He said, "Oh, Miss, there's been an accident. A terrible accident. It's Miss Alvean. She took a toss in the jumping."

"But she wasn't in the jumping!" I cried.

"Yes, she were. In the eight-year-olds. Advanced class. It was the high jump. Prince stumbled and fell. They went rolling over and over ——"

For a moment I lost control of myself. I covered my face with my hands and cried out my protest.

"They were looking for you, Miss," he said.

"Where is she, then?"

"She were down there in the field. They'm afraid to move her. They wrapped her up and now they'm waiting for Dr. Pengelly to come. Her father's with her. He kept saying, 'Where's Miss Leigh?' And I saw you leave, so I came after you."

I turned and rode as fast as I dared down the hill into the village, and as I rode I prayed, and scolded: *Oh, God, let her be all right. Oh, Alvean, you little fool! It would have been enough to take the simple jumps. You could have done the high jumps next year. Alvean, my poor, poor child!* And then: *It's his fault. It's all his fault. If he had been a human parent this wouldn't have happened!*

And so I came to the field. I shall never forget what I saw there: Alvean lying unconscious on the grass, and the group round her. For a moment I was terrified that she had been killed.

Connan's face was stern. "Miss Leigh," he said, "I'm glad you've come. There's been an accident. Alvean ——"

I ignored him and knelt beside her. "Alvean—my dear," I murmured.

She opened her eyes then. She did not look like my arrogant little pupil. She was just a lost and bewildered child. But she smiled.

"Don't go away," she said.

"No, I'll stay here."

"You did go . . . before ——" she murmured, and I had to bend low to catch her words.

And then I knew. She was not speaking to Martha Leigh, the governess. She was speaking to Alice.

Dr. Pengelly had arrived and had diagnosed a broken tibia; but he could not say if further damage had been done. He set the fractured bone and drove Alvean back to Mount Mellyn in his carriage while Connan and I rode back together in silence.

Alvean was taken to her room and given a sedative by the doctor.

"Now," he said, "there is nothing we can do but wait. I'll come back in a few hours. It may be that the child is suffering acute shock. In the meantime, keep her warm and let her sleep. She should sleep for several hours, and at the end of that time we shall know how deeply she has suffered from this shock."

When the doctor had left Connan said to me, "Miss Leigh, I want to have a talk with you. Come to the punch room now, will you, please."

I followed him there and he went on: "There is nothing we can do but wait. We must try to be calm."

I realized that he could never have seen me agitated as I was now, and had probably considered me incapable of such deep feeling.

Impulsively I said, "I find it hard to be as calm about my charge as you are about your daughter, Mr. TreMellyn."

I was so frightened and worried that I wanted to blame someone for what had happened, so I blamed him.

"Whatever made the child attempt such a thing?" he demanded.

"You made her," I retorted. "*You!*"

"I! But I had no idea that she was so advanced in her riding."

I realized later that I was on the verge of hysteria. I believed that Alvean might have done herself some terrible injury and I felt almost certain that a child of her temperament would never want to ride again. I believed I had been wrong in my methods. I should not have tried to overcome her fear of horses; I had tried to win my way into her affections by showing her the way to win those of her father.

"No," I cried out, "of course you had no idea that she was so advanced. How could you when you have never shown the slightest interest in the child? She was breaking her heart through your neglect. It was for that reason that she attempted this thing of which she was not capable."

"My dear Miss Leigh," he murmured. "My dear Miss Leigh." He was looking at me in complete bewilderment.

I thought to myself, *What do I care! I shall be dismissed, but in any case I have failed.* I had hoped to do the impossible—to bring this man out of his own selfishness, to care a little for his lonely daughter. *And what have I done—made a complete mess of it and perhaps maimed the child for life.*

But I continued to blame him and I no longer cared what I said.

"When I came here," I went on, "it did not take me long to understand the state of affairs. That poor motherless child was starved —— Oh, I know she had her broth and her bread and butter at regular intervals. But there is another starvation besides that of the body. She was starved of the affection which she might expect from a parent and, as you see, she was ready to risk her life to win it."

"Miss Leigh, I beg of you, do be calm, do be reasonable. Are you telling me that Alvean did that ——"

But I would not let him speak. "She did that for you. She thought it would please you. She has been practicing for weeks."

"I see," he said. "Miss Leigh, I think you care very much for Alvean."

"She is a child," I said, "and it was my job to care for her. God knows there are few others to do it."

"I see," he answered, "that I have been behaving in a very reprehensible manner."

"How could you . . . if you had any feeling? Your own daughter! She lost her mother. Don't you see that because of that she needed special care?"

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Then he said a surprising thing: "Miss Leigh, you came here to teach Alvean, but I think you have taught me a great deal too."

I looked at him in astonishment. And at that moment Celestine Nansellock came in.

She burst out, "What is this terrible thing I've heard?"

"There's been an accident, Celeste," said Connan. "Alvean was thrown."

"Oh—no!" Celestine uttered a piteous cry. "And what—and where——"

"She's in her room," Connan explained. "Pengelly's set the leg. Poor child. At the moment she is asleep. He's coming again in a few hours."

"But how badly——"

"He's not sure. But I've seen accidents like this before. I think she'll be all right."

I was not sure whether he meant that or whether he was trying to soothe Celestine, who was so upset. She was the only person, I believed, who really cared about Alvean.

"Poor Miss Leigh is very distressed," said Connan. "I think she fancies it is her fault. I do want to assure her that I don't think that."

My fault! But how could I be blamed for teaching the child to ride? And, having taught her, what harm was there in her entering for a competition? No it was his fault, I wanted

All that I am my mother made me.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

to shout. She would have been content to do what she was capable of, but for him.

I said with defiance in my voice, "Alvean was so anxious to impress her father that she undertook more than she could do. I am sure that had she believed her father would be content to see her victorious in the elementary event she would not have attempted the advanced."

Celestine had sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"We can only wait and see," said Connan.

I rose and said, "There is no point in my remaining here. I will go to my room."

But Connan put out a hand and said almost authoritatively "No, stay here, Miss Leigh. Stay with us. You care for her deeply. I know."

I looked down at my riding habit—Alice's riding habit—and I said, "I think I should change."

It seemed that in that moment he looked at me in a new light—and perhaps so did Celestine. If they did not look at my face, I must have appeared to be remarkably like Alice.

I knew it was important that I change my clothes, for in my gray cotton dress I should be the governess once more, and that would help me to control my feelings.

Connan nodded. "But come back when you've changed, Miss Leigh. I want you to be here when the doctor returns."

So I went to my room and took off Alice's riding habit and put on my own gray cotton. I was right. The cotton did help to restore my equilibrium. I began to wonder, as I buttoned the bodice, what I had said, in my outburst, to Connan TreMellyn.

The mirror showed me a face that was ravaged by grief and anxiety, eyes which burned with anger and resentment, and a mouth that was tremulous with fear.

I sent for hot water. Daisy wanted to talk, but she saw that I was too upset to do so and she went quickly away.

I bathed my face, and when I had done so I went down to the punch room and rejoined Connan and Celestine to await the coming of Dr. Pengelly.

It seemed a long time before the doctor returned. Mrs. Polgrey made a pot of strong tea and Connan, Celestine and I sat together drinking it. I did not feel astonished then, but I did later, because the accident seemed to have made them both forget that I was merely the governess. But perhaps I mean it made Connan forget; Celestine had always treated me without that condescension which I thought I had discerned in others.

Connan seemed to have forgotten my outburst. I believed he was anxious that I should not blame myself in any way, and he knew that the reason I had turned on him so vehemently was that I wondered whether I had been at fault.

"She'll get over this," he said. "When I was little older than herself I had an accident which I'm sure was worse than this one. I got it in the collarbone and was unable to ride for weeks. I could scarcely wait to get back on a horse."

Celestine shivered. "I shall never have a moment's peace if she rides again after this."

"Oh, Celeste, you would wrap her in cotton wool. And then what would happen? She would go out and catch her death of cold. You must not coddle children too much. What does the expert have to say to that?"

He was looking at me anxiously. I knew he was trying to keep up our spirits. He knew how

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deeply Celestine and I felt about this, and he was trying to be kind.

I said, "I believe one shouldn't coddle. But if children are really set against something, I don't think they should be forced to do it."

"But she was not forced to ride."

"She did it most willingly," I answered. "But I cannot be sure whether she did it from a love of riding or from an intense desire to please you."

"Well," he said almost lightly, "is it not an excellent thing that a child should seek to please a parent?"

"But it should not be necessary to risk a life for the sake of a smile." My anger was rising again. Both Celestine and Connan were surprised by my remark, and I went on quickly, "For instance, Alvean's talents may lie in another direction. I think she has artistic ability. She has done some good drawings. Mr. TreMellyn, I have been going to ask you for some time whether you would consider letting her have drawing lessons."

There was a silence in the room and I wondered why they both looked so startled.

Connan said slowly, "But Miss Leigh, you are here to teach my daughter. Why should it be necessary to engage other teachers?"

"Because," I replied boldly, "I believe she has a special talent. I believe it would be an added interest in her life if she were to be given drawing lessons. These should be given by a specialist in the art. She is good enough for that. I'm merely a governess, Mr. TreMellyn. I am not an artist as well."

He said rather gruffly, "Well, we shall have to go into this at some time."

He changed the subject, and shortly afterward the doctor arrived.

I waited in the corridor while Connan and Celestine were with Alvean and the doctor. A hundred images of disaster crowded into my mind. I imagined that she died of her injuries. Then I thought of her, maimed for life, more difficult than she had been previously, a wretched and unhappy little girl; and myself devoting my life to her. It was a gloomy picture.

Celestine joined me. "This suspense is terrible," she said. "I wonder whether we ought to get another doctor. Dr. Pengelly is sixty. I am afraid ——"

"He seemed efficient," I said.

"I want the best for her. If anything happens ——"

She was biting her lips in her anguish, and I thought how strange it was that she, who always seemed so calm about everything else, should be so emotional over Alice and her daughter.

I wanted to put my arm about her and comfort her, but of course, remembering my position, I did no such thing.

Doctor Pengelly came out with Connan, and the doctor was smiling.

"Injuries," he said. "A fractured tibia. Beyond that there's very little wrong."

"Oh, thank God!" cried Celestine, and I echoed her words.

"A day or so and she'll be feeling better. It'll just be a matter of mending that fracture. Children's bones mend easily. There's nothing for you two ladies to worry about."

"Can we see her?" asked Celestine eagerly.

"Yes, of course. She's awake now and she asked for Miss Leigh. I'm going to give her another dose in half an hour and that will ensure a good night's sleep. You'll see a difference in her in the morning."

We went into the room. Alvean was lying on her back, looking very ill, poor child; but she gave us a wan smile. "Hello, Miss," she said. "Hello, Aunt Celestine."

Celestine knelt by the bed, took her hand and covered it with kisses. I stood on the other side of the bed and the child's eyes were on me.

"I didn't do it," she said.

"Well, it was a good try."

Connan was standing at the foot of the bed.

I went on: "Your father was proud of you."

"He'll think I was silly," she said.

"No, he doesn't," I cried vehemently.

Connan came round to the side of the bed and stood beside me.

"He's proud of you," I said. "He told me so. He said it didn't matter that you fell. He said all that matters was that you tried; and you'll do it next time."

"Did he? Did he?"

"Yes, he did," I cried. And there was an angry note in my voice because he still said nothing and the child was waiting for him to confirm my words.

Then he spoke. "You did splendidly, Alvean. I *was* proud of you."

A faint smile touched those pale lips. Then she murmured, "Miss . . . oh, Miss . . ." And then: "Don't go away, will you? Don't *you* go away."

I sank down on my knees. I took her hand and kissed it. The tears were on my cheeks. I cried, "I'll stay, Alvean. I'll stay with you always."

I looked up and saw Celestine watching me from the other side of the bed. I was aware of Connan, standing beside me. Then I amended those words, and the governess in me spoke. "I'll stay as long as I'm wanted," I said firmly.

Alvean was satisfied.

When she was sleeping we left her, and as I was about to go to my room Connan said, "Come into my library a moment with us, Miss Leigh. The doctor wants to discuss the case with you."

So I went into his library with him, Celestine and the doctor, and we talked of the nursing of Alvean.

Celestine said, "I shall come over every day. In fact I wonder, Connan, whether I won't come over and stay while she's ill. It might make things easier."

"You ladies must settle that," answered Doctor Pengelly. "Keep the child amused. We don't want her getting depressed while those bones are knitting together."

Learn as if you were to live forever, live as if you were to die tomorrow.

GANDHI

"We'll keep her amused," I said. "Any special diet, doctor?"

"For a day or so, light invalid foods. Steamed fish, milk puddings, custards and so on. After a few days anything she wants."

I was almost gay, and this swift reversal of feeling made me slightly lightheaded.

I listened to the doctor's instructions and Connan's assurance that there was no need for Celestine to stay at the house. He was sure Miss Leigh would manage and it would be wonderfully comforting for Miss Leigh to know that in any emergency she could ask for Celestine's help.

"Well, Connan," said Celestine, "perhaps it's as well. People talk. And if I stayed here —— Oh, people are so ridiculous. But they are always ready to gossip."

I saw the point. If Celestine lived at Mount Mellyn, people would begin to couple her name with Connan's; whereas the fact that I, an employee of the same age, lived in the house aroused no comment. I was not of the same social standing.

Connan laughed and said, "How did you come over, Celeste?"

"I rode over on Speller."

"Right. I'll ride back with you."

"Oh, thank you, Connan. But I can go alone if you'd rather ——"

"Nonsense! I'm coming." He turned to me. "As for you, Miss Leigh, you look exhausted. I advise you to go to bed and have a good night's sleep."

I was sure I could not rest, and my expression must have implied this, for the doctor said, "I'll give you a draught, Miss Leigh. Take it five minutes before retiring. I think I can promise you a good night's sleep."

"Thank you," I said appreciatively, for I suddenly realized how exhausted I was.

I went to my room, where I found a supper tray waiting. It contained a wing of cold chicken, appetizing enough on most occasions, but tonight I had no appetite. I toyed with it for a while and ate a few mouthfuls, but I was too upset to eat.

I thought it would be an excellent idea to take Doctor Pengelly's sleeping draught and retire for the night. I was about to do so when there was a knock on my door.

"Come in," I called, and Mrs. Polgrey came. She looked distraught. *No wonder*, I thought. *Who in this household isn't?*

"It's terrible," she began.

But I cut in quickly: "She'll be all right, Mrs. Polgrey. The doctor said so."

"Oh yes, I heard the news. It's Gilly, Miss. I'm worried about her."

"Gilly!"

"She didn't come back from the show, Miss. I haven't seen her since this afternoon."

"Oh, she's wandering about somewhere, I expect. I wonder if she saw ——"

"I can't understand it, Miss. I can't understand her being at the show. She'm afeared of going near the horses. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard she was there. And now . . . she's not come in."

"But she does wander off alone, doesn't she?"

"Yes, but she'll always be in for her tea. I don't know what can have become of her."

"Has the house been searched?"

"Yes, Miss. I've looked everywhere. Kitty and Daisy have helped me. So's Polgrey. The child's not in the house."

I said, "I'll come and help look for her."

So instead of going to bed I joined in the search for Gillyflower.

I was worried, because on this day of tragedy I was prepared for anything to happen. I visualized a thousand things. I thought Gilly might have wandered onto the beach and been caught by the tide, and I pictured her little body thrown up by the waves in Mellyn Cove as her mother's had been eight years ago. That was morbid. No, Gilly had gone wandering and had fallen asleep somewhere.

I nevertheless made my way to the woods, calling "Gilly! Gilly!" as I went; and the mist, which was rising again with the coming of evening, seemed to catch my voice and muffle it as though it were in cotton wool.

I searched those woods thoroughly because my intuition told me that she was there, and that she was not lost but hiding. I was right. I came across her lying in a clearing surrounded by small conifers.

"Gilly!" I called. "Gilly!" As soon as she heard my voice she sprang to her feet. She was poised to run, but she hesitated when I called to her, "Gilly, it's all right. I'm here all alone and I won't hurt you."

She looked like a wild fairy child, her extraordinary white hair hanging damply about her shoulders.

"Why, Gilly," I said, "you'll catch cold, lying on that damp grass. Why are you hiding, Gilly?"

Her big eyes watched my face, and I knew that it was fear of something which had driven her to this refuge. *If only she would talk to me!* I thought. *If only she would explain.*

"Gilly," I said, "we're friends. You know that. I'm your friend—as Madam was."

She nodded and the fear slipped from her face. I thought, *She has seen me in Alice's riding clothes and in her confused little mind she has bracketed us together in some way.*

I put my arm about her. Her dress was damp and I could see the mist on her pale brows and lashes.

"Why, Gilly, you are cold."

She allowed me to cuddle her. I said, "Come on, Gilly, we're going back. Your grandmamma is very anxious. She is wondering what has become of you."

She allowed me to lead her from the clearing, but I was aware of the reluctant drag of her feet.

I kept my arm firmly about her, and said, "You were at the horse show this afternoon."

She turned and buried her face against me, her little hands gripped the cloth of my dress. Then, in a flash of understanding, I began to see what had happened. This child, like Alvean, was terrified of horses. Of course she was. Had she not been almost trampled to death by one?

I believed that, as Alvean had been suffering from temporary shock, so was this child; but the shock which had come to her was of longer duration. She had never known anyone who had been able to help her fight the darkness which had descended upon her.

In that misty wood I felt like a woman who has a mission. I was not going to turn my face from a poor child who needed help. This afternoon she had seen Alvean beneath a horse's hoofs as she herself had been—after all, it had happened only four years ago.

At that moment I heard the sound of horse's hoofs in the wood, and I shouted, "Hello, I've found her."

"Hello! Coming, Miss Leigh." And I was exhilarated—almost unbearably so—because that was Connan's voice.

I guessed that he had returned from Mount Widden to discover that Gilly was lost, and that he had joined the search party. He came into sight and Gilly shrank closer to me, keeping her face hidden.

"She's here," I called. He came close to us and I went on: "She is exhausted, poor child. Take her up with you."

He leaned forward to take her, but she cried out, "No! No!"

He was astonished to hear her speak, but I was not.

I said, "Gilly, go up there with the master. I'll walk beside you and hold your hand."

She shook her head.

I went on: "Look! This is May Morning. She wants to carry you, because she knows you're tired."

Gilly's eyes turned to look at May Morning, and in the fear I saw there was the clue.

"Take her," I said to Connan, and he stooped and swung her up in his arms and set her in front of him.

She tried to fight, but I kept talking to her soothingly. "You're safe up there. And we'll get back more quickly. You'll find a nice bowl of bread and milk waiting for you, and then there'll be your warm cozy bed. I'll hold your hand all the time and walk beside you."

She no longer struggled, but kept her hand in mine.

And so ended that strange day, with myself and Connan bringing in the lost child.

When she was lifted from the horse and handed to her grandmother, Connan gave me a smile which I thought was infinitely charming. That was because it held none of the mockery which I had seen hitherto.

I went to my room, exultation wrapped about me as the mist wrapped itself about the house. It was tinged with melancholy, but the joy was so strong that the mingling of my feelings was difficult to understand.

I knew, of course, what had happened. Today had made it very clear. I had done a foolish thing—perhaps the most foolish thing I had ever done in my life. I had fallen in love for the first time, and with someone who was quite out of my world. I was in love with the master of Mount Mellyn, and I had an uneasy feeling that he might be aware of it.

The next few weeks were the happiest I had so far spent in Mount Mellyn. It soon became clear that Alvean had suffered no great harm. I was delighted to find that she had lost none of her keenness for riding and asked eager questions about Black Prince's slight injuries, taking it for granted that she would soon ride him again.

We resumed school after the first week; she was pleased to do so. I taught her to play chess, and she picked up the game with astonishing speed; and if I handicapped myself by playing without my queen she was even able to checkmate me.

But it was not only Alvean's progress which made me so happy. It was the fact that Connan was in the house, and would appear in Alvean's room with books and puzzles which he thought would be of interest to her.

In the first days I said to him, "There is one thing that pleases her more than all the presents you bring; that is your own company."

He answered, "What an odd child she must be to prefer me to a book or a game."

I smiled at him and he returned my smile; and again I was aware of that change in his expression.

Sometimes he would sit and watch our game of chess. Then he would range himself on Alvean's side against me. I would protest and demand that I be allowed to have my queen back.

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Alvean would sit smiling, and he would say, 'Look, Alvean. We'll put our bishop there, and that'll make our dear Miss Leigh look to her defenses."

Alvean would giggle and throw me a triumphant glance, and I would be so happy to be with the two of them that I grew almost careless and nearly lost the game. But not quite. I never forgot that between Connan and me there was a certain battle in progress and I always wanted to prove my mettle.

He said one day, "When Alvean's movable we'll drive over to Fowey and have a picnic."

"Why go to Fowey," I asked, "when we have a perfect picnic beach here?"

"My dear Miss Leigh"—he had acquired a habit of calling me his dear Miss Leigh—"do you not know that other people's beaches are more exciting than one's own?"

"Oh yes, papa," cried Alvean. "Do let's have a picnic."

She was so eager to get well for the picnic that she ate all the food which was brought to her and talked of the expedition continually. Doctor Pengelly was delighted; so were we all.

I said to Connan one day, "But you are the real cure. You have made her so happy, because at last you let her see that you are aware of her existence."

Then he did a surprising thing. He took my hand and lightly kissed my cheek. It was very different from that kiss which he had given me in the night of the ball. This was swift, friendly, passionless yet affectionate.

"No," he said, "it is you who are the real cure, my dear Miss Leigh." I thought he was going to say something more. But he did not. Instead he left me abruptly.

I did not forget Gilly. I determined to fight for her as I had for Alvean, and I thought the best way of doing so was to speak to Connan about it. He was in that mood, I believed, to grant me what I asked.

I boldly went down to the punch room, when I knew he was there one morning, and asked if I might speak to him.

"But of course, Miss Leigh," he replied. "It is always a pleasure to speak with you."

I came straight to the point. "I want to do something for Gilly."

"Yes?"

"I do not believe she is half-witted. I think no one has made any attempt to help her. I have heard about her accident. Before that, I understand, she was quite a normal little girl. Don't you see that it might be possible to make her normal once again?"

I saw a return of that mockery to his eyes as he said lightly, "I believe that as with God, so with Miss Leigh, all things are possible."

I ignored the flippancy. "I am asking your permission to give her lessons."

"My dear Miss Leigh, does not the pupil you came here to teach take up all your time?"

"I have a little spare time, Mr. TreMellyn. Even governesses have that. I would be ready to teach Gilly in my own time—provided, of course, you do not expressly forbid it."

"If I forbade you I am sure you would find some way of doing it, so I think it would be simpler if I say, 'Go ahead. I wish you all success.'"

"Thank you," he said, and turned to go.

"Miss Leigh," he called, "let us go on that picnic soon. I could carry Alvean if necessary to and from the carriage."

"That would be excellent, Mr. TreMellyn. I'll tell her at once. I know it will delight her."

"And you, Miss Leigh, does it delight you?"

For a moment I thought he was coming toward me and I started back. I was afraid that he would place his hands on my shoulders and that at his touch I might betray myself.

I said coolly, "Anything which is going to be good for Alvean delights me, Mr. TreMellyn."

And I hurried back to Alvean to tell her the good news.

So the weeks passed—pleasurable, wonderful weeks which I sometimes felt could never be repeated.

I had taken Gilly to the schoolroom and I had even managed to teach her a few letters. She delighted in pictures and quickly became absorbed in them. I believed she enjoyed our lessons, for she would present herself at the schoolroom each day at the appointed time.

She had been heard to speak a few words now and then and I knew that the whole household was watching the experiment with interest.

When Alvean was well enough to take lessons in the schoolroom I should have to be prepared for opposition. Alvean's aversion to Gilly was apparent. I had brought the child into the sickroom on one occasion and Alvean had immediately become sulky. I thought, *When she is quite well I shall have to reconcile her to Gilly.* But that was one of the problems of the future.

There were plenty of visitors for Alvean. Celestine was there every day. She brought fruit and other presents. Peter came and she was always pleased to see him.

Once he said to her, "Do you not think I am a devoted uncle to call and see you so often, Alvean?"

She retorted, "Oh, but you don't come to see me only, Uncle Peter. You come mainly for Miss."

He replied in characteristic style: "I come to see you both. How fortunate I am to have two such charming ladies on whom to call."

Lady Treslyn called with expensive books and flowers, but Alvean received her sullenly and would scarcely speak to her.

"She is an invalid still, Lady Treslyn," I explained; and the smile which was flashed upon me almost took my breath away, so beautiful was it.

"Of course I understand," Lady Treslyn told me. "Poor child! Mr. TreMellyn tells me that she has been brave and you have been wonderful. I tell him how lucky he is to have found such a treasure. 'They are not easy to come by,' I said. I reminded him of how my last cook walked out in the middle of a dinner party. She was another such treasure."

I bowed my head and hated her—not because she had linked me in her mind with her cook, but because she was so beautiful, and I knew that rumors persisted about her and Connan and I feared that there was truth in them.

Connan seemed different when this woman was in the house. I felt that he scarcely saw me. I heard the sounds of their laughter and wondered sadly what they said to each other. I saw them in the gardens and told myself there was an unmistakable intimacy in the very way they walked together.

Then I realized what a fool I had been, for I had been harboring thoughts which I would not dare express, even to myself.

I dared not look into the future.

Celestine one day suggested that she should take Alvean over to Mount Widden for the day. "It would be a change," she said. "Connan, you shall come to dinner and you can bring her back afterward."

He agreed to do so. I was disappointed not to be included in the invitation, which showed what a false picture I had allowed myself to make of the situation during these incredible weeks. Imagine myself—the governess—invited to dine at Mount Widden!

I laughed at my own foolishness, but there was a note of bitterness and sadness. It was like waking up to a chilly morning after weeks of sunshine; it was like the first gathering of storm clouds in a summer sky.

Connan drove Alvean over in the carriage and I was left alone, for the first time since I arrived here without any duties.

I gave Gilly her lesson, but I did not believe in taxing the child too much, and when I had returned her to her grandmother I wondered what I was going to do.

Then an idea struck me. Why should I not go for a ride, a long ride? Perhaps on the moor.

I immediately remembered that day when Alvean and I had ridden to her Great-Aunt Clara. I began to feel rather excited. I thought, *Great-Aunt Clara will want to hear how Alvean is getting on. In any case, she treated me with the utmost friendliness and made it clear that I should be welcome any time.* Of course it would be different, calling without Alvean, but then I believed that she had been more interested to talk to me than to the child. So I made up my mind.

I went to Mrs. Polgrey and said, "Alvean will be away all day. I propose to take a holiday."

Mrs. Polgrey had become very fond of me since I had taken such an interest in Gilly. She really did love the child, I believed. It was merely because she had assumed that Gilly's strangeness had been the price which had to be paid for her parents' sins that she had accepted her as *non compos mentis.*

"And none deserves a holiday more, Miss," she said. "Where are you going?"

"I think I'll go on the moor. I'll take luncheon at an inn."

"Do you think you should, Miss, by yourself?"

I smiled. "I am very well able to take care of myself, Mrs. Polgrey."

"Well, there be bogs on the moor and mists and the little people, some say."

"Little people indeed!"

"Ah, don't 'ee laugh at 'em, Miss. They don't like people to laugh at 'em. There's some as say they've seen 'em. Little gnomelike men in sugar-loaf hats. If they don't like 'ee they'll lead 'ee astray with their fairy lanterns, and afore you knows where you be you'm in the middle of a bog that sucks 'ee down and won't let 'ee go however much you do struggle."

I gave a shiver. "I'll be careful, and I wouldn't dream of offending the little people. If I meet any I'll be very polite."

"You'm mocking, Miss, I do believe."

"I'll be all right, Mrs. Polgrey. Don't have any fears about me."

I went to the stables and asked Tapperty which horse I could have.

"There's May Morning, if you'd like her. She be free."

I told him I was going to the moor. "A good chance to see the country," I added.

"Trust you, Miss. Baint much you miss." And he laughed as though enjoying some private joke. "You be going with a companion, Miss?" he asked slyly.

I said that I was going alone, but I could see that he did not believe me.

I felt rather angry because I guessed that his thoughts were on Peter Nansellock. I believed that my name had been coupled with his since he had been so foolish as to send Jacinth over for me.

I wondered, too, if my growing friendship with Connan had been noted. I was horrified at the possibility. Oddly enough, I could bear to contemplate their sly remarks, which I was sure were exchanged out of my hearing, about Peter and me; it would be a different matter if they talked in that way of me and Connan.

How ridiculous! I told myself as I walked May Morning out of the stables and down to the village. *There is nothing to talk about between you and Connan. . . . But there is,* I answered myself; and I fell to thinking of those two occasions when he had kissed me.

I looked across the cove at Mount Widden. Wistfully, I hoped that I should meet Connan coming back. I didn't, of course. But I continued to hope until I had left the village behind and came to the first gray wall and boulders of the moor.

It was a sparkling December morning and there were great golden patches of gorse dotted over the moor.

I could smell the peaty soil. The wind, which had veered a little to the north, was fresh and exhilarating.

I wanted to gallop across the moor with that wind in my face. I gave way to my desire and, while I did so, imagined that Connan was riding beside me. In this moorland country it was possible to believe in fantastic dreams. As some told themselves that these tracts were inhabited by the little people, so I told myself that it was not impossible that Connan TreMellyn would fall in love with me.

At midday I arrived at The House on the Moor. It was very like that other occasion; the elderly housekeeper came out to welcome me and I was taken into Great-Aunt Clara's sitting room.

"Good day to you, Miss Leigh! And all alone today?"

So no one had told her of Alvean's accident. I was astonished. I should have thought Connan would have sent someone to explain, since the old lady was obviously interested in her grandniece. I told her about the accident and she looked very concerned. I hastily added that Alvean was getting on well and would soon be about again.

"But you must be in need of some refreshment, Miss Leigh," she said. "Let us have a glass of my elderberry wine; and will you stay to luncheon?"

I said it was most kind of her to invite me and I should be delighted to do so.

We sipped our elderberry wine, and once more I was conscious of that heady feeling

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From our Cover





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2 lbs. lamb* stew meat, boned and cubed
2 tablesp. flour
1 teasp. salt
⅛ teasp. pepper
¼ teasp. chili powder (optional)
3 tablesp. pure vegetable oil, such as Wesson
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
2 cups water
½ teasp. salt
1 bay leaf
4 carrots, quartered
8 small onions
½ lb. cut string beans
2 cups mashed potatoes, homemade or instant

**You may substitute beef, if you like.*

Wipe meat with a damp cloth. Mix flour, 1 teasp. salt, pepper and chili powder, and roll meat in this mixture; brown in hot oil. Pour off excess oil. Mix Hunt's Tomato Sauce, water, ½ teasp. salt and bay leaf. Pour over meat and simmer, covered, for 1¼ hours. Add vegetables, and cook 30 minutes longer, or until vegetables are tender. Pour stew into 2-quart greased casserole. Spoon mashed potatoes around outside rim. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 15 minutes. Makes 5 to 6 servings. If you make Shepherd's Pie a day ahead, add mashed potatoes before final heating. Follow with a light dessert, such as fruit.

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which I had experienced after her dandelion wine on the previous occasion. Luncheon consisted of mutton with caper sauce exceedingly well cooked and served. Afterward we retired to the drawing room for what she called a little chat.

This was what I had been hoping for, and I was not to be disappointed.

"Tell me," she said, "how is dear little Alvean? Is she happier now?"

"Why . . . yes, I think she is much happier. In fact, I think she has been more so since her accident. Her father has been so attentive, and she is so fond of him."

"Ah," said Great-Aunt Clara, "her father." She looked at me, and her bright blue eyes showed excitement. I knew she was one of those women who cannot resist talking; and since she spent so much of her time with only her own household, the coming of a visitor was an irresistible temptation.

I was determined to make the temptation even more irresistible. I said tentatively, "There is not the usual relationship between them, I fancy."

There was a slight pause, and then she said quickly, "No. I suppose it is inevitable."

I did not speak. I waited, afraid that she might change her mind. She was hovering on the edge of confidences.

"I sometimes blame myself," she said, as though talking to herself. Indeed, her blue eyes looked beyond me as though she were looking back over the years and was quite unconscious of my presence. "The question is," she went on, "how much should one interfere in the lives of others?"

It was a question which had often interested me. I had certainly tried to interfere in the lives of the people I had met since I entered Mount Mellyn.

"Alice was with me after the engagement," she went on. "Everything could have changed then. But I persuaded her. You see, I thought *he* was the better man."

She was being a little incoherent, and I was afraid to ask her to elucidate lest I break the spell. She might remember that she was betraying confidences to a young woman who was more curious than she should be.

"I wonder what would have happened if she had acted differently then. Do you ever play that game with yourself, Miss Leigh? Do you ever say, now if at a certain point I—or someone else—had done such-and-such, the whole tenor of life for that person would have changed?"

"Yes," I said. "Everybody does. You think that things would have been different for your niece and for Alvean?"

"Oh, yes. For her—Alice—more than most. She had come to a turning point. A crossroads, one might say. Go this way and you have such-and-such a life. Go that way and everything will be quite different. It frightens me, because if she had turned to the right instead of the left—as it were—she might be here today. After all, if she had married Geoffrey there would not have been any need to run away with him, would there?"

"I see you were in her confidence."

"Indeed yes. I'm afraid I had quite a big part in shaping what happened. That's what alarms me. Did I do right?"

"I am sure you did what you thought was right, and that is all any of us can do. You loved your niece very much, did you not?"

"Very much. My children were boys, you see, and I'd always wanted a girl. Alice used to come and play with my family—three boys and no girl. I didn't live in this house then. We were in Penzance. Alice's parents had a big estate some few miles inland. That's her husband's now, of course. She had a good fortune to bring to a husband. In any case, they were set on the marriage with the TreMellyns."

"So that was *arranged*."

"Yes. Alice's father was dead, and her mother—she was my sister—had always been very fond of Connan TreMellyn; the elder, I mean. They wanted their children to marry. They were betrothed when Connan was twenty and Alice eighteen. The marriage was to take place a year later."

"So it was a marriage of convenience."

"How odd it is! Marriages of convenience often turn out to be marriages of inconvenience, do they not? They thought it would be a good idea if she came to stay with me. You see, I was within a few hours' riding distance from Mount Mellyn, and the young people could meet often like that—without her staying at the house."

"And I suppose Mr. TreMellyn rode over to see her often."

"Yes. But not as often as I should have expected. I began to suspect that they were not as well matched as their fortunes were."

"Tell me about Alice," I said earnestly. "What sort of girl was she?"

"How can I explain her to you? The word 'light' comes to my mind. She was lighthearted, light-minded. I do not mean she was light in her morals—which is a sense in which some people use the word. Although of course, after what happened —— But who shall judge? You see, he came over here to paint. He did some beautiful pictures of the moors."

"Who? Connan TreMellyn?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Geoffrey. Geoffrey Nansellock. He was an artist of some reputation. Did you not know that?"

"No," I said. "I know nothing of him except that he was killed with Alice last July twelvemonth."

"He came over here often while she was with me. In fact, he came more often than Connan did. I began to understand how matters stood. They would go off together and he'd have his painting things with him. She used to say she was going to watch him at work. She would be a painter herself, perhaps, one day. But of course it was not painting they did together."

If you want to be thought a liar, always tell the truth.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

"They were . . . in love?" I asked.

"I was rather frightened when she told me. You see, there was going to be a child."

I caught my breath in surprise. *Alvean*, I thought. No wonder he could not bring himself to love her. No wonder my statement that she possessed artistic talent upset him and Celestine.

"She told me two weeks before the day fixed for her wedding. She said, 'What shall I do, Aunt Clara? Shall I marry Geoffrey?'

"I said, 'Does Geoffrey want to marry you, my dear?' And she answered, 'He would have to, would he not, if I told him.'

"I know now that she should have told him. It was only right that she should. But her marriage was already arranged. Alice was an heiress, and I wondered whether Geoffrey had hoped for this. You see, the Nansellocks had very little and Alice's fortune would have been a blessing to them. I wondered . . . as one does wonder. He had a certain reputation too. I did not think she would be happy with him."

There was silence, and I felt as though vital parts of a puzzle were being fitted together to give my picture meaning.

"I remember her . . . that day," the old lady continued. "It was in this very room. She talked to me about it—unburdening herself as I'm unburdening myself to you. It's been on my conscience for the last year—ever since she died. She said, 'What shall I do, Aunt Clara? Help me. Tell me what I should do.'

"And I said, 'There's only one thing you can do, my dear. That is go on with your marriage to Connan TreMellyn. You're betrothed to him. You must forget what happened with Geoffrey Nansellock.' And she said, 'Aunt Clara, how can I forget? There'll be a living reminder, won't there?' Then I did this terrible thing. I said, 'You must marry. Your child will be born prematurely.' Then she threw back her head and laughed and laughed. It was hysterical laughter. Poor Alice, she was near the breaking point."

Great-Aunt Clara sat back in her chair. She was a little frightened because she was wondering whether she had told me too much.

I said nothing. I was picturing it all: the wedding which would have been a ceremonial

occasion; the death of Alice's mother almost immediately afterward; and Connan's father had died the following year. The marriage had been to please them and they had not lived long to enjoy it. And Alice was left with Connan—my Connan—and Alvean, the child of another man.

The situation was fraught with drama. *And yet*, I thought, *what good can come of brooding on it? Alice is dead; Alvean and Connan are alive*. If they were wise they would try to make happiness for each other in the future.

"Oh, my dear," sighed Great-Aunt Clara, "how I talk!" A little fear crept into her voice. "I have talked too much and you, Miss Leigh, have played no part in all this. I trust you will keep what I have said to yourself."

"You may trust me to do so," I assured her.

"I knew it. I would not have told you otherwise. But in any case, it is all so long ago. I think about it sometimes during the night. It might have been right for her to marry Geoffrey. Perhaps she thought so, and that was why she tried to run away with him. To think of them on that train! It seems like the judgment of God, doesn't it?"

"No," I said sharply. "There were many other people on that train who were killed. They weren't all on the point of leaving their husbands with other men."

"How right you are! I knew you had lots of common sense. And you don't think I did wrong?"

"You must not blame yourself," I said. "Whatever you did, you did because you thought it was best for her. And we, after all, make our own destinies. I am sure of that."

"You do comfort me, Miss Leigh. You will stay and have tea with me, won't you?"

"It is kind of you, but I think I should be back before dark."

"Oh, yes, you must be back before dark. Miss Leigh, when Alvean is well enough, you will bring her over to see me?"

"I promise I shall."

"And if you yourself feel like coming over before that ——"

"Depend upon it, I shall come. You have given me a very pleasant and interesting time."

The fear came back into her eyes. "You will remember it was in confidence?"

I reassured her. I knew that this charming old lady's greatest pleasure in life must have been sharing confidences, telling a little more than was discreet.

She came to the door to wave me on when I left. "It's been so pleasant," she reiterated. "And don't forget." She put her finger to her lips and her eyes sparkled.

I imitated the gesture and, waving, rode off.

I was very thoughtful on the way home. This day I had learned so much.

I was nearly at Mellyn village when the thought struck me that Gilly was Alvean's half sister. I felt a great desire to help them all out of this morass of tragedy into which Alice's indiscretion had plunged them.

I can do it, I told myself. *I will do it.*

Then I thought of Connan with Lady Treslyn, and was filled with disquiet. What absurd and impossible dreams I was indulging in. What chance had I—the governess—of showing Connan the way to happiness?

Christmas was rapidly approaching and it brought all that excitement which I remembered so well from the old days in my father's vicarage.

Kitty and Daisy were constantly whispering together. Mrs. Polgrey said they nearly drove her crazy and their work was more skimped than usual. She went about the house sighing "Nowadays ——" and shaking her head. But even she was excited.

I began to think about Christmas presents and made a little list. There must be something for Phillida and her family, and Aunt Adelaide, but I was mainly concerned with the people at Mount Mellyn. I had a little money to spend, as I had saved most of what I had earned since I had taken my post.

One day I went into Plymouth and did my shopping. I went on Royal Rover and left him at a well-known hostelry where he would be looked after until I was ready to return.

I bought books for Phillida and her family and had them sent direct to her. I bought a scarf for Aunt Adelaide and that was sent too. I spent a long time choosing what I would give the Mellyn household. Finally I decided on scarves for Kitty and Daisy, red and green which would suit them; and a blue one for Gilly to match her eyes. For Mrs. Polgrey I bought a bottle of whisky, which I was sure would delight her more than anything else, and for Alvean some handkerchiefs in many colors, with A embroidered on them.

I was pleased with my purchases. I was beginning to grow as excited about Christmas as Daisy and Kitty were.

The weather continued mild and on Christmas Eve I helped Mrs. Polgrey and the girls to decorate the great hall and some of the other rooms.

The men had been out the previous day and brought in ivy, holly, box and bay. I was shown how the pillars in the great hall were entwined with these leaves and Daisy and Kitty taught me to make Christmas bushes. I had never before heard of a Christmas bush. We took two wooden hoops—one inserted into the other—and this ball-like framework we decorated with evergreen leaves and furze; then we hung oranges and apples on it and I must say this made a pretty show. These we hung in some of the windows.

The biggest logs were carried in for the fireplaces, and the house was filled with laughter, while the servants' hall was decorated in exactly the same manner as the great hall.

"We do have our ball here while the family be having theirs," Daisy told me. And I wondered to which ball I should go. Perhaps to neither. A governess' position was somewhere in between, I supposed.

"My life!" cried Daisy. "I can scarcely wait for the day. Last Christmas was a quiet one—had to be on account of the house being in mourning. But we in the servants' hall managed pretty well. There was dash-an-darras and metheglin to drink, and Mrs. Polgrey's sloe gin had to be tasted to be believed. There was mutton and beef, I remember, and hog's



No jam tastes like the kind you make yourself!

Easy! Thrifty! No failures—and only one-minute boil with Certo or Sure-Jell!



Sure-Jell and Certo are brands of pectin . . . the fruit substance that causes jelling. The amount of pectin in fruits varies—so Sure-Jell or Certo takes the guesswork out of jam and jelly with package and bottle.



Recipe: Strawberrry Jam. Crush 2 quarts fully ripe berries. Mix 4½ cups prepared fruit in large saucepan with 1 box powdered Sure-Jell. (Or use liquid Certo—recipe on bottle.) Stir over high heat until mixture comes to boil.



Stir in 7 cups sugar at once. Bring to full rolling boil; then boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. This short boil time means less juice boils away. So you get up to 50% higher yield—and *fresher flavor!* So much better than jam you can buy!



Remove from heat; alternately stir and skim foam for 5 min. Ladle into 11 medium jars. Cover with paraffin. Sure-Jell and Certo are recommended by General Foods Kitchens.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

pudding. No feast in these parts ain't complete without hog's pudding. You ask father!"

All through Christmas Eve the smell of baking filled the kitchen and its neighborhood. Tapperty, with Billy Trehay and some of the boys from the stables, came to the door just to smell it. Mrs. Tapperty was up at the house all day working in the kitchen. I scarcely recognized the usually calm and dignified Mrs. Polgrey. She was bustling about, her face flushed, stirring and talking ecstatically of pies which bore the odd names of squab and lammy, giblet, muggety and herby.

I was called in to help. "Do 'ee keep your eye on that saucepan, Miss, and should it come to the boil tell I quickly." Mrs. Polgrey's dialect became more and more broad as the excitement grew, and I could scarcely understand the language which was being bandied about in the kitchen.

I was smiling fatuously at a batch of pasties which had just come out of the oven, golden brown pastry with the smell of savory meats and onions, when Kitty came in shouting, "Ma'am, the curl singers be here."

"Well, bring 'em, bring 'em in, ye daftie," cried Mrs. Polgrey, forgetting dignity in the excitement and wiping her hand across her sweating brow. "What be 'ee waiting for? Don't 'ee know, me dear, that it be bad luck to keep curl singers waiting?"

I followed her into the hall where a company of village youths and girls had gathered. They were already singing when we arrived, and I understood that the curl singers were what were known in other parts of the country as carol singers.

They rendered "The Seven Joys of Mary," "The Holly and the Ivy," "The Twelve Days of Christmas" and "The First Noel." We all joined in.

Then the leader of the group began to sing:

"Come let me taste your Christmas beer
That is so very strong,
And I do wish that Christmastime,
With all its mirth and song,
Was twenty times as long."

Then Mrs. Polgrey signed to Daisy and Kitty, who were already on their way to bring refreshment to the party after this gentle reminder.

Metheglin was served to the singers with blackberry and elderberry wine, and into their hands were thrust great pasties, some containing meat, some fish. The satisfaction was evident.

When they had finished eating and drinking, bowl—which was tied with red ribbons and decorated with furze—was handed to Mrs. Polgrey, who very majestically placed some coins into it.

When they had gone Daisy said, "Well, now that lot have come agooding, what's to be next?"

She delighted in my ignorance, of course, when I had to ask what agooding meant.

"My dear life, you don't know all, Miss, do 'ee now. To go agooding means to go collecting for Christmas wine or a Christmas cake. What else?"

I realized I had a great deal to learn about the habits of the Cornish, but I did feel I was enjoying their way of celebrating Christmas.

"Oh, Miss, I forgot to tell 'ee," cried Daisy. "There be a parcel in your room. I took it up just afore them come agooding, and forgot to tell 'ee till now." She was surprised because I lingered. "A parcel, Miss! Don't 'ee want to see what it is?"

I realized that I had been in a dream. I felt that I wanted to stay here forever, and learn all the customs of this part of the world. I wanted to make it my part of the world.

I shook myself out of that dream. *What you really want,* I told myself, *is some fairy-tale ending to your story. You want to be the mistress of Mount Mellyn. Why not admit it?*

I went up to my room, and there I found Phillida's parcel. I took out a shawl of black silk on which was embroidered a pattern in green and amber. There was also an amber comb of the Spanish type. I stuck the comb in my hair and wrapped the shawl about me. I was startled by my reflection. I looked exotic, more like a Spanish dancer than an English governess.

There was something else in the parcel. I undid it quickly and saw that it was a dress—one of Phillida's which I had greatly admired. It was of green silk, the same shade as the shawl. A letter fell out:

Dear Marty: How is the governessing? Your last letter sounded as though you found it intriguing. I believe your Alvean is a little horror. Spoilt child, I'll swear. Are they treating you well? It sounded as if that side of it was not too bad.

The shawl and comb are my Christmas gift. I hope you like them because I spent a lot of time choosing.

I am wondering whether you'll be sitting down to dine with the family this Christmas or presiding in the servants' hall. I'm sure it will be the former. They couldn't help but ask you.

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

By SUZANNE DOUGLASS

The first child's just a baby
Who mustn't be corrected.
He's much too young for
self-control;
It shouldn't be expected.

The first child's just a baby
Who can't tell right from wrong,
But how rapidly he ages
When the next child comes along.

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zip and zest in "cook-out" meals!



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ONE FAMOUS EMBLEM—TWO GREAT BRANDS

McCormick
Recipe of the Month

BARBECUE SAUCE
(Quick 'N' Easy To Make)

Combine 1 cup Ketchup, ½ cup wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and the following McCormick or Schilling products: 1 teaspoon Instant Minced Onion, ½ teaspoon Season-All, ¼ teaspoon Barbecue Spice and ⅛ teaspoon each Garlic Salt and Black Pepper. Mix well. Use to brush hamburgers, hot dogs, chicken or steak during grilling. Makes about 1½ cups.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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I shall want to hear all about the Christmas festivities. And, dear sister, when you're the fourteenth at the dinner table don't freeze likely suitors with a look or give them one of your clever retorts. Be a nice, gentle girl.

Happy Christmas, dear Marty, and do write soon. The children and William send their love. Mine to you also. PHILLIDA.

I felt rather emotional. Dear Phillida, her shawl and comb were beautiful, even if a little incongruous for someone in my humble position. And it was good of her to send the dress.

I was startled by a sudden cry. I spun round and saw Alvean at the door.

"Miss!" she cried. "So it's you!"

"Of course. Who did you think it was?"

"I've never seen you look like that, Miss. You look . . . pretty."

"Thank you, Alvean."

She was a little shaken. I knew who she had thought it was standing in my room. I was the same height as Alice, and if I were less slender that would not be obvious with the silk shawl round me.

Christmas Day was a day to remember all my life. I awoke to the sounds of excitement. The servants were laughing and talking below my window. I opened my eyes and thought: *Christmas Day.* And then: *My first Christmas at Mount Mellyn.*

I was out of bed when my hot water was brought up. Daisy scarcely stopped a moment, she was so full of excitement. "I be late, Miss, but there be so much to do. You'd better hurry or you'll not see the wassail. They'll be coming early. They know the family 'ull be off to church, so they mustn't be late."

NEXT MONTH

Romantic you, in a dress you made yourself

The girl in the Nina Ricci design is you for under $25! Picture yourself looking slim and Parisian in lace with a stole—or do you prefer the magnificent taffeta skirt topped with white organdy? Why not have all four breathtaking fashions Pattern Editor Nora O'Leary places at your skillful finger tips? Just in time for summer.

She had become a stranger to her husband

He looked at the other twin bed across the narrow aisleway. Janice's bed. Just a narrow strip of space between them—a narrow untraversed strip. "Continence," he thought, "is something you live with. You don't get used to it." Catharine Barrett's novella, "You Know How Women Are," is the story of a man who had a lot to learn.

Should breast lumps always be removed?

Where do secondary growths usually appear first when there is breast malignancy? Why are the best doctors cautious about rushing into breast biopsies? "Tell Me, Doctor" takes you step by step through a typical operation, from the moment when the gynecologist says, "We are going to take that lump out day after tomorrow. It is a little bigger than it was and a little more fixed in the surrounding tissue."

Pat Boone, are today's teenagers "GONE" on comfort?

That's a hard one for Pat to handle. He happens to think it a very important question because, as the Cooga-Mooga Kid points out, the life of someone we are all kin to depends on the answer. Uncle Sam, that's who. You'll get red-white-and-blue fever and chills when you read Pat's "Are You a Pioneer?"

Stay a little longer at the White House

Remember Mother Truman? There was an outspoken woman! But Bess Truman herself had a quiet way of prevailing, as ex-White-Housekeeper Mrs. Nesbitt appears to have found out. Alonzo Fields, presidential butler through many Administrations, carries his intimate guided tour of official chambers and kitchens through the important Truman years. "Looking Over the President's Shoulder."

Also, "How America Lives"; Dr. Spock on the care of handicapped children at home; gourmet recipes; expert beauty aid; "Making Marriage Work"; stories; poems; and ideas galore

IN THE JULY JOURNAL

There was no time to ask questions, so I ashed and dressed and took out my parcels. Alvean's had been put by her bed the previous ight.

I went to the window. The air was balmy nd I drew deep breaths and listened to the entle rhythm of the waves. They said nothing is morning; they merely swished contentedly. his was Christmas morning when for a day ll troubles, all differences might be shelved.

Alvean came to my room, carrying her embroidered handkerchiefs rather shyly. She aid, "Thank you, Miss. A happy Christmas!"

I put my arms about her and kissed her, and though she seemed a little embarrassed by is demonstration, she returned my kiss.

She had brought a brooch so like the silver hip I had given her that I thought for a moent that she was returning my gift.

"I got it from Mr. Pastern," she said. "I anted one as near mine as possible, but not o near, so that we shouldn't get them mixed p. Yours has a little engraving on the handle. ow we'll each have one when we go ridg."

I was delighted. She had not ridden since her ccident, and she could not have shown me ore clearly that she was ready to start again.

I said, "You could not have given me anying I should have liked better, Alvean."

She was very pleased, although she murured in an offhand way, "I'm glad you like Miss." Then she left me abruptly.

This, I told myself, *is going to be a wonderful ay. It's Christmas.*

My presents proved to be a great success. rs. Polgrey's eyes glistened at the sight of e whisky. As for Gilly, she was delighted ith her scarf. I suppose the poor child had ver had anything so pretty before. She kept roking it and staring at it in wonder. Daisy d Kitty were pleased with their scarves, too, d I felt I had been clever in my choice.

The wassail singers arrived and I heard their ices at the door of the great hall:

"*The master and mistress our wassail begin*
Pray open your door and let us come in
With our wassail, wassail, wassail.
And joy come to our jolly wassail."

They came into the hall and they, also, carried a bowl into which coins were dropped. All the servants crowded in, and as Connan entered the singing grew louder and the verse was repeated.

"*The master and the mistress* ——"

I thought, *Two years ago, Alice would have stood there with him. Does he remember?* He showed no sign. He sang with them and ordered that the stirrup cup, the dash-an-darras, be brought out with the saffron cake and pasties and gingerbread which had been made for the occasion.

He moved nearer to me. "Well, Miss Leigh," he said, "what do you think of a Cornish Christmas?"

"Very interesting."

"You haven't seen half yet."

"I should hope not. The day has scarcely begun."

"You should rest this afternoon."

"But why?"

"For the feasting this evening. Of course you will join us. Where else would you spend your Christmas Day? With the Polgreys? With the Tappertys?"

"I did not know. I wondered whether I was expected to hover between the great hall and the servants' hall."

"Oh, come, this is Christmas. Do not wonder whether you should be welcome or not—just come. By the way, I have not wished you a merry Christmas yet. I have something here—a little gift. A token of my gratitude, if you like. You have been so good to Alvean since her accident."

"But I have only done my duty as a governess."

"And that is something you would always do. I know it. Well, let's say this is merely to wish you a merry Christmas."

He had pressed a small object into my hand, and I was so overcome with pleasure that I felt it must show in my eyes and betray my feelings.

"You are very good to me," I said. "I had not thought ——"

He smiled and moved away to the singers. I had noticed Tapperty's eyes on us. I wondered whether he had seen the gift handed to me.

I wanted to be alone. The small case he had pressed into my hand was demanding to be opened. I slipped out of the hall and ran up to my room.

It was a small blue plush case, the sort which usually contained jewelry. I opened it. Inside, on oyster-colored satin, lay a brooch. It was in the form of a horseshoe, and it was studded with what could only be diamonds.

I stared at it in dismay. I could not accept such a valuable object. I must return it, of course.

I held it to the light and saw the flash of red and green in the stones. If it had been some small token I should have been so happy. I wanted to throw myself on my bed and weep.

I could hear Alvean calling, "Miss, it's time for church. Come on, Miss. The carriage is waiting to take us to church."

I hastily put the brooch into its box and put on my cape and bonnet as Alvean came into the room.

I saw him after church. He was going across to the stables and I called after him.

He hesitated, looked over his shoulder and smiled.

"Mr. TreMellyn, it is very kind of you," I said as I ran up to him, "but this gift is far too valuable for me to accept."

He put his head on one side and regarded me in the old mocking manner. "My *dear* Miss Leigh," he said lightly, "I am a very ignorant man, I fear. I have no notion how valuable a gift must be before it is acceptable."

I flushed hotly and stammered, "This is a very valuable ornament."

"I thought it so suitable. A horseshoe means luck, you know. And you have a way with horses, have you not?"

"I—I have no occasion to wear such a valuable piece of jewelry."

"I thought you might wear it to the ball tonight."

For a moment I had a picture of myself dancing with him. I should be wearing Phillida's green silk dress, which would compare favorably with those of his guests because Phillida had a way with clothes. I would wear my shawl, and my diamond brooch would be proudly flaunted on the green silk, because I treasured it so much, and I treasured it because he had given it to me.

"I feel I have no right."

"Oh," he murmured, "I begin to understand. You feel that I give the brooch in the same spirit as Mr. Nansellock offered Jacinth."

"So-o," I stammered, "you knew of that?"

"Oh, I know most things that go on here, Miss Leigh. You returned the horse. Very proper and what I would expect of you. Now the brooch is given in a different spirit. You have been good to Alvean, not only as a governess but as a woman. Do you know what I mean? There is more to the care of a child than arithmetic and grammar. You gave her that extra. The brooch belonged to Alvean's mother. It is a gift of appreciation from us both. Does that make it all right?"

I was silent for a few moments. Then I said, "Yes . . . that is different, of course. I accept the brooch. Thank you very much, Mr. TreMellyn."

He smiled at me—a smile I did not fully understand, because it seemed to hold many meanings. I was afraid to try to understand.

"Thank you," I murmured again and hurried back to the house.

I went to my room and took out the brooch. I pinned it on my dress, and immediately my lavender cotton took on a new look.

I would wear the diamonds tonight. I would go in Phillida's dress and my comb and shawl, and on my breast I would wear Alice's diamonds.

So on this strange Christmas Day I had a gift from Alice.

(*To Be Continued*)



CHOICE CHINESE RECIPES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

Though Americans have learned from the Chinese, the latter have also learned, from settling here, of efficient methods, new vegetables and meats. Today by teaming their age-old recipes with our myriad foods and modern equipment, the Chinese have created a new cuisine: Chinese-American cooking.

Beef, for example, a meat rarely used in the East because the cow was a revered beast of burden, assumes new elegance prepared in the Oriental manner. In Steak Kow, fork-tender sirloin is excitingly teamed with crunchy water chestnuts, celery cabbage and Chinese mushrooms. Another Anglicized contribution: fried chicken cooked à la Cantonese, a mellow blend of chicken, Chinese mushrooms and celery cabbage made aromatic of ginger root. And when given a sweet-tart treatment, even an old American favorite like pork chops wins new accolade. For a main dish that doubles nicely as an hors d'oeuvre, butterfly shrimp coupled with ham.

It's easy to integrate Chinese food into an American meal—as a matter of fact, we do it at home quite often. If you decide to make the Chinese dish the meat dish, you have only to prepare a salad and rice. For a savory potato substitute: pork-fried rice. There is no secret formula for serving a Chinese-American meal. Let your family be your guide—simply mix and match the cuisines for their enjoyment.

Here we offer you six recipes to try—all in the best Chinese-American tradition to be prepared with ease, served in elegance and eaten with acclaim.

Steak Kow

¼ cup Chinese mushrooms
4½ teaspoons salad oil
1½ teaspoons salt
1 pound sirloin steak, cut ½″ thick
2 cups sliced celery cabbage
⅓ cup sliced water chestnuts
⅓ cup sliced bamboo shoots
½ cup water
½ cup frozen peas
1 tablespoon oyster sauce or clam juice
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Dash pepper
1 teaspoon cornstarch mixed with 2 tablespoons cold water

Soak mushrooms in cold water to cover for about ½ hour. Drain and slice. Rub skillet with 1½ teaspoons salad oil and ½ teaspoon salt. Heat very hot. Fry steak quickly—2 minutes on each side. Remove and cut into 1″ squares. Heat skillet again with 1 tablespoon oil and 1 teaspoon salt. Add celery cabbage, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots and mushrooms. Stir and fry for 2 minutes. Add water and frozen peas. Cover and cook for 2 minutes. Add steak. Cover and cook 1 minute more. Stir in oyster sauce or clam juice, monosodium glutamate, pepper and cornstarch-water mixture. Cook ½ minute. Serve at once. Makes 4 servings.

Butterfly Shrimp

24 large shrimp, cleaned and split halfway through lengthwise
½ pound ham
6 strips bacon
½ cup flour
2 eggs, beaten
5 teaspoons butter
2 large onions, peeled and thinly sliced
½ teaspoon salt
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
1 cup water
¼ cup Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon tomato sauce
4 teaspoons cornstarch mixed with ½ cup cold water

Flatten each shrimp and top with a thin slice of ham measuring about 2½″ x 1″. Cut each bacon strip into 4 pieces; dip in batter made by combining flour and eggs and place over ham and shrimp. Sauté in 1 tablespoon butter 3–4 minutes on each side. Remove from skillet and keep warm. In the same skillet sauté onions, 3–4 minutes, stirring constantly. Arrange onions in serving dish and cover with fried shrimp. Heat 2 teaspoons butter in a skillet, add salt, and brown garlic. Now add water, Worcestershire sauce, sugar and tomato sauce. Mix well and bring to a boil. Gradually stir in cornstarch-water paste, cook until thickened and pour over shrimp. Makes 4–6 servings.

Roast Pork Fried Rice

¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg
¼ cup diced leftover roast pork
¼ cup diced onion
¼ cup bean sprouts
3 cups cooled, cooked rice
1 teaspoon soy sauce
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Dash pepper

Grease a skillet well, add salt and heat until very hot. Now add egg and scramble. Mix in the pork, onion, bean sprouts and rice. Stir and fry for 2 to 3 minutes. Season with soy sauce, monosodium glutamate and pepper. Cook and stir 1 more minute. Makes 4 servings.

Pork With Mushrooms

¾ pound boneless pork
1 tablespoon cooking sherry
[illegible]
teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Partially freeze pork and cut against the grain into *paper-thin* slices. Heat a well-greased skillet until very hot. Stir and fry pork for 2 minutes and at the same time sprinkle cooking sherry over meat. Mix together soy sauce, salt, monosodium glutamate, sugar, water and pepper and add along with the mushrooms. Bring to a boil. Now blend in cornstarch-water mixture and stir over low heat for 1 minute. Make[illegible]

Pork Chops à la Lee

1½ tablespoons salad oil
1½ teaspoons salt
4 pork chops, cut 1″ thick
1 tomato, peeled and diced
1 heart of celery, sliced
¼ cup sliced onion
1 cup sliced lettuce
½ cup water
¼ cup catchup
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons sugar
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Dash pepper
2 teaspoons cornstarch mixed with 3 tablespoons cold water

Heat ½ tablespoon salad oil and ½ teaspoon salt in a heavy skillet. Sauté pork chops 30–40 minutes or until done; remove, bone and cut into ½″ squares. Add 1 tablespoon oil and 1 teaspoon salt to the skillet and sauté tomato, heart of celery, onion and lettuce for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add ½ cup water, cover and cook 1 minute. Stir in meat and cook 1 more minute, covered. Now stir in catchup, Worcestershire sauce, sugar, monosodium glutamate, pepper and cornstarch-water paste. Cook, stirring, ½ minute longer. Makes 4 servings.

Fried Chicken Cantonese

½ cup Chinese mushrooms
1 broiling chicken, split
2 tablespoons soy sauce
¼ cup cooking sherry
Cooking oil or fat
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ginger or 8 thin slices ginger root
4 water chestnuts, sliced thin
½ cup bamboo shoots, cut into 1″ squares (or ½ cup drained, canned bamboo shoots)
1 cup celery cabbage cut diagonally into ½″ pieces
1 cup plus 6 tablespoons water
2 teaspoons cornstarch
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Soak mushrooms in cold water for ½ hour. Drain and slice into ⅛″ strips. Rub chicken with soy sauce and sherry. Let stand 10 minutes. Fry chicken in ½″ fat 5 minutes on each side or until done. Cool and remove bones. Cut meat into bite-sized pieces. Heat butter in a skillet until bubbly. Add salt, ginger, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, celery cabbage and mushrooms. Stir and cook for ½ minute. Now add 1 cup water, cover and cook 3 minutes. Mix together cornstarch, sugar, monosodium glutamate, pepper and 6 tablespoons cold water. Add to vegetable mixture, cook and stir for 1 minute. Place chicken in a serving dish and top with vegetables. Makes 4 servings.



Pyrex® gifts ...today's look for today's cook

Above, left to right:

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Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS

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you'd never invite me back." She smiled and the world smiled with her.

After a brief pause for a commercial for Cuffo ("Go everywhere. Do everything. On the cuff. We bill you just once a month."), they resumed, going into some of the semi-inside show-business talk for which the program was famous, and giving Monte the chance personally to guarantee that *The Sure Thing* was the *greatest* thing that had happened to Hollywood since *The Birth of a Nation.*

That out of the way, "Tell me, Julie," Monte said, "how did you become an actress in the first place? Were you like the rest of us? I mean, did you *always* want to get into show business?"

Julie Thomas' merry eyes twinkled, her lips curved into the suggestion of a smile, and good feeling sped across the air waves as the nation poised itself for her answer.

"Well, no. I wouldn't say that." The smile grew wider as she hesitated momentarily, thinking back. "You see, when I was getting out of high school, everybody was saying what college they were going to, or secretarial school, or to look for a job or something. And this wildly handsome boy said *he* was going to the School of Dramatic Art. And my mother didn't know what to do with me anyhow, so I persuaded her that I should be an actress and she sent *me* there." She broke into rippling laughter and everyone laughed along with her. She looked as cute as a kitten. You could tell why audiences loved her.

When the laughter quieted down, Monte commented on the strange things that set the pattern for one's life, and then barreled ahead with the next question. "What about the boy? Was he just a passing fancy or did something come of this?"

Julie was still laughing. "That's the best part," she told him. "He never even showed up at the school. He's probably a doctor or a lawyer or something with a wife and seven thousand kids."

"I know that girl from somewhere," Joe said.

"From the movies," Betty answered.

And then Monte and his guest were shaking hands and Monte was saying, "Julie, it was wonderful having you here, and I hope you'll come back soon and see us again. Will you?"

"I'd love to," Julie said. "I've really enjoyed it." There was wild applause as she started to move off stage and the camera closed in on Monte. Suddenly, with the unpredictability that was so great a part of his charm, he asked another question.

"By the way, did you ever see him again?"

The camera cut back to Julie just as she was about to step into the wings.

"Hey," Joe said, "that girl's got quite a figure!"

"Oh, I don't know," Betty said.

Julie was again facing the audience, a puzzled expression on her face. "What 'him'?" she asked.

"You know. The wildly handsome boy who lured you to the dramatic school."

"Oh, *him!* No, I never *did* see him again. I think about him every once in a while though. Joe Blaine! He was beautiful!" And then, with a sudden inspiration she waved directly at the camera and said, "Hiya, Joe. Keep in touch!"

As the camera again switched from Julie to Monte Madden, poised for his next commercial, there was a final explosion of laughter across the country. All across the country, that is, except in the Blaine house, where, for the first time, the Monte Madden Show had been abruptly cut off the air. After just one look at the dawning recognition in her husband's eyes, Betty had gone right over and flicked the switch.

Joe didn't even notice. "Did you hear that?" he yelled. "That must be that kid Julia Tommaso. I *thought* she looked familiar. How do you like that! A real movie star!"

He was already burrowing in the bookcase for his high-school yearbook when the phone rang. Betty took her eyes off the beast to whom she was bound in wedlock and picked up the receiver. It was Frank Curtis. "Hey," Frank said, "you watching the Madden show?"

"No," Betty said, speaking the literal truth. "Why? Are you making a survey?"

"This'll kill you." Frank laughed. "You know that Julie Thomas? The one in *The Sure Thing*?" He didn't wait for a reply. "Well, she was on the show and she said the reason why she became an actress was on account of a guy named Joe Blaine. And she told him to keep in touch. You would have gotten a charge out of it. I wonder if the real Joe Blaine was watching."

"What do you mean 'the real Joe Blaine'?"

"You know. The one she was really talking about."

Horrified, Betty heard herself saying, "Oh, the one she was talking about was watching all right. He's sitting here looking at his high-school graduation book right this minute. Refreshing his recollection."

"No kidding! Let me talk to him."

"Frank wants to talk to you," Betty said.

Joe came to the phone with the open book in his hand. "Hello."

"Hello, lover boy," Frank said. "You certainly must have had it in the old days."

"Oh, knock it off, Frank," Joe said. "I hardly knew her. I didn't even recognize her."

"Sure," Frank said. "Sure you didn't. You tell that to Betty, old buddy. Maybe she'll go

> There are one-story intellects, two-story intellects, and three-story intellects with skylights. All fact collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

for it. Boy, oh boy! See you, lover," and he hung up.

Joe turned back to his book. "What a nut!" He laughed. "He's calling me 'lover boy.'"

The phone rang again. "You take it, will you, dear?" Joe said. "I want to find this picture."

Grim-faced, Betty picked up the receiver. It was Bill Gordon. Joe signaled that he didn't want to come to the phone. When Bill hung up, there was Sue McCall, and then Joyce Perone, and then Pete Peters, and then Betty took the receiver off the hook and left it off.

If Joe had had more experience, he probably would have sailed a better course. But he'd been married less than a year and was not yet fully familiar with storm warnings. In fact, the muddleheaded nincompoop was so crazy about Betty, it had never even crossed his mind that anyone else could possibly doubt his feelings. Least of all Betty.

So instead of saying the Tommaso girl might be good-looking and a great actress but she certainly didn't have much sex appeal, or—even better—giving Betty some tangible evidence of her own insuperable desirability, the dumb bunny hurried to show her Julie's picture and to remark that, even then, you could see she'd be something special. "She used to wear tight sweaters," he remarked, pouring oil on the flames.

"That was no Mother Hubbard she had on tonight," Betty said casually, stretching her own memorable contours. Testing. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Just testing. She might as well have been in the room by herself. Nothing happened.

Shrugging her shoulders, she took the book Joe held out to her and studied the likeness of the extremely attractive youngster who had become Julie Thomas. "She doesn't look like much there," she commented. It was a second warning. Joe missed that one too.

"How can you say that?" he wanted to know. "Why, she's a doll. And look what they elected her! 'Most Boysterous.' B-o-y-sterous. I think that's kind of funny."

"A scream," Betty said. "I see where she was a cheerleader too. That fits in."

"It does, doesn't it!" agreed the master strategist.

About half an hour later, having nostalgically made his way clear through the book, he realized that Betty had gone to bed without kissing him good night. But by the time he got upstairs she seemed to be fast asleep, so he didn't disturb her.

When he awoke the next morning, she was still asleep. So again he didn't bother her. This lack of bothering her bothered her very much indeed. In fact, all the time he was dressing, a seemingly closed eye was rigorously inspecting him for evidence of a disposition to trifle with connubial affections. However, he knew nothing of all this and proceeded to the office in blissful ignorance of the emotional hurricane beginning to swirl about him.

There was a small amount of kidding at the office and a couple of the girls wanted to know if he were the "real" Joe Blaine. It went off very well, though, because Joe said, "Sure, sure," and of course no one believed him.

After lunch, though, things changed. Frank Curtis called. He'd just seen the afternoon papers. In an interview that morning, Julie Thomas had said she'd *love* to meet Joe Blaine again. So her studio had undertaken to find him for her. They were offering a thousand dollars for information leading to etc., etc. That's why Frank wanted to be doubly sure that Joe was really *the* Joe Blaine. Because, as Joe's buddy, Frank didn't want the whole thousand, but he sure could use like a third of it. What do you say, Joe?

Joe thought about it. Frank certainly had a point. *Someone* was going to collect that money—so why not Joe Blaine? And Frank *did* deserve something for telling him about it. Besides which, it would look better if the information came from Frank. Of course there was the fact that he'd hardly known Julia Tommaso at school. But so what? She said she knew *him.* And it would be a kick to meet a movie star. Something to talk about. And he and Betty could certainly use a little extra cash if they were ever going to get that new car.

"O.K., Frank," he said. "I'm the guy. You call them. One third for you, two thirds for me."

"Right away," Frank said. "See you in the papers."

Fifteen minutes later, Joe's phone rang again. The voice at the other end was hep, high-powered and high-priced. "Joe Blaine?"

"Yes."

"Formerly of Philadelphia?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Hank Ellis. Eastern Director of Press Information for Palmetto Films. A fellow named Frank Curtis says you're an old high-school friend of Julie Thomas. Is that right?"

"I guess so," Joe said. "I went to school with her."

"Do you remember her nickname?"

Joe thought. "Yeh," he said after a while. "They used to call her 'Bouncy.' Probably because she was a cheerleader."

"Probably," Hank Ellis agreed. "Well, anyhow, Bouncy'd like to see you. Could you come to her hotel?"

"Well, sure. I think so. I'd like to see her too."

"At the Brinsley? Around four?"

"Not four," Joe said. "I've got a job."

"Right. I forgot. How about six?"

"Fine," Joe said, "six."

Then he hung up and dialed Betty to tell her about the money and that he was going over to see Julie Thomas at the Brinsley at six and it might be a while before he broke away, so Betty shouldn't wait for him. He noticed an unusual quiet at the other end.

"You there, honey?" he asked.

"I'm here," she said.

"That's nice," Joe said. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Oh, not much. I cleaned the house and did some shopping and answered a lot of funny phone calls from people we know. And then I had lunch and then I had some sewing to do. And then I had to take the car in to have it fixed, and then there were some more calls. Nothing very glamorous."

"What's the matter?" Joe asked. "You sore about something?"

"Certainly not. What would I have to be sore about?"

"You really sure everything's O.K., honey?"

"Fine," she said.

"O.K., then," Joe said, and hung up.

When he called from the Brinsley lobby at six, the soft, husky voice of Miss Thomas herself told him to come right up. And she seemed genuinely pleased to see him. She looked great. She was going to be sensational in color.

As soon as he was settled in a chair, Joe put it right to her. "Julie," he said, "what's this stuff about the dramatic school and all? You didn't have any crush on me. You made that whole thing up, didn't you?"

She had the grace to blush. "That's right, Joe. I hardly knew you. But when Monte caught me by surprise and I reached out for a name, I came up with yours. That's all there was to it." She smiled apologetically.

"That's all right," Joe said. "It's just that I'd hate to think I missed out on something." He paused. "This is all strictly publicity, huh?"

"I'm afraid so," Julie said. "But how about taking me to dinner?"

"Fine," Joe said. "A pleasure." So they went to the hotel restaurant and people stared at them.

The conversation came easy. Julie told him how, after she'd popped off on the program the previous evening, the publicity department had decided to milk it. They figured they could probably rack up a few stories on the movie page, maybe even a couple of lines on the front page, and a good play in the gossip columns. Possibly some pictures. Would Joe mind posing for a few pictures with her? No, he didn't think so. And he told her about his deal with Frank Curtis. She said the publicity department was probably good for five hundred more if he'd play along another day or two. Joe said he'd be delighted.

Then, business out of the way, they just chatted. Neither of them was in contact with any of their former classmates and they quickly agreed that even in their school days they'd moved in completely different circles. So Joe told Julie about Betty and the job and the house. And she told him about Hollywood and Sam Claiborne, the Western hero on television to whom she was secretly engaged. The last part was confidential. It hadn't even got into the columns yet.

Toward the end of dinner there was a call for Julie and they brought the telephone to the table. It was Hank Ellis. Could he send a photographer over for a couple of pictures? With three drinks under his belt and a star of screen and television quite cozy next to him, who could refuse? Not Joe. "Of course," he said. "Tell him to come ahead." He had a vaguely troubling thought that he really ought to be getting home to Betty. But it was only vague.

The photographer was there in practically no time. You might even, if you'd stopped to think about it, have wondered if possibly he hadn't been quite close by all the time.

The pictures taken, Julie signed the dinner check and Joe convoyed her back to her suite. Then, after mutual exchanges of it-had-been-great and Joe's agreement to come again if the studio wanted him, Joe headed for home.

Betty was sitting in a chair with a good view of the door as he walked in. The television set was tuned to a show high on the list of her current hates. Obviously she wasn't paying attention. "Have a good time?" she wanted to know.

"Uh-huh. We had dinner at her hotel. Very fancy." He came over to kiss his wife, but she moved her face so that he caught her forehead instead of her lips.

"There was a call for you about ten minutes ago. They want you to see her again tomorrow night. Dinner and a night club. They'll

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check with you at the office in the morning."

"Fine," Joe said. "Money, money, money! What's new with you?"

"Oh, the usual thing. I woke up at noon and had room service send up some pheasant in aspic. Then I did the matinee, took my singing lesson, and went to dinner with Frank Sinatra at a little French place in the sixties. He's just in town for a couple of days, you know. He wanted to go on to a party at some countess' house, but I didn't feel like it. So I came home and worked on my memoirs instead."

"What are you so sore about, honey?" Joe asked, in all innocence. "You jealous or something?" It wasn't possible, but it was the only thing he could think of.

Betty gave him a withering look. "I'm going to bed," she said. "I guess you'll be seeing your old flame again tomorrow night?"

"I guess so," Joe said. "Boy! That publicity's a funny business. And, incidentally, she's not my old flame. She's just a real nice girl."

"Sure she is," Betty said and started out of the room.

"Hey," Joe yelled, "don't I get a good-night kiss?"

She came back and pecked at his cheek, then, before he could grab hold of her, was on her way again.

And that's when it came to him. "You *are* jealous," he said. He was more pleased than annoyed.

"Who? Me?" Betty said. "Because my husband's running around with his old high-school sweetheart and she just happens to be a big-shot actress? Don't be ridiculous. Why should I be jealous? I think it's wonderful. I love it."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Betty," Joe said. "I'm not 'running around' with anyone. It's just a way to pick up a little extra money. What's so terrible about it? She happened to pull my name out of a hat last night. I told you we didn't have anything to do with each other in school."

"Better late than never," said Betty, completing her withdrawal.

Joe was so upset he didn't even stay up to watch Monte. But by the time he got undressed, bathed and to bed, the little woman was once again asleep and the subject was closed.

Joe had a very bad night. When he went out the next morning, he left a note for Betty: "Darling, please call me as soon as you can. I love you. Joe."

The note might have worked if it hadn't been for the morning papers. The pictures had come out rather well. He and Julie looked very friendly indeed. The captions were good too. "Julie Finds High School Beau" . . . "Reunited High School Sweethearts" . . . "Julie and Joe an Item?"

There wasn't any call from Betty, so at about 10:30 he called *her*. He was already pretty frazzled. Fellow employees whom he hadn't seen for months kept dropping in on him, the telephone operator was busy screening his calls, and the receptionist was having trouble keeping the reporters at bay. An awful lot of people wanted word from Joe himself on whether there really was anything cooking. Julie had said they were just old, old friends, but the press learned long ago that when show-business people say they're just old, old friends it can mean anything.

Joe could tell immediately that Betty'd seen the papers. "Why, hello there!" she said. "Are Julie and Joe *really* an item? Our friends are anxious to know, and I'd like to help them if I can. Care to make a statement?" She paused. Then, getting no answer, "Or are you calling about something else? Some new publicity gimmick, maybe? Going out of town for a few days? Atlantic City, perhaps? Or one of those places in the Catskills? Or was there something you wanted me to tell the reporters? They're out on the porch. Or maybe they'll just go away and question the neighbors."

Joe was stunned. He'd known, of course, that Betty had her war paint on. But not that she'd been honing her scalping knife too. "Look, honey," he heard himself saying weakly, "stop getting excited. There's nothing to it. Just tell the reporters to go away. Honest, honey. It's *nothing*."

"But you *are* going to see her tonight?"

"Yes," he said defensively. "Yes, I am. For five hundred dollars, why shouldn't I?" And then he returned to how unimportant it was and how Betty was getting steamed up over nothing and how he loved her. And he went on rhetorically to inquire whether, when Julie Thomas stepped out of the picture—today or tomorrow—it would be better or worse to have a little extra money. For his part, he stated, he thought it would be better.

Betty listened to her husband's outpouring until it was absolutely clear that he wasn't going to cancel his plans. Then she said "Good-by" and hung up. After which, just to put the frosting on the cake, there was a call from Julie herself.

She'd seen the papers. She hoped it wasn't too embarrassing for him or his wife. The studio wanted him to take her to dinner and dancing tonight—and they *would* pay him five hundred dollars—and she'd love to see him again—but if he wanted to forget it, she'd straighten it out with the publicity department. Should she?

Joe thanked her and said not to bother. Everything was fine. When did she want him to pick her up? At eight? Good. He'd be there.

When Joe walked into the suite that night, Hank Ellis was there. He had a drink with them—about his third, Joe guessed (actually it was his eighth)—and talked about Julie's commitments. A television guest shot the next morning. A ribbon cutting at a new supermarket in the afternoon. And then to Washington for some personal appearances. At the mention of Washington, he looked at Joe and smiled. "You'll probably be just as pleased," he said. "All this must have put you on quite a spot at home."

Joe agreed that it probably would have if Betty weren't so understanding. Hank Ellis said no woman was that understanding. He'd been married a long time and one thing he knew was that when jealousy reared its head, women reacted like ten-year-old children. They turned primitive. Julie said not at all. "Primitive, shmimitive," was the way she put it. Women, she said, could be just as clear-minded as men and where no offense is intended they take none. She was sure Joe's wife was that kind of woman. Then she went off to the bedroom to dress, and Hank, his drink finished, gave Joe six hundred dollars—the extra hundred was for the evening's expenses—and with a firm pat on the shoulder and an admonition to take it easy, headed for the door.

When Julie reappeared, she looked sensational. There's something special about women whose *job* it is to look beautiful. And Julie was wearing her work clothes. Several times Joe felt it necessary to repeat to himself the cabalistic lines "Mirror, mirror on the wall. Betty is the best of all."

They were greeted at Le Rond Point with a special flourish. The dinner was superb. There were lots of stoppers-by, all apparently on the best of terms with Julie and delighted to meet Joe. Some of them even tried to discuss his "plans," but Julie kept the talk carefully casual and gave him little warning nudges every time there was a leading question. They danced a couple of sets and he spent most of the rest of the time being smilingly silent and alternating his thoughts between what an interesting evening he was having and what it was going to be like when he finally got home to Betty.

After dinner they went to The Marrakech to dance. Here the table hoppers and gossip columnists were a little thicker, and the photographers were out in force. But Julie handled them all with the skill of much practice and infinite understanding. She was a model of coolness and urbanity.

That is, she was a model of coolness and urbanity until the very tall young man with the black string tie came in. Joe recognized him immediately. Sam Claiborne, Julie's confidential fiancé—big as a house, tough as the U. S. Cavalry and as edgy as one of those Texas-to-Kansas cattle herds he was always involved with.

The maître d' seated him at a table about fifteen feet away. A number of the patrons recognized him and some of them wandered over to shake his hand. But he didn't invite anyone to join him, and, indeed, was barely polite to them. He seemed to be concentrating on (1) working his way through as many martinis as possible, and (2) keeping an unwavering stare on his intended and the so-and-so who was trying to break up his not-even-completed-yet happy home.

Julie's suavity began spiraling swiftly downward the moment Claiborne appeared. The bubbles went right out of her conversation. Visitors to the table now were not inclined to linger. She was no longer interested in dancing. All she wanted, really, was to become completely inconspicuous. In the circumstances, it took some doing.

And it certainly didn't work with Claiborne. Because after about twenty minutes, he carefully stood up and embarked on the long and perilous journey to their table. Julie said, "If he sits down, just be pleasant. Whatever you do, don't get into a fight with him."

"O.K.," Joe said with deep sincerity. He had no more intention of fighting Sam Claiborne than of tangling with a rogue elephant.

"I can handle him if he gets difficult," Julie said. "Just let me take care of it."

By this time, Claiborne had negotiated the distance to their table, where, after Julie had reluctantly introduced him, he pulled up a chair and settled himself firmly as a member of their party.

On the very next drink, he went over the top. Motioning them conspiratorially toward him, he whispered to Julie, "What's the big idea saying this is a publicity trip?" Then without waiting for an answer, he turned to face Joe. "And what's *your* big idea fooling around with my fiancée?"

> To live in a great idea means to treat the impossible as though it were possible. It is just the same with a strong character; and when an idea and a character meet, things arise which fill the world with wonder for thousands of years. GOETHE

He took another quick swallow from his deep-dish olive pie and paused courteously for an answer. Getting no immediate reply, he held up an admonishing finger and spoke again. "I don't believe you caught my question," he said, trying to recall it. Finally it came to him. "What's the big idea?" he repeated.

"You see, Sam ——" Julie began, but Sam was again addressing himself to Joe.

"You want me to pop you one?" he inquired, as he gently lowered his head onto the table.

"What do we do, Julie?" Joe whispered. "Should I hold him here while you leave? You want to go out together? Take him with us? What do you think?

"Ho, ho, ho," said Claiborne, lifting his head briefly. "'Go out together,' he says. "You just *try* going out together." He carefully returned to the tabletop.

"Joe," Julie said, "if you really want to know what I think, I think you should just slip away. That would be the easiest. And call me tomorrow."

"Yes, Joe," Sam Claiborne breathed, "just slip away."

"I don't like it," Joe said. "It looks like he's making me run."

"No it doesn't," Julie said. "Nobody knows anything's going on here. You'll just be doing me a favor."

Reluctantly, Joe stood up.

"And you'll be doing *yourself* a favor," Claiborne murmured.

Joe started to sit down, but Julie motioned violently and said, "Please, Joe, don't make trouble."

So he straightened up again, then slowly and deliberately walked out. As he passed the maître d', he peeled off a hundred-dollar bill. "For Miss Thomas and her friend," he said.

The doorman asked if he wanted a cab and he was just about to agree when he noticed an old and familiar-looking car parked down the street. It stood out like overalls at the Bachelors' Cotillion. His own car—with his own wife at the wheel. He walked over to her.

"You spying on me?" he asked.

"Certainly," Betty said. "Who has a better right?" Then, "Are you going back in?"

"I was *planning* to go home, if that's all right with you."

Her eyes were as big as cupcakes. "But you left Julie Thomas inside. Does that mean it's all over?"

"Like I've been trying to tell you," Joe said, "it never started. There's nothing to be over."

"Oh! Honey!" She reached through the car window and threw her arms around his neck. "That's wonderful."

"It sure is," Joe said, bending to kiss her.

At which point a hand spun him around and a familiar voice said, "What kind of a guy are you anyway? First you steal my girl. Then you make her mad at me. And then, when I come looking for you, you're already tangled up with another one." He peered into the car at Betty. "And a *good* one." Sam Claiborne managed to bow and sway at the same time. Then, "Excuse me," he said, and launched a boulder-sized fist at Joe's chin. Joe ducked just in time. Instinctively, his left smashed into Claiborne's middle and his right clipped the big man on the side of the head. Claiborne went down like a bucket in a well. Joe felt as shaky as the legendary saloon brawler who accidentally knocked out John L. Sullivan.

After that, of course, all was confusion. Betty was out of the car and trying to push Joe into it. The night people poured out on the pavement. The cliff dwellers above the clubs threw their windows wide. Flash photographers materialized from every bistro on the block. Julie was down on the sidewalk cradling Claiborne's head in her arms. And there was a policeman.

Claiborne opened his eyes briefly, looked up at Julie, then moved his gaze to Joe. "Man!" he said. "You don't hit like any accountant I ever knew."

"Come on, now," the cop said, "move along, everybody. Break it up." The people began going away. "Any charges?" he said.

"No charges," said Julie and Betty together.

"Betty," Joe said, "this is Julie Thomas. Julie, this is my wife."

Sam Claiborne opened his eyes again. "Proud to know you, ma'am," he said.

"Oh, stop that," Julie snapped "You're in New York now."

Sam winked and once more closed up shop.

The two girls smiled warily at each other. "Your husband and I went to high school together," Julie said.

"I know," Betty said. "And I wanted to tell you how much I've enjoyed your performance" . . . the hesitation before she added "on the screen," was barely perceptible.

"Thank you," Julie said a bit doubtfully.

Claiborne was back with them again. He tilted his head up at Betty. "I wish I'd known *you* in school," he said.

"No, you don't," Julie snapped. "Anyhow, she's married."

"So?"

"So you shouldn't mess around with married people," she said. "Right?" She turned to Betty and Joe for confirmation.

"Right!" they said in unison.

"O.K.," Claiborne agreed. With that, Joe helped Claiborne to his feet and got him and Julie installed in a cab which departed amid mutual declarations of esteem and affection. Then Betty and Joe got into their car and drove home.

As they entered the house, he looked at his watch. Twelve-fifteen. "Want to watch Monte for a while?" he asked.

"I don't think so," she said. "Let's just go on upstairs."

On the first landing, he stole a glance at her. "You know," he said, "we'll probably get quite a going over in the papers tomorrow."

"I know," she said. "Did I look all right?"

"Great," he said. "Just great."

She reached over and took his arm and put it around her waist. "That's nice," she said.

And they went on up to bed. END

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AGATHA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

old news magazine. I worked just as hard, and just as long, and on something that was just as important, but it hadn't the glamour of Top Secret.

Lieut. Dick Addington was a flier, and maybe he was gay, too, on the side. I just don't know. He was somewhere else. Anyhow, they were divorced, and Agatha was Mrs. Aldrich Addington. But that didn't last long. Almost immediately she married Jeff Harper, an older engineer who understood her—for a while at least. After her second divorce I don't know what she called herself. Mrs. Aldrich Harper, maybe, or maybe Mrs. Aldrich Addington Harper. Maybe she didn't bother to have any plate made, since it was for so short a time. Probably she just called people up and said, "Hi, sweety, it's me, Agatha. Can't you and that nice"—pause—"husband of yours come for drinks on Thursday? Sixish?" All in that throaty voice of hers.

After she was Mrs. Aldrich Addington Harper or whatever, she married an Englishman, a painter. Working on battle paintings or something. I don't remember what his name was; and what's more, I wager even Agatha has to get out her five-year diaries to keep her husbands straight. After that she married a lemon rancher. From California or Arizona or somewhere. She persuaded him to spend a few months back in good old Georgetown, and I met him then. He was always cheerful and friendly and eager to explain about citriculture. But he either didn't understand Agatha, or understood her too well—and she was off to Mexico for another divorce. Then after a few months she was off to Majorca as Mrs. Novelist. It wouldn't do to bring his name in, poor guy. She left him, and he left Majorca. And here she was turning up again, at what must have been her tenth or fifteenth Georgetown address, with just plain Agatha Aldrich on her cards. No Miss, no Mrs., no nothing.

I'll tell you what it is about Agatha. She got that old nursery game all mixed up. You know, the one that starts "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," and goes all the way down to "chief." You're supposed to tell off the buttons on your coat one by one, and then you get to the last button you know what kind of man you're supposed to marry. Agatha thought you were supposed to marry them all, and in only sixteen or seventeen years she's managed five out of eight! Not exactly the right categories, but you could switch them around and make a stab at proving your point. The painter, for instance, was a beggar man, all right, and the engineer was rich.

There's only one good thing about that string of names, and I'll tell you what it is. One name she's never had on the cards in her third case is Mrs. Peregrine Harcourt. That's what my cards say, and will till the day I die.

Well, when I opened that invitation I said "spit" and "damn" and "party-party" and went straight to the telephone and made an appointment to get my hair done. Without even looking at my checkbook. That's one thing I learned from that horrible summer. Money spent on me is as important as money spent on dentists or tuitions or trash cans or even Peregrine. I didn't mean to group him with the trash cans, you understand; it just came out that way. I love that man madly. Fortunately or unfortunately.

But let me tell you about that summer. We'd been married just before Pearl Harbor, and come to Washington, and worked desperately hard and long, and been divinely happy, even if Peregrine didn't remember it that way years later. I know. I have the letters he wrote me when I had to go away on editorial trips, and he had to dash off to one Army Air Force base or another. He was a happy man. And then Victoria was born and Peregrine went off to war, after several final good-bys and last-minute changes in orders. Remember those days? You said good-by to people, and went home and cried and prayed and then they turned up again the next day, or the next week. Not having been shipped out at all.

One of those last good-bys I said on a May morning at the bus stop at the foot of our street. With tiny Victoria in my arms. And then I thought about it, and thought the port of embarkation might be New York, and that Peregrine might get another leave there. So I closed up that apartment somehow, and got myself and Victoria to the station, along with our folding crib and the playpen, and the suitcases and the typewriter and the sewing machine and the file case and the big bag of diapers and things. And the only space in the whole train was in the bar car, so there Victoria and I sat all the way to New York, with nice old gentlemen being terribly kind. But how they evaporated in Penn Station! Not a porter, not a conductor, not anybody. Just me and Victoria on that long, long platform. And our stuff. Mountains of it. So finally after trains had gone by to the left and to the right and made the whole place tremble, I put up the crib, which had little wheels on it, and put all the stuff in it, and Victoria on top of the stuff, and pushed it along to the foot of the long stairs leading up into the station. And there I stood, shouting "Help! Help! Help!" up those stairs until somebody finally came and helped us get to a taxi. We got up to Peregrine's family's house—through a brownout—and there was Peregrine, trying to get me on the telephone in Washington. I saw his face that night when he saw Victoria and me. I know he was a happily married man.

We had that last night together—at least until three o'clock in the morning or so, when Peregrine had to start back to that nameless secret port of embarkation. Of course the matches in his pocket had "Fort Hamilton" printed on them, but that was the way it was those days.

And that was that, for three and a half years. I don't suppose people who live through wars can ever tell other people what it's like. Peregrine has told me about London with the V-1's and the V-2's, but I can't imagine it. He's told me about other things, too, but it isn't real to me. So when I try to tell how it was not to see Peregrine for three and a half years it probably won't mean much either. But you young readers, next time you think you hate your husbands and never want to see them again, just think. Just imagine going a whole week, seven whole days and nights, without laying eye on him. Then imagine going another week, and another week, until a month has gone by, and your birthday, and the baby's birthday, and his birthday, and Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and New Year's Eve, and Easter—and all that all over again, until three of everything have gone by. And four of some.

Letters. Proper letters, and little V-mail things, that were photographed down. Times when no letters came through for weeks. Times when batches of letters came through at once. Times when your family hid the morning papers from you because the news was bad. Very bad. And there was lots of bad news. Years of it, from everywhere. Millions of women lay awake all night, trying not to argue with God. You tried to see the face of your man in the darkness—and it got so you couldn't remember what he looked like.

Peace finally came, but not everybody came home right away. Peregrine didn't come until the winter of 1946–47. And it was hard to pick up. Too much had happened. Or at least too much had happened to Peregrine, and too little had happened to me. Nothing but time and hard routine work and desperate longing and anxiety. I'd given up the Washington apartment and divided my time between our families, because I didn't want Victoria growing up with only me to love. But being a mother and a daughter at the same time when your husband is away at war is not a constructive experience. Ask any of your friends who are a bit over forty and have a child of about seventeen. Most of them will be able to tell you how it was. Except that nobody can tell you if you don't know.

After Peregrine came back we had life on the G.I. Bill. And that was hard going too. No money. Just plain no money. No money for a movie, even if you'd had money for a sitter. I'd been lucky enough to find an apartment near Columbia, but it was expensive. The last week of almost every month Victoria and I had to go home to my family where meals were free. And Peregrine was pushing himself desperately, studying and teaching and doing odd bits of work here and there around town.

Once in a while there would be a party. The trouble was that these were given by our friends who were older: the captains and colonels Peregrine had served with and under. They all had decorated wives and decorated apartments that took up whole floors. They thought Peregrine was wonderful and so did I, but their esteem didn't particularly extend to me. My clothes were old and wrong, and my life had nothing in common with theirs. Except Peregrine.

My days went to housekeeping and Victoria; and whenever Victoria was asleep or otherwise engaged—which wasn't often—I typed masters' essays. Night after night I typed. And I didn't know how. I'd had a typewriter ever since college, and typed my own things, but always looking at the keys. Those poor students! They all got their degrees, but the first half dozen or so of the dissertations looked a bit odd. Because nobody had ever told me you were supposed to put two spaces after a period. You couldn't erase a single letter, and you had to fit everything inside, but only just inside, a red rule that went all around the page. You had to figure out the footnote copy, and know how much space to allow for it at the bottom of the page. Some of those pages I tried ten and twelve times before I got them right. But the money helped us eat. And I picked up some odd learning.

The next year somebody offered Peregrine an extra job, teaching part time at Yale. He'd go up to the 125th Street station every Thursday morning at the crack of dawn, and come home sometime on Saturday. We couldn't afford long-distance telephoning, but sometimes something would come up and I would have to reach Peregrine while he was in New Haven. And twice he wasn't where he was supposed to be staying. I asked him about it the first time, but his answer was so evasive, and so miserable-making to both of us, that I have never mentioned the second time to this day. It's only having that blasted Agatha back in town that makes me remember it now.

Then came the awful summer. We rented the apartment for what seemed like a lot of money, to five bachelors on the G.I. Bill. Peregrine had himself a research job that meant spending the summer in England. Our families said, "Dear, dear, isn't it a pity you can't go, too, Sarah," but neither of them had any money either. One of the grandparents was recuperating from a stroke and in the other family a great-grandparent was dying. An active five-year-old isn't welcome when you have to keep a house quiet. So Peregrine found us a tiny cottage up near Pawling. It belonged to a friend of his, Howard Hamilton, and it was supposed to be for a sort of tenant farmer. We got it for practically no rent, partly out of friendship but mostly because it was in really terrible shape after the long war years.

So there we were, Victoria and I, out in the middle of nowhere. The house was dingy and dirty. Nothing a coat of paint wouldn't have made into something quaint and charming—but I couldn't afford to buy even a quart of paint. And the power was always going off during thunderstorms so that my memories of the summer are all mixed up with the smell of kerosene. Me lighting the lamp while I cheerfully said "RumboBumboBumbo," and Victoria chortling and saying "RumboBumboBumbo" too. And the thunder and lightning swerving around that little valley and making the old elms along the road sway in the weird light.

And every week a letter from Peregrine. Every week. A one-page note saying something like: "Dear Sarah, This is to let you know that things go well here. Dinner with Tom and Marian last week and they asked about you and Victoria. Love to Victoria. Peregrine."

Letters like that from my beloved husband, who even during the most frantic days of the war had always got something off, day in, day out, even when he knew no mail would go out for days—if ever. If ever. Wonderful letters they had been. Some long, some short. I still have every one. One said only, "Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, I keep seeing your face. P." And that was all. But that was connection-making. That warmed me all over. It made me see Peregrine's face. The letters that came that awful summer were letters you'd write out of duty to someone you disliked. It began to dawn on me.

But I kept writing. I'd sit out under the gnarled apple tree and watch Victoria feed our farm animals. We had six pullets. At least I think that's what you call them. Chickens that had been born that spring. "Darling," I'd write. "I wish you could see Victoria now. She's throwing grain to the chickens, and talking to them, and they're talking to her. She keeps saying, 'No, chickens, go back. Go back, chickens. You mustn't get so near my feet. Because I haven't any shoes on. Not any shoes at all.'" And then I'd put in something about our families, if I had any news, and something about the weather, and any other event if there had been such a thing. Like the time the horse came strolling down the road and into our little lane, and ate all the pansies.

Four times a week, or maybe even five, I'd get off little letters like that, a page or two or three. Maybe I should have been more honest, and written something like, "Darling, what's the matter? I can't bear things the way they are. I can't bear life without you. Not ever any more. Those more than three years wore out my endurance. Even if the job does make money, give it up and come home. Because I love you." But Peregrine isn't one for that kind of talk. And really, why should he come home just because I loved him? He might reasonably change his plans because he loved me, but not just because I loved him.

I was in such despair that I couldn't initiate any action. My idea was to act as though everything was all right, and hope and pray that it would be. September would come, and with it Peregrine, and maybe everything would be all right.

BUNS AND GARDENIAS

By CARL SANDBURG

On Avenue A or B I read a sign:
Manhattan Ashcan Manufacturing Company—
In one of the suburbs I passed another,
whizzing past I got it on the fly:
Sensitive Research Instrument Corporation—

And I knew I had a vested interest in each.
I am an ashcan. I am a sensitive instrument.
(If this bothers you for a moment
please immerse your excellent head elsewhere
and leave me in my own tub of follies.)
I am an ashcan. I am a sensitive instrument.

Often and often hot buns on a plate
are better than fresh gardenias in a bowl.
In case of doubt take the hot buns
and afterward look long at the flowers.

You too may be an ashcan,
you too a sensitive instrument.
Maybe you see yourself here five sacraments of dust.
Maybe moonwhite and pale gold you see yourself here.

© 1960 by Carl Sandburg

Mostly Victoria and I didn't see anybody at all. Except the milkman every other day, and the mailman who came to the letter box out on the road. Twice a week Mary Hamilton took me into Brewster or Pawling for shopping, and two or three times that summer she and Howard asked me over for Sunday supper. They were friends of Peregrine's, the comfortable and decorated kind. Terribly nice and all that, but not what I needed. And their parties weren't what I needed, either, although that wasn't their fault. I'd put on my prewar pink linen, and stick a Silver Moon rose from the old stone-wall clump into my sash. And Mrs. Miller, the sitter, would pick up Victoria and me, drop me off at the Hamiltons' and then take Victoria back home to bed. She was a good soul—used to say she was the only sitter taxi in the county.

At the Hamiltons' I'd hold my head high and try to take a proper interest in what Paris was doing to hemlines. My hair would be all wrong, and my rose would wilt instantly. The talk would be about little theater and plays of the winter and "21" and the trouble of keeping good help in the country and how long it took to get a new car from what dealer.

Agatha turned up at one of those parties. She and the painter. They were on a sort of wedding cruise to the United States. They'd been visiting all sorts of people everywhere for a whole year, it seemed, and had seen Peregrine only a fortnight before, just as they left England.

"Didn't he write about it? Robby and Jill had us all down in Wiltshire for a long weekend. Everybody brought food along. And Jerry brought a lot of liquor from Berlin, don't ask me how, Scotch without the purchase tax, stuff like that. Peregrine must have written about it. Because it was the most wonderful weekend. Absolutely mad. Everybody there. Wasn't everybody there, sweety?"

"Absolutely. Everybody. Mad. You know Peregrine too?"

So I looked the painter in the eye, and I said, yes, I knew Peregrine too. I said I'd known him for years. Absolutely. Was even, as a matter of fact, married to him.

And the painter said, "Agatha sweet, did you know Peregrine was married? This pink girl's his wife."

And Agatha said, "Isn't he delectable? Always amusing." And then to him she said, "Peregrine and Sarah were married way back before the war. One of those things, you know. Hardly seen each other since, but they are still married. Even a baby to prove it, haven't you, Sarah?"

It was along about then that I started walking home. By myself. All two miles of it. Darkness was coming on and there were noises in the hedgerows and noises in the trees. I thought of telephoning Peregrine in London, and saying:

"Hello, this is Sarah. Sarah Harcourt."

"What's the matter? What are you calling up for?" That's what Peregrine would say.

Then I'd say, "Who are Robby and Jill? And Jerry?"

And he'd say, "Who?"

And I'd repeat, very clearly, "Robby. And Jill. And Jerry."

And Peregrine would say, "Is that what you called up about? Is that all you wanted? Good heavens, Sarah, have you lost your mind? We'd better hang up now. This is expensive."

And I'd say, "Not until you tell me about Robby. And Jill. And Jerry. And Wiltshire. And everybody."

But Peregrine would have hung up by then.

And besides, I'd never call. Partly because I didn't really care about all those people. I only cared about Peregrine. What I really wanted was to call him up across the ocean and say:

"Thinking about anybody?"

And hear him say, "Am I not!"

And I'd say, "Who, for instance?"

And Peregrine would answer, "The most beautiful girl in the world."

Except, of course, that he wouldn't. Not now. Or at least if he did, it wouldn't be Sarah Harcourt he had in mind. Walking down that rutted road in my old white spectators, I knew I wouldn't dare start the old routine. The noises in the hedgerows and the trees got worse, and they all made a sort of crying sound. And I realized that I was making as much noise as that wandering wind.

When I got home I was still crying, and Mrs. Miller put her arm around me and said, "Poor dear, missing your husband. Want me to stay the night? Miller won't mind."

But I said no, I'd be all right. So she got into her little old car and turned around by the barn and went off down the lane and down the road, the little red taillight looking like hope itself going farther and farther and farther away from me.

I suppose if I'd waited at the party and gone on to another party somewhere with one of the extra men at the Hamiltons', things might have been very different all the rest of my life. Because even one kind word that night would have made me glance away from Peregrine, if you see what I mean. Six or seven kind words might even have made me glance away from Victoria for an hour or so. I don't know. But it was the way it had been during the war. And I've always been glad I stumbled home that night along the darkening road, crying out my heart with only the elms and the hedgerows to hear, and only Mrs. Miller to comfort me. Instead of resting my weary head on a shoulder in a convertible.

My birthday came that next week, as it happened. Victoria and I decided to cook hamburgers outdoors to celebrate. We had cooked hamburgers outdoors almost every day that it hadn't rained. We had done it to celebrate the first zinnia, the big red tomato, letters from daddy, Victoria's learning to tie bows, Victoria's learning to whistle, the end of a rain—almost anything made a celebration that summer.

Just as we were getting the fire ready in the little stone firebox, in drove Howard Hamilton. Victoria ran to meet him and he handed her an enormous florists' box. "Give this to mother. It's Happy Birthday from daddy."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118



House and terrace blend into one living space.

BIG-LITTLE HOUSE

BY JOHN BRENNEMAN
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

Seldom have we seen a small house combine so much finesse and so many interesting features. This house contains just 1160 square feet plus its balcony study, but its clean lines, glassed-in gables and open balcony make it seem much bigger.

The plan has perfect circulation, spacious rooms, an efficient kitchen and a lovely entry hall, somewhat rare in a house of this size.

The terrace in back is sheltered from the street and close to the kitchen and living area.

A balcony study over the kitchen, entry and bedrooms takes advantage of attic space to make a big activity area and provide the guest room every house needs. Glassed-in gables provide generous light for this upstairs room.

This house is ideal for a small family, a retired couple, or anyone who wants big comfort with very little work. The balcony study runs the length of the room over the fireplace.

Balcony shown here is airy, private. Note the easy-to-care-for finishes.



Dotted line shows edge of balcony. High ceiling gives living/dining room a feeling of real luxury.

ARCHITECT: BEGROW AND BROWN
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

"Mummy, look what Mr. Hamilton has. From daddy. For you. Across the ocean. Let me open it. Do let me open it."

So Victoria sat in the grass by the lane, with the hollyhocks around her, and untied the lavish satin ribbon. And there were inside twelve of the longest-stemmed red roses I had ever seen.

"From Peregrine?" I said. "You must have made it up yourself, Howard, just out of kindness for the ladies in your lane. You're wonderful. And we both thank you, don't we, Victoria?"



Solarcaine is greaseless—white. Comes in a plastic "applicator" bottle. Flows on without rubbing—

New "wonder drug" medication

stops torture of sunburn... *instantly!*

From Florida comes news of a remarkable new medication for sunburn, kitchen burns, all kinds of skin irritations. A lotion, it relieves the pain of sunburn as no mere medicated "face cream" can do.

Called Solarcaine, it contains "wonder drug" anesthetics that actually *block* pain ... "short-circuit" the pain impulses in nerves. And its refrigerants bring instant soothing and *cooling*.

Thus Solarcaine stops sunburn torture ... *instantly!* Promotes fast, clean *healing*, too, as its antiseptic ingredients penetrate beneath skin's surface.

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Grand for itching, too and for the pain of detergent hand burns. Use Solarcaine for all "skin pain," summer and winter.

Read What Users Say ...

"I first purchased Solarcaine on Treasure Island, off St. Petersburg, Fla. It's wonderful for sunburn. I like it for 'detergent hands,' too."
Mrs. James R. Miller, Kettering, Ohio

"I've found Solarcaine marvelously effective for sunburn, burns and many other minor skin irritations. Not enough people know about it!"
Beverlee Timsak, New York City

"I discovered Solarcaine while vacationing in Florida. It is absolutely the best medication for sunburn I've ever discovered—nothing gives me such wonderful relief."
Mrs. Paul Todd, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SOLARCAINE

"May I go fix them, mummy? In the big green vase? Please, mummy?"

And I kissed my bright-haired darling and sent her into the house with the box, longer than she was, carried carefully across her chest.

"Look, the box is so big I have to turn! Mr. Hamilton, the flowers are bigger than the house!"

We all three laughed, and Victoria disappeared. Then Howard said, "But it wasn't my idea, Sarah. Really not. Peregrine's idea."

"Can't believe it," I said. Peregrine had laughed at me more than once for my aversion to red roses, and to flowers with frightfully long stems. Red roses turn bloated and purple, like untidy old women with too much make-up. And as for stems, why in the world do people want ostentatiously long stems except for altar decorations or funerals or hotel lobbies? I want flowers on my dinner table, and flowers where we eat breakfast, and flowers on the little stand between the beds. Nowhere do I want pomposity. But of course I didn't go into that with Howard Hamilton.

"Really," said Howard. "Why should you think Peregrine wouldn't remember your birthday? He's the kind of guy that never forgets anything. See? Here's the note he sent, with the rent."

Howard held out the note. It had a bit about the rent, and then a couple of newsy paragraphs about people I had never heard of but that presumably were wartime friends of Howard's and Peregrine's. Then at the end it said, "The fifteenth is Sarah's birthday. If you're going out that weekend, how about taking her some flowers for me? That place on the corner of Madison Avenue, the one nearest your office, knows me and they'll put them on my account. But I can't see their delivery stretching out to Bullet Tree Lane somehow. No card. Unnecessary on these occasions."

"So you did the choosing!" My heart rose like a bird, despite the oddity of Peregrine's having an account at an unknown florist's.

"Man there knows Peregrine too well for that. Said Mr. Harcourt always got long-stemmed red roses. Said Mr. Harcourt came in almost every week, never got anything but long-stemmed red roses. That's how I knew."

Just like that.

I suppose I said thank you to Howard—he and I were friends in a calm, uncomprehending sort of way. He thought I was a nice little girl, I suppose, and I thought he was a nice little man. He did his duty by his friends—and their wives—and without Mary and Howard we never could have got through the summer at all, Victoria and I.

Anyhow, Howard went on home. I admired the roses Victoria had put in the big green metal vase that came with the cottage, and we put them on the hearth, which was really the only place you could put them in that house. And then Victoria and I cooked our hamburgers, and the smoke got in my eyes so badly that Victoria had to run and get a handkerchief and soak it in cold water and wash my face. Even I saw the comedy of having my face washed by my little braided daughter—and as for Victoria, she had the giggles about it for most of the rest of the day. "Daddy will be so surprised. Put it in a letter, mummy, right away. Tell daddy that Victoria had to wash mummy's face. Only say Sarah's face, because you aren't daddy's mummy. You're my mummy. And I had to wash your face when the smoke got in your eyes."

When I went into my room I found that Victoria had picked the longest white hollyhock and put it in a milk bottle beside my bed. Around the neck of the bottle she had tied the satin ribbon from the florist's box with one of her floppiest bowknots. She jumped up and down with excitement about her birthday present to me, and I thought the ungainly stalk was the most beautiful thing I had seen that day.

The memory of that day, my thirtieth birthday, still brings tears to my eyes. I wonder how many women really want to be thirty again. I certainly don't.

September came, and Peregrine with it. He wrote about the ship and said not to bother to come down to meet it. But I did, of course. His family were back in town, and I took Victoria there and promised to bring Peregrine back for lunch.

It was all very gay down at the pier, with everybody meeting everybody and brilliant sun on the ship and deep shadow inside the pier. When Peregrine swung toward the barrier after going through customs I saw his eyes searching—and saw his brilliant smile of recognition. And my heart turned cold, because that smile, that achingly familiar smile, wasn't for me. It was for someone behind me, behind my left shoulder. Before I could react Peregrine saw me, and came to me, and dropped his bags, and folded me into his shoulder, and held me there. He was always a man for quick action in a crisis. He held me with my face pressed against the rough tweed of his jacket for what seemed an eternity. I couldn't move to see who was behind me. I couldn't even look up. I had to stand there, locked in my husband's arms, knowing his quirking eyebrows and his rueful smile were signaling that dammit, this was unexpected, but nothing he could do about it, and why don't you go home and I'll get in touch with you as soon as I can get away, or something like that.

It was awful. It was really awful.

The taxi ride uptown was awful too. "You shouldn't have bothered to come to meet me, you know," Peregrine told me. "Where is Victoria? And how is the apartment? Tenants wreck it?"

So we weren't to talk about anything important. *All right*, I thought, *all right*. A taxi is hardly the place for a scene, anyway.

On the way up and across town we went by Howard's office, and there on the corner was the flower shop. Charge account indeed. "*They know me there.*" When the only flowers Peregrine ever brought me came from the little open stands in the subways. Funeral flowers, we always called them. I don't know whether they really had been used before, but they certainly didn't last long after you got them home. I'd loved them so, those little blooms in tight bunches. And I knew Peregrine wasn't one for taking flowers to his mother. When appropriate moments came along I was delegated to choose plants. But Mr. Harcourt always got roses, red roses, with long stems.

Even though the ride was fairly smooth I was churned up by the time it ended! At the family's apartment everyone said how well Peregrine looked, which was true. And they said how much good it had done him to get away for a bit. And eventually lunch was over and Peregrine and Victoria and I and all Peregrine's stuff were in another cab, and then we were back in our own apartment. After a whirlwind tour of the place with Victoria as eager guide, Peregrine picked up his briefcase and said:

"Look. I've got to turn in some reports and see some people. I'll be back, but probably not until quite late. Better not wait supper. Goodby again."

"You can't go now. You have to see Freddy and Billy. Billy has a brand-new tricycle. A big one, big enough for you to ride. It really goes. Billy got it for his birthday."

"Tomorrow, poppet, tomorrow." And Peregrine and his briefcase were gone.

That was home-coming day. Victoria had her quiet time, and then we went across Riverside Drive to the park. I said yes, it was wonderful when all the other mothers said isn't it wonderful to have Peregrine back? And I said yes, he had enjoyed it. And yes, he looked fine, just fine. And Victoria dashed by going north, and dashed by going south, and wheeled and careened and played in the sand pile. And we went home.

I ate poached egg and applesauce with her, and then we each ate a piece of apple pie. Not that Victoria was supposed to eat pie. You know how it is with your first child. But we'd made that pie together, Victoria and I, at breakfast time, for daddy, and I'd promised Victoria that she could have some too. So Victoria and I solemnly ate pie, leaving a big piece, three quarters of the pie, for daddy. Then we had Victoria's bath, and Victoria's story. And Victoria went to bed. We asked God to guide and guard our loved ones, and to give strength to those who needed it all the world round. And Victoria went to sleep.

I went around the apartment and straightened up. I emptied ash trays, and polished the brass ones. I fluffed up the little pillows that made the old sofa more comfortable, and straightened the folds of the curtains. The curtains in the front, in the sitting room, were a light-colored cloth that hid what was going on inside at night but let a warm and welcoming light go out. I wanted Peregrine's apartment to look welcoming to him that night, whenever he came. I wanted it to look like home.

Then I went out to the kitchen and made icebox-cooky dough. Funny thing to do at a time like that, I suppose, and funny thing to remember ten years later. But I'd been making icebox-cooky dough the first time I ever saw Peregrine, and so somehow in moments of stress about Peregrine I find myself kneading dough.

Still no Peregrine.

I tried to read, and I tried to write letters and that didn't work. So I got out the step stool and did the upper shelves in the kitchen, the ones I hadn't got to since Victoria and I came home. But our law-student tenants hadn't used any cornstarch or baking powder. They apparently hadn't even opened the door of the upper cupboard, so there wasn't much to do up there.

So I decided to go on to bed. I had just got into the tub when the telephone rang. You know the awful process you go through when



". . . happy birthday, dear Ethel, happy birthday to me!"

the telephone rings and you're in the tub. This time there was no question in my mind. It might be Peregrine. He'd have had to look up his own number, though, or ask information, because the telephone had finally been put in while Victoria and I were in the country. But it might be Peregrine. So I grabbed a towel, and whipped it around me and dashed down the hall leaving wet feet on the carpet as I went. Very out of breath, I said, "Hello."

And the voice at the other end said, "Darling, I can't stand it, I can't stand it, I can't live without you."

I was so taken aback I couldn't say anything.

And the voice said, "Hilda. Say something. Say something, darling."

So I pulled myself together and said, "I'm sorry, you must have the wrong number."

All the way back to the tub I could hardly see. And when I got back into the water the wall inside me burst and I cried and sobbed and keened and howled and grieved and felt so sorry for myself that I could hardly bear it. All over town people were calling each other up and saying darling, I can't live without you, and I didn't even know where Peregrine was. At least I hoped I didn't. Here I was offering love and devotion and passion to somebody who didn't give a damn. Here I was struggling to keep a household going on ten dollars a week and nobody loved me. Here I was, the May Queen of 1939, danced off my feet at all the house parties I ever went to, crying in the bathtub. Here I was, the girl the office wanted back, sacrificially doing my bit by my child and my husband, and not even being thanked for it. No appreciation. No adulation. No nothing. Here I was —— Well, about then the bath water was getting awfully cold, and so was I. Part of me kept imagining Peregrine in that other woman's apartment, probably a big swishy one with a wall of glass looking out at the East River, and probably the lady in question had all kinds of glamour, and hands that weren't all beat up from a summer of housekeeping on Bullet Tree Lane. She probably even had a respectable negligee. Or did I mean respectable?

Part of me kept seeing that scene, and part of me kept seeing myself, my wasting years, my futility. And the bath water got colder and colder. So I finally got into my nightgown, my best nightgown, and put stuff on my face so that it looked more cheerful, and put on my old blue flannel bathrobe, and went back to the sitting room to think. To use my brain on the whole mess.

It was a tough hour. I suppose it comes to all women—and to all men too: the moment when you must stop and consciously evaluate and decide.

As I saw it, I faced two roads that September night. I could go to bed and sleep or not sleep as the case might be, and pack up the next morning as soon as Peregrine had left for wherever he was going. He was sure to be going somewhere. I could go home with Victoria, to my family, and see what happened. Leave the action up to Peregrine. He probably wouldn't take any action. I would get my old job back, find a place in town to stay through the week, and go out to Victoria for weekends. Then when I had the job situation well established and enough money saved up I would get a proper apartment in town, and a proper nursemaid, and put Victoria in school and start making myself another life. Alimony I would never take. I had heard Peregrine on the subject too often. I didn't agree with him that all women who took alimony were leeches, but still I wasn't going to live on his money nor have Victoria live on his money. He could put some money into an education fund every month, and he could start building up capital for Victoria so that when she married she wouldn't be absolutely dependent on her husband for every cent even if she did choose to stay home and take care of her own children. What a difference five dollars a month would have made to me in those last years. What a difference five dollars a month would mean to most women. Five dollars of your own, to get your hair done with, or to put toward a decent pair of shoes that really fit, or to buy pretty cloth for bedroom curtains. Things like that.

Or, instead of running out, I could fight. I could make that man talk, which is a thing he doesn't do easily, not about things that matter. I could bring the whole mess out into the light. I could refuse to let things go by default. I could employ wiles and deceits to make time for another chance. Just what I meant by wiles and deceits I must confess I still don't know, but that was the way my mind was working.

Another chance. Would another chance make any difference?

That was where the longest thinking came in. Our first years had been good ones, hectic because of the wartime pitch of our living, and clouded because of the disastrous things that were happening in the world. But they had been good years. For both of us. That I knew as surely as I knew my own name. And Victoria. Victoria was a darling. She was both of us, and both of us loved her.

That long war separation had been a bad thing for our marriage. And the strain and poverty of the last two years had been made mean, somehow, instead of fun, because of the people we saw socially. If all the wives had been struggling to remake their old clothes, if the parties had been beer and hot dogs and baked beans —— But no.

These things would be changing now. Because Peregrine was through with the course work at Columbia. He had done brilliantly, and the research of the summer was leading into a proper job in Washington with a real salary. So that if we could hang together a few more months there would be a move to a new place, new but familiar to our youth. And more money. Not an enormous amount, but enough so that Victoria and Peregrine and I wouldn't all three dine on half a pound of hamburger.

More importantly, Peregrine would have one job instead of three or four in different places. He would still be working on the dissertation, but he wouldn't be scurrying about to pick up twenty-five dollars or fifty dollars. And if we were both better fed and less anxious, things might work better.



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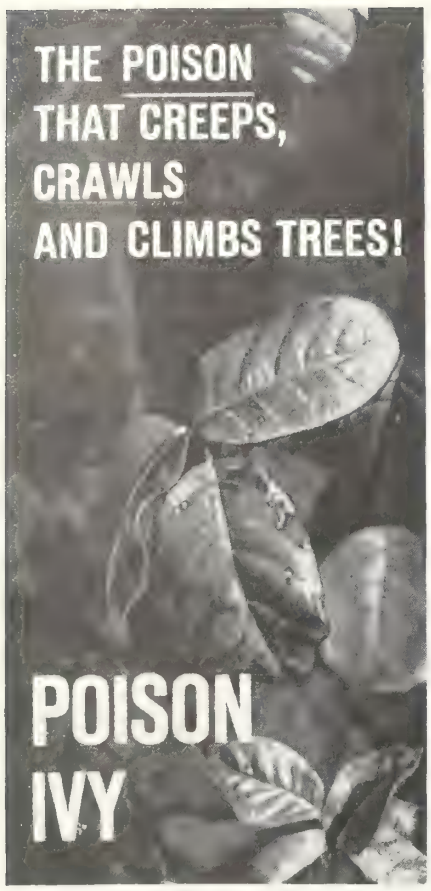
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Or was I being cowardly? Was I unwilling to face the fact that Peregrine didn't love me any more?

I kept forcing my mind to add and subtract, to weigh Victoria's happiness one way and the other. I thought of the divorcees I knew, and the pattern of their lives. I thought of being an unwanted wife. And the barren pride I might feel if I were strong, and got out. But which was the course of strength?

Along about midnight I went to bed. But not to sleep. I had decided to bring the thing out into the open, and to fight. Decorously, but fiercely.

Peregrine finally came back. He didn't say a word, just got ready for bed, and went to bed. And still nobody said anything. Cars went by in the street, and there was the constant rumbly noise of New York, the pulsing of the city and its arteries. Even so, I could hear Peregrine breathe over in his bed. He could probably hear me breathe, too, over in my corner.

I don't know how long that silence lasted. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Look," I said. "Do you want a divorce?"

And I still really thought, of course, that he'd say, "Good heavens! No! What would ever make you think that! Not live with you and Victoria? What would I ever do without you?" But he didn't. Not like that.

"No," came the answer. "No, I don't. I've thought about it, goodness knows, but it would kill my mother to have a divorce in the family."

I was shocked. I was really mad. "What about Victoria?"

"It's my mother I'm thinking about. I owe her some consideration, after all. Father too. I've been thinking about it all summer."

"Not about Victoria? Your own sweet child? Or even me?"

"You've both been so far away for so long. Our getting married was a horrible mistake, but by the time I realized it the invitations were out."

"And—and you hated to mess everything up?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you ever say so? Why, we were married for two whole years before Victoria was born."

We talked about it a bit longer, and then I asked if there was another woman. Strange phrase that. Another woman. But everybody knows what it means, I guess, so let's leave it. And Peregrine said:

"Don't make me be a cad, and name names."

That I thought was the end. Go out and desert your wife and daughter. That's all right. Go philandering around in the costly part of town, and that's all right. But name a name? "*Don't make me be a cad.*" It hit me in that queer part of the throat that mostly isn't there but suddenly swells up when something really awful happens.

I got up out of bed without another word and went into the kitchen and turned on the light and started scrubbing the floor.

First, of course, I had to go through being sorry for myself all over again. What had I done to deserve all this?

But, said the still small voice of reason, *what did you ever do in the first place to deserve a good guy like Peregrine? He's a very good guy, even if he's being a heel right now.*

Good guy, huh, the other part of me would snarl. *Good guy indeed.* But nobody could say he was a cad. Never a cad.

There's been a war. Everybody's all mixed up. You should have kept your job and worked all through the war, and saved money.

And left Victoria to hired help and ailing grandparents? The kind of help you could get during the war?

Well, there's a lot of therapy in getting down on your knees and scrubbing the floor. Especially a kitchen floor in New York City where the filthy, greasy, grainy soot comes filtering in day and night. Maybe it's the water and the sloshing. Maybe it's the immediacy of the problem. Maybe it's the on-your-knees part. Because suddenly God and I were working on the whole thing together.

I found I was loving Peregrine more than I ever had, and differently. Poor darling, trying to find a solution, and not knowing how any more than I did. So wise about so many things, but as lost about all this as I was, even more lost because he had that so-and-so around his neck.

And then it came to me, the wonderful thing. He hadn't said, "Yes. I do want a divorce. I am so wonderfully, so completely, so passionately, so honestly in love with someone else that this is an impossible situation."

That he hadn't said. He had trumped up for himself a miserable lame excuse, an absolutely infuriating heartbreaker of an excuse, but the truth showed through. He didn't want to marry the other woman. That phrase again. Even if he didn't want us around particularly at the moment, he certainly didn't want to make his extracurricular affair permanent.

I felt better. Not a lot better, but better. We still had time.

Time! Time for scars to heal, yes, but time for new ones to be made. Time for pricks and bludgeonings, and lots of floor scrubbing. The next weeks weren't easy. What Peregrine did for an equivalent of floor scrubbing I don't know. Probably walked the city. He couldn't have afforded to do much else with all the time he was out of the apartment.

Because I went out the next morning and spent. Spent money. Money I didn't have. I went out first thing and bought a little black suit. A spectacularly simple little black suit. And a gray dress that had a matching velveteen jacket. And a scrap of a black hat. And a pair of proper shoes. And every time I signed a charge slip I made myself remember the florist on Madison Avenue. Peregrine could write her poetry, I decided, but not spend money on flowers. Not at least while his wife looked and felt like a Thing, instead of like the Remarkable Woman she was.

That was one of my conclusions that black night, you see. When Peregrine first met me I was, to be sure, making cookies. I was also, more importantly, a Remarkable Girl. I had a job lots of people wanted. A job that paid real money and sent me all over the United States to see important people. I had a secretary of my own. I dictated the things I wrote. I was the sort of girl young men invited to dinner and the theater at least a fortnight ahead. I was, as assorted young men had pointed out fairly regularly, the Prettiest Girl at the Party. I had the right garment in hand for any occasion. Not necessarily a terribly expensive one, but the right one. And I had the assurance that went with all that. That was the kind of girl Peregrine had married. A girl who was doing a worth-while job in a worth-while way, and knew it.

Then in one great swoop Peregrine had gone off to war, I had given up job and home, taken on baby, and returned to being myself a Child in the Home. I had given up the initiative for my life. Trying so hard to keep peace among two sets of grandparents, I had put my disposition in neutral, and stopped going forward into life. Three years is a long time. Long enough to come to feel like a nonentity.

So that autumn I slowly took on the initiative. Not for Peregrine's life: his life is his own. But for my life. That first morning I bought the new suit and the new dress, and the hat and the shoes. And that afternoon I spent all the money I had with me to get my hair properly done for the first time in years. I had had to ask Peregrine to stay with Victoria—a thing I had never done before—but I knew that if he had any pressing commitments he could take the darling across town to his mother.

Later that week I took Victoria out to my family, and went to Washington to house-hunt. And I found us a wonderful house in Georgetown. Decrepit, but wonderful. With a wandering overgrown garden, and a fireplace in every room. Nobody wanted the house because it was in such bad repair, but I knew it was right for us. For more than a hundred years it had sheltered love and grief, joy and sorrow. I was convinced that its dignity would give us dignity, and that its perfect proportions would help us find proportion. It may sound odd, but I was sure that in restoring that house together we would restore ourselves.

And that is the way it was. We moved before Thanksgiving. Peregrine had already started the new job, and Victoria started school right after the holiday. I worked on the house all day every day, scraping away the neglect of years. Evenings, many evenings, Peregrine worked too, and we wore ourselves out working together. And day after day the rift was slighter.

I spent money on myself. Not enormous quantities of it, but enough so that I felt like the wife of an important man. Because that's what Peregrine is. An important man. Important to me. Important to Victoria. Important to his community.

And Christopher was born. And Richard.

Somewhere along the way, if this were a proper story, there would come a great scene of reconciliation. There would be a great laying out of confessions, a formal forgiveness, a rebirth all of a sudden of everything wonderful. But the whole point of this is that there never has been such a thing. Just as the rift grew imperceptibly, so has the rift closed imperceptibly.

What turning point there was for me came when I scrubbed the floor that long-ago night. What turning point there was for Peregrine I have no way of knowing. But somehow we both came to realize that love is based on understanding, not on being understood. There have been moments of ecstasy since—and moments of frustration. But there has been an undercurrent of swelling happiness.

The other woman that summer—well, I knew who she was then, really, and I certainly know now who she was, and the world being as small as it is, I've spent a few evenings in the same room with her. Dinner parties and things like that. She and one of her husbands ever came to dinner at our house one night. No that it was my idea, and not that I enjoyed it.

And Agatha? Dear misunderstood Agatha! How does she come into it?

I don't really know. But now and then across the last ten years there have been some strange interludes for Peregrine. Minor, and not frequent, but enough to set me scrubbing the floor and thinking again, searching for the weak elements in our matrimonial structure. And Agatha's been floating around during most of those times, back in the general Boston-New York-Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington circuit.

Last week we went to Agatha's party. We got to the charming little house in Georgetown. Every single house in Georgetown is charming now, of course, most of them just a little too charming. We liked it better the way it used to be, but the clocks won't turn back.

One of Agatha's children answered the door.

I said, "Hello. You don't know us. We're the Harcourts."

And the little boy said, "Hello." And then seeing my husband behind me, he said, "Hello Peregrine!"

And Peregrine said, "Hello, Mark!"

Then the dog, a black poodle, came bounding up, and Peregrine said, "Well, Shadow how is the world for you today?"

So there I was again. But where? I hadn't seen Agatha for years, but Peregrine knew and was known by her boy and her dog.

Mark took our things off up the narrow staircase and we went on into the sitting room. There was Agatha, just the same. No, not just the same. Hair a slightly different color, face less inflated somehow. Voice a little hoarser, gestures a little more extravagant, eyes a little more misunderstood. Scattered about the room were people more or less like herself—a little brighter than life, a little bigger than life, a little smaller than life. People somehow porcelainized. Like characters moving about in a drawing-room comedy, not like men and women.

We stayed an hour or so and then Mark found our things for us. As we went down the steps—one immaculately squared-off Chinese holly to the left, one immaculately squared-off Chinese holly to the right, and two old-fashioned gas street lights set into the brick sidewalk to remind the passer-by that this is part of Old Georgetown—as we came down the steps Peregrine suddenly laughed. "What a collection of lost souls! For heaven's sake let's go home."

So that's the way it is. END

DARK PURPOSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

whenever I can, and sometimes I hate the stupid impassive faces of tourists: complaining of the climb, fussing with light meters and lens openings. Here the past is like a great ever-blowing wind and they never feel it. Is this your first trip to Mexico?"

She nodded. "I go home tomorrow."

"I see you are regretting that. But I am sure you will bring a most stimulating account to . . . your family. I think you have not just seen Mexico; you have felt her."

"I have no family, but I'll probably spill over to my defenseless patients."

"Patients? You mean you are a nurse?"

"That's right. St. Anthony's in San Francisco." She looked off into the distance. "And you've no idea how remote it seems at this moment." Her gaze came back to his. "You live in Mexico?"

"Not in the city—but I live here."

"I'd never be able to say it calmly like that." Paige's eyes twinkled.

"How would you say it?"

"With Roman candles going off inside me, I guess."

"Promise me you will never lose what you have," he said almost gently, "that wonderful radiant appreciation. It is a rare thing."



"You are very kind." She glanced at her watch, a trifle disconcerted by the unswerving blue gaze. "I must go, if I am to be in time for the reception at the American Embassy this afternoon."

"Reception? But, of course. It is July Fourth. I am glad you reminded me."

"You are an American?" she ventured.

"My parents were living in Europe when I was born ——"

Before he could say more, two middle-aged ladies came rising into view, to collapse breathless and laughing on the top step. "Enid," said the older, "do your looking! I swear I'll never make this climb again. I ——" She stopped short, staring, then said incredulously, "Why, Mr. Steiger! Of all people!"

Paige's companion turned at once, smiling in recognition. "Well—good morning, Mrs. Abbott." He went over to extend a hand and help her to her feet. "I salute your endeavor."

Mrs. Abbott indicated her companion. "My cousin, Mrs. Rhodes." Then, with conscious importance, "Enid, Egon Steiger."

And then Paige realized why he had seemed familiar—though the small photographic reproduction on the back of the book jacket had been a pale copy of the actual man. She turned to go, pleasantly excited. Egon Steiger! Though he was comparatively a newcomer, with only two mystery novels to his credit, those books had been spectacularly successful.

Paige had not thought he would notice her departure, but before she had taken the first step down he was beside her. "Look, you may feel dizzy going down; the steps are much steeper than they appear to be. You must let me come with you."

Paige said quickly, "Thank you, but I'll have no trouble. Heights don't bother me at all." She looked down and nodded. "Anyway, here comes my guide."

Egon Steiger held out his hand and took her own. He did not shake it, but held it gravely. "Then," he said, "*que le vaya bien.* May all go well with you."

The gardens of the American Embassy were thronged with people. Paige was disappointed. It was warm and close, and she realized she should have followed her first inclination and stayed away. Joining those who were leaving, she would not quite admit to herself that she had hoped to see Egon Steiger again.

The suddenness of what happened took her completely by surprise. Someone collided with her, then seemed to melt into the crowd. Paige realized, with dismay, that the flat silk handbag she had been holding under her right arm was gone. *I must not panic*, she told herself, when she remembered that her vital papers had been in the bag.

She started nervously when a hand touched her arm. She swung to face Egon Steiger, and at sight of someone familiar, such relief swept over her that tears stung her lids.

He said, "Hello! I looked for you in there, but no needle was ever more elusive. And then, from the steps, I caught a glimpse of your hair and ——" He stopped suddenly. "Is anything wrong?"

She said through lips she tried to hold steady, "I . . . my purse has just been snatched."

He looked around sharply. "Here? Now?"

"Just a moment ago. Someone bumped me, and then ——"

He said angrily, "Pickpockets and purse snatchers have a heyday at something like this." He made an uneasy exploratory motion toward his own hip pocket, then relaxed.

Ahead of them the Hotel Geneve showed its familiar yellow façade. "Let me take you in here for coffee—or whatever you'd like," he said.

When the steaming cups were set before them she managed a smile. "You don't know how glad I am that you came along," she said.

"Perhaps you had better tell me just what you have lost."

"My tourist card, my health certificate, proof of citizenship ——"

"Money?"

"Twenty-three dollars. I've some money in my room—enough to settle the hotel bill." She made an embarrassed gesture. "You—you can't imagine how stupid I feel."

"It can happen to any of us." He smiled. "Do you realize I do not know your name?"

"Oh, I'm sorry; I didn't think. I'm Paige MacRae."

"Paige. That's a pretty name, and unusual. But right for you, I think. May I use it?"

"Why, yes—if you wish. It's not . . . quite as if you were a stranger."

He smiled warmly. "Thank you for saying that. Though I am sure Mrs. Abbott will vouch for me."

She finished her coffee. "I don't want to hurry you," she said, "but shouldn't I do something right away?" When he did not at once answer, her face grew troubled. "What is it?"

"Now," he said, "you must not let what I am going to say upset you. Mexico is as she is. But the authorities take a very dim view of the loss of a tourist card. The 'loss' has proved lucrative when the card was sold to someone anxious to cross the border; someone whose description fitted the owner of the card. As a friend, Paige, I would advise you against hastily reporting your loss."

"But what, then?"

"Those of us who live here know there are ways and means, but they involve reaching just the right people. Tell me," he said kindly, "would it make you unhappy to spend some extra time in Mexico?" At her level gaze he added, "I meant work." He made a sibilant sound to call the hovering waiter. "Bring me the English-language newspaper," he instructed.

In a moment it was placed before him. He folded it and pushed it toward Paige, his finger indicating a place. She read:

Capable registered nurse to care for young invalid. Near Cuernavaca. Call Room 608, Del Prado Hotel.

She looked up, not yet understanding. "You mean you know of someone who needs ——"

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"I am the someone. I put this in the paper two days ago; it is my reason for being in the city."

She did not dare admit the excitement that went through her, but said gravely, "Maybe you'd better tell me more about it."

"It will take time to get a replacement of your papers," he replied. "You would be doing me a real service by coming down to *Loma de Sombra* until matters are straightened out. I will be glad to duplicate your salary at St. Anthony's."

"I—I hardly know what to say."

He smiled. "Let me tell you about us—my daughter Cora and myself. So we may know what is best to do. *No es verdad?*" Noting the momentary clouding of her face he asked, "Do you not know Spanish?"

She shook her head. "No; I'm sorry. If the language is a necessary qualification ——"

He shook his head. "The only qualification, Paige, is the willingness to attempt getting along with a difficult person. I need someone who can win my daughter's confidence."

"If you think I could be of help with her —— I honestly love children."

For an instant his gaze grew shadowed, unreadable. Then he said in a too-even voice, "My daughter is not a child. At least—in years and body she is not a child. She is twenty-three years old."

"Oh, I didn't understand."

"Will it make a difference?"

"Why, no. I don't know why I thought you were speaking of a child. I guess it didn't occur to me you'd have a daughter of that age."

He smiled at her confusion. Cora was, he told Paige, his only child, born at the cost of her mother's life. The skiing accident that crippled her at seventeen was, in a terrible way, his fault, since he had challenged her to try the dangerous slope. Since then all that could be done had been done, in both America and Europe—without result. Three years ago he had brought Cora to Mexico. The final verdict of the doctors had changed her. She withdrew more and more into some private world of her own where none could reach her.

"You mean," Paige probed gently, "that her mind is becoming unstable?"

His eyes thanked her. "It is better to say it, face it, isn't it? Yes—that is what I mean." His hands described a helpless gesture. "My servants do their best, but they are unequal to the task, because they are not trained for it. They have no understanding of a sickness of the mind. Even Gregoria ——"

"Gregoria?"

"She has been with us almost since our coming to Mexico. She is devoted to Cora. But it is not a task for an untrained person." He sighed. "Yet Gregoria is going to be fiercely jealous of your coming." He looked at Paige for a long moment. "Is it too difficult a challenge I am offering you?"

"I wouldn't be a nurse, Mr. Steiger, if I were afraid of a challenge."

They faced each other across the small table. "You'll come, then?"

"Yes, I'll come." And with the words all the pattern of her life as she had known it up until now was shattered.

Egon Steiger's own small single-motored cabin plane waited for them at the Mexico City airport the following forenoon. A feeling of unreality clung to Paige as the plane took off. At this very hour she would have been returning to San Francisco; instead, she was flying to an unfamiliar destination with a man she had not known until yesterday.

Egon Steiger interrupted her thoughts. "There is one small matter," he said. "About uniforms. I don't know how you will feel about this, but I think Cora might accept you more readily if you did not wear one."

She looked at him, questioning in her eyes.

"If—just at first—it could appear that you were to be a companion to Cora—someone of her own age . . . there would be a difference in the basis of your relationship."

"But would it be an honest basis?"

"I don't know why not, Paige. Though Cora is confined to a wheel chair, she is not a bedridden patient. And then, too, she is used to Gregoria for her bath, her dressing ——"

Paige said a little stiffly, "I'm afraid you haven't made my duties very clear."

"I have angered you," he said quickly. "I didn't mean to, believe me. He paused as if finding what he had to say difficult. "Cora has shut me away from her. I think in her brooding she has come to blame me for all that has happened. God knows I blame myself, but that makes nothing easier. I thought perhaps a stranger—someone who has no connection with the past—could get closer to her."

Paige felt pity, yet a kind of embarrassment, too, that she had forced him to this painful explanation. She said impulsively, "If it will make things simpler, make Cora accept me more easily, then certainly the uniform won't matter."

She heard the lift in his voice. "Then you would be willing to try this my way?" Egon asked.

"You mean say nothing about the fact that I am a nurse? If you wish it that way."

"Thank you," he said. "They are inadequate words, but thank you." His smile seemed to have a special warmth. And then he turned his head and pointed. "But look! There is *Loma de Sombra*—Shadow Ridge."

Below, Paige saw red tile roofs, oblongs of green lawn, the bright blue of a pool with a flanking cabana. On her left was the low dark pine-choked ridge casting the deep shadow that gave the place its name.

The plane came in on a long fluttering glide, effortlessly overtook a station wagon scurrying toward the landing strip. Egon Steiger cut the switch, opened the cabin door and jumped out, then turned to give a helping hand to Paige.

They were in the station wagon, driven by a heavy-set Mexican with a pock-marked face, and heading back toward the house, when suddenly Steiger leaned forward to stare from the window; then he spoke sharply to the driver in Spanish, pointing Paige saw a dog racing across the far end of the landing strip, a magnificent Doberman pinscher, his unusual size evident even at this distance. There was no mistaking that Egon was angry, but when he turned to Paige his voice was again normal. "I'm sorry this had to happen, but I had left express orders that the Doberman was not to be let run in my absence."

Before he could say more or Paige could reply, they rounded a curve and before them were green lawns and flower beds, and the big house clinging to its terraced slopes; a house of softly faded pink stucco, roofed with tiles.

The car stopped before iron-grilled gates. In the open doorway appeared two people: a small-statured Mexican in starched white jacket; and a dark, arrogant-looking woman of perhaps thirty, dressed in a voluminous blue skirt and a white peasant blouse.

As Paige and Egon Steiger came up the three shallow steps to the entrance the man and the woman bowed stiffly.

Steiger indicated the two. "This is Luis, my butler, Miss MacRae. He speaks English. And this is Gregoria Montejo, who has much of the care of my daughter."

Paige smiled, but the woman's face showed no response. She and Luis bowed again.

Accompanied by Steiger, Paige passed through the doorway and the entrance hall into the main *sala*. Beyond it she glimpsed a wide, partially roofed terrace.

"The maids do not speak English," Egon Steiger said, "so Gregoria will show you to your room. Luis will see to your bags."

The room to which Paige was taken was on the same level as the *sala*. It had its own entrance off a gallery that ran the full length of the wing. A very large room, its focal point was an immense carved bed covered with a spread of faded apricot brocade.

Gregoria said from the doorway, "If there is anything that you wish ——"

"Nothing, thank you, Gregoria," Paige said, and smiled into the unresponsive face.

Paige was fascinated by the great room in which she found herself. A door led into a dressing room lined with commodious wardrobes. From the dressing room another door opened into a bathroom. Still another door centered one wall of the bathroom. Paige turned the handle and the door moved silently on well-oiled hinges. Then she stopped short, aware that she was looking into another bedroom and that it was occupied.

At the far end of the room stood a wheel chair, so turned that Paige had only a rear view of the head and shoulders of the occupant. She closed the door quickly. It was something of a shock to have come so suddenly upon Cora Steiger.

An hour later Paige had finished unpacking. It was time for *comida*, the main meal of the day in Mexico. She felt an upsurge of excitement. She would meet Cora Steiger. *If only I can gain her confidence*, Paige thought.

Leaving her room, she followed the open gallery toward the wide curving stairs leading to the upper terrace. She had put on a plain sheath of apple-green linen, a gold choker and bracelet. She thought, as she climbed the stairs, she had never felt less like a nurse.

The dining room opened off the terrace of the upper level. Distantly the snow-frosted peaks of the two volcanoes, "Ixty" and "Popo," shouldered into the blue. Paige stood, breath-held, to observe the scene. She did not at first see the man who was standing at the terrace railing. As he turned, an involuntary "Oh!" of surprise escaped her. She found herself facing a stranger: a wide-shouldered but thin young man with an angular, flat-planed American face below a sandy crew cut. She saw a straight, taut mouth, dark brows above hazel eyes, a long thin scar from temple to jaw.

He regarded her with a level, unfriendly stare. "I am Miles Hilliard, Mr. Steiger's secretary"—his mouth gave a humorless twist—"on all the occasions when I am sober enough to be of value to him."

She stared back at him. "I am Paige MacRae." She almost added that she was to be Cora Steiger's companion; then recalled Steiger's warning, and said nothing.

"A visitor," Miles Hilliard remarked. It was not a question. He appraised her unabashed and she had a bewildering impression of dislike.

Egon Steiger appeared and greeted Paige with a warm smile. "I had planned to be here when you came up, but"—the smile faded—"I was with Cora. I wanted to prepare her somewhat for your meeting."

Gregoria came toward them, pushing the rubber-tired chair in which Paige had seen Cora seated. She now had a chance to see the girl full-face and her unconscious reaction was of pity. Cora Steiger was pale and appallingly thin. Once she might have had beauty, but all the youthful bloom had been burned away by pain and the torment of lost hope. But it was the sharp suspicion of her look that Paige was now aware of, the way her glance darted, under partially lowered lids, from one person to the other. As the brief, sliding gaze rested upon Paige she wished suddenly for the uncompromising honesty of a crisp white uniform and a well-starched cap.

Egon bent down to Cora and took an unresponsive hand. He said very gently, "Cora, my dear, this is Paige MacRae. I have asked her to visit with us for a while; I thought some company might be enjoyable to you."

Paige spoke quietly. "I have been looking forward to meeting you, Cora." She was unprepared for the sudden full look she got from Cora: brief, but penetrating; unmistakably hostile.

"Well," Egon Steiger said in a resonant steadying voice, "let us go in and eat."

It was a strange meal. Steiger made all the gestures of a charming host—a lonely figure at the head of the dark massive table. On one side was Paige, on the other the silent girl and the half-sober secretary. Over everything hung stillness. A little maid came and went, shadow-quiet.

"How very still it is here," Paige remarked.

"Still?" Steiger smiled. "I see you are not used to country living. Not yet, that is."

An odd look on Cora's face checked Paige's reply. Luis was pouring wine in Steiger's glass, and Paige, following Cora's gaze, saw below his sleeve a crude bandage around his wrist through which blood had seeped. As if aware of the exposure, Luis moved the bottle with a haste that spilled a drop upon the cloth. Steiger had apparently not seen.

Black coffee followed the dessert and they rose from the table. "Rest well, my dear," Egon said to Cora as Gregoria began to wheel her away. The girl did not answer.

Egon turned to Paige and she felt he must be forcing his smile. "I expect you'll welcome a siesta after the trip down. I am called away for an hour. If there is anything you need, do not hesitate to ask for it. As the Mexicans phrase it: 'My house, which is your house.'" Still smiling, he turned.

"How charming!" Miles Hilliard remarked as he came up beside Paige. He stood looking in the direction in which Steiger had disappeared. "Such delivery!" His hazel eyes mocked. "Proof of the inestimable value of repetition!"

"Meaning what?" Paige asked.

"Well, naturally," he said, "since I do not own a house I have little occasion to practice such a pretty phrase." He snorted. Then as she stared at him, he turned, saying, "A pleasant siesta, Miss Paige MacRae . . . visitor."

He walked away, leaving her wordless and indignant.

NEXT MONTH

"I have never been unfaithful to you; but I no longer feel any loyalty to you, and I do not think you would be hurt—except for your vanity. Any infidelity I may commit will be because I have found a woman I admire and respect and love, as well as want; and who accepts me for what I am."

Neal Buckley paused to read over the long letter he had just written to his wife, Janice. It was a bill of indictment, a summation of the things she had done over fifteen years to destroy all the joy and delight of their marriage. Perhaps it was cowardly to write instead of telling her in person. But this way Janice would have to hear him out. He felt tense and driven. Would he have the nerve to send it?

He sealed the letter and dropped it into the slot.

YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE

By CATHARINE BARRETT

Complete novelette, condensed in the JULY JOURNAL

In her room, Paige put on a cool robe and lay on the great bed, but relaxation eluded her. A half hour went by; the clock ticked, a fly buzzed sporadically.

Impatiently Paige got up, flung open the draperies at one window and looked across a stretch of lawn to the swimming pool sparkling in the sun. Instantly she knew what she wanted: a swim. Quickly she found and put on her swim suit, let herself out of her room quietly and started toward the pool. At the sensuous delight of the grass beneath her bare feet she began to run exuberantly.

The distance was greater than it looked, the pool larger than she had imagined. Glossy-leaved banana plants along one side partially concealed the building she had noticed from the air, evidently a dressing cabana.

As she ran she saw at the far side of the sweeping lawn a dog, the same great Doberman she had seen on her arrival. A small-town girl with a love of dogs, Paige watched his approach, saw with pleasure the upfling of head that told her she had been seen. She leaned forward, clapping her hands to hasten him. "Come on, boy! Come on!"

She did not see the cabana door open, becoming aware of Miles Hilliard's presence and his hand upon her at the same instant. She spun around and glimpsed his grim set face. Without ceremony he lifted her in his arms and made a staggering run for the open door. Inside, he kicked it shut and put her down. She jerked free, momentarily speechless with indignation. Outside the door she heard the snuffling breath of the dog.

Uncomfortably aware of her attire, Paige was hotly angry because she knew Miles must have been watching her there by the pool. She could still hear the dog outside; there was assurance in its nearness. She had her hand on the latch when Miles moved more quickly than she would have thought possible to intercept her. "Don't open the door." His hand came down hard over hers. "The dog ——"

She did not retreat. "You will open this door."

He shook his head. "He is taught to run silently—to kill the same way."

"Kill!" The word was shocked from Paige. "You're drunk!" she said.

"No," he said, "practically sober. Shocked sober. You must listen to me."

"I am going out that door. If you're afraid of a dog, Mr. Hilliard, I am not."

"The dog knows me. You are a stranger."

"Open the door."

"Look, I will telephone to the house ——"

"Do that," she said.

She watched him go to a small wall telephone. Her sweeping glance took in the desk and typewriter, books, papers; a couch, a heavy chair. She opened the door.

He slammed up the phone and reached her at the same instant. "You little fool!"

She wrenched through the opening. The dog was gone. There was scorn in the look she gave Miles Hilliard.

He said, "Don't ever come out here alone again, do you understand?"

She slapped him hard. She saw the finger marks stand out across the scar, then redden. He did not move. He said in an odd tone, "It's been a long time since anyone has taken me seriously enough to do that."

She turned, head high, cheeks hot. She refused to hurry as she went back across the lawn, wanting almost desperately to run. She knew that he stood in the doorway and watched her all the way.

Back in her room, after all the confusing happenings, she had not expected to go to sleep, but she did. She awakened to the sound of sluicing rain and far-off thunder.

There was a soft knock at the door and when Paige opened it she discovered Luis. "*Señorita, por favor*, the *cena* will be at nine. The supper," he amended.

"Thank you, Luis."

He bowed. She saw that he held his right hand a little behind him, and remembered what she had seen at the table. She said, "Luis, you have hurt your wrist I noticed."

"It is nothing," he said uneasily

"Let me look at it, Luis I know about such things. Come in."

Unwillingly he pushed up his sleeve and Paige unwound the clumsy bandage to disclose a jagged wound. She said uneasily, "Don't you think Mr. Steiger might want you to see a doctor, Luis?"

He drew back sharply. "*Señorita*, he must not know. Please, he must not know!"

What has Luis done? she thought. A fight, perhaps; a slash with a knife? No, the edges were uneven.

She brought her first-aid kit and cleaned the wound gently. Eyes on her work, she asked, "What was it, Luis, an . . . argument?"

When he did not answer she looked up. His forehead glistened with sweat. He nodded quickly. "*Sí*, an argument."

She bandaged the wound expertly, using the small tube of ointment the kit contained.

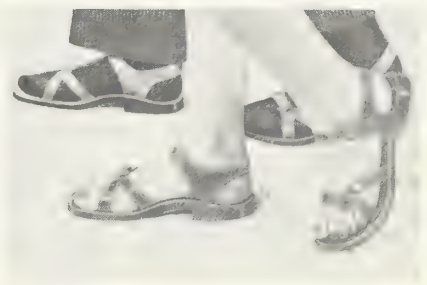
"*Mil gracias, señorita*," Luis said. "*Con permiso* ——" He all but ran out the door.

Funny little man, she thought.

Paige had put on a white piqué dress for the evening meal, a jade *rebozo*. Filigreed circles of gold hung at her ears.

On the terrace, Egon Steiger rose from a chair to greet her, and as he did the dog that had been crouching at his feet rose, too, and stood utterly still except for the dark glittering eyes. Miles Hilliard lounged at his former place by the railing. He nodded without speaking.

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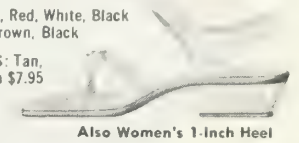
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Egon Steiger said, "Good evening, Paige," and as if at some unseen signal the dog sank to its haunches, but it did not take its gaze from her. Steiger smiled. "This," he said, "is Vengador, most loyal of friends." He spoke in Spanish and the dog rose and came over to Paige to sniff the back of the hand she extended, then returned to his place.

"He is . . . gentle?" Paige asked. "I see he wears no collar."

Egon Steiger smiled, and dropped a hand to fondle the close-cropped ears. "Between 'Gador and me there is no need of a collar. Between 'Gador and anyone else it would be quite useless."

"He is gorgeous. I am happy to make his acquaintance," she said sweetly, meaning that Miles Hilliard should hear.

A moment later he turned with a brief "Excuse me, please," and disappeared down the stairs.

Luis came then to announce the meal.

"Cora is not joining us?" Paige asked.

Steiger shook his head. "She insists on supper in her room."

"Mr. Steiger," Paige said, when they were seated at the table, "tomorrow I must make an attempt to see more of your daughter. I'm afraid I don't know exactly where Gregoria's duties end and mine begin."

He smiled. "That fine conscientiousness of yours is troubling you again. I introduced you as a guest, remember?"

"Yes, but ——"

"It's important. Perhaps you have noticed that your bathroom opens into Cora's room."

"Yes."

"A door, left ajar without seeming intention, is an invitation to outreaching on the part of another. If Cora knew you were a nurse she would pull back deeper into her shell. And she needs so desperately someone who is her contemporary, someone in whom she may come to confide."

"I shall certainly do my best," Paige replied.

"You must be patient—with both of us," he said later, as she rose to leave him.

She answered only "Good night," but she knew his gaze followed her until she disappeared down the staircase. She went into her room, closed and bolted the door.

By the time she was ready for bed the rain had stopped. She lay quietly in the darkness, thinking of Egon Steiger, lonely, gallant; of the pitiable girl Cora, the unsocial Miles Hilliard, the strange little Luis . . . even the dog, the darkly beautiful dog that was Egon Steiger's shadow.

She slept. Once, as in a dream, she heard footsteps pacing, back and forth, back and forth, back ——

At the end of a week Paige felt, unhappily, that she was no more acceptable to Cora Steiger than at the beginning of her stay. To all overtures the girl was unresponsive. Paige wheeled her down by the pool, sought pleasant places on the terraces, offered to read to her.

"Here, I'll get that, Cora," Paige said that afternoon, seeing the girl straining silently to reach a book that had slid from her lap to the floor.

"Leave it there," Cora said now shortly.

Paige picked up the book and handed it to her. Cora's fingers curled around it, her gaze flat, hard. "Why don't you go back where you came from? You think I don't know why you're here? You are here to spy on me."

"Spy on you?"

Cora's grip tightened on the book. "You think you've fooled me? Everything you do gives you away. When I saw Luis' bandaged wrist I knew. Better than most I should know a *nurse* when I see one. Lie about it if you want to; it won't matter."

Paige felt betraying color whip into her face. She could not now evade if she hoped to take even one step toward gaining Cora's confidence.

"I don't intend to lie about it."

"Then why no uniform? Why pretend ——"

"Cora, your father was thinking only of you when he asked me to come. He thought you had seen so much of uniforms ——"

"So that's what he said!" For a long intense moment the girl studied Paige's face. Then she pushed back into her chair, her eyes cold. "I don't want you here, do you understand? I do—not—want—you—here."

"Cora ——" Paige began gently.

Sudden fury twisted Cora's face to ugliness. With all her strength she hurled the book at Paige. "There!" she panted. "Now will you get out? Will you go? Now! *Now!*"

Without replying, Paige turned and left. Back in her own room she pondered uneasily what she should do. She wished she could talk to Steiger, but he had gone immediately after *comida* to the building on the ridge, which he called the *casita*—the little house. Nothing was permitted to disturb him when he was writing.

As the week had passed it seemed to Paige that he had grown more tense. If he were disappointed in the slowness of her progress with Cora, what she had to tell him now would not help.

She had inquired two days before as to the possibility of recovering her lost papers, but he had shaken his head. "One drops a word here, a word there, and then one waits." Then he had smiled. "Now, promise me you will not concern yourself."

The remainder of the day stretched interminably ahead. And then she thought, *Why not go into Cuernavaca?* And felt an instant lifting of her spirits. It could not be more than thirty minutes' drive. There could scarcely be another day when she was less wanted here.

It was with relief that she heard footsteps and saw Miles coming across the terrace. He paused at sight of her, quick appraisal in his look. "Is anything the matter?"

Did her feelings show so plainly to everyone? She said, "Why, no, nothing at all. I wonder if you'd have someone drive me into Cuernavaca?"

"Cuernavaca?" He said it as if she had mentioned the next province. He hesitated for a long moment, then he said stiffly, "I'm sorry, the servants take orders only from Mr. Steiger."



"But I can't disturb him; he's working. I just want you to tell whoever drives to take me into Cuernavaca."

"I could not order the car for you. I'm sorry."

Anger and frustration welled up in her. "I don't believe you!"

His face whitened with anger. "If you'll excuse me, please." He went past her and into the house.

Resourcefulness came to her aid. The switchboard girl at the Hotel Marik in Cuernavaca must speak English. She would call there and ask them to send out a taxi.

An old-fashioned telephone stood in a niche in the *sala*. Paige lifted the receiver and heard only an odd humming sound. "Hello!" she said with impatience. Distantly a voice was murmuring and she said at once, "Hotel Marik, *por favor*. Hotel Marik."

"Is there something, *señorita?*"

She turned to see Gregoria. Paige said as crisply as she could, "I am trying to reach the Hotel Marik. Will you get if for me?"

"Of course, *señorita*." Gregoria took the receiver and began to jiggle the hook, seemingly without result. "It seems not to function, *señorita*."

"Keep trying, please."

COUNTRY WAYS

By JANE MERCHANT

"Here we turn the children out
To daisies every summer"—
Grandma's glad to talk about
Our ways to any comer.

"Sturdy, trusty, full of zest
And lovely altogether,
Daisies make the merry best
Of any soil and weather.

"All that any country needs
Is what the country raises
Where the daisies grow like weeds
And children grow like daisies."

"Yes, *señorita*." Gregoria made elaborate effort. Again she turned. "It seems to be—how do you say?—impassive."

Paige knew now only a stubbon refusal to be defeated. She took back the receiver.

Then she saw Gregoria's gaze go past her and even before Egon Steiger spoke she knew he was there. "My dear, something is wrong; I can see it in your face. Why did you not have someone come for me?"

With an effort she kept her voice steady. "I understood you were never to be disturbed during working hours. I—I was just trying to get a taxi to take me into Cuernavaca for an hour or two. Cora is resting ——" There was something disconcerting in the way his blue eyes watched her as she talked.

He said, "I have been thoughtless. Of course you need some relaxation. But—about the telephone. You see, with servants, one must be careful, keep constantly in touch. So—all calls go through the *casita* when I am up there. Of course when I heard your voice, I came down at once."

No wonder Gregoria had been slyly amused, Paige thought indignantly.

Egon smiled warmly. "Come," he said.

"Where?"

"I am taking you into Cuernavaca. You must let me make up for my thoughtlessness."

"But your work?"

"You will be giving me pleasure."

In the driveway a small foreign sports car waited. Egon helped Paige, then swung in beside her. As they started up the driveway she heard the muffled howl of a dog. Vengador had been left behind.

At a pleasantly secluded table in Cuernavaca Paige smiled at Egon Steiger over a tall, moisture-beaded glass.

He said quietly, "It is not happy news that you have for me."

"You know?"

"Tell me," he said gently. He leaned forward and she could sense his waiting.

She said at last, "It's just that . . . well, maybe Cora would be more responsive to someone else." *That's not what I intended to say to him at all!* she thought.

She saw his mouth tighten a little as if in pain. "Paige"—his eyes had never seemed so strangely blue—"remember, I warned you of her sometimes violent reaction to the mental anguish that she feels."

"But Cora dislikes me."

"No, my dear. In her bitterness she strikes out at whoever is nearest." His eyes were shadowed. "She turns on me, too, Paige."

"On you!"

"On all of us. But I've learned to know it for what it is." His eyes searched hers. "I do not want you to tell me that you will not stay. We need you at *Loma de Sombra*. Paige, please stay."

The blue gaze seemed to burn into hers. She looked down, uncertain. "Please," he said again. She looked up and nodded.

Miles Hilliard barged into the cabana and slammed the door, his feelings in angry turmoil. What sort of fool was he to concern himself with any of the women who came to this place? He knew them all. He ought to, after nearly three years of living at *Loma de Sombra*.

They had two things in common: beauty and charm They wanted what they saw; they were willing to barter what they had. Some remained longer than others, but none ever overstayed her welcome by an hour. Egon watched their little posings and posturings, the deep looks, the soft smiles; then, with scorn, shooed them unceremoniously away.



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Especially when you grill these heap good hamburgers, don't forget the wonderful difference Ac'cent makes! It emphasizes all their natural "good lean beef" flavor—makes 'em so moist they almost spurt good beef juices! What Ac'cent does for Totem Burgers, it does for charcoal-broiled steaks and chicken, too. Be sure to use enough to *taste* the exciting flavor improvement. Start with the amount we recommend. Unlike other seasonings, you can't use too much Ac'cent!

TOTEM BURGERS

1 pound ground beef
1 teaspoon Ac'cent
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 hamburger buns
4 slices (4 oz.) process American Cheese
Butter
Lettuce
4 slices tomato
4 slices onion
Pickle relish
4 stuffed olives

Break up meat with fork in mixing bowl. Sprinkle Ac'cent, salt and pepper over entire surface of meat. Toss gently. Shape into 4 patties. Panbroil, broil or grill to desired doneness. Just before hamburgers are done, top with cheese. Butter hamburger bun and cover with lettuce. Top with hamburger patty, tomato and onion. Spread with relish; top with olive. Cover with remaining half bun. Repeat. For best results line your grill with Reynolds Wrap—for better heat and cleanliness. YIELD: 4 servings.



NEW BALANCED STRENGTH REYNOLDS WRAP



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Cook on it . . . Cook in it . . . line your grill for heat reflection

For weeks there would be no one. Then one morning Steiger's plane would take off for Mexico City. A house guest always companioned his return. *And who this time?* Miles had thought with bitterness, a week before, at the sound of the returning plane. He was totally unprepared for Paige MacRae.

Miles remembered in uncomfortable detail his first meeting with Paige. The night before Egon's unheralded return he had slept badly. He had taken three very stiff drinks before coming up to the dining room, which brought him to a point of contempt for everything, including himself. This slender sunny-haired girl had given him a level look and rewarded his rudeness with the curtness it deserved. And something about the high-headed way she stood reminded him of Margot. He hated her for it. How dared any woman coming to this place remind him of Margot?

He told himself just what this Paige MacRae must be and why she had come to Shadow Ridge. But all during that first meal he watched her. She was not like any of the others; there were no posturings. She spoke to Egon with a quiet assurance, a dignity that was again an unbearable reminder of Margot.

He fought against the girl's domination of his thoughts in the days that followed. But he could not be free of her. The more Miles became aware of Paige, the more he sensed the difference between her and the others who had come as Egon Steiger's guests. She devoted a great deal of time to Cora. And Egon, who had always displayed fierce intensity toward his feminine visitors, followed by indifference as they began to weary him, treated Paige as Miles had not seen him treat any other woman.

Miles had been honestly startled at Paige's expression when she had met him on the terrace that afternoon. She looked angry, hurt. Something had happened. What lay behind this sudden decision to leave the house without telling Egon? He looked at her standing there and, with no inward blaze of conviction but rather like the quiet turning of a page to find written a simple truth, he knew that she was *not* like the others; that her purpose in coming here was as honest as her eyes. He felt as if suddenly pushed off balance. The abrupt way he had taken leave of her was really flight.

Miles had seen Steiger enter the house, had seen the expression on the man's face, the momentarily unguarded eagerness, the animal excitement. *As if he were licking his chops,* Miles thought angrily. He heard Egon's voice as he spoke to the girl, gentle, kindly. He could picture Paige looking into Egon's again-masked face and, in her own honesty, believing it also honest. He watched Egon and Paige leave for town in the small foreign car. The dog was not with them, which meant that Egon was not planning a speedy return.

Back in the cabana, Miles tried unsuccessfully to work. He found himself endlessly turning to the clock, until daylight was gone and darkness settled. When Luis brought his supper Miles asked, "The *señor* has not yet returned?"

"No one has returned, Señor Hilliard." A pause. "There comes, I think, a storm. If the rain is heavy soon the road will be, perhaps, not passable until tomorrow. Except, of course, Señor Hilliard, in the jeep."

"It rained this morning; it is not likely to rain tonight," Miles said shortly.

Luis answered, "*Sí, señor,*" and went out.

But after a bite or two Miles pushed the food aside, hearing the witch dance of the first drops across the banana leaves, and within minutes the lashing downpour.

Egon's plans would have been simple. Some shopping, laughter over the trinket he would buy Paige, too small a thing to refuse; pleasant conversation over cocktails. And then, of course, back to *Loma de Sombra.* Egon Steiger was too experienced to overplay his hand.

But one thing tormented Miles: the thought of the dirt road leading across lonely countryside to Shadow Ridge. There were spots that became little better than morasses during heavy rain. A low car once bogged was helpless—as Egon Steiger knew very well.

At nine-thirty Miles tried to reach Cuernavaca, but found the phone useless. By ten he could stand the suspense no longer. The thought of the girl in a stalled car with Egon Steiger was unendurable. He ran through the rain to the gallery.

"Get the jeep," he told Luis. "Bring it to the door. I have reason to believe the *señor's* car is stuck in the mud."

"Yes," Luis said softly, "it could be so."

"Good!" Miles said, and meshed his gears. Its four-wheel drive and all Miles' skill were needed to keep the jeep on the slippery road, and as kilometer after kilometer went by and he saw nothing he began to feel he had been hasty and overzealous. Miles cursed the trip for a fool's errand. Then he saw the stranded sports car off the road, so turned that he might have passed it. He slid to a stop. As he yanked open the door of the stalled car a light came on, catching the faces of both passengers in the sudden illumination. Miles saw the fury in Egon Steiger's face, the relief in the girl's. Then Steiger's expression changed.

"Well—Hilliard!" His voice was warm, grateful—and a betraying note too high. "I had not hoped for such a response to my mental SOS."

Paige had not spoken, but she was staring now at Miles. His gaze clung to hers and he could not look away. Then something in her eyes answered his and he knew that she was glad he was there.

Slowly Paige undressed for bed. She thought as she brushed her hair, *Here I am back at Loma de Sombra.* The heavy door leading from the bathroom into Cora's room was a reminder of tomorrow. Paige stood staring at it, her nurse's training urging her to see that all was well with her patient before she herself went to sleep. The noise of the rain would cover the opening of the door; the dim light on the bedside table would show her if the girl slept.

She opened the door. The small lamp was not burning, but the light from the bathroom made a path across the rug. Paige stared at an empty bed. In the doorway of her dressing room stood Cora Steiger, gaze fixed on Paige in an expression of complete shock. She took an uncertain step forward, then swayed and would have fallen had not Paige caught her. She half dragged, half carried her to the bed.

Cora sank back among the pillows and stared at her, wordless. Paige sat down on the bed and took the girl's cold hands in hers.

Cora said then in a low hoarse voice, "You will tell him! You will tell him!"

Paige said gently, "Cora, try to trust me."

Cora's voice shook. "How can I trust anyone? Anyone?" She wrenched her hands away. "It's no use now; you'll tell him."

Paige asked in honest bewilderment, "But why not tell him what would make him so happy—that you can walk?"

Cora drew back into the pillows, her whole body rigid. Her eyes seemed even in the dim light to burn into Paige's. "If you tell him, there is no more chance for me."

"But he is your father, Cora."

The girl's eyes made a quick circuit of the room, then they met Paige's with dark intensity. Her voice was low, yet harsh. "He is my . . . husband."

Paige repeated the words incredulously: "Your husband!"

Before she could say more there was a sound, so slight she was not sure she had heard anything. But Cora stiffened, warning in her eyes. "Run!" she gasped. "Run!"

Paige fled to the bathroom, clicking off the light. There in the darkness she waited, breathless, the door not quite closed. A hinge rasped faintly. The light went on in Cora's room. She heard Cora speak. "What do you want? You wakened me."

"Did I, my dear? I'm sorry. I thought, somehow, you would not be asleep." It was Egon Steiger who had entered the room.

"I *was* asleep," Cora said sulkily.

"Were you, Cora? There is no sleepiness in your voice." A pause. "You weren't really asleep, were you?"

"Awake, asleep, what difference?"

The voice spoke gently. "Poor child. It is so hard for you to know which is truth and which is fantasy; which are the things you know—and which are the things you dream."

Cora's voice was low, intense. "You've come to start on that again. You think, don't you, that if you tell me often enough I'll believe it—as you make everyone else believe it."

"Cora, if I must confide certain things to others, it is only to protect you."

"So you've told her—the girl."

His voice was kindly. "You must know I had only your interest at heart in bringing Miss MacRae here. I must know that you are competently cared for, so I will tell you now that she is a registered nurse. You must know it is not easy to persuade someone like her to come to this lonely place. I must insist that you do nothing in future to jeopardize her remaining."

"So it is like that?" Cora said.

He said, "For me there is peace of mind in knowing she is here. You are not strong ——"

Suddenly Cora laughed, a wild laugh that roughened Paige's skin. "And I must be kept strong, mustn't I? It would be dreadful for you if I died, wouldn't it? What would you do then?"

"My poor, poor girl ——"

"Oh, stop it! Stop it!" It was the same sort of fury Paige had witnessed earlier, directed toward herself. "Get out! Get out, do you hear? I do not listen to you."

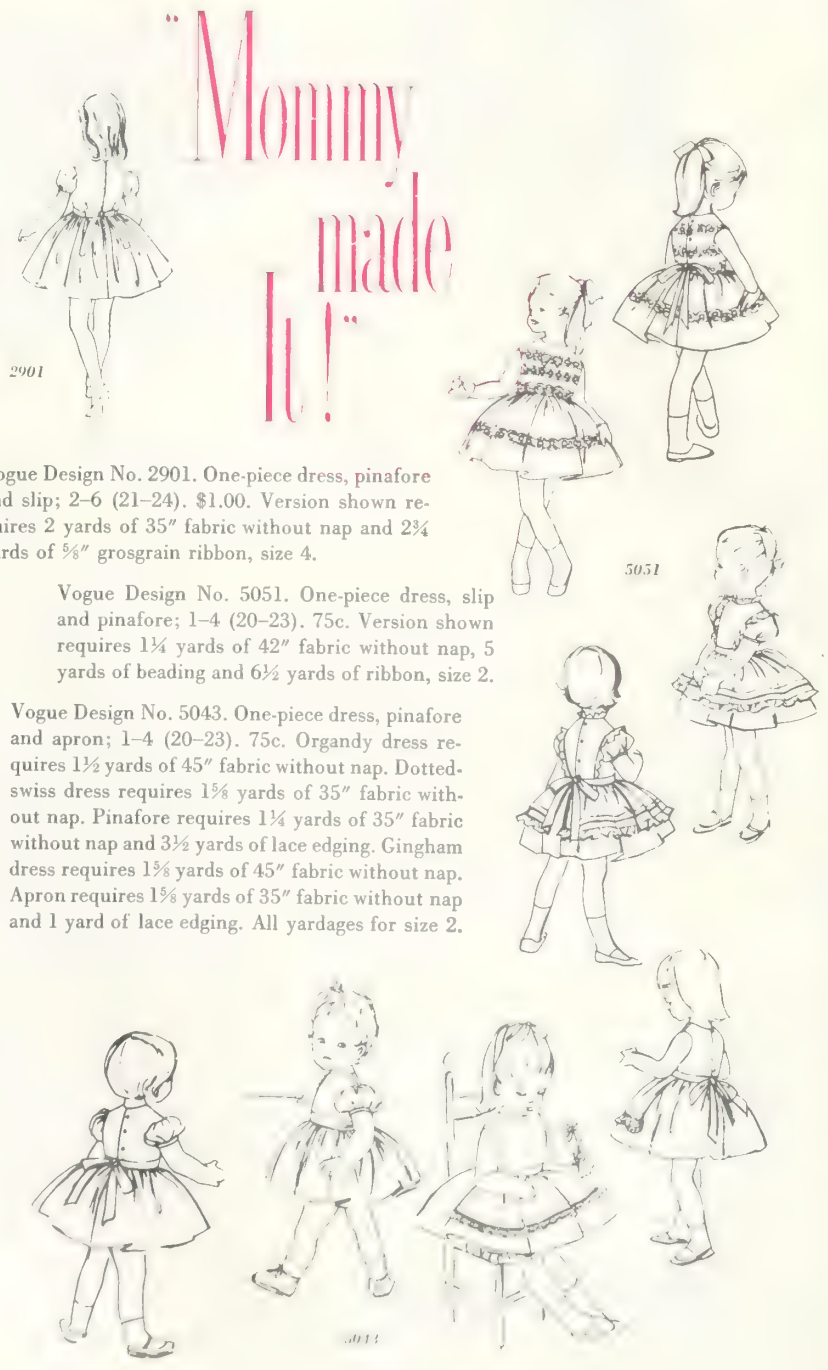
"Well—good night, then, Cora. I hope in the morning you will feel better."

The girl made no reply and presently Paige heard the click of the light switch and the closing of the door. She had been on the point of believing Cora's incredible statement. But now she remembered what Egon had told her of Cora's hallucinations. It was going to be hard to meet Cora tomorrow. She went to the outer door to assure herself it was bolted. And then she heard steps which came closer, paused. She knew—without knowing how she knew—that Egon Steiger stood outside. Slowly, silently the door handle turned and there was pressure against the bolt. And then she heard his voice: "Paige . . . Paige." A voice too low to cause awakening, yet one to be heard if awake. "Paige?" The handle moved again and the bolt strained in its socket. "Paige?" She stood there, pressed against the door. Her lips opened to answer because there was such demand in the voice, such force to compel. She wanted to say, "Yes, what is it?" She pressed the back of her hand to her mouth.

Then she heard the steps going away, whispering into silence. A moment later there was the sound of a car as it began the climb to the *casita* on the ridge.

Paige opened her eyes to morning sunlight. The air smelled rain-washed, fresh. She sat up, feeling the upsurge of new energy. How silly she had been! She felt only pity this morning for Cora. As for Egon Steiger, the troubled father, Paige wished now she had opened the door and come out on the gallery to talk with him. How simple it might have made everything.

As she came lightly up the stairs to the terrace, drops of water on the bougainvillaea caught the sun and turned to crystal. Miles



Vogue Design No. 2901. One-piece dress, pinafore and slip; 2–6 (21–24). $1.00. Version shown requires 2 yards of 35″ fabric without nap and 2¾ yards of ⅝″ grosgrain ribbon, size 4.

Vogue Design No. 5051. One-piece dress, slip and pinafore; 1–4 (20–23). 75c. Version shown requires 1¼ yards of 42″ fabric without nap, 5 yards of beading and 6½ yards of ribbon, size 2.

Vogue Design No. 5043. One-piece dress, pinafore and apron; 1–4 (20–23). 75c. Organdy dress requires 1½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap. Dotted-swiss dress requires 1⅝ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. Pinafore requires 1¼ yards of 35″ fabric without nap and 3½ yards of lace edging. Gingham dress requires 1⅝ yards of 45″ fabric without nap. Apron requires 1⅝ yards of 35″ fabric without nap and 1 yard of lace edging. All yardages for size 2.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

stood in his usual place, staring off at the volcanoes. She could not forget the look on his face when he opened the door of the stranded car. That look had been for her alone.

"Good morning, Miles," she said.

He turned, and she saw he had been drinking. He spoke thickly. "I—I didn't expect you to be up here this early."

She felt rebuffed, then indignant. She had not wanted to see him like this. She spoke shortly. "If I am intruding, I'll leave."

"No—no, I didn't mean that." He shook his head heavily. "I—I neeeded more time, that's all."

"More time? For what?"

"To say what I want to say."

"What do you mean?"

"When are you going? You ought to know it's not good sense, your staying here."

Shocked, she stared at him, and before the look in her gray eyes his gaze faltered. He ran his hand over his face and half shook his head as if to clear it. His voice was ragged. "I should apologize for my state—but it is my state of courage." Then for an instant his gaze burned into hers. "Get out of here. You hear me? *Get out of here!*"

She looked at him, beyond speech. He turned and with great care crossed the terrace and went down the stairs. Paige stared after him.

When Egon did not appear at the usual time she went, at Luis' suggestion, in to breakfast, and she was eating when he finally came in, flanked by Vengador, to join her. He was wearing dark glasses, though the morning was not more brilliantly sunny than usual. Seeing she had observed, he smiled. "You'll forgive my 'dark' outlook, I hope." He seated himself. "I worked most of the night, which means eyestrain, so I must depend on these."

Paige found it hard not to stare. There was something different about him. His mouth had a tautness she had not seen before. And she noticed that he was not really eating. The dog, head close to his knee, was getting most of the food. He said then, "Have you seen my daughter this morning?"

Paige shook her head. "I expect she is sleeping late."

Egon Steiger sighed. "Forgive my impatience, Paige. I'm anxious to know how things will go. Last night we got in so late I dared not disturb Cora."

Paige, taking a drink of coffee, was glad that the cup somewhat concealed her face. She swallowed, then put the cup down carefully, not looking at the man, fearing her eyes would betray her astonishment.

Paige spread a bite of toast before she asked her question. "Don't you think, perhaps, if I am going to make another attempt, it might work out better if Cora knows I am a nurse? If she realized that I got the job because I was trained for it ——" She was aware he was studying her from behind the glasses.

Abruptly he put his hand over hers. "You must trust me; you must believe that I know what is best for . . . all of us." His fingers tightened convulsively. "Paige—I ——"

The dog moved closer, growling possessively; and Paige pulled free. Egon struck the dog across the muzzle, a brutal backhanded blow. It withdrew a few feet and sank slowly to the floor.

Egon turned back to Paige. The pulse was beating in his temple. He said, "I am sorry. I regret to discipline Vengador in front of you, but with such an animal, control must be constant and obedience instant."

Paige wanted to get out of the room. She put down her napkin and rose. "You'll be seeing Cora before she comes outdoors?"

"Of course." She wanted to say, *Take off the glasses so I can see you.* He said slowly, "If there is anything you feel that I should know—anything at all—of course you will come to me."

She nodded, but did not answer. Relieved when he and the dog had gone, she went out on the terrace. But she could not shed her uneasiness. Did he know more than he seemed to know? Why had he pretended he had not seen Cora last night? Why had he said nothing about having stood outside her own door?

Over an hour passed before Gregoria appeared, wheeling Cora down by the pool. The girl was wearing a floppy-brimmed sun hat that hid her face.

When Gregoria had gone Cora spoke to Paige with quiet intensity. "Don't act different, but he's watching. I know; I can feel it."

Paige checked an involuntary impulse to glance around quickly. She realized, unhappily, that Cora's mind was following another labyrinth. She drew up a chair and sat down. "Are you quite comfortable?"

Cora did not answer; then after a moment she said, "Will you read to me?" She took a book from a pocket in her chair. The hat still hid her face. Paige opened the book, recognizing it as one she had read.

NOTATIONS

By ELIZABETH ALLEN

Gardening, I reached out for a weed,
But in my hand the green stalk
Stiffened, went tight with balk;
It was a long green insect, not a
stem,
Smooth and cool, taut with
phlegm,
Trying hard to look what it was not.

Swimming, I ran into a snake.
We both drew back and eyed
The other, and then passed aside
As people, meeting on a busy street,
Who, before they move on, must
retreat.
There was a real politeness in his
glide.

And we could preach a sermon,
write a poem,
Or sadly pull the belt in one more
notch
In contemplation of our human
botch;
Grieve for our elegance, which is
defective;
Sigh for our color, which is not
protective;
Or simply stand and watch

Birds praise the wind with flight,
Or see the salmon curving his
hosannas,
Or smell the jasmine, opening at
night.

She began to read; then, above her own low voice, she heard Cora's speaking quickly from under the concealing hatbrim. "Did you tell him? Don't stop reading or look up; just answer as if it's part of the story. Did you tell him what I told you?"

Startled, Paige still managed to keep her eyes on the print. "I did not tell anyone."

"That's the truth?" Cora's hands tightened on the chair arms.

"It's the truth, Cora. I have told no one."

Cora's voice trembled with intensity. "You must believe what I told you. I'm trusting you, Paige; there is nothing else I can do."

"I have said nothing," Paige repeated.

"Tell me," Cora said, "is he wearing dark glasses this morning?"

"Why, yes—but haven't you seen him? I thought he ——"

"I have not seen him since last night."

Paige kept on with the pretended reading, saying the words automatically.

Cora continued, "When he wants to be able to look at you, stare at you, and you cannot tell what he is thinking, then he wears dark glasses. He's different then; I'm afraid of him when he wears them."

"Cora, what would he be suspicious of?"

"Anyone. Everyone. Of me. He is always suspicious." Her voice faltered. "Oh, Paige, help me before it is too late. Nothing is as you think it is in this place. You don't know what he is capable of; you don't know."

It was sad, sitting here in the glorious sunlight by a shimmering blue pool, listening to Cora pouring out her suspicious fears. Paige ached to help the girl. She said, "Now, you mustn't worry about things."

"He has made you think about me as he wants you to think, hasn't he?" Cora asked bitterly. "You believe nothing; you don't even believe he is watching us."

Paige said in a calming tone, "Now if he were watching, where would he be? And why?"

"I don't know. Only I can feel it."

Paige sighed inwardly. Cora saw danger everywhere, dark intention in everyone. Paige knew, unhappily, she must tell Egon the truth about her, leave decision to him.

She put down the book, ashamed that Cora had persuaded her to be a party to this pretense. As she raised her head she saw movement at the far corner of the lawn. Into the sunlight a young rabbit hopped nervously. What happened was immediate. There was the split second when the rabbit's ears jerked upright and it leaped, but at the very apex of its leap Vengador was upon it. There was a choked-off squeal, and the furry body flew through the air to fall limp upon the grass.

The dog lunged toward it again, then stopped short. He swung his head, then, as if obedient to some signal, turned and disappeared into the shrubbery. Everything was as it had been except for the unmoving patch of fur.

"The milk for the *señorita.*" Luis' voice behind Paige made her jump.

Cora took the glass and began to sip it while Luis waited. Paige's mind was darting at this fact, then that. The dog never left Steiger's side; therefore only one thing could account for its presence in the shrubbery: Egon was there. But why? It was ridiculous to think he would stand hidden spying on his daughter.

Something of her thought must have shown in her face, for all at once Cora put down the glass. She said, "Luis, take me in the house. I am tired." As Paige started to rise, she added coldly, "Don't bother. I don't need you." Luis wheeled the chair away.

Paige sat there, determined to be sensible, waiting for Egon Steiger to come and explain why he was in the vicinity. In a moment he appeared, walking toward her. He smiled gravely. "I am sorry about what just happened." She stared at him without answering. His hand dropped to the neck of the great dog. "I did not see the rabbit in time to check him," he said. "Why did Cora go in?"

"Well, she was upset—about the rabbit." Uneasily she fumbled with the book still lying in her lap.

Egon reached over and took it from her. He riffled the pages. "You were reading to Cora?"

She nodded, then put the question she had to ask. "Did Cora say anything to you this morning when you talked with her? I mean about . . . yesterday."

"She mentioned our having talked?"

She shook her head. "But at breakfast you said you were going to ——"

"Of course. No, she did not mention yesterday. Do you feel, Paige, that she still remembers it?"

Paige sought for the right words. "She didn't mention it, only asked me to read to her."

He concerned himself with the book. "What sort of a story is this?"

Paige made herself smile. "Well, we haven't got far as yet, of course. It starts with a girl, Diana Wynn, faced with the problem of remaking her life after the death of her lover. She meets Tom Cawley—an older man. I—I don't suppose it is any great book, but if Cora is interested I'll be happy to read it to her."

She sensed his relaxing. "I continue to be deeply grateful that you are here," he told her. "You know that, don't you, Paige? How strange a thing is fate. You lose a purse—and I gain —— But I dare not yet put that into words." His voice was tender.

"Please ——" She got to her feet.

He rose also. "I did not mean to distress you." He held out his hand. "Coming in?"

"I—I think I'll stay a while longer in the sun."

He left, smiling, taking the book with him as if he had forgotten to put it down.

Paige returned to her room. The connecting door was closed. She tried to open it and found it locked. She rapped firmly, but there was no answer. Somehow she did not believe this was Cora's doing. Purpose in the very lift of her head, Paige left her room and went into the library, through which she could reach the small rear terrace outside Cora's room.

She did not expect to come face to face with Miles in the big book-lined room. The meeting was so sudden that neither had time to mask surprise. She saw he was now sober, though still pale.

He said, "Wait, please," and she paused. She knew he was finding it difficult to speak. He said, "I know there is no adequate apology I can make to you. Things just seemed to . . . start out all wrong between us."

What had happened had bothered him greatly; she could see that. She said, "Oh, Miles, let's just forget the whole thing. Please. I realize everything happened because you were drinking. I know what drinking can do; I'm a nurse and ——" She stopped short, biting her lip, wishing she could recall the words.

An odd light came into Miles' eyes. "Then you *are* a nurse! You came here as a nurse—not as a visitor."

"Mr. Steiger asked me not to mention it. He didn't want Cora to know. He hoped she'd accept me as a—a companion."

He asked as if puzzled, "But why would he think he could fool Cora?"

"She knows now. She saw the bandage I put on Luis' wrist. He had a bad cut ——"

"A dog bite. Luis tried to prevent the Doberman from getting loose the day you arrived."

She refused to look away. Finally she said, "I know now he is . . . dangerous. I didn't realize it." She meant it as apology.

Miles said quickly, "You couldn't have been expected to know."

And somehow, with the words out in the open, all the sting was gone from memory of the scene in the cabana. Paige made a little movement with her hands. "So—here I am: a nurse who isn't doing any nursing; a companion who isn't being companionable."

Miles looked puzzled. "How did you come to take the job? Out in this place. Or am I impertinent to ask?"

She hesitated. It would be such a relief to talk to someone. So she told him. The meeting with Egon, the purse snatching at the embassy reception, Egon's kindness in rescuing her and his eagerness to have her take the job as Cora's nurse.

When she finished, he looked at her earnestly. "Paige," he said, "find an excuse, any excuse, to leave this place. Don't ask me for reasons. Just go when you get the chance."

"But I've got to wait for a replacement on my papers."

"Report the loss to the embassy. The longer you delay, the more difficult it will be to explain why you waited."

"Miles, Mr. Steiger has gone to a lot of trouble for me; I know that. And I don't just run out on something. Cora is my problem. I ——"

If Vengador had not been panting a little Paige would not have been aware of Egon's approach.

"Were you needing me, Miles?" Egon said, and they both turned.

"I have these ready," Miles said, indicating some papers on the desk. "Whenever you want to go over them ——"

"I can now, as well as any time." He seemed to be looking at Miles, yet Paige had a strong feeling that he was watching her behind the dark glasses.

"I thought I'd find Cora out on the rear terrace," Paige said, and hoped her voice was very even. "I'll see if she wants anything."

He shook his head. "She is resting," he said. "I don't believe I'd disturb her."

She had a fleeting impression, not strong enough to be a conviction, that he did not intend she should see Cora just now.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

What French's does to a hot dog...



...should happen in your frying pan!

Never—no never—have you tasted a recipe like this. Delicious . . . but as easy to fix as snapping your fingers.

The only musts are franks, pineapple, and the golden touch of French's Mustard!

You'll find French's *golden touch* makes this a brand new dish even though it's prepared with good old-fashioned hot dogs. That's because French's fairly sparkles with the goodness of not just one, but a combination of *seven* lively spices —selected from round the world, and blended to create a golden seasoning treat.

Use French's Mustard *on* sandwiches, cheese, hamburgers . . . *in* meat loaf, baked beans—whenever you want to add to food the excitement of seven lively spices . . . the rich flavor of French's *golden touch!* So good—it's America's favorite!

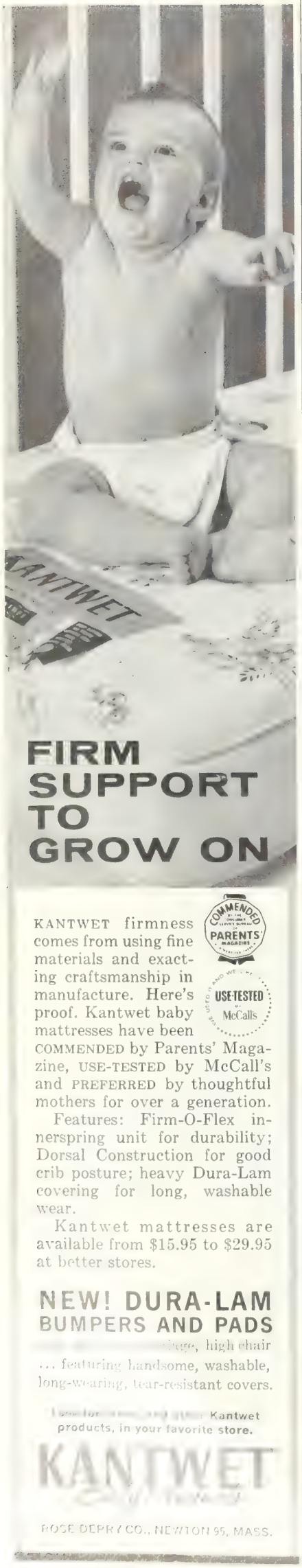
Hawaiian Franks

1 lb. franks
⅔ cup drained crushed pineapple
4 tbsp. French's Mustard
8 slices white bread
Butter

Mix drained pineapple and French's Mustard. Split franks in half, lengthwise, but not quite through. Heat in ungreased skillet, then remove and place diagonally across bread slices. Spoon pineapple-mustard mixture into frank slits. Wrap bread around each frank, overlapping corners. Secure with toothpicks. Melt small amount of butter in skillet (low heat). Brown wrapped franks, turning so bread is toasted on all sides. Add butter if needed. 4 servings.



7 lively spices in every jar
—that's the secret of French's Golden Touch!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

She smiled. "Then I think I'll take a swim." She did not wait for a reply, but as she walked away she knew both men watched her.

When Paige reached the dining room for *comida*, Cora and Miles were already at the table. Egon came in, still wearing the dark glasses. "Well, we are quite a family group today." He made the conversation general at first, but then slowly, imperceptibly, he began to concentrate attention upon Cora. "I am so glad you are feeling better today, my dear." As she stared at him he smiled. "I noticed Paige was reading to you this morning. So intent over your book, you two." He broke a morsel of *bolillo* and gave it to the dog. "Tell me," he said. "What is it about, Cora?"

Paige felt her pulses jerk. Suddenly she knew her impression had been right; Egon had deliberately kept her from seeing Cora earlier. His question was not an idle one; there was purpose behind it. Paige was sure that Cora had heard nothing they had read that morning—the sketchy sentences only covering lapses in their strange conversation. Cora put down her fork and stared toward the dark glasses, her voice indifferent. "It's not much of a book."

"We did not get very far," Paige said, but Egon went on as if she had not spoken.

"What is it about, Cora?"

She can say she doesn't remember, Paige thought quickly.

"It's about a girl," Cora said. She stopped. Paige saw that Miles had become aware of something, for his gaze met her own in questioning. Cora picked up her fork as if she would say no more.

"You must have remembered some of it," Steiger said gently. His hand, caressing the neck of the dog, paused in its movement.

"I don't see what difference it makes."

"I was just hoping you would reassure me by . . . remembering," Egon said very evenly.

Cora made an exasperated gesture. "It's about a girl—Diana Wynn—who is moping around because her boy friend has been killed. There is this man, Tom. Much too old for her, if she's foolish enough to fall in love with him." She did not shift her gaze. "I don't think you'd care to read it."

He smiled broadly. "You've convinced me," he said. "It sounds very dull." At once there was a change in him, a lightening of his mood. He began to laugh and joke. Cora sank back into unresponsiveness, not even glancing at Paige

She did not appear the rest of the day, and that night the door was again locked between her room and Paige's.

Miles was on the terrace as usual at breakfast time. There was an almost blinding brilliance to the sunlight. He turned as Paige approached, his eyes sought hers quickly. His face had a new clearness and she knew he had not had a drink. She said, "Miles, there are a lot of things I don't understand here. I've got to talk to you."

"What kind of things?"

"That's just it; I'm not sure." She hesitated, then plunged. "Do you think Cora is out of her mind?"

He looked at her sharply. "A little odd, maybe, but that's a long way from —— Paige, what do you mean?"

"Miles, I've got to tell you. Cora told me that Egon Steiger is not her father. He ——"

"Not her father?" Miles said. "You mean she's adopted?"

"No ——" She stopped short as the look in Miles' eyes warned her that Egon was coming. She turned to greet him. He was not wearing the dark glasses and, perhaps by contrast, his eyes seemed pale as ice.

All during breakfast Paige knew that their unfinished conversation churned in Miles' mind. It took effort to respond to Egon's conversation. There had to be a way she could talk with Miles other than during these few moments before a meal.

As the meal ended and the three of them rose and went out on the terrace, Paige said, "I'll go and see if Cora is up."

Egon moved closer. "Not now. I must make amends for being so neglectful. You have seen very little of *Loma de Sombra*. I should like the pleasure of showing it to you." He turned to Luis without waiting for her answer. "Get the station wagon," he said.

There was no avoiding it. Within minutes the car was at the door. Vengador leaped at once into the rear seat, moving about excitedly. Paige was uncomfortably aware of him, but tried not to show it. There was eagerness in the way Egon put the car into motion.

Numerous little roads, some hardly more than trails, traversed the estate. Exhilarated by her presence and spurred on by her interest, Egon showed Paige everything: the landing field, the hangar, the cactus-fenced servants' quarters, the pens for the boxers that accompanied Ramón on his rounds at night. About the property ran a strong chain-link fence, too high for a dog to leap, with strands of heavy barbed wire on top.

Paige said, "This seems such a peaceful country. Is all this protection necessary?"

"Thievery," he said. "So, Julio sleeps in the hangar. And the top wire of the fence is charged. If it is cut, the broken circuit sets off an alarm."

"Which brings Ramón and the dogs," Paige said. "It's like living in medieval times."

He said gravely, "Some command, others obey."

"But obedience isn't to brute force any more. If your servants dislike it here ——"

"They can leave. Is that what you were going to say?"

"Well, it's true, isn't it?"

He smiled, an oddly complacent smile. "Not here," he said. "Wages don't enter into it at all. They give me absolute loyalty because of what I have done for them." He paused. "Take Luis. He murdered his wife in a rage because he believed she was unfaithful. He escaped. Now he's here. I stand between him and . . . retribution."

"But the law ——"

Egon spoke with proud sureness. "Here, I am the law."

"It is going to seem a little strange now, when I look at Luis—and the others."

He laughed. "Oh, not all have cause for the nightmares Luis has. Ramón helped himself to an employer's till; Julio injured a pedestrian in Monterrey. I give them what they cannot now find elsewhere: freedom."

Freedom? she thought. *Freedom!*

"But Gregoria . . . Miles ——" She had to ask.

"Miles —— Does it matter to you? Why should it matter?" Quick anger came into his voice. Then he checked himself and half shrugged. "Miles—I permit him to find the self he thinks he has lost. Not realizing that, he hasn't the wit to be grateful."

The car swung into the turn-off that led up to the *casita* on the ridge. They stopped in a small clearing and a moment later Paige entered the building with Egon Steiger.

She found herself in a large disorderly room fronted by ceiling-to-floor unbarred windows. There were a large littered desk, cabinets gray with dust, a leather chair, a wide blanket-covered couch. Books were everywhere, piled on the floor, spilling on the rugs. On the wall was the telephone, with the push buttons that controlled outgoing calls in its base.

The dog, suspicious of Paige's being in this place, moved about nervously, then sank down on the rug by the couch, eyes darkly watchful.

Paige looked around the room, trying not to show her surprise. There was in its disorder a feeling of confusion almost tangible. Over it hung an odor she could not classify.

"What a wonderful view," Paige said.

From the windows was an excellent panoramic view of the estate below. The landing strip, the hangar; the road leading to the house. Also the upper terrace was clearly visible, as were the lower end of the gallery and her own bedroom door. One side of the pool showed the cabana.

She saw, pretending not to notice, a binocular on the floor half under the chair. She stole a look at Egon Steiger. He moved and now the binocular no longer showed, though she had not seen him shove it with his foot.

He looked at Paige. "Could I have dreamed ten days ago that I would see you standing here? When I look at you ——"

Uncomfortable at the undercurrent in his voice, she turned from the window and in so doing knocked a book from the desk. She caught it as it fell. It was a badly worn volume written in German. She had forgotten most of the German she knew, but one word in the title she recognized: Poisons.

Egon took the book from her at once. "It looks very old," she said.

He nodded. "It is a résumé of strange legal cases through the last century." He smiled. "A writer of books like mine needs much odd information."

"Yes," she said, "of course." She was thinking, *He lied again.*

Tension was building in the room. She said at last, "Shouldn't we be getting back? Cora will be ——" But when she moved he barred the way and she looked up to meet the almost hypnotic ice-blue eyes.

He said, his voice very low, "We must not pretend, we two. You know I had to bring you here, to tell you what you must already know. I love you, Paige. I love you."

"Please—I ——"

But his hands seized her arms in a grip frighteningly strong. His gaze burned into hers. "I knew from the very first how it would be. You must have known it too."

For a dizzying second she hesitated and in that second he had drawn her close into his arms. She was pressed tightly against him, hardly able to breathe, and his mouth was hard and relentless upon her own. That odor she had noticed on entering the room was all about her, in his clothing, on his skin.

She cried out as she wrenched away and at the sound the dog sprang toward them, fangs bared, eyes green-black. Sheer fright drove Paige back into the man's arms in an effort to get away from Vengador.

Egon spoke a sharp explosive word and the dog retreated a step, fury-darkened eyes never leaving the girl. He sank to a half crouch.

"Get him away!" Paige cried, real fear in her voice. "Please—please get him away!"

Again Egon spoke and again Vengador retreated a scant step, growling deeply in his throat. Egon stood there, his arms around Paige, his voice suddenly gentle as he spoke, his lips against her hair. "Perhaps I should thank him. My darling—there, there . . . don't tremble so. I'm here; you're safe."

As she again pulled free, he led her to the big chair by the desk. "It's all right," he said, as kindly as if he reassured a child. "I have a place for Vengador outside; I'll put him there. It will take me but a moment or two," he said, and slipped out, followed by the dog.

Paige sat there, stunned, not only by the ruthlessness of his approach but by what she had come to know. Dark glasses to hide contracted pupils . . . and the odor. . . . "Not necessarily habit-forming of itself," her class notes had read. "But the path to incurable drug addiction." Marijuana.

Her thought was disrupted as the door, insecurely closed, was flung open by the wind. Air rushed into the room, scattering papers. Mechanically Paige caught at flying sheets as she ran to slam the door. Loose pages in a partially opened drawer had been sucked out; others hung over the edge. Paige yanked out the drawer to stuff them back. The glint of a peculiar yellow caught her eye. She never knew what made her reach in and draw it out. It was the International Health Certificate, known to every traveler. Beneath it, secured by an elastic band, was a small packet. It was several seconds before she realized that she held in her hand her own missing papers. Everything was there—even the money.

It was instinct that made her thrust the packet into her blouse and get back to the chair. Egon opened the door. Again the wind sent papers swirling, so no disorder seemed of her making.

Then the door was shut and the room was quiet again. Egon came over and stood looking down at her. Her face felt tight and cold as if the blood had drained from it. He was quite in control of himself now. He said, "I could not hold back longer what I felt." His voice deepened. "Paige, I must have your love."

Her heart was thrumming against the little packet, but she got up slowly and faced him.

"I am like any girl, Egon; I want love. But I do not want it forced upon me."

He drew back so suddenly, his mouth tightening, that she felt fear in the pit of her stomach. If she had chosen the wrong approach —— Then as suddenly he changed. "Forgive me," he said. His eyes moved over her. "How proud you are," he said. "I like your pride, Paige."

She stood, praying for the right words. "Egon—maybe I am a little afraid to love too quickly. Maybe I mistrust any emotion I feel . . . too soon."

"Then you do love me! You do."

"I must have time to know myself," she told him. "You would want me to be honest and tell you that."

His eyes seemed to burn over her. She was afraid to look directly into his face, so naked was desire, yet she forced herself to say, "You must give me time. There is Cora to think of, Egon; not just . . . ourselves." The thought was whirling through her mind that Egon Steiger was not free to take anyone as his wife. She knew that now.

"I know," he said. "Loving you gives me the courage to face what otherwise I could not face."

"What do you mean?"

"The truth. Cora does not improve, Paige; she only grows frailer all the time. You see it, don't you?" He took Paige's hands and his grip tightened. "You see how much I need you," he said thickly. "Paige—I ——"

At that moment the telephone rang, a long insistent *br-r-r-r!* It startled both of them, then he strode to the instrument. "What is it?" Paige heard an excited voice at the other end of the wire.

"All right, at once," Steiger said quickly and hung up the phone. He turned to Paige. "Cora has had an accident."

What I like about music are the pretty little ladies who listen to it.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

In seconds they were racing down the narrow road. Egon's mouth was taut, about him was the very emanation of excitement. As they reached the house, Paige heard the wild keening of a dog. She realized that for this moment Egon had forgotten even Vengador.

Cora lay on her bed, her upset wheel chair nearby. Luis and Gregoria were there. Paige went to Cora and felt her pulse.

"What caused this?" Egon demanded, not approaching the bed.

Paige stroked the girl's hand. "You're all right," she soothed, and just for an instant felt the pressure of the thin fingers.

Gregoria spoke nervously, pointing to the upset chair. "I heard the noise. I found the *señorita* so."

Cora opened her eyes. "I was trying to pick up my handkerchief," she said slowly. "Somehow the chair tipped. I'm not hurt."

"But I could not be sure, *señorita*," Gregoria said anxiously. "I could not know."

Miles appeared in the doorway, breathless. "What has happened? I heard the car—and now the dog ——" Again came the blood-chilling howl.

"Get up there and let him loose," Egon said sharply to Miles. "He's behind the *casita*."

Miles did not move. "I operate a typewriter better with ten fingers," he said calmly.

"Luis!" Egon turned toward the little man, who seemed to shrink inside his clothes.

"*Señor*"—soundlessly his mouth framed the plea—"*por favor* ——"

Cora pulled herself to a sitting position with Paige's help. "I'm all right. Paige can take me out on the terrace."

"Of course," Paige said agreeably, but Egon interrupted. "I'll go loose Vengador and be right back."

Miles' glance met Paige's. But he had no further reason for staying. He turned away.

"I will stay with Cora until you get back," Paige told Egon firmly, and there was nothing he could do but go. Paige wanted only a moment alone with Cora; time to say the one thing that could bring her comfort.

In a moment Cora said, "I'd like some tea, Gregoria, some hot tea."

Gregoria went from the room.

Cora said breathlessly, "I had to pretend to fall. She almost caught me walking."

"Cora," Paige said quickly, "listen. I believe you. I believe everything you have told me. Everything. I know now it's so."

For an instant Cora looked as if she might faint there among the pillows. Then she swallowed and tears flooded her eyes.

"I had to tell you," Paige said. "I'll try to talk to you later; not now." Cora stared at her, too shaken to answer. "And we can't seem to be on good terms—only reluctant ones. Remember that. Everything depends on it." She took the girl's hand and squeezed it hard. Then she heard the betraying sound of a spoon rattling in a saucer. She set her face. She said, clearly and coldly, "I only wanted to make you more comfortable, that's all. Certainly I have no wish to inflict myself on you."

"Then if I want you to do something for me, I'll ask you," Cora said, just as clearly.

Gregoria hurried in with the tray. "If you don't want me for anything ——" Paige began.

Cora stared at her. "Why should I?"

With an excellent imitation of injured dignity, Paige moved toward the door. As she reached it she turned and for an instant the girl's eyes met her own. There was a light in them she had never seen since coming to this house. She knew it was the light of an awakening hope.

Cora lay on the bed, her eyes closed, the half-empty teacup pushed aside. In her mind pulsed those hurried words of Paige's: "*I believe everything you have told me.*"

Paige knows! She believes me! Cora thought. From the night Paige had discovered she could walk Cora had known despair, for she knew Paige had not believed her when she said Egon was her husband. And, not believing, she might betray her.

Cora feared Egon. She feared him as she feared no other living person, for she knew that when he moved in an aura of dark purpose, nothing could stand in his path. It was the more terrible because of the deceptive mask of gentleness he could wear so well.

It was that gentleness that had at first caught her interest. She had been a lonely girl. Motherless only child of a Texas rancher, she had been literally swept into wealth on the black crest of a gusher. When, at sixteen, she lost her father in a field accident, she was bereft. A bank became her guardian. She was sent to good schools, on expensive vacations, but she missed the roughly tender man who had reared her, missed belonging to someone.

She met Egon Steiger on the ski run at St. Moritz three days after her twenty-first birthday. She was flattered when he showed her attention. He seemed to have such understanding of her inner loneliness, something the younger men did not. He told her that he, too, was an orphan, told her how he needed her; it was that for which she hungered. She fell deeply in love.

Elopement with him—his laughing suggestion—was high adventure, because she did not have to elope. She was now of age; she needed to account to no one. But she loved the secrecy of it, his unwillingness to share a moment with an outside world. She proudly registered her new name with the bank in Texas and knew that she was truly happy for the first time since her father's death.

She was not sure when she first began uneasily to feel that he was not quite what he had seemed to be. Slowly came realization that what she had mattered more than what she was. Still, she had no inkling of his purpose until he brought up the matter of their wills, and that each must, of course, provide completely for the other. It was only then it occurred to her to tell him that her inheritance was provisional. The income of her trust was hers only during her lifetime. It had been her father's honest attempt to protect her from the Egons of the world. To her children at her death went the principal of that trust. If she died childless, everything went as an endowment to a university.

At first Egon did not believe her. Then he cursed as she had never heard cursing. She saw

Advertisement



WARNING: HELP PROTECT BABIES AND NEW MOTHERS AGAINST DREADED STAPH GERMS

BY GENE WILBURN, MEDICAL NEWS WRITER, HOUSTON CHRONICLE

A dreaded disease has become a medical scourge. In recent years, Staphylococcus aureus—or "yellow staph"—has run rampant.

Newborn babies, new mothers, older people and people recovering from surgery are particularly susceptible! 16 babies died from staph infections in a Houston hospital in less than three months. Staph has become so widespread that in Pennsylvania it is now a reportable disease, that must be made known to the state health authorities.

Ironically enough, staph has gained this new lease on life partially through medical progress itself. In recent years, sulfa drugs and antibiotics have worked miracles against most kinds of germs, but with staph, their too-liberal use has backfired. Staph has the greatest capacity of any known disease germ for developing resistant strains. Now, its actual biology has changed, and the germ has become a scourge!

While staph has become a formidable problem to hospitals, it can also be tracked into *any* home, the *cleanest* of homes, by anyone, sick or well. You don't have to have a skin lesion to pick up staph in the home. A crawling infant, a barefoot bather, may be a ready victim.

This dangerous enemy can be picked up not only by contact with a patient or carrier, but also by contact with contaminated surfaces—for example, bathroom fixtures, bath tub, bowl, tiles, bath mat. In fact, the bathroom may be a critical area for the spread of infection from one person to the next. And clean *personal* habits are of vital preventive importance!

Unfortunately, too many homemakers have abandoned the tried-and-proven principle of regular disinfection in the home. Published laboratory reports show that neither suds nor pine oils have the power to kill staph—that so-called "sanitizers" are not *true* germicides—they may not kill all disease germs they touch.

Lysol Brand Disinfectant has been proved to be an efficient germicide, killing disease germs, including staph, on contact. In laboratory tests, its anti-germ action was found to last 7 full days. That's why Lysol is so important for weekly bathroom cleaning. A few drops in your cleaning solution will disinfect from one cleaning to the next as nothing else can!

Here are 3 basic steps for weekly bathroom cleaning: 1. Use Lysol in cleaning solution as directed. 2. Wipe floors, walls, bowls, fixtures with this solution. 3. When laundering bath mats and lid covers, soak in Lysol solution before adding detergent. Note: If anyone in your family has a boil (a direct source of staph contamination), disinfect bathtub, basin, bowl, seat with Lysol after every use. Now in pine scent as well as regular, a bottle costs as little as 29¢.


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THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A BARGER
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
BY MUNRO LEAF
even when it steps on your foot the way this Barger just did to its mother's snout. It is an unhappy scene that has a Barger in it.
YES
NO



Dog-Gone it... Pure-Pak's almost Magic!



It's very easy to pour from a pitcher
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Is really child-proof . . . there's no doubt



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Dear Milkman:
Please leave our
milk in Pure-Pak
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(NAME)_____

"IT POURS LIKE A PITCHER"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

Egon stood clearly revealed. With what consummate cruelty on this sunny morning had he laid before this chair-bound girl his signed intent to commit murder.

Paige knew now that time was a frantic, precious thing.

The day passed, and with difficulty Miles curbed his impatience. He purposely delayed going upstairs until after nine and both Paige and Egon were at the table when he arrived. He felt at once some difference in Paige. Though poised, she was tense and her smile seemed forced

He rose from the table when it became evident that he could remain no longer without arousing suspicion in Egon. As he said good night and turned to go, he again caught Paige's glance and he knew he glimpsed fear.

Stealthily Miles crossed the lower terrace to the doorway of Paige's room. He turned the bronze handle of the door and swung it inward.

Waiting within the room, at last he heard Paige's heels clicking down the stairs and coming along the gallery. Vengador's nervous panting told Miles that Egon accompanied her. The handle turned and the door opened.

Paige said gravely, "Good night, Egon."

Miles detected the barely leashed excitement in the man's voice. "Each time it grows harder to let you go like this. Each night I ——"

Paige said, "I am very tired, Egon. So again—good night." She opened the door wider and came inside, closing it and carefully slipping the bolt; then stood, listening.

Outside the soft footsteps melted away. Very evenly Miles spoke from the shadows by the door. "I'm here. Don't be startled."

He heard her gasp, but she did not move.

"Put on the lamp as you usually do. Do nothing differently. Don't try to talk now."

She did as he had bidden and he knew she understood. Egon might come back.

Paige went into the dressing room and returned wearing pajamas and a housecoat. She had removed her make-up and her face had the clean sweetness of a child's. "I'm following routine," she whispered, and turned out the lamp. "Miles, was it safe to come?"

"I had to," he said. He took her hands. "You'd better tell me all you know. She *is* his wife?"

"Yes, but there's more than that. Oh, it's all so terrible, so merciless."

"Tell me."

She recounted in a low voice what Cora had told her, and how she had found her papers in the *casita*. "I knew then, Miles ——"

He interrupted. "But he doesn't know you've found them, Paige. Look, ask him to drive you in to Cuernavaca. Once there—well, he can't follow you into the ladies' room. Get to a telephone and call the American Embassy in the city ——" He stopped, sensing her unresponsiveness. "What is it? Is there something you haven't told me?"

She said slowly, "Miles, Cora is his wife. And he has decided to marry me."

"You don't mean he'd ——"

"Yes. Miles, he has learned to forge her signature so perfectly that it could have fooled even her. As long as that endorsement is on her checks, the money will keep coming. Now he can make that endorsement himself. Now she is in the way—because of me."

"He must be insane!"

"I think he is. Cora thinks so."

"You saw this signature?"

"I saw it." She told him about the book Egon had returned to Cora. "Miles, she knows what it means. If I get away and he becomes suspicious, no matter what happens later, it will be too late for Cora. He will never let her live to testify against him." Paige's voice shook. "We've got to get out of here together, the three of us."

"Yes, but how?"

"Have you a gun—anything?"

"Nothing. He has. Also, there is the dog."

"Miles, why are you here? What hold has

"You write his books. Why?"

"Who told you that? Not Steiger."

"Cora guessed it, and Egon was too angry to deny it. Miles, why do you stay here?"

He said, "At first it was a job, and I needed a job." He paused for a moment, then continued, "I never thought I'd want to tell this to anyone—but I think you've a right to know. My wife was killed, Paige, in a car accident that was all my fault. I couldn't forget it, so I tried to run away from it."

"Oh, Miles, I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"Steiger was fit to be tied the first time I rewrote some of his heavy lines," Miles went on. "And then, pretty soon, I was doing all of it. That first book sold well. No one was more surprised than I. And then the old urge came back; I had wanted to write for myself and had failed, before Margot died. Now I wanted to try again. When I first told him, he ordered me to get out. Then he changed—just as suddenly—and said he owed me something and was going to give me a chance to prove myself. Eight weeks as his guest. I hadn't expected kindness like that. I'll never know what impulse moved him."

TOADY

Europeans regarded the common toad with superstitious awe until the dawn of the scientific age. Shakespeare made several references to the common belief that the ugly amphibian was poisonous. Peasants wouldn't so much as touch one. Medieval traveling medicine men were not slow to take advantage of the situation. In order to demonstrate to a crowd the effectiveness of his wares, a quack would have his assistant swallow a toad (or pretend to do so). When the fellow began writhing in agony from the "poison," his master would "cure" him with a dose of his medicine. This device was so common that it became customary to speak of any meek assistant as a toad-eater. In time, the expression came to be used of persons willing to curry favor by doing unpleasant things. Shortened to toady, the term has survived the actual toad-eater by several centuries. WEBB B. GARRISON

"What happened?"

"Nothing. I got tied up in knots again. My head felt as if it were held in a vise. The harder I tried, the worse things got. I became sick from the strain." He paused. He tried to keep the disappointment out of his voice. "Well—I stayed on. I ghost-wrote the second book."

"But that is writing."

"It doesn't seem to matter when it isn't for myself. But that eight weeks on my own —— I suppose I kept remembering the other failures, and how I'd lost everything I valued."

"He said a strange thing about you: 'I permit him to find the self he thinks he has lost.'"

"None of it makes sense."

"I think it did to him. Maybe he couldn't bear to admit that there was one person here on whom he depended, one person about whom he did not know everything. . . . Miles! There is something I haven't told you; when I said that it reminded me of it. Cora can walk!"

"Walk!"

"Yes, walk. The night we came home in the rain I went into her room—and caught her. She's been walking in the night, trying to get strong enough to get away."

"No one knows?"

"No one but me. Miles, if you could get out of here ——"

"I won't leave you here. Not for an hour. It'll have to be the three of us. Look, how well can she walk?"

"Only slowly. Oh, Miles, she's been so alone, so despairing. And now —— She knows what he means to do. If she just—well, got weaker and weaker . . . who'd suspect anything? Miles, there is an old book in the *casita*, in German, about poisons."

"Poisons?" He said it again slowly, "Poisons! I hadn't thought of that." Then he hastened to reassure her. "We mustn't panic. Right now we must wait." He stood up. "I'd better go. In another few minutes Ramón will be coming this way. I want to be in the cabana."

Paige went with Miles to the door. He told her, "Bolt the door behind me. Don't open it to anyone."

"Be careful, Miles. Be very careful."

"Don't worry." He wanted to take her in his arms, comfort her, reassure her. More: love her. Instead he went out.

He kept close to the flank of the house until he reached the place where he must cross the lawn. Beyond was his door, and safety.

The voice spoke quietly. "Well . . . *señor*. Good evening." Ramón moved from the place where he had concealed himself.

Miles felt as if a tightening hand had squeezed the blood from his heart. Ramón had caught his master's secretary coming from the room of the *señorita* in whom that master had an undisguised interest. He was no fool. The information had great value.

Miles permitted himself the ghost of a smile. He shrugged. "Of all men in this place," he said in Spanish, "you will most surely understand. Am I not a man? Am I not aware of beauty when it is before me?"

"You put it well, *señor;* since I, too, am a man with eyes in his head."

"I prefer they be eyes that look east, not west," Miles said. "I have American dollars to back my preference."

"One hundred dollars?"

"It is more than I have." Miles saw the acquisitive glitter in Ramón's eyes; he bluffed. "Perhaps the *señor* will be interested in the price you put on your loyalty."

Ramón's face grew darkly ugly in the moonlight. Then harshly he said, "We do not talk more of the matter—now. Give me what you have."

"I'll get it," Miles said and walked past him into the cabana, got the money and came out.

Ramón's dirty fingers closed over the bills. "*Gracias, señor*," he said. The tone was an insult. Ramón moved on into the darkness.

It was several moments later that the full force of his mistake struck Miles. American money —— He had not purchased safety. Ramón, with those telltale American dollars in his possession, could ruin everything.

He stood looking in the direction Ramón had gone, calculating his chances. Double the sum in pesos—that might do it. But if it didn't, if he refused? Miles' mouth set in a grim line.

Paige listened at the door as Miles left. She felt inwardly excited. She had felt his impulse toward her, when he left, and would not have resisted had he taken her in his arms, yet she felt a deeper appreciation of him because he had not. Miles ——

She heard a voice and hurried to the window, tensing as two figures moved from the shadow of the banana plants by the cabana door into the moonlight.

Miles held out something which Ramón took. Paige stood clinging to the grille of the window. Miles had given Ramón money. Money for silence, because he had seen! But how could one buy silence from a thief like Ramón?

She did not know how long she had stood there when she heard the knock on the dressing-room door and Cora's voice calling her: "Paige ——" She ran to open it. "What is it? You should have been asleep hours ago."

"I was asleep. Then I had a dreadful dream. And now I can't stand to be alone in there."

Paige said quickly, "You mustn't be found in here!" As hurriedly as she dared she escorted Cora back, then sat down beside her.

Cora's eyes seemed clouded, far-looking. She said in an unhappy voice, "Paige . . . he came in here tonight. He said I wasn't eating enough, that I was getting thinner all the time. He had Gregoria bring me some milk." There was a pause. "You'll be angry with me ——"

"Of course I won't. What are you trying to tell me?"

"I accused him—about the book. I didn't mean to, but he stood there staring at me. I hate the way he stares."

"And then what?" Paige asked uneasily.

"He laughed at me. He told me I had written the name myself, that he had seen me do it." She started to sit up in bed.

"Cora," Paige said gently, "what's the matter with you tonight?"

Cora stared at her. "I felt so afraid, and my head aches so." She twisted uneasily. "It feels as if there's a tight band around it."

Patiently Paige soothed her. Cora closed her eyes. Her face looked pale and drawn in the lamplight. Paige watched for a little while longer, then went back to her own room. But not to rest; she was too worried. Yesterday there had been no doubt in Cora's mind. Why should she now be so confused?

Suddenly, from memory, came Miles' words as he described to Paige his barren attempt at writing: "*My head felt as if it were held in a vise.*" So—he had given Miles a drug to dull and cripple that creative upsurge; then, later, let it have outlet in the refashioning of his own ideas. It was monstrous.

Now, Cora. The milk! Of course, the milk. Bringing nightmares, confusion. Was this the beginning of the plan Egon meant to execute?

In the morning, Miles was waiting on the terrace. "Hello," he said, but he did not smile and his face was dark and set.

She told him, low-voiced, "I talked with Cora last night. I found out something."

Egon walked toward them quickly, the dog trotting to keep up with him. Uneasily she saw that Egon was wearing the dark glasses. *The drug again*, Paige thought.

"What a beautiful morning," he said to Paige as they sat down to breakfast.

"Yes, it is," she said, putting down her spoon. "If ——"

The sound of running footsteps interrupted; Julio, in dirty white shirt, face sweat-streaked from his running, burst in. "*Señor!* . . . *Señor!*" No other words would come. He stood with heaving chest.

Slowly Egon rose to his feet. Julio made an ineffectual gesture with his battered straw hat. His voice was a hoarse whisper.

"What is it? What's happened?"

Julio crossed himself. "It is Ramón, *señor*. Out there. Ramón—he is dead!"

Paige sat stunned, but across the table Miles had risen to his feet, his napkin slowly crumpling in his hand. Egon broke the spell as he kicked back his heavy chair. "Come with me," he said to Miles, and Miles followed him without a glance toward Paige.

The possibility that crouched in Paige's mind was frightening. Had Miles . . . followed Ramón? Had he given him the money to dissuade him from exposing them, with no intention of letting him keep it as evidence?

Luis touched her arm gently, with respect. "*Señorita*, if you will drink the coffee. There is strength in its blackness."

"No, thank you, Luis. I . . . couldn't." She saw Luis' head turn and then Gregoria came through the doorway, walking slowly, as if she forced each step. "No!" she whispered. "No! It is not true that—that Ramón ——"

She read the answer in Paige's face. Again she whispered, "Not Ramón? No!" Then she screamed, "No! It is not so; *it is not so!* No—*no!*" She turned and ran from the room.

Paige looked at Luis. He said, "Ramón is a *primo*—a cousin. They come from the same village. Much they quarrel, but now —— Gregoria will know grief."

Paige found Cora already dressed and in her chair. "What's happening?" she asked uneasily. "Gregoria ran out of here —— Paige, what is it? You're so pale!"

Paige took Cora's hands. "Try not to get upset. Something has happened to Ramón."

"He's dead!"

Paige nodded. "Yes, he's dead."

Cora's hands tightened on Paige's. "Who?"

"Nobody knows," Paige said.

She wheeled Cora out by the swimming pool, then stared as if fascinated at the spot where she had witnessed last night's disturbing pantomime. The money . . . where was the money? If Egon should find it ——

Cora dozed in her chair. Her skin had a grayish tinge. Uneasily Paige waited and at

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NORTHAM WARREN : NEW YORK · MONTREAL · LONDON · PARIS · COLOGNE · STOCKHOLM · MADRID · MILAN · RIO DE JANEIRO · BUENOS AIRES · MONTEVIDEO



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

last Egon and Miles came across the grass to where she sat. Miles, without a glance in Paige's direction, went on to the cabana. Egon drew up a chair and sat down.

She waited for him to speak, hating the dark glasses behind which he hid, exposing her to a scrutiny she could not parry. He looked at the drowsing Cora.

"How is she this morning?" Paige had never heard him use quite that tone.

"She seems very tired. I wonder why."

The dark glasses were turned toward Cora now. "My poor, poor girl," he said. "How frail she is. The doctor in Cuernavaca suggested extra milk before bedtime." The glasses turned. "You and Gregoria must see that she takes it, no matter how indifferent she is."

She nodded; she could not answer. At last she said, "The police will be coming?"

His head turned toward her. His voice was very quiet. "The police, Paige; why the police?"

It caught her completely off guard. "Why, I thought—I thought that Ramón ——"

The black lenses seemed fixed on her. Egon smiled. "My dearest, you have been upset! I am so sorry. But—when the time comes, a man goes; it is as simple as that."

"You mean a heart attack?"

He nodded. "He lay as he had fallen. His gun was not fired."

She felt her heart beating faster. If it were true, then the money would have been in Ramón's shirt when he died. Had Egon found it? She tried to sound professional. "Well, there'll be an autopsy, won't there?"

"Why hand poor Ramón's body over to the police? He lived in fear of them."

"But how can you hide something like that? There'll be a funeral."

"There will be. He will be buried here at *Loma de Sombra*, with nothing to mark the place. He loved it here. And he had forsaken religion, poor fellow; he wanted no priest."

Just then Paige saw Gregoria running across the grass. Egon moved forward a step to meet the woman, whose face was streaked with sweat and tears, her hair disheveled, her skirt torn and dirt-stained.

"*No, no, no! Por Dios, no!*" She flung herself upon Egon, emanating grief and horror. "You cannot let them do it," she cried in anguish. "You cannot! They are burying Ramón, my cousin; the son of my mother's dead sister. Burying him in the ground as if he were a dog. You must come and stop them. He cannot lie in unconsecrated ground."

Egon said sharply, "It is his wish. Do you understand that? His wish. We—we had spoken of it." As she stood momentarily shocked into silence he hurled his words at her. "Do you think a priest would hold his tongue? You would have the police here, would you? You'll live to regret it, if you disobey me. I ——" Suddenly aware of Paige's presence, he checked himself. "There are others to think of, others who depend on me to protect them. You'd destroy them for one to whom it no longer matters. Your cousin laughed at the church, called it a trap for fools. Do you think he changed?"

"He had no time. He fell so quickly there among the stones. There is that place on his poor head —— I beg of you ——" She flung herself down and would have clasped him around the knees.

Paige felt her heart side-slip at what Gregoria had unwittingly revealed. Ramón had died from a blow. And Egon was determined to hide the fact. Did that mean he himself had seen Ramón take that bribe, and killed him for his treachery?

The blood rushed darkly into Egon's face at Gregoria's words. "Get up!" It was a terrible tone of command.

As she stared up into his relentless face all the fury seemed to go out of her. She swayed to her feet, her mouth going slack.

Paige looked up to see Luis approaching. "*Señor*," he said quickly, "Julio and Martino ——" He gestured helplessly. "Gregoria swore there would be curse ——"

"I gave them their orders!"

"Martino is afraid, *señor*. He has hidden himself. Julio asks if the *señor* will come ——"

From his very stance Paige knew the anger Egon's dark glasses concealed.

"All right," he said abruptly. He turned and hurried toward the house.

Gregoria seemed unaware of Paige on one side, Luis on the other, as they half carried her to her room.

Outside on the gallery, Luis looked into Paige's troubled face and glanced around quickly before he spoke. "This is an evil place; you must not stay."

She stared at him, uncertain of what he might know.

"In all things you have been kind to me, *señorita*. I would repay a little. If you will, trust me. Tonight you must leave here."

"Tonight!"

He nodded. "Tonight the place will be unguarded. The dogs will not go with Julio. Fear grows in darkness. Tonight the *señor* will lock his door while he sleeps; for he, too, will be afraid."

Miles! she thought.

As if he read the name in her mind, Luis said, "The Señor Hilliard understands there must be haste." He looked toward the cabana. "Go to the *señor* now."

Paige's heart pounded as she ran across the lawn to the cabana. Miles opened the door. She saw the quick light come into his face. "Luis says he has talked to you."

He nodded. "That's right. He wants to help us," he told her. "He thinks we can get out of here tonight."

Still he had told her nothing—about the other. And she had to know. He saw the searching in her gaze. "What is it, Paige?"

"Miles"—she found it hard to phrase—"Miles, I saw what happened last night. I saw . . . Ramón. You gave him money?"

He looked down at her gravely. "Yes, I gave him money. I gave him all the American money I had. Then, after he was gone, I realized it was a crazy thing to have done, if he went to Steiger. I had to get it back."

"You went after him?"

He nodded. "I was going to offer him double the sum in pesos."

Her lips felt stiff. "And he . . . wouldn't?"

"I found him dead." Looking into her face, he stopped short. "Paige! You didn't think that I ——"

She felt tears of relief stinging her eyes. "Oh, Miles, I've been so afraid. If you had—it would have been because of me, and I ——"

She was in his arms and they were strong and comforting around her. They clung to each other wordlessly, knowing security in their closeness. He kissed her then, and she felt a heart-shaking upsurge of response. He held her as if he could not let her go.

They drew apart at last. She felt lightheaded with happiness and relief. Her gray eyes clung to his. "Oh, Miles, how could I have thought —— You got . . . the money from him?"

Just for an instant he hesitated. She put her fingers across his lips and shook her head. "Darling, you'll have to tell me all of it."

"I hoped I wouldn't have to." He reached into his pocket and drew out some folded bills. "Luis brought me these—just before daylight."

"Luis!" She gasped the name. "Oh, Miles, no! Not Luis?"

"He knew your danger—because he knows Steiger as few men can."

"I can't bear to think of it. Luis ——"

"He's your slave, Paige; he worships you. He watched last night; he saw what happened. To him it added up to one thing—danger for you. He followed Ramón ——"

With an effort she pulled herself together. "I don't want to think about it. Luis has suffered so much. Miles, can we go tonight?"

"I think it's our chance. Egon will sleep here in the house tonight. That means the station wagon will be parked in the driveway."

"But the sports car—and the jeep?"

"Luis will fix them so they won't start."

"Egon would kill him!"

"We're taking Luis with us, Paige. We owe him a chance. Once away from here, he'll find a place to hide."

"Oh, Miles, you make it seem almost simple. When will we go?"

"About three in the morning. I'll come to your room. We'll help Cora."

"Miles, I think Egon has already given Cora something. She was confused and depressed last night; and dull and sleepy this morning. I know Gregoria brought her milk at bedtime. She said her head felt . . . as if it was in a vise."

They stared at each other. "I know what you're thinking, Miles. It's the same way you felt. Remember?"

"I've been thinking about it ever since you mentioned that book on poisons." Suddenly his eyes blazed. "I ought to kill him for what he's done to me."

She put her hands on his arms. "No, Miles."

He held her close again. Then he released her. "Go back now," he told her gently. "I love you. Keep knowing it."

Several times during the day Paige went to knock softly on Gregoria's door, but there was no response and she went away again. But as the afternoon waned she grew concerned, tried the door, then slowly opened it. Gregoria was kneeling, her rosary in her hands, her lips moving silently.

Paige went to her. "Gregoria," she said gently, and was shocked by the despair and grief on the face that turned toward her. "Gregoria, if you went to the village priest ——"

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PHILLIPS' TABLETS

The dull eyes lifted. "I have no money for Masses, *señorita*."

Inside Paige's bra were the bills she had recovered from Steiger: a ten, two fives, three ones. She took the money out. "Here. This is for you."

Gregoria's hand moved toward it, then drew back shaking. "I cannot take it, *señorita*."

Paige pressed the money into the unsteady hand. Gregoria stared at it, then slowly drew it toward her breast. "I will pray the Holy Mother to bless and protect you," she said in a low, intense voice.

It took Paige a moment or two to steady herself when she was once in her room after supper that evening. *Soon*, she thought. *Only hours, now. Then we will be safely away.*

Since Gregoria had not left her room, no one had brought Cora the milk that Egon was now insisting on, and Paige had a feeling that he would come himself. She went into the darkened bathroom to wait; soon the light in Cora's room came on and then Egon spoke. "I hoped you wouldn't be asleep yet, my dear. I have brought your milk."

THE TOWN RAIN

By MEMORY McGONIGAL

How does the soft fine town rain
know
So much about my seasons?
On a sunny day I am to-and-fro,
On a sunny day I am friend-and-
foe,
On a sunny day I can let love go
For a hundred good unreasons.

How can the town rain tell such
things
As it falls from the sky above you?
When the fine rain falls I am
harp-with-strings,
When the fine rain falls, I am
vine-that-clings,
When the fine rain falls I am
bird-that-sings:
My love, my love, I love you!

"Thank you. Please put it there."

"You must drink it, you know."

"Oh, I will, but I like to sip it.

"Well, I'll come back later to be sure you didn't fall asleep without drinking it."

Looking from her own room a few moments later, Paige glimpsed him as he paced the terrace. She hurried back to Cora. The girl was sitting on the edge of the bed with the glass in her hand. The eyes of the two met.

"It's got something in it, hasn't it?"

Paige nodded. "I think so. Here, I'll take it away." She acted quickly, helped Cora back into bed and covered her. "When he comes back, act sleepy. I left just a little in the glass, as if you couldn't quite finish it."

Egon returned in a little while and left, carrying the empty glass. Then the light on the terrace was snapped out and the house seemed very still.

Paige waited another careful hour before she went again to Cora's room. She whispered, "Don't turn on the lamp." She took Cora's hands in hers. "Now I can tell you," she said. "We are leaving here—tonight."

She felt the spasmodic jerk of the hands she held, heard the indrawn breath. "Tonight!"

"Everything is arranged. Luis and Miles will be with us. Just two more hours ——"

Gregoria lay huddled beneath the blanket. For hours she had knelt in prayer for Ramón, until, chilled and aching, she had finally crept back to bed.

Beneath the pillow was the tangible proof of the Señorita MacRae's generosity. Gregoria's fingers tightened on the money. She knew the way to the village. Three kilometers it was—no more.

At last the great house settled into stillness. She got up, wrapped her head and shoulders in a dark *rebozo*, put her rosary in her skirt pocket. In her left hand she clutched the money. Very cautiously she opened the door and slipped out.

Vengador was uncomfortable. He disliked this massively furnished room and the closeness of the drawn draperies. In the *casita* the breeze was always cool. Restless, he trotted to the window and nosed aside the heavy drapery, sniffing deeply as he drew the night air into his lungs. Then his forward-pricked ears caught a new sound, the sound of footsteps, then the scrape of metal and the ghostly whispering of a hinge.

Vengador growled, a deeply menacing sound. The growl awakened Egon Steiger. "What is it?" At his voice the dog whirled from the window and rushed to the bed, quivering with his need to convey his warning.

Steiger shrugged into a robe, thrust his feet into slippers. From the table by the bed he took a heavy snub-nosed gun. Then he crossed to the door and opened it. At a low fierce word Vengador came to heel.

Gun in hand, the dog flanking him, he hurried outside. Reaching the gate, he saw it had been opened, readied for re-entry. In the damp earth a mark was discernible. He knelt and struck a match. The imprints were quite clear; those of a shoe. A woman's.

Steiger cursed, a short and ugly word, and, turning, ran to the station wagon. He jumped in, followed by the dog. The motor roared into life; the car gathered speed as it headed for the open gate.

The bedside-table clock said 2:58. Paige went to the door, opened it cautiously and listened. *Loma de Sombra* lay hushed and still.

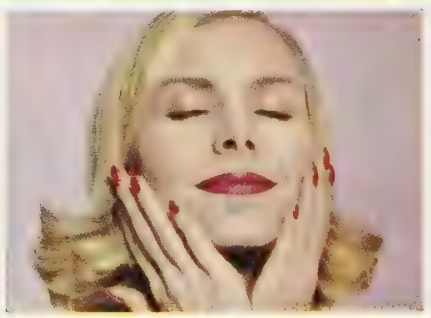
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A step outside, and Miles came, slipping in quickly, closing the door behind him.

His hands caught hers in a hard, reassuring grip. "It's exactly three," he told her. "Are you ready?"

"I'm taking only my papers."

"Good. Let's get Cora."

"I'm here," she said from the connecting doorway. "I'm ashamed I'm shaking so. I—I can't seem to help it."

"It's all right," Miles said gently. "I'll carry you. We're going around the far side of the house; no one will hear us. Luis is somewhere near the car." He took a step toward her.

He stopped short as the night's silence exploded in the violent roar of a motor and the sound of a car racing up the driveway.

"What is it?" Paige whispered.

They heard running steps and Luis burst into the room, panting. "I was waiting, *señor*, as agreed. Then suddenly *he* came out—with a gun—and went to the gate. He lit a match, held it low. Then he came running back to the car. The dog must have heard something——" Suddenly his mouth rounded. "Gregoria!"

The woman's room was empty. Paige stood aghast at what she had done. "I—I gave her what money I had. Money for Masses."

"The dog must have heard her." Miles said, "and roused Steiger. Luis—the other cars?" But looking into the little man's face, he knew.

"I wanted to make sure he could not follow," Luis said in a stricken voice.

"He may not find Gregoria," Paige said.

"He will find her" Luis said simply.

"Oh, Miles," Paige said, "if he finds that money he'll know —— And she'll tell him I gave it to her. Two fives, a ten, three ones . . . Miles!"—hope leaped in her voice. "If he found my papers still in the *casita*, he'd think Gregoria stole the money—no matter what she said. It would give us another chance."

"You're right," Miles said quickly. "Give me the papers; I'll take them back."

She shook her head. "I couldn't tell you where I found them. I'll recognize the drawer, but I can't tell you. I've got to do it, Miles."

"I won't let you go up there."

"There's no other way, don't you see?" She turned quickly toward the door.

Paige was three quarters of the way up the winding road that led to the *casita*. Her heart pounded, but she pushed on. Everything depended on Egon's finding the papers far back in that certain drawer.

At first she thought she heard only the roaring in her own ears. Then she knew. Beyond the gate a car was coming. Egon! He would stop at the house and Miles would come to question and delay him as they had planned. But the car did not stop; it passed the house and was coming toward the ridge.

There was no hope of outrunning it. She flung herself behind a thick shrub as the car rushed past.

Leaving the motor running as he braked to a stop, Egon rushed into the *casita*, snapping on a light. His jerk pulled the drawer from the desk, spilling its contents. He pawed through them. What he sought was missing.

He ran back to the car. Vengador had not followed him into the *casita*, but was nervously questing the air with his nose. He was reluctant to get into the seat, but Egon cursed him into obedience and, wheeling the car, went back the way he had come.

By the furious haste of the car's descent Miles knew that Paige had not reached the *casita* in time, but he was sure, also, that she had eluded Egon. There was no longer any safety in the big house.

Miles turned to see Cora standing in her doorway.

"He's coming!" she said weakly.

"Yes," Miles said. "I'll get you out of here."

He picked her up and hurried with her to the cabana. It had heavy inside shutters and a strong door. Egon might not search here. Finding no one in the house, he might go raging out along the road to Cuernavaca.

Miles put Cora down. "Lock the door behind me," he told her. "Open it only if you hear my voice or Paige's. I've got to get to Paige." He hurried out, then stopped and drew back behind the hedge. Egon was running down the gallery toward Paige's room.

He flung open the door to emptiness. Swiftly he went into Cora's room, tearing the covers from the bed, yanking open wardrobe doors.

He was already back on the terrace when he heard the car start. He rushed to the railing; the driver was too small to be anyone else but Luis. He fired three shots, but the car went on. He ran into the driveway and stood watching and listening. He heard the car turn into the *casita* road. He looked down at the quivering dog and remembered Vengador's actions minutes before on the ridge. So—*they were there!*

For a moment he stood very still. Then he laughed. He laid his hand on Vengador and crouched and pointed. "Go!" he said almost softly. "Go!" Then, as the dog sprang forward, he screamed, "*Mata! Mata!* Kill!"

The black dog was gone into the darkness. A wild cry burst from him as he ran, a hunting cry.

Frantically Paige tried to formulate some plan. She must get to Miles. As the car descended the hill she started down behind it; once at the bottom she could cut across through the little woods behind the pool ——

But her legs shook and she stumbled in the thick darkness, for the pines grew close. Then she heard the car again. Three shots rang out, but it kept coming. Only Egon had a gun. So it must be Miles coming for her.

A man's voice was shouting. She heard the words. Then she heard the dog. Turning back toward the *casita*, she began to run.

Vengador did not need a road. He diagonaled up *Loma de Sombra*, his savagery at last giving voice.

Luis heard and knew its meaning. The station wagon rocked and swayed. Then, ahead, the headlights caught Paige. Luis sounded the horn in quick staccato and applied the brakes. She was into the car before it fully stopped and they rushed on. She rolled up the window, but the tail gate was raised and it could be closed only from the outside.

Vengador was coming between the trees as they reached the small parking square. Luis almost dragged Paige from the car and into the *casita*, slamming the heavy door. They stared at each other, wordless. The dog's feet thudded against the wood as he hurled himself against it.

For a long moment it was still in the room, strangely still. Then one of the lower panes in the big window shattered, and Vengador was in the room. Confronting the two, he stopped short. Below the hill Egon Steiger was shouting. "*Mata! Mata!*" Slowly, gaze never leaving them, Vengador began to circle, great haunches gathered for his spring.

Paige heard the hissing intake of Luis' breath. Like a nightmare in slow motion was the step by backward step by which he forced her to the door, his body guarding hers.

"Go, *señorita*, go!" he whispered, never taking his eyes from the dog. One hand, backreaching, dragged open the door. She was out. It closed heavily. She stumbled toward the still-vibrating car. Behind her was a wild defiant cry; she never saw the terrible arc that brought man and dog together.

Coming around the corner of the house, Miles saw Egon firing after the car and knew that Luis must be driving. Sickly he realized the little man was betraying Paige's whereabouts. He saw the dog sent on command. Then Egon ran down the driveway, gun in hand, urging the animal on. Taking advantage of any cover, Miles followed him. Somehow he must reach him, get that gun. He could hear the car on the road; he could hear the dog. And he knew he stalked a madman.

Now the dog's wild cries ceased, as did the sound of the car. Egon stood still in the center of the road to listen. Foot by foot Miles drew closer—but not close enough; by many feet not close enough. Then clearly in the stillness came the sound of breaking glass. And Egon began to run again, screaming, "*Mata!*" . . . *Paige*. Miles felt sweat cold upon his face.

And then, again, the car. He could not know who drove it. But Egon stood, gun ready, as

the headlights swung out of the *casita* road and turned toward the house. The car came on without lessening speed and at the last instant Egon jumped to safety. As it passed Miles, he saw Paige at the wheel. Egon turned and fired; the car lurched on a shattered tire and went off the driveway into the bushes.

"Paige! Paige!" Miles raced toward her as she climbed out. A shot winged past them as they ran for shelter.

"Cabana!" Miles said as they ran. The cabana door was not locked. Cora sat in the chair, staring at them with hopeless eyes.

Miles slammed in the bolt. One look at Paige and he drew her into his arms. "I tried to run him down," she sobbed. "I wanted to. Oh, Miles . . . Luis —— He was so afraid of Vengador." She buried her face against his shoulder. "He put me behind him; he forced me out the door. Miles, Miles—he never had a chance."

"I don't think he expected one, darling."

"What will we do now?"

"We'll think of something."

Cora said sadly, "But for me you two could nave got away. I know."

"We're going to get out of here," Paige said firmly. She added, to bolster her own courage, "There are three of us; he wouldn't dare ——" Only he would. Cora stared down at her hands.

And then they heard his voice, too quiet, too even. "So you are all here. What use in locking the door? I can wait. It's simple."

"Don't be a fool, Steiger," Miles said. "Get out while you have a chance. You're washed up, finished, through; you know it. And if Luis is dead—the charge is murder."

Egon laughed softly. "You don't fool me, Miles, while you sweat in there. There is only one door and I have a gun. It would be easy to make you come out; smoke is not pleasant for breathing." When no one answered he said, "I am sure you are thinking. Long thoughts, eh, Miles? And the others ——" He seemed to evade mention of those names.

"Say nothing," Miles whispered to Paige. "It will worry him. Because nothing has gone as he planned. He'll be thinking too."

But the waiting was dreadful, minute after long minute. Miles tried unsuccessfully to wrench a leg from the heavy chair, but its strong screws defied him. In that neat spare room was nothing for a weapon. Cautiously he opened one of the shutters and peered out. He closed it again. "He has the gun all right—and the dog is with him."

Paige did not answer. She knew that any faint hope she had had for Luis was gone.

Egon spoke now. "Hilliard, somehow you have guessed what is in my mind. Why should I stay here when I can always find a new world for myself?" The tone changed to one Paige knew well. "But you are coming with me, Paige. You know that." The voice grew softer. "In time you will forgive me that I brought you here in the only way I could. I meant you no harm—never any harm. But you must come with me; nothing can change that. Soon it will be light—and there is the plane."

Silently Paige and Miles looked at each other.

Egon spoke again, but the voice had hardened a little. "I have been very patient, Paige. But I cannot wait much longer."

"Miles," she said in a low voice, "if I should agree ——"

"No!"

"But if he could be off guard for just a moment. If he thought ——"

Miles went to the shutter again and looked out. "He is here at the point of the pool," he said as he turned back. "I've got to get him with a rush. In the water I'd have a chance—and an upper hand with the dog." Hearing her in-caught breath, he said, "Darling, don't you see? We can't wait until daylight, even if he will. There has to be the element of surprise. It's our only chance."

"Oh, no, Miles. No!"

"We can't wait, Paige. And I won't let you go."

They swung sharply at the sound of the door bolt. Cora stood there; they had not seen her get up from the chair. They could not see her face clearly, but there was purpose in the way she stood; she had risen above fear.

"Only I can surprise him," she said. "He does not know that I can walk. It's your chance, Miles." She opened the door and stepped out into the dimness.

Just beyond the hedge opening, by the pool, Egon waited. The dog, bruised from the battle in which he had not been victor without a price, rested on the grass. In the jacaranda tree a bird began to twitter softly.

"*Egon!*" Cora's voice, speaking so close, momentarily transfixed him. She came toward him slowly because she could walk no other way. Deadly pale in the indeterminate light, she might have been a ghost.

Involuntarily he took a backward step as she advanced. His eyes were fixed on her, unbelieving; he shook his head as if to clear his vision. The dog, recognizing her, did not move. Cora went steadily toward him.

Egon did not see Miles, screened by the banana plants, tensed for his rush. He only stared blankly at Cora—walking—and took another backward step—into emptiness.

As he fell, his twisting body struck the coping. The splash and his strangled cry brought the dog to its feet.

Cora gasped at the shock of it, and Miles rushed forward.

Ordinarily a fair swimmer, Egon was not swimming. He was making bumbling efforts to keep afloat. His face, an uncertain oval, went beneath the surface, then reappeared. He tried to cry out and choked as water filled his throat.

"He'll drown!" Paige cried as she ran to join Miles, and Miles started toward the pool. But Vengador drove him back. There was no voice to give him orders, but he had been taught to remain on guard while Egon swam; he had never been permitted in the water.

Again and again Miles tried to get close, yelling at the dog, ordering it back, unconscious humanity driving him to save a man who would have shown him no mercy. But head low, Vengador raced back and forth, barring the way.

They saw Egon make a terrible effort as if, recovering himself, he realized his peril. "*Ven!*" he cried weakly. "*Ven.*" In Spanish it means "Come!" It was, too, the first syllable of that name in whose aptness he delighted: Vengador—Avenger.

And then there were only bubbles on the surface of the water. But Vengador still guarded. Though now he looked into the smooth-surfaced pool and seemed uncertain and confused.

Cora turned away and hid her face, and Paige put a steadying arm around her.

Then there came another sound, the brief wailing of a siren.

The young policeman who was driving the car came to a stop. "This is it," he said. "This is the home of the Señor Steiger."

His stout superior nodded. "Of course. Was it not I who recognized the description, even though the woman was so incoherent?"

"Should we go in this early?"

"The money in her hand—American money. And the name she spoke—Ramón. It must be he who beat her so badly. The *señor* will want to hear of this."

With importance the young man touched the siren and it wailed sharply. The older made a quick sign of annoyance. "Don't be a fool, Mario. No point in disturbing the *señor*—until we have enjoyed a good breakfast. Can you not see the gate is open? Then—drive in."

END

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BAKED BEANS

KITCHEN IN STEP WITH THE ARTHUR MURRAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71



Just off the kitchen is Kathryn's laundry, expertly organized to take care of linens. The washer-dryer is usually kept spinning—especially in summer, when swimmers need lots of towels.

favorite. To accent: a jewellike cluster of lights—blue, yellow and coral—that seem to float above the round teak dining table. In the center of the room a large domed skylight floods the kitchen with soft light—even on darkest days—and as evening approaches turns blue-mauve. "I saw these domes in industrial architecture," said Arthur, "and liked the effect."

Arthur grew up in a kitchen. "While my parents ran a bakery, I cooked for my brothers and sisters." Arthur still makes his own breakfast and often takes time to whip up soufflé pancakes. "It took me twenty-one days in Bermuda to perfect this recipe," he said. "What I wanted was something puffed and light—halfway between a pancake and an omelet."

"And these are," said Kathryn. "Try them with blueberries. Not in them; over them. Arthur never did like purple pancakes."

Characteristically Kathryn: a perfectly organized pantry. "I nailed up the board and put the hooks for hanging tools in myself," she said. The shelves on the other wall hold cans.



Arthur's Soufflé Pancakes

6 tablespoons buttermilk pancake mix
½ teaspoon salt
6 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
6 tablespoons commercial sour cream
6 egg whites, beaten until stiff but not dry

Place the dry pancake mix and salt into a mixing bowl; add beaten yolks and sour cream and mix just enough to blend. Now carefully fold in beaten whites. Drop from a tablespoon onto a lightly greased, hot griddle (a drop of water should sputter upon it). When bubbles begin to appear on the top of the pancake, turn and brown on the other side. Serve topped with butter, honey or maple syrup; or for a real change, heat two 10-ounce packages frozen unsweetened blueberries with 1½ cups sugar until sugar is dissolved. Serve as a sauce over the pancakes. Makes 6 servings.

Kathryn's cooking career began after several married years while she was living in Southern California. "I was inspired by those gorgeous fruits and vegetables. Also by Marlene Dietrich, who's a fabulous cook and lived in the next bungalow. For days I smelled the exotic things she was making and saw elegant pies cooling in her window. I decided then that if I couldn't be as glamorous, I would at least learn to cook."

Kathryn did, although she is the first to admit she's a weekend cook. "I love inviting a few couples in—particularly those with big appetites." At the Murrays', appetites are no problem—after several sets of tennis or a swim in the pool, most guests are hungry enough for seconds.

"When I first began to cook twenty-two years ago," said Kathryn, "I used to search cookbooks for something sophisticated enough to serve. Now I rely on recipes I've developed over the years, most of them easy to make. I don't keep records of who ate what, and when, because I'm never embarrassed to serve guests the same menu. I like to think my dishes are specialties of the house."

Among Kathryn's original recipes—copies of which she has mimeographed because so many guests ask for them—are a quick but cloud-light crab soufflé, strawberry pie whose cooky-dough crust *all* guests eat, and eggs baked in cream, "the results of an experiment one hungry Sunday morning and now a specialty at our house."

Eggs Baked in Cream

6 eggs
Butter
Salt and pepper
Powdered tarragon
Cinnamon
Heavy cream

Butter well six individual-size ramekins measuring 3½" in diameter and 1½" in depth. Break an egg into each; sprinkle with salt, pepper, tarragon and cinnamon—just a pinch of each will do. Now add enough heavy cream to each ramekin to just cover the egg (you'll need about 1½ cups in all). Place ramekins on a baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 15 minutes—a little longer if you like harder eggs. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

Kathryn keeps her cooky jar full of crisp honey cookies for two grandsons next door. "I have to hide the jar if I want any cookies on hand, but those two—even when I rotate the hiding places—know just where to look."

Kathryn's Honey Cookies

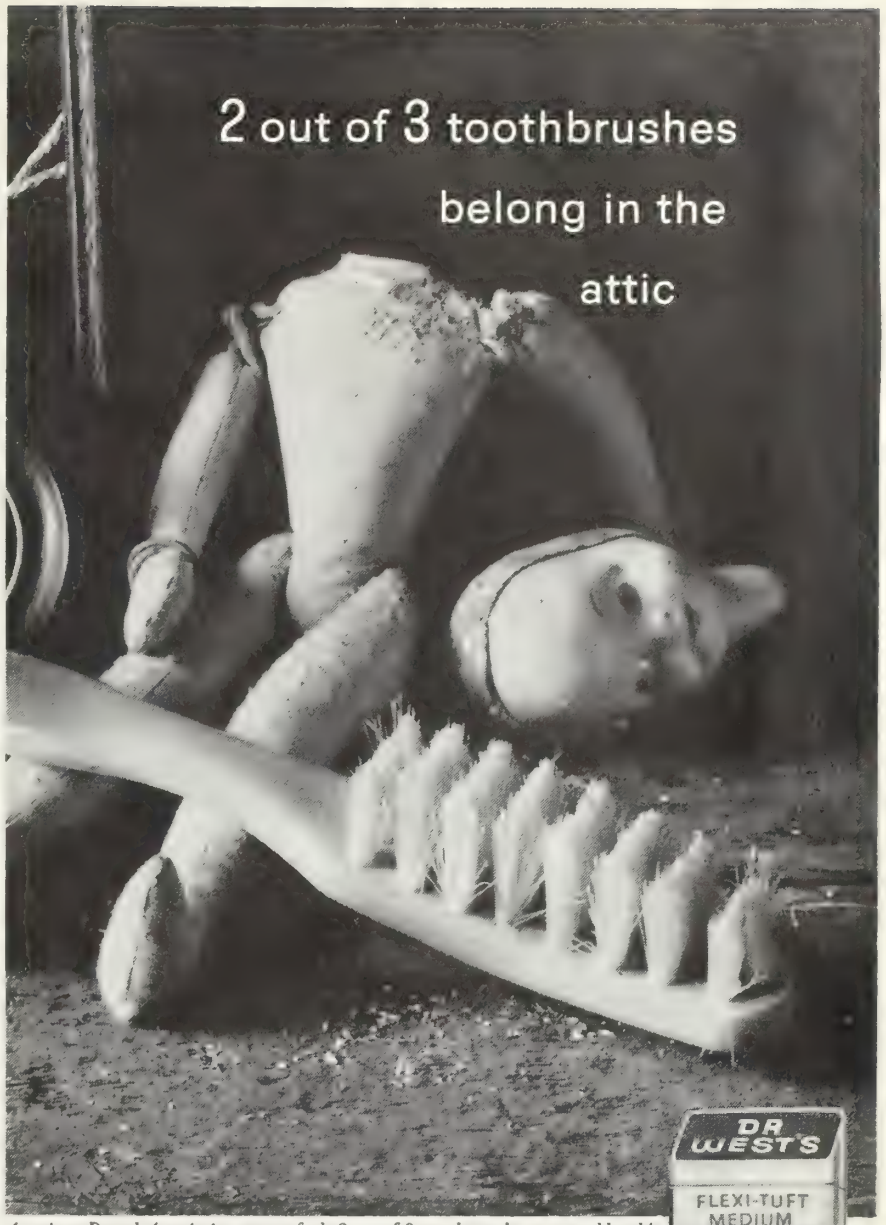
½ cup butter
¼ cup sugar
¾ cup honey
1 egg beaten with ¼ teaspoon salt
Grated rind of 1 orange
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped nuts
Sift together twice:
2 cups cake flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
4 teaspoons dry instant coffee

Cream butter and sugar well. Mix in the honey. Now add egg and blend. Mix in dry sifted ingredients quickly but thoroughly. Last, fold in orange rind, vanilla and nuts. Drop batter from half teaspoon onto greased and floured baking sheets, making sure not to place the cookies too close together—they spread. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 12–14 minutes or until cookies are golden brown. Cool on wire racks. Makes about 60 cookies.

Kathryn does most of the cooking in the kitchen by the shore. "Even for big dinners," said Arthur, "she does the important part; all the help does is pull something from the oven."

"Cooking to me *isn't* work," said Kathryn. "In a kitchen like this?"

And it's true, the Murrays do seem to waltz through their work. But then they planned a kitchen where they could. END



American Dental Association survey finds 2 out of 3 people need a new toothbrush!

Time to get a new

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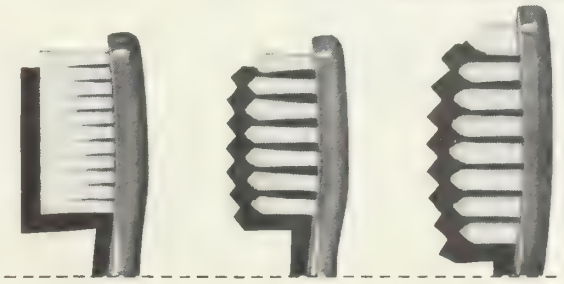
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NEW FLEXI-TUFT straight top (soft)
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

"The other husbands in our neighborhood catch up with family fun and family chores on weekends. On Saturday and Sunday, Tod rises at the crack of dawn and hustles off to play golf. The girls and I don't see him again until after dark. There was a community circus the second Saturday in October and I begged him to take us. He said he'd signed up for a tournament. I'm quite certain that the tournament, like all his other weekend golf games, wound up forty miles from us in my in-laws' apartment.

"In addition to the visits made behind my back, Tod telephones his mother every day. It's a toll call and I'm sure the monthly expense must be terrific. Tod does his telephoning at the laboratory where he is employed as a physicist; I learned about it by sheer accident. One morning his car wouldn't start and he had to wait for a mechanic. His mother, upset when she didn't hear from him on the dot of ten o'clock, telephoned the laboratory and then telephoned our home to find out what was wrong. I asked a few questions myself and she spilled the beans about the morning-phone-call ritual. Since Tod talks to his mother from the laboratory, not from his home, it seems pretty obvious he talks to her about his business activities. He brushes off any inquiry of mine about his work.

"Tod takes no pride in our home, which is as handsome as any in our block but is the poorest kept. I had to nag for months before he planted grass and shrubs. Now he is too darned lazy to mow the lawn or prune the shrubs unless I raise a rumpus.

"Our house needs paint both on the outside and the inside. Last month I pleaded with Tod to paint Cathy's bedroom, but he just shrugged. When I argued he finally got mad and sarcastically suggested that I hire a professional. I knew he wasn't serious. Both of us are too sensible to waste money paying sky-high wages. We do agree practically always on the way we spend and budget.

"I started to paint Cathy's bedroom myself. To my surprise, Tod suddenly took over and finished the job for me. Two evenings later I learned the answer to his unusual burst of energy when he walked into the house with his mother and her luggage. I'd had no announcement whatever of a possible visit. At first I was dumfounded. Then I understood. Recently my mother-in-law has been suffering from what her doctor calls mental depression—she also has chronic arthritis—and it had been decided by her sons that she should enter a rest home for a course of treatment and physiotherapy. As soon as I saw her surrounded by all that luggage, I realized that Tod must have vetoed the rest home. It seemed clear his mother intended to stay in Cathy's freshly decorated room on a semi-permanent basis, while Cathy doubled up with the twins, and I undertook the nursing.

"I was so appalled that I simply couldn't hide my feelings. I guess I wasn't very polite. Tod was furious. His mother didn't mind a scrap. She went to bed in Cathy's room and spent most of the weekend there while Tod fetched and carried for her; I tried to make amends with appetizing trays. She scarcely touched the good food I prepared. On Sunday Tod skipped his golf so he could cook and serve her breakfast—he has never served a meal to me in his life—and she was delighted to let him coax her into eating. On Monday morning he drove her back to Ed's apartment—Ed is his bachelor brother—and a practical nurse was hired to look after her. Tod and I have scarcely spoken since she left.

"Maybe if my mother-in-law were physically ill, I could be more sympathetic. It seems to me she is just letting herself go. Her own doctor says she needs activity, but she rejects it. I personally signed her up for two civic clubs, but she won't attend the meetings. She prefers to brood and feel sorry for herself and have her sons dancing in attendance.

"It's true I've never liked my mother-in-law. I can't forget that she and Tod's father, who was living then, tried to block our marriage. In those days his family occupied an apartment back in Chicago in the building next door to my family. Our two sets of parents were different in every conceivable way. Our apartment boiled with activity and life, theirs was a tomb. I never saw Tod's father and mother kiss each other. To this day my father grabs and hugs mother if they're separated five minutes. Tod's parents had no friends and kept strictly to themselves; mine had a finger in every worth-while enterprise in the community. It was a lucky thing for me they were leading lights in the P.T.A.

"My brothers made no trouble at school, but I was a tomboy and show-off and made plenty. Scholastically I got by, but my conduct was a caution. Regularly on report-card day my mother or father, usually father, went to the school and told the teacher if I were assigned extra tasks and responsibility I might stop whispering and cutting up in class. Finally, in the fifth grade, I was made a monitor, put in charge of the smaller children, and of course I burst with pride. For the only time my conduct mark was perfect.

"I've always thought Tod's parents considered me too dumb for their brilliant son. When we first became interested in each other I was out of high school and working at an ordinary stenographic job—I refused my dad's offer of college—and he was just out of the Army and winning honors as a student at the University of Chicago. In the three years we were engaged, his mother didn't ever invite me to come next door for a meal. Tod ate with my family four or five times a week. When he finally graduated and received a degree in physics, his parents wanted us to postpone our marriage still longer. They hoped we would break up, I know. My parents were unselfishly anxious for us to go ahead, and we did so.

"On our wedding day Tod moved into my family's apartment and we began our married life in my girlhood bedroom. Although board and room cost us nothing, I'll admit the arrangement wasn't ideal. Every morning I went to my office and presumably Tod went job hunting. Actually, as dad discovered from the neighborhood gravevine, Tod was spending a lot of time next door crying on his mother's shoulder about the lack of opportunity in Chicago for a graduate physicist. On his own dad dug up two jobs which weren't exactly in the field of physics but which Tod could have filled. Despite the fact that he was in no position to be choosy, Tod turned down the jobs without a thank-you. His mother cheered his stubbornness.

"By the middle of September—we were married in June—everybody on the block was talking about the working wife with the non-working husband, and I was frantic. Both Tod's brothers had already left Chicago for the West, and Ed wrote suggesting Tod might have better luck in California. I jumped at the chance, quit my job and Tod and I took a bus across the country. My parents approved. His parents were desolated.

"Tod found work as a salesman—physicists who lacked experience were then in surplus supply even in California—and I found work with an insurance firm. We rented an apartment in Ed's building and for the first time in our marriage began to live like other couples. We had six weeks—six weeks!—to ourselves. Then Tod's parents pulled up stakes, flew to California and moved in with Ed. Two thousand miles of distance couldn't defeat my mother-in-law.

"Ed's apartment was on the ground floor, so every evening Tod made his first stop there, while I cooled my heels upstairs. My in-laws always heard his news before I did. Often I didn't hear his news at all. I could guess from the nose dive in his commissions that he was spending less and less time calling on his customers and more time with his mother.

"My mother-in-law manages to be a hundred per cent clinging vine, and also a subtle meddler and manipulator. In the guise of agreeing with Tod, she maneuvers him. She listened patiently to all his complaints about the boredom of selling. She then encouraged him to resign and take another job at a deep cut in salary, simply because in the poorly paid job he could assist some professors on an important Government project.

"Prestige doesn't put money in the bank. At that time Tod and I were adding to our savings every week so we could buy a house and start our family. I was left in the dark about his job plans, which concerned me, too, until after he made the change. The deliberate slight hurt me more than the loss of the income. We had a terrible quarrel, and I asked why he didn't go back to his mother if he was so daft about her advice. He packed his clothes and moved downstairs. That nearly broke my heart.

"However, I loved him too much to lose him without a struggle. I fought hard to win him back. We were separated six months, but then we started living together again. I made most of the concessions. My in-laws did everything in their power to prevent the reconciliation, which is something else I haven't forgotten. Eventually I prevailed on Tod to move to a different apartment building. The move helped very little. He continued to show his preference for his mother.

"When Cathy was born I gave up regular work—I worked part time last Christmas—and I thought my disappointments as a wife



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would end. I confidently expected a brand-new deal in marriage. Most normal men are thrilled by a first baby. Tod was unimpressed with our first child, just as he was unimpressed by our twins later on. My mother, who came on from Chicago to be with me, was shocked by his indifference as a father and also by his mother's indifference. My mother-in-law has never shown the least enthusiasm for any of my children. Even when she was in better health she didn't ever offer to act as a sitter.

"It might seem to an outsider that Tod and I have everything that brings happiness. We have our children. We get along well sexually, even though I wish he would be more demonstrative. We're financially secure—Tod now holds a fine job in his chosen field—we have a beautiful home that is fully paid for. Yet we quarrel constantly because he refuses to behave like a husband and father. I can never be happy until he cuts the apron strings."

TOD TELLS HIS SIDE:

"Ivy thinks I'm a mamma's boy," said thirty-five-year-old Tod in a soft but exceedingly firm voice. "It isn't true. I enjoy my mother's company more than I enjoy hers, but so would any other man in similar circumstances. My mother admires me as I am. She doesn't try to push me around. Whatever I want, she wants for me.

"Ivy is the most domineering woman I've ever met. She has always wanted her own way, but her way used to be my way. In the old days I enjoyed taking her to baseball games and boxing matches—we're both sports fans—but then she began instructing me what

It is good to know that no man or woman can be strong, gentle, good, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

tickets to buy and what price to pay. Ivy used to be physically attractive to me, very. Our strong sex bond has weakened where I'm concerned, although maybe she doesn't know it.

"Ivy has no respect for my profession or for anything I think. I earn eight thousand dollars a year—my future is rosy—and my income right now is adequate for any reasonable demands. Last Christmastime Ivy decided our daughters needed new furniture, although their old furniture looked fine, and that to buy it I should take on a temporary night job at the post office. When I turned down this bland proposal that I work by day as a research physicist and by night sorting mail, she was very annoyed. To pay me off she took an evening job herself and for six weeks left me in nighttime charge of the children.

"My daughters and I don't hit it off together, and it's mainly Ivy's fault. She objects if I correct the girls, but wants me to step in and play the heavy father when they get on her nerves. One time she asked me to spank Cathy for something and I obliged her. When Cathy yelled she snatched the kid away from me and gave her a piece of candy. Right then I decided that in the future I would be careful to steer clear of problems concerning the girls. My mother always backed up my father when he disciplined my brothers and me; she followed his opinions in everything. Ivy flatly contradicts me before our children and makes them think I'm a prize sap. Yet she would like me to take the whole bunch of them out in public—the twins' public behavior is atrocious—and embarrass myself to give her pleasure.

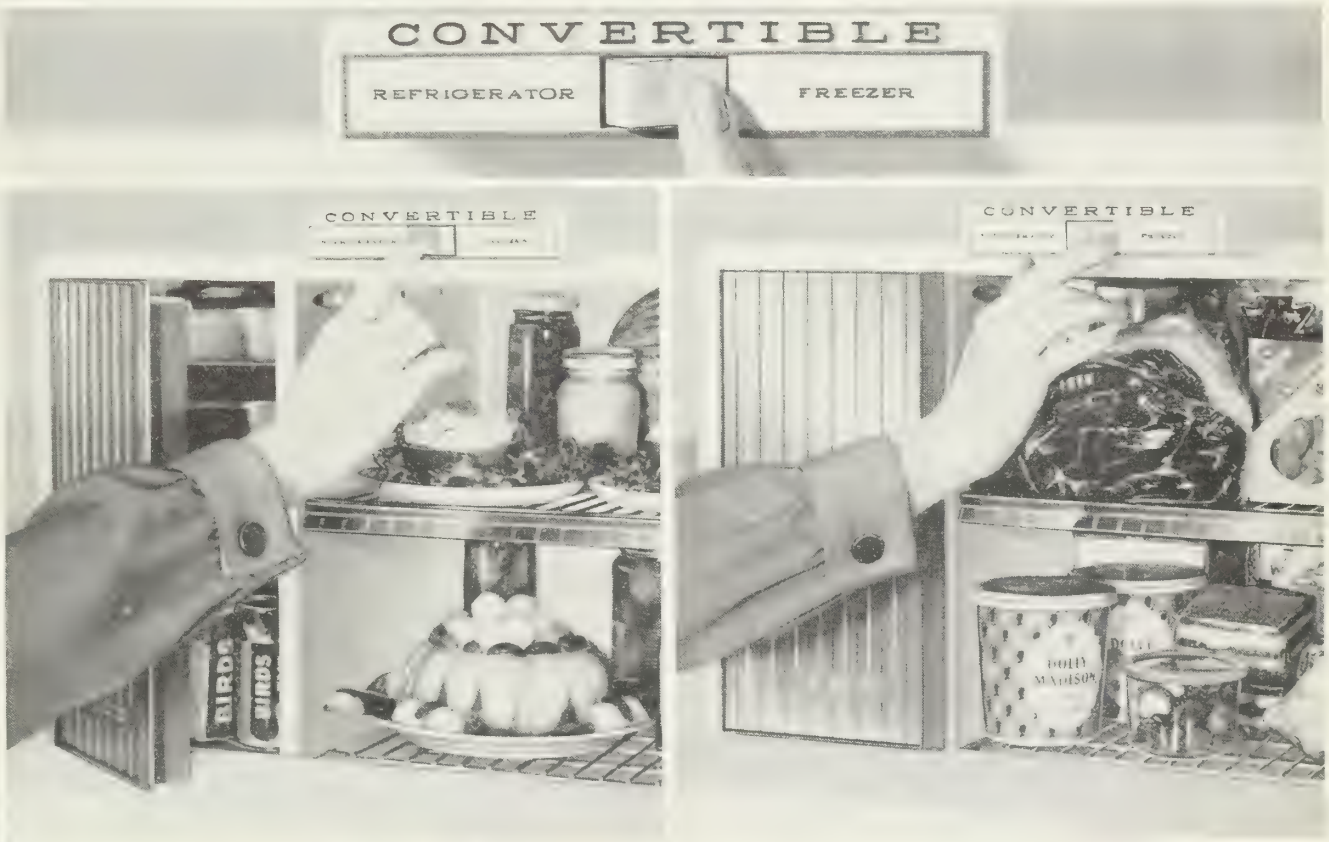
"Ivy burns with energy and thinks everybody else should be her equal. One day last month she cleaned our place from top to bottom, baked six dozen cookies for a P.T.A. meeting, attended the meeting, made a speech, came home and did the family washing, ironed eight shirts for me more efficiently than the laundry, and cooked supper. When I arrived at six P.M. she was fresh as a daisy and raring for me to sweep the cellar and change a filter on the furnace. Instead I snapped on the TV. She began an argument—her plans to order my time are usually supported by as many arguments as a corporation lawyer's brief—but I didn't listen. I don't argue at work and see no sense in arguing at home. Determined to shame me for my 'laziness,' she flounced off and did the chores herself. I wasn't shamed; I was sore. Ivy knew when she married me that I was the product of a city apartment, not a do-it-yourself Joe.

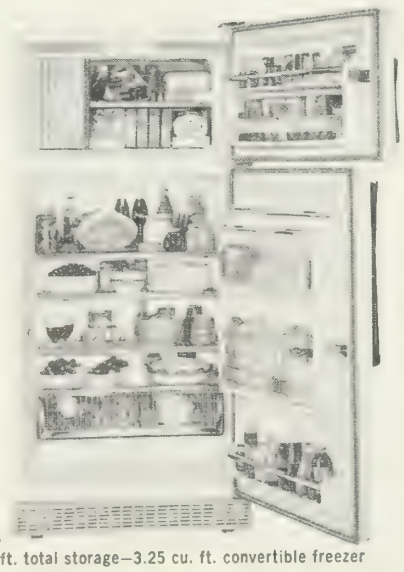
"For years she has tried to take charge of my weekends. I've outfoxed her. On Saturdays and Sundays I play golf, breathe fresh air and conduct myself like a freeborn American. I know she imagines I visit my mother every time I play golf, but she's wrong. I see my mother once a month on the average, if that. I do try to telephone her every morning, but from the laboratory, and I don't consider it any of Ivy's business. My mother's physician recommended that I keep in close touch.

"Ever since my father's death my mother has been in poor shape. Father always made the decisions for her and she is too old and frail to build a life outside her family, whatever Ivy may think. I myself wish she was more independent, but she isn't, and it's now too late. Not long ago she began failing rapidly. According to the doctor her loneliness in the daytime—the hours my brother Ed is at work—was affecting her mind. Ed and I talked it over, consulted our brother in Seattle, and entered mother in a rest home hoping the change would be beneficial. Her reaction was so unfavorable that the doctor advised me to remove her right away. I picked her up and drove her to our house, which she hadn't visited in six months.

"Because I was in no humor to put up with a big argument, I didn't warn Ivy we were coming. She greeted us by telling my poor mother, who is scared to death of her anyway, that we had no room in our house for an overnight guest. The statement was cruel and untrue. Three rooms in our house—two

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bedrooms and the playroom—are set aside for the exclusive use of our pampered youngsters.

"I put my mother in Cathy's bedroom and looked after her myself. Yet from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning Ivy complained to me about her ordeal. I let her sweat out the two days, without saying how long my mother intended to stay. Last summer I bore up nicely while *her* mother and father stayed two months with us.

"Even before our marriage Ivy was unfair to my people and thought they should be gregarious like hers. My parents were more interested in scholarship and building for the future. To help my brothers and me get an education and save a little money for a stake, they gladly sacrificed. My mother was ashamed for any outsider, particularly Ivy, to see our shabby furnishings. Ivy knows that. Yet she still holds a grudge because she wasn't invited to a meal fifteen-sixteen years ago.

"And she has never forgiven my parents for wanting us to postpone our marriage until I located satisfactory employment in my own field. My parents were quite right in predicting trouble. My father-in-law repeatedly tried to force me to abandon my profession and accept the type of job a bright high-school boy could handle.

"After Ivy and I moved to the West Coast I took up salesmanship for a short while to escape her nagging, although I still had savings. It would have been wiser for me to keep on looking for the work I wanted. The sales job was tough on my morale; I began to doubt my scientific ability, mistrust my hopes. When my parents moved to California Ivy was outraged, despite the fact that my brother Ed had paved the way for us. I was glad to see my folks. They restored my confidence in myself.

"Both my mother and father were overjoyed when I had a chance to quit salesmanship and go to work at a university here with a group of scientists engaged on a project in basic research. All that Ivy noticed was the salary cut involved. For two years I was associated with some of the biggest men in the world in my particular field of physics, and the knowledge I gained was beyond price. When the project was completed my associates were generous enough to add my signature to several of the published papers. That experience and the reputation I acquired led directly to my present employment. Nowadays Ivy approves of my job and my prospects, but she forgets the background. My mother is ignorant of physics, too, but she has faith in my judgment, sympathy for my aims.

"Since Ivy treats my mother so wretchedly—she is also discourteous to my brother—I feel duty-bound to be extraconsiderate. After all, the major burden falls on Ed. My mother has her own small income and makes no financial demands on me. Unless Ivy shows more kindness and understanding, more regard for my wishes and welfare, I don't see why I should put myself out for her and the girls."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"Like many persons, Ivy misunderstood the true nature of her difficulty. She blamed her mother-in-law for her marital troubles whereas her own aggressiveness was largely at fault. Tod's telephone calls and widely spaced visits to an ailing old woman would hardly disturb the average wife. Actually, for all practical purposes, Ivy had solved her in-law problem at the time the purchase of the suburban house put distance between her and Tod's kin. Without realizing it, she had continued to exhibit her emotional dissatisfaction by hammering away at a grievance that no longer existed.

"In our discussions Ivy and I traced her aggressiveness back to her school days. As a child whenever she felt unimportant and insecure she misbehaved to attract attention. Years later the old pattern persisted. When Tod commented favorably on his mother's cooking, deserted their home for the golf links, ignored the children she had borne him, Ivy felt unloved and unimportant. So she matched a fight to compel Tod's notice; she attempted to prove her importance by ordering him around, belittling his talents and his job, snubbing his family.

"Her aggressiveness aroused the latent aggressiveness in Tod, who was far from being a mamma's boy or a weakling. When she launched an attack he almost invariably retaliated in some indirect but very painful way. If she commanded him to cut the grass, he might oblige but then he would pay her off by withholding a piece of business news. When she abused his mother, he found the twins' table manners wanting. When she was inhospitable to his kin, he became unavailable for family fun on weekends.

"In their efforts to triumph over each other, Tod and Ivy were making a mess of their lives. They were damaging the three youngsters, whom they had dragged on to the firing line. Their sexual relationship had inevitably deteriorated. In such cases some men seek out other women; others may even become physically impotent as an unconscious means of revenging themselves upon wives.

"After consultation Ivy recognized—and admitted—that her tactics were self-defeating. She wanted Tod to love her and their daughters; she wanted the girls to experience with him the same sound relationship she had enjoyed with her father. She made up her mind to change matters radically. Once convinced of the error of her ways, she had the determination to abide by her resolution.

"As a small girl Ivy had talked freely to her father and he had encouraged her to stand on her own feet and be objective about admitting mistakes. As a small boy Tod had talked freely to his mother, who had endowed him with equal objectivity plus a strong sense of duty. This common legacy from childhood was an asset to Ivy and Tod; after they brought their belligerence under control they found they could talk candidly to each other.

"Ivy's first move was to tame her quick, sharp tongue. Words of appreciation for Tod's good qualities gradually replaced gratuitous criticism. As she abandoned her assaults on Tod's professional dignity, she began to hear more about his work. Wisely, Ivy was careful to be honest and avoid flattery, for truth and sincerity are essential in marriage; when a highly critical wife or husband breaks the destructive habit, the other spouse is inclined to be suspicious of the change and to spot any insincerity at once.

"To curb her excessive energy—no problem to most of us—Ivy altered her schedule. In the mornings after she sees the youngsters off to school, she now goes back to bed for an hour and listens to the radio, reads the newspaper or a magazine. She firmly believes this enforced rest sets the tone of her whole day, reduces her explosiveness, helps her slow down to Tod's easygoing pace. Her housework hasn't suffered and she now concedes that other people, less active and energetic than her parents and herself, aren't necessarily lazy and wicked.

"She also concedes that Tod will never blossom out as an expert handy man. A high-school boy was hired to take over the outdoor chores at a fee well within the family means. Now that Tod is relieved on this score, he sometimes pitches in and voluntarily performs chores he previously shunned.

"Ivy frankly confessed to Tod that she had been wrong in undermining his status with his daughters, and promised to reform. Nowadays she doesn't pass on disagreeable disciplinary jobs to him, interfere with his management of the children, contradict or correct him in their presence. She has developed numerous small opportunities to magnify him in the eyes of Cathy and the twins. Every afternoon she calls on the girls to wash their faces, pick flowers for the living room, put away their toys 'to please daddy.' If they want extra money for ice cream, she tries to say, 'Let's wait and ask daddy.'

"In our consultations it developed that Tod's conscience had been troubled for a long while by his admitted abdication as a father; he was intelligent enough to perceive that in the future Cathy and her sisters, because of his neglect, might be handicapped in establishing satisfactory relationships with their own husbands. By taking an interest in their small-girl concerns, by making them feel content and comfortable with him, he hopes he will brighten their prospects for happy marriages.

"Tod acknowledged that his marked restraint in showing affection reflected the attitude of his dead father, and was unfair to Ivy. As soon as the atmosphere in his home improved he attempted with reasonable success to express more warmth. Nowadays when Ivy greets him at the door he kisses her, and he greets his daughters before he switches on the TV. Sometimes the youngsters watch a program with him and he finds their chatter as amusing and relaxing as the show.

"Tod now eats dinner with his family, and occasionally samples the elaborate dishes Ivy likes to prepare. The children's table manners have benefited and he now is proud to accompany them to a restaurant for special celebrations.

"He still plays golf on most Saturdays, but Sunday is always family day. Perhaps one Sunday a month he and Ivy and the children get together with his mother. When Ivy belatedly realized the underlying cause and the groundlessness of her hostility to the older woman, she mastered her bitter feelings—although it is unlikely the two will ever be close.

"When Ivy and Tod ended their power struggle they were able to agree or compromise on most things. Roughly speaking, they now divide their spheres of authority. Where the youngsters and household matters are concerned, Tod usually listens to Ivy. Where his work is concerned, he is undisputed boss. Ivy never volunteers a suggestion. Once or twice, she reported to me, he asked for her opinion. On those occasions she prudently borrowed a leaf from his mother's book and said, 'Follow your own judgment. It's better than mine.'"

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

IT LEAPS IN GRACE TO GOD

By JOSEPH CHERWINSKI

Beauty is God. It dances from the bars
Of prisons where the lonely men look out.
It dances from the sparrows, from the stars,
It dances in the wind of the peddler's shout.
Nothing is graceless where the graceful breath
Surges from lungs to move beneath the sun.
Even where bodies rage against their death
And seem to die, beauty informs each one.

Beauty is God, and nothing lacks His grace,
Though we are blinded by its many forms.
Hark to the silence of an empty space:
It trembles with beauty, waiting sighs and storms.
So, Beauty is not relative. It leaps
In grace to God, even where Chaos keeps.



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New finger-rest lever...
easy to press...
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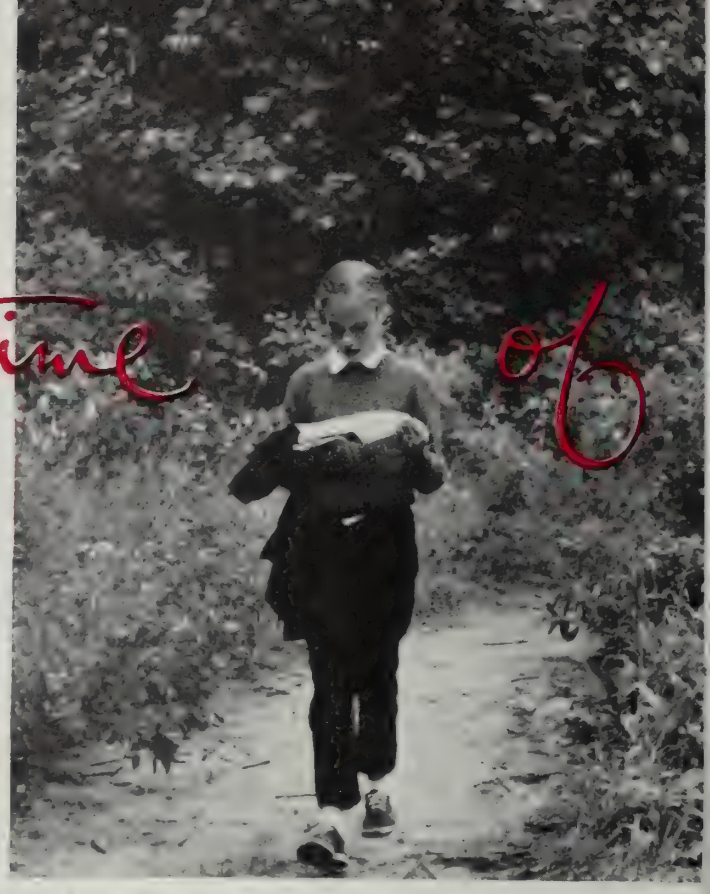
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"I had the time of"

Susan has most of her Scout badges in homemaking. Camp means a chance to improve her crawl and qualify for a swimming badge.



Letters from home are read as avidly as if she'd been away for years. Says Susan's mother: "Writing letters to your child in camp is an art in itself. I try to show that we're missing her—but not too much. And that we're well and having fun—but not too much fun without her."



Susan unpacks her 14 outfits. The tents are set up by a Dads' Patrol in late spring, have canvas sides which can be raised for sun and air, lowered when it rains.

new friends new skills



Campers, designated as "Sharks" and "Minnows," line up enthusiastically for intracamp competition at a splash party. Outcome, as in most contests: a tie.



Although Camp Merrie Woode is only twenty-five miles from Kalamazoo, it has enchanting deep woods, and the girls go on rope hikes, treasure hunts, nature hikes, Paul Bunyan hikes and just rambles through the forest.

the great beautiful outdoors



Now a Swimmer, Susan is entitled to go out to the raft, and to paddle a canoe. Scouts paddle in Indians' kneeling position.

my life at Girl Scout camp"

The overnight was a high spot of her two weeks at Merrie Woode. The Scouts toted bedrolls to a primitive area of the camp, built their own cooking table and campfire, and after a hearty supper and songs and games went to sleep beneath the stars.



new experiences

What did Susan like best about camp? "I learned lots of useful things such as lashing and basketmaking." (She made a hanging basket for her mother.) "But I liked best making many new friends."



By NELLE KEYS BELL • PHOTOGRAPHS By ESTHER BUBLEY

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"Mom, do you know where my sit-upon is?" asks pretty, blue-eyed Susan Smith, eleven, searching among orderly piles of camping equipment on her bed.

To the mother of a Girl Scout, the query makes sense; Elizabeth Smith, busy putting on name tapes, says, "Back porch."

With her blond pony tail flying, Susan dashes down to retrieve the "sit-upon," which turns out to be a flat red pad. She explains that it is made from a copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL encased in oilcloth, for sitting on when the ground is damp. "Now where's Myrtle? I *can't* go without *him!* And mother, do you really think fourteen sets of shorts and slacks will be enough?"

"Yes, I really *do*," says her mother with good-natured firmness. "That's one for each day you'll be at Merrie Woode, and you'll probably



On the last day of camp, counselors K. C. and Birdie say good-by to Susan and her parents. K. C. told them, "You couldn't have sent us a nicer girl or a better camper."

spend half your time in a bathing suit anyway. Susan, please do try to improve your crawl—to me swimming *is* the crawl."

"I just don't like it," says Susan. "I guess that's because I can't do it very well. But I'm going to work hard on swimming—I want to qualify for my badge."

"Robin," Mrs. Smith asks, "do you mind if Susan takes your yellow slicker?"

"What are you asking me for?" Robin, a husky seven-year-old, jokes. "She's already got it packed! You'd better take my sou'wester, too, Susan."

Randy, four, contributes his bit by unearthing a green-checked stuffed turtle. "Here's Myrtle! He was hiding under the towels."

Not even Susan is able to explain why a turtle named Myrtle is called "he," but he is an essential item at home or camp; she sleeps with Myrtle. And Herman, a pine-cone mouse, reposes on her bedside table. Susan is at an age where she slips from little girl to poised, demure young lady at the speed of light. At the moment her major concern is her petite size—particularly feet, size 2. "Most dresses my size look so childish," she says, "and they don't start making shoes with any style to them till around size four. I'm *so* tired of Mary Janes."

Susan recognizes one advantage in being small: she inherits Robin's outgrown shorts, which she likes to wear. "In winter I feel very feminine," she explains, "but in summer I feel tomboyish."

Asked about plans for the future, she says thoughtfully, "I honestly don't know. I dream of being a dancer—and I can't dance. I'd like to be a singer—but I don't have a very good voice. And I'd like to be a writer; I'm really trying to work on my writing." (She displays some poems.) "But what I'd like most to be is grown up!"

Further questioning reveals that to Susan being grown up means "fourteen, or maybe fifteen or sixteen."

Susan is one of approximately 155,000 Scouts who are attending established Girl Scout camps across the United States. Her two weeks will be spent at Camp Merrie Woode, twenty-five miles from her home in Kalamazoo, Michigan. She is an eager old hand at camping, having gone to Merrie Woode for three summers of the four years she has spent in Scouting. This year, she will go for the first time as a First Class Scout; a proud rank which she has recently attained by earning ten badges and completing all other necessary qualifications.

For her "chief interest," Susan chose homemaking; in that field she earned badges as homemaker, cook, seamstress, and in child care and hospitality. Other badges are for needlecraft, birds, games and reading; the last, reading, was a breeze—she reads around four books a week anyway.

"Scout badges represent real effort," says Susan's mother, "and the activities required for each one give valuable training. Under cooking, one item was to cook and serve a dinner; Susan did it very nicely and cleaned up the kitchen afterward." Mrs. Smith laughs. "Then she took a long breath and said, 'I believe I'll go to bed now; thank goodness it wasn't *Sunday* dinner!' In needlecraft, one thing to be made was a needle-point chair cover. Do you know how long it takes *me* to finish a needle-point cushion? Five years!"

"The homemaking badge teaches you so much about your own home," Susan comments. "Many things I'd always just taken for granted, and I was surprised to find that mom does them every day. I help more now—set the table and wash dishes and clean my room."

Susan is deeply serious about Scout work. As one good deed in her first year as a Brownie she kept her alarm clock set ahead for the whole year so that she could be up each morning and have breakfast preparations under way when her mother arose.

Each member of the family takes a part in getting ready for Susan's two weeks at camp. Her father, big, jovial Robert Smith, thirty-four, adds a small tube of tooth paste, for easy packing, and a big bag of peanut-butter taffies—for eating after lights out. But Robert Smith has already made a much more solid contribution: he is an active member of the Dads' Patrol, a volunteer group of fathers who go out to Merrie Woode in the spring to do maintenance work and set up the tents, and return to dismantle them after camp is over.

Bob Smith is a rising young architect. "His" buildings in and around Kalamazoo—new fire station, Child Guidance Center, several private homes—all reflect love for the clean, strong lines of modern architecture; yet there is nothing incongruous in the fact that the Smiths' own home at 1704 Whites Road is a comfortably shabby old house of hybrid Victorian origin. "We couldn't afford to build," Bob says frankly, "and this house had better value and more room than anything we could find for $8500. It's in a good neighborhood" (across the road from the country club) "and when we do get ready to build that dream house we have in mind we won't lose anything in selling this property."

Younger Smiths love the area, especially a deep wooded ravine which runs at the back of their yard. They play Indians there, and climb trees, and hunt for bear. Thus far no bears have been found, but the children are delighted—their parents are *not!*—by a family of six raccoons which makes a nightly sortie from the ravine to their garbage pail.

Kalamazoo is a city of parks and playgrounds and tree-lined streets. Flower beds and window boxes give a note of gaiety; and two blocks in the heart of town have been converted to a delightfully landscaped mall, which Bob Smith's office overlooks.

Every weekend the Smiths take off for Pickerel Lake, fifteen minutes out of town; their cottage is right next door to that of Grandpa and Grandma Smith, who spend the whole summer at the lake. Susan has her own boat, a plywood rowboat given her by her grandfather; she painted it dark green, and christened it The Drifter. She and her brothers spend most of the weekend rowing, fishing and swimming, although, as Susan explains, water in the lake is low this year. "I can just picture me doing a running front dive; I'd end up head first in mud."

Susan and the boys like to hear their parents tell about how they met. Bob was a fighter pilot during World War II; Elizabeth was an Army nurse. Both were stationed in Germany after V-E Day, and when Bob was brought into the hospital for an emergency appendectomy Elizabeth Mearns was his nurse. "I don't know why I liked her," Bob grumbles; "I nearly starved to death, and she wouldn't bring me anything to eat except that measly little diet."

"I did too!" Mrs. Smith retorts with spirit, while Randy squirms in anticipation of the known climax. "One night I sneaked him a pork chop up from the nurses' dining room; but he was sound asleep and —— That reminds me, it's time for you to be asleep right now, Randy. We'll have a busy day tomorrow taking Susan to camp."

Since she leads an active outdoor life anyway, camping does not present for Susan the contrast it would have for a girl from a larger, more crowded city. But there is no less enchantment in the deep woods and blue lake at Camp Merrie Woode. Towering oaks and pines cover the hilly 175-acre tract; in one shady glen, a dense forest of maples rises straight and slender to form a continuous leafy roof over the whole valley. Quiet is broken only by the calls of birds, chittering of squirrels, and the yelps, squeals, shouts, giggles, splashes and songs of Girl Scouts.

Scouts are assigned, roughly, by age to units encamped in separated areas of the forest: Wonderland for Brownies; Sherwood; Greenwood, and Gypsy. They all meet for meals, songfests, square dances at the lodge, a permanent building with huge fireplace and wide, screened porches, which is used for weekend camp-outs year round. Each unit area also has its own solidly built shelter with fireplace and concrete floor, for rainy-day activities. Scattered among the pines are canvas tents, which the Dads' Patrol set up, with wooden floors and screened sidings. Here Scouts are quartered, four to a tent. Furnishings consist of cot and upended orange crate for each girl, plus a keg for a wastebasket.

The camp director and counselors are employed for nine weeks of the summer—one week of indoctrination and four two-week camp sessions. Many are college girls or young teachers; several have had years of Scouting. Aside from this seasonal staff, says Nan Romine, director of Girl Scouts for Kalamazoo County, the only professional workers in the county are herself, an assistant and a secretary. Members of the council, board of directors, neighborhood chairmen and troop leaders are all unpaid volunteers—not to mention the Dads' Patrol, which, says Miss Romine, is "the best functioning I have ever seen in twelve years of Scouting."

She continues, "They do all the spring and fall maintenance at Merrie Woode; I don't know how we could run the camp without them."

A troop may have as leader the mother of one of the Scouts; occasionally, when no leader is available full time, several mothers unite as leaders, each taking charge of activities in which she has special knowledge or interest. "It's not the best system, perhaps," Elizabeth Smith muses, "but it works. Susan wouldn't have been able to belong to a troop last year if some of the other mothers and I hadn't split up the job of troop leader. I worked with the girls on first aid and games. And one weekend last February we went on a three-day campout to Merrie Woode." She laughs. "But I'm not quite sure who was leading whom that weekend. We went on a long hike through the woods one day; I was leading, but suddenly Susan came running from farther back on the trail. 'Where's mother?' she asked. 'I want to be sure she doesn't get lost'!"

Susan's camp fees ($40) have already been paid, and she has had a thorough physical examination, so checking in at camp is a quick process. She registers with the camp director, "Taj," and deposits $2 for spending money—all that is allowed. Her health record is delivered to the registered nurse who is a member of the staff; the nurse gives her another brief physical, and then Susan is free to go to her unit encampment, Greenwood, across an open valley and up a pine-crested hill overlooking Warner Lake.

Greenwood's unit counselor, dark-eyed K. C., and assistant counselor, freckled, friendly Birdie—both old friends from last year—welcome Susan and introduce her to assistant-counselor Mich. The counselors are known only by nicknames, because, as Taj explains, "We want to have a comfortable, easy relationship between Scouts and counselors, but the girls must also recognize the counselors' authority—particularly in an emergency. Calling us 'Miss So-and-So' seems too formal, and first names are just a bit too personal. The nicknames strike a happy compromise, we think."

A steady stream of chatter emanates from Tent 3 as Susan and her tentmates stow their impedimenta neatly and make beds; they are old friends by the time K. C. blows her whistle to announce that Greenwood is due at the water front for swimming tests. Moments later they troop down to the beach. By some strange alchemy the mere fact of being in camp makes the most prosaic event a delightful adventure; a stubbed toe evokes only hilarious giggles, even from the owner of the toe.

Greenwood has been asked to work as "hoppers" at supper; as soon as swimming test is over they stream back to their tents to change clothes and then scamper over to the lodge where they set and serve the tables. By the time that task is finished the girls all know one another, and the circle of friendship that started in each tent has widened to embrace the whole of Greenwood unit.

Camp chores are divided into assigned jobs, "Kapers," which are rotated among the girls each day. Each Scout makes her own bed and keeps her own tent area clean as a matter of course. In addition, she does for that day whatever Kaper has fallen to her lot: wood gathering; dishwashing; cleaning shelter, lodge or latrine; hopping; fire warden, and so on. Kapers are so arranged that no task is onerous, and what might be considered monotonous work actually seems a game. The Scouts like doing Kapers, and whisk through them with gay efficiency.

After supper that first night, Greenwood girls gathered around their open campfire and sang song after song, accompanied by Birdie with her guitar and by the sough of wind in the pines. Clear young voices blended sweetly in the old Scout favorites, "Walk, Shepherdess, Walk" and "Our Chalet"; but on "Dem Bones" they raised such a cacophony of discord that Birdie dropped the guitar to put hands over ears, while the girls dissolved in helpless laughter.

It had been a long, busy day. Soon heads began to nod. Sleepy as she was, Susan held her eyes open long enough to write an ecstatic note home: "The best I had hoped for on swimming test was Intermediate, but I passed as *Swimmer*. Now I can go to the raft!"

Water sports and safety loom large on the camp program. Every morning each unit appears at its scheduled time for a swimming lesson; three afternoons a week there is a half-hour lesson in boating and canoeing; other afternoons, the period is given over to free swimming. Chip, the water-front director, and her two assistants are Red Cross senior lifesavers and water-safety instructors; they work as hard at making safety almost a built-in instinct as they do at teaching the girls how to be at home in the water.

As a result of the swimming test, girls are grouped according to proficiency. Shallow water inside the dock and nearest the beach is roped off for red-capped Beginners; just outside the dock a deeper area is also roped off for Intermediates, blue-capped. But for white-capped Swimmers—oh, joy!—the open area all the way to the raft is free. Equally satisfying—to Swimmers—is the fact that only Swimmers may use the canoes.

Before permitting any of the girls to touch toe to water, Chip assigned each a number on the "buddy board"—Susan was 59, a number she would keep throughout the time at camp. Numbered tags, one side red, one white, hung on the board, and Chip explained, "Before you go in the water, turn your tag red side up; when you leave the water, before you even reach for a towel, turn your tag white side up. *Nobody* else is allowed to turn it for you. This is *very* important." Chip's friendly smile turned into a ferocious frown. "Nothing in this world peeves me as much as girls who forget to turn their buddy tags!"

As another safety precaution, Scouts in each swimming category were asked to choose a buddy, understanding that buddies have a special responsibility to look out for each other. At some unexpected moment during each swimming session a whistle sounded and the call came, "Buddies!" Then buddies lifted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

NEXT MONTH

"Give of your best to the Master.
Give of the strength of your youth . . ."

Three young voices float out over the stillness of the camp-meeting grounds near Rome, Georgia. The three pretty Kerce sisters—Ann, Ludye and Judye—who bring a lump in the throat to many hearing them, are much admired, too, for the way they pitched in when their mother died, and kept house for themselves and their father.

THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the July JOURNAL



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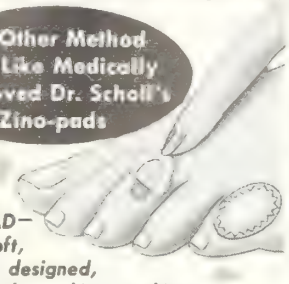
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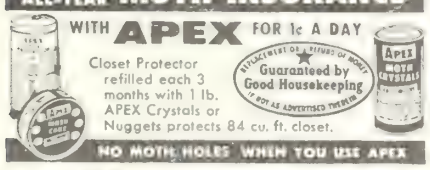


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

high their joined hands, to show that they were keeping an eye on each other.

Chip points out that a good Scout absolutely, positively *never* dunks anyone.

At the first lesson in canoeing, Scouts learned how to enter a canoe properly; then they learned what to do if a canoe should capsize. Before they progressed to strokes and technique of paddling, they had to demonstrate to Chip's satisfaction that, by pairs, they could tip over a canoe in midstream, support themselves by locking arms across the top, right the swamped canoe, re-enter it and hand-paddle it 100 yards back to shore.

Days are not long enough for all the exciting things there are to do in camp. Scouts review fire building (and fire prevention), with much discussion of prevailing winds, burning qualities of various woods, and relative values of tepee, trench and crisscross fires. Woodcraft, knots, lashing, hatchetry, basketmaking, sketching, mapmaking and use of the compass all have their eager and energetic enthusiasts.

The girls go on rope hikes, treasure hunts, nature hikes, Paul Bunyan hikes, and just rambles through the forest. They have nosebag lunches; jungle breakfasts (here they go into the woods to find their own breakfasts: cereal, milk, oranges which some kind genie has tied to branches); and cookouts.

One memorable night Greenwood went on a campout. Laden with food packs and bedrolls (both Myrtle and Herman went along in Susan's), they hiked over to the "primitive" area in the afternoon and set up camp. First order of business was digging a latrine; next, Scouts proudly demonstrated their skill at lashing by building a "Chippewa kitchen"—a combination table and rack for hanging pots over the fire, made from branches joined only by lashing. Work done, Susan and several other girls went off in search of blackberries for breakfast; since most of the briers were surrounded by poison ivy, they got only about twenty berries—which they promptly ate.

At dinner, ravenous appetites made short work of the pigs in blankets (bacon-wrapped hot dogs), corn roasted in the husk, and cowboy sodas (oranges sucked through candy sticks). Clearing up was child's play, then there were games and songs around the campfire. But not for long; the lassitude of healthy fatigue swept over everyone. Soon the girls were bedded down to sleep under the stars.

Susan, ensconced with Myrtle and Herman in her bedroll, was aware of the hard ground beneath her and sure she wouldn't sleep a wink. But the dying notes of taps from Birdie's cornet blended somehow with the morning calls of the birds; suddenly it was time to be up and searching for a jungle breakfast.

On evenings in camp there were games and ghost stories, impromptu costume parties and skits. Square dancing was a favored pastime; on rainy nights the lodge rang to the rafters with the sounds of flying feet and the strains of "Red River Valley" "Take a Little Peek" and "Strut, Miss Lizzie." One warm evening Greenwood girls, in bathing suits, held an enormously gratifying water fight.

On Sunday evening Scouts assembled in the "green cathedral" for vesper service. Only stars and altar candles lighted the serious young faces as they sang loved old hymns and listened to reading from the Bible. Voices were still subdued and eyes thoughtful as the girls quietly returned to tents after the service in the pines. Susan wrote home, "It was a lovely way to end Sunday."

With all the activity, careful thought is given by counselors to health and safety. Meals are planned to be nutritious and satisfying, and Scouts are asked not to keep candy or other nibbles in their tents. Susan, learning that her bag of taffies was taboo, asked K. C. if she might pass them around among all the Scouts to get rid of them.

Rest is also planned; every afternoon Scouts remain "quietly" in their tents for an hour of rest; and evening bedtime comes at 9:30. But in Susan's tent subdued chatter and giggling go on, as the four girls swap confidences: "Have you ever danced with a boy?" . . . "A girl at our school blew a great balloon of bubble gum and it burst all over her face; she was all pink." . . . "Do you think you'll like junior high?" . . . "I'm glad we've got K. C. and Mich and Birdie; they're the three nicest counselors in camp, I think," and so on into the night. Susan wrote home, "It's nice our tent isn't too close to the counselors'. They only want you to *sleep*."

Susan's letters carry a running commentary on camping: "They have three mice over in Tent I, pretty little soft gray things. I do hope we'll get mice in our tent." . . . "I have a blood blister. I was holding a tent stake when Suzanne hit it." . . . "Mickey and I are going to swap rings. Some of the girls swap clothes, but I can't because I'm smaller." . . . "Our tent didn't pass inspection this morning because Bones didn't clean her orange crate." . . . "I can dive and back-float fine. I'm better at the crawl, but I still don't do it very well." . . . "K. C. said today that I'm a good Scout."

When camp was over Bob and Elizabeth drove out to pick up a bronzed, happy daughter who proudly announced, "Mom, I've gained a pound!" Although rain on the last day had prevented Susan's qualifying for her swimming badge, she was happy in Chip's approving remark that her crawl had improved appreciably. She had swum forty yards "in good form" using the crawl, and similar distances with the breast, side and back strokes. She had floated for two minutes, trodden water for one, done a standing front dive in good form, and had swum 100 yards free style. "I don't have any doubts about my swimming badge now," she said. "I can pass it the first opportunity."

Asked what she'd enjoyed most about camp, Susan reflected. "Well, I learned lots of useful things, such as lashing and basketmaking—oh, mom, I made this hanging basket for you. And I loved the woods . . . and sleeping with the sound of rain on the canvas . . . and hearing the whippoorwills at night . . . and the baby cardinal we saw. But I guess I liked best making so many new friends. Barbara and I will be going to the same junior high this fall, and it's so nice that we're close friends already. . . . There just isn't anything about camp that I *don't* like. Mom, do you think I could go for a whole month next year?"

MARRIAGE MAGIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

thus can be symbolic of love everlasting, and it also bears blossoms and fruit at the same time. The wedding veil is thought to be a sample-size relic of the bridal canopy once carried over the heads of both bride and groom to ward off the evil eye, and the rice thrown at the departing couple is what's left of an ancient Hindu and Chinese religious rite in which rice, their chief food, was showered on the couple to ensure health and prosperity. If a selfish spook were hovering about, the rice might serve also as a bribe. The wedding cake seems an outgrowth of the Roman custom of breaking a sort of cake over the bride's head to bring her wealth and joy. Bits of cake were picked up by each guest to share in her good luck. The Roman groom carried his wife over the threshold to prevent her tripping (an ill omen) and also because she might forget to enter on her right foot and thus bring bad luck to both of them.

One thing is for sure: all these magic formulae are aimed at two targets, ensuring a lasting affection and warding off any evils threatening wedded bliss. But believe Brother Pat, it takes something more substantial than rice and veils to ensure a happy marriage, and it takes more than a circle around an imaginary vein to guarantee an "ever after" love. The real magic is to begin buying your Happy Marriage Insurance policy before you meet your future partner, then for both of you to invest a great deal of yourselves in it *before* your wedding day and to go on investing *after* the honeymoon.

IS IT FOR REAL?

Here's the big, No. 1 question. And parents, wise in experience, beg, "*Wait*, and be *sure!*" I'm not being a traitor to young love when I say that's sound advice. Before I met Shirley I went "steady" twice, for three weeks as a high-school freshman, and for six months as a sophomore. My heart did the cha-cha, my brain went into orbit each time. It was painfully serious, but it wasn't the stuff marriages are made of.

How can you tell the difference? The first rule is, *Give it the time test*. Get acquainted. If you're hasty you may find yourself quaking at the altar, like the bride whose mother found her weeping bitterly before her wedding.

"My dear," said her mom, "this is no time to cry. Why, the day I was married was the happiest day of my life."

"But that was different," sobbed the girl. "You married dad. I'm marrying a complete stranger."

Don't let that happen to you. Don't be afraid to let time test the caliber of your love. If it wilts in the spring, believe me, marriage wouldn't have kept it alive!

There are four pluses necessary for Happy Marriage Insurance, and only time can reveal them. First, *attraction plus companionship*. One of my cagiest buddies has finally gone and got himself engaged to a pretty, talented, popular gal—but no more so than some of the other beauties he's been dating for years. When he told me he'd finally been "hooked" I asked: "How did you know for sure this is *it?*"

"Because," he said, "we have a ball together no matter what we're doing." He explained that he certainly found her physically attractive, but "as I really got to know Sue—well, I just enjoyed her company more than anyone else's." The physical attraction was still there, but as time passed it ceased to be so important, and without this clouding his mind he was able to judge her more rationally.

Now I buy this explanation because it was the same with Shirley and me. I thought she was (and is) the most attractive girl I knew, *plus* the best company. Once when we quit going steady at my parents' request, because they felt we were getting serious too soon, we both just wound up not dating at all. We had a lot in common. We both liked sports, singing, movies, laughed at the same things—and it didn't matter where we went. I enjoyed taking her to church just as much as taking her to a party or a show.

Second, there's *admiration plus trust*. This means more than simply trusting someone not to flirt. You trust your gal or fella not to let you down, to be sound in any situation or with any people. If you only enjoy being with someone at a party, or with his crowd, and don't look forward to being with him in church or sitting around your folks' living room, there's something missing. The sexy dresser may be admired by the gang, but it can make you mighty uncomfortable if she's your wife. And the boy with the jokes isn't always the life of the party around the house.

Third comes *love plus liking*. It's easy to love and live with someone's virtues. It's a different thing to continue to love him and live with his faults. An important part of judging true love is to be realistic about these faults. Everybody has them and certainly love will make a girl or guy try to improve, but don't expect miracles.

Take my revoltin' habit of being late. Now I try, but Shirley has finally decided I just lack organizational ability—plan too much in too little time—and somehow she's managed to adjust as I've managed to improve . . . somewhat. But it isn't easy on her. So take it from me (or from Shirley), it's important that you *like* your true love and are going to be willing and able to adjust to his or her faults.

The fourth test is that, as time goes by, *what pleases her (or him) pleases you*. This means more than just having mutual interests. It means we have learned to love someone else more than we love ourself. Then when all the early petals fall off our spring romance, and we are faced with budgets and dishes and diapers (and the time comes, ol' friend!),

re'll still be apples on your tree in winter
n if you have to tie them there yourself!
is kind of love brings *real* magic. If you can
s the time test you've got the right foot for-
rd. Now, when do you take the all impor-
it step?

RE WE OLD ENOUGH TO MARRY?

I, personally, don't think the answer to this
a matter of age. I've known couples who
re old enough at nineteen and others who
dn't seem old enough at twenty-nine. The
al question is, are you *mature* enough to
ke the responsibility? And maturity is sim-
y a "state of *full* development." Here's
here you can begin investing in Happy Mar-
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ne-and-Only.

A boy and girl actually came to see me in
ew York not long ago to discuss this prob-
m. Should they marry? Should they wait?
oth were nineteen. Both were sophomores in
ollege. They'd been dating for over two
ears, were sure it was for real, and consid-
ed themselves engaged. Both families were
appy about the proposed marriage, but won-
ered if marrying while in college would in-

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terfere with their finishing school. (This had been the cause of my own family's concern—the reason for Shirley's and my elopement—although we had the added emergency reason that Shirley's dad was moving out of the state, which meant a real and long separation.)

But as I listened to these two young lovers I remembered the questions Shirley and I had had to ask ourselves before we faced a minister to take our vows. Did we see our responsibilities clearly? Could we fulfill them? Could I work, support a wife and still get a diploma? Would marriage interfere with my grades?

On that last one I could give the young couple the answer as it worked out for me, and they could carry it home to their parents who had encouraged them to come east for our talk. Marriage had given me a greater sense of responsibility and incentive to do well. This objection answered, I advised them to go ahead and get married if they really wanted to. Why? Because it had worked for Shirley and me? No. Because, as far as I could tell, they are mature people.

Their aims and principles checked; and the chief problems Shirley and I faced in the young-married-and-going-to-college days—the time-money hassle—they seemed to have well in hand. Both had jobs. She had a car bought and paid for by herself. He had a savings account he had been accumulating. Both were determined to finish college. They spent all their spare time together anyway—and here they stood to gain, because once Shirley and I were married, spending time together wasn't as difficult and didn't have to be stolen from jobs and studies.

To my mind, these two were old enough to get married. They were ready, mature and responsible. They could be independent of their parents.

If you want to know whether you, yourself, are making good progress in the direction of maturity, ask yourself these questions:

How close am I to taking full charge of my own life and conduct? Have I developed *self*-reliance? *Self*-control? Or am I still dependent on everyone around to do things for me? Do I have to be told to pick up my clothes, do my homework, get my laundry ready?

Will I be a desirable mate? Do I guard my conduct and reputation? Have I developed the skills necessary for my part in marriage? (Financial responsibility for boys, household skills for girls.) Have I gained a proper understanding of sex *from a trustworthy source* (parents and ministers are best) and abstained from cheap experiments and gossip?

Do people trust me willingly with responsibility? Has anyone ever said, "If you want it done, get Jane"—or Joe—"to do it"?

Am I resourceful? Do I keep my head and know what to do in an emergency? Am I in constant need of entertainment, or can I find plenty to do if left by myself for a while?

These are for you alone—but here are a few to be faced by the engaged couple as a team: *Can we solve our differences of opinion by compromise?* This doesn't mean "You take, I give"—or vice versa. It literally means both yielding a little here and there. For example, Shirley didn't want me to have a sports car. To her it meant high speed and low safety. I wanted one, but I didn't want my wife to be worried every time I drove out of the garage. So we compromised. Shirley agreed to the sports car—and I agreed to have a governor put on it so it wouldn't go over seventy. Fair enough?

And then there are *aims and goals*, those little items Wendy brushed over so lightly. Unless you ask yourselves *Do we agree on vital issues?* no amount of true love can make two opposed ideals into one united marriage.

Take the issue, *Family Life*. Shirley's and mine were identical. A sizable family. A simple existence centering around our church, children, work, each other. Now supposing Shirley (or I) had wanted, instead, a penthouse, Page 30 in *Who's Who* and maybe (horrors!) poodles instead of children. We would have

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had a pretty rough time making one set of aims and ideals blend with the other, right? Other vital issues include *Religion* (not to mention politics) and *Money Matters*. If and when you check out on these you are probably "old enough" to get married. Have a lovely wedding—and when you're in your new home you can begin to build the "ever after" on a solid foundation.

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Here are a few Boone specials for warding off the evil eye. *Don't drift away from small attentions.* Don't fall into the trap of putting off doing things for the one you love and doing for others instead, thinking that one will understand. Shirley has a wonderful knack of doing things I ask her to do *right now*. It's the knowledge that she *thinks of me*, not only that she finds time to fit it into her busy schedule, that touches me. From time to time I send my wife one single long-stemmed rose—just that, nothing more. But it pleases her more than a bouquet. It's usually after we've had a hassle and it means, "The two of us are more important than all this fuss."

Second: *Marriage is no time to stop developing interests in common.* It's an opportunity instead to grow together along new lines. Not long ago Jack Spina, my co-manager, invited us to a hockey game. Shirley had never seen one and didn't much want to, but she did want to spend the evening with Jack and me. The result? The Boones are hockey-conscious. And I've learned to go shopping with Shirley.

Third, and this I pass on to you from my high-school principal, Mack Craig, still one of my best friends: *If you and your wife can laugh together, there's no problem you can't lick.* Take a "situation" that developed recently. On our television show I got soundly kissed, without any warning, by a Hollywood glamour girl with an accent and an enormous collection of jewelry. While I wiped the blush off, I ad-libbed, "Looks like I'll spend the night at the athletic club." But when I drove up in front of the house an hour later, it appeared to be no joke. No light in any window. No little woman to greet me. As I opened the door I saw the TV still flickering and decided Shirley had flounced off to bed without even bothering to turn it off. How wrong I was! There, in the dim light, draped before the screen in jeweled slippers, a Chinese kimono, false eyelashes, and sporting every bit of jewelry she owned, was my bride. Slowly she smiled, dropped the lashes, and said in a deep accented voice, "Dahling, I've been vaiting for you!" See what I mean?

The best, and surest, way to ensure a happy marriage is: *Take God into your partnership.* Whether your wedding is large or small, whether you elope or have twenty bridesmaids, don't trust to *luck* in this greatest adventure open to man or woman. Trust your heavenly Father. Enter into holy matrimony asking His help and guidance every step of the way. That's *real* marriage magic. That's why I still think the best wish we can give a bride and groom is the old, old one our great-grandmothers embroidered on samplers: "God Bless This Happy Home."

And Shirley and I, when your time comes, from the bottom of our hearts wish the same to you!

SHOULD MOVIE STARS BE PARENTS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

mother was a very busy woman. There was her absorbing romance with Tyrone Power. There were two stepfathers for Cheryl (Lana's third and fourth husbands). There was, of course, moviemaking. Lana might be in Europe, Mexico, New York, Nevada, or on the set. Said Lana in a recent interview, "Unfortunately, sometimes when Cheryl wanted me, I wasn't there. You can't be in two places at once." Her logic, to her, seemed irrefutable.

Barbara Burns is an example of a child who started out unlovable—she was a fat little girl. Overweight is often a sign of emotional disturbance. Barbara remembers that her father used to jeer at her, "You fat slob!" She grew up with a sense of utter desperation about herself—a problem her parents had neither the time nor the patience to solve.

Edward G. Robinson, a man of taste and intellect, tried fancier-than-usual "hired hands" for his son, a problem almost from the time he was old enough to toddle into the family living room. The younger Robinson has written in his autobiography, "First there was a lady doctor, a psychologist . . . a White Russian sculptor got to be a big authority, telling them how to handle me. A painter would have different ideas. And an Italian composer had a new school—just the place for me."

Ironically, young Robinson happened to be in court on a drunk charge at the same time that his mother and father were in another court ending their twenty-nine-year marriage. Afterward, mother and son met in the corridor. She told the press, "This is a wonderful son. No matter what he does, I'll always love him and stand by him." Then she left for a Hawaiian vacation.

On the surface, the Crosby boys seemed to be getting an ideal, well-publicized upbringing. Their parents were never divorced. All the boys had eight years at parochial school, four years at a Jesuit preparatory school. Summers they spent working together on the family's Nevada ranch. Until each reached the age of seventeen they had to be home by ten o'clock. All dates were screened. The boys earned spending money. They were disciplined when necessary.

Bing has publicly offered a dozen explanations for his boys' immaturity. Maybe he shouldn't have let them go away to college after prep school. Maybe he should have *made* them go back to college after military service. Maybe he gave Gary a car too soon. But then he hit on another explanation—perhaps the real one: "I think I gave them too little time and attention."

Bing's professional career has often taken him away from home—especially during the war years, when the oldest boy was barely adolescent. Even when Bing was in Hollywood, home was a place he returned to in a state of exhaustion at the end of a working day. He was relieved that Georgia, the Crosbys' housekeeper of many years, seemed to be a second mother to the boys; happy that his agent, George Rosenberg, was willing to take on a fatherly role. "Rosie handles them better than I do," Bing once told me. "He seems to take them more to heart. It seems I'm the last one they come to when they have problems." Then Bing showed me the familiar touch of anger of a parent who is hopelessly and bafflingly out of touch with his offspring: "The thing that burns me up is that they won't listen to me. . . . Ten minutes after they leave me they fall in with somebody else who undoes everything I've said." Children the world over are apt to resent parental advice that comes noticeably too late.

"Parental neglect" is a large term. It can wear a dozen different faces. In Hollywood neglect seldom takes place against a background of emotional tranquillity. Stars don't neglect their children quietly. Decibels created by breaking marriages and domestic tantrums mount well above average—like the sound of fire sirens in the night and just about as disturbing to the community.

It follows, then, that the insecurities of Hollywood children are above average. Cheryl Crane told a packed court that she stabbed Johnny Stompanato "to protect mother." A local psychiatrist who knows both Lana and Cheryl told me he hadn't a doubt in the world that this was true. Lana, indifferent mother or no, was one of the few constant people in Cheryl's life. When she blew into her daughter's life—trailing a new man—she also brought a gust of warm affection. According to this psychiatrist, Cheryl had so little security that she could spare none. The overheard threat to scar her mother frightened the child more than she could bear—so she reacted violently.

Cathy Crosby's mother had already filed for divorce twice before Cathy walked out of her parents' house. The Bob Crosbys are a Catholic family. June Crosby retreated from divorce both times. But the parents' twenty-one years together were full of wrangles. Cathy remembers trying in terror at the age of nine to separate her fighting parents. Before her breakdown she told the press, "I listened to their quarrels and reasoned that if my parents no longer loved each other, how could they love me?"

Psychiatrists know that the sights and sounds of parents who cannot get along terrorize a child. Perpetually quarreling parents seem to be the one thing the human child—that tough, resilient creature—cannot take. Whether the parents stay together or separate, the child is damaged. Psychiatrists agree that many children, deeply uncertain about their own place in a shaky family, finally and tormentingly decide that they are the causes of the lack of love between their parents.

As one Hollywood psychiatrist puts it, "In something so close to them, they cannot help feeling implicated." If two towering grownups can't get along, the fault must be their sinning, inadequate selves.

But in the glamorous film colony, quarrelsome parents who stay together are in the minority. Hollywood is the land of the multiple divorce. With multiple divorces, complications multiply. A psychiatrist who has worked for years with Hollywood children warns, "As stepfathers come and go and grownups prove unreliable, the child may withdraw from *any* warm relationship with an adult. Older children are forced into an independence and self-reliance that they are not emotionally ready for. It may be a self-reliance designed to cover panic."

Most children of divorces are almost automatically placed in the custody of the mother. If the divorced father is a star, he has the money and the power to make life particularly tense for the child. Sterling Hayden, defying a court order issued at the request of his former wife, took his three children on a ten-month cruise to the South Seas. If the mother is a star, the enormous conflicts and pressures of her career divide her time. She is also, after a divorce, a beautiful woman suddenly without a man. "Oh, I was lonely!" says Joan Crawford in explaining her third marriage, to Phillip Terry, one that also failed.

Miss Crawford, a woman of extraordinary strength, has performed the astonishing feat of adopting four children, keeping them fairly well out of the news, and devoting to them every ounce of attention she could spare. The youngest, twin girls, are reportedly affectionate and mannerly children. The oldest, Christina, is beginning to make her way as an actress in New York. But the son, Christopher, has never found himself. His trouble may be

Love is friendship set to music.
POLLOCK

hereditary. But one can only speculate what life must have been like for him in that household of women, his adoptive mother of overpowering temperament, often plunged in loneliness, so demanding that her servants trembled and seldom stayed. He began to run away from home at the age of five. He was recently placed in the care of an East Coast psychiatrist, got into police trouble with a group of boys, and is now, in his late teens, in a correctional institution by court order.

There is something else. The children of movie stars have immensely magnified for them a problem that all growing children face: that of living up to their parents. Dr. Frym points out that all children need a model to grow by. When a child has parents who are admirable, just, loving and wise, these are the traits he wants for himself. But a Hollywood child's movie parent is something else above all: he is famous.

Most Hollywood stars are males. To Dr. Frym it is not surprising that many of his juvenile patients are the sons of male stars. "The son feels especially that he must compete with his father. But in Hollywood, the father is not life-size but screen-size. The son is defeated before he starts." Many conflicts, he says, can cluster around the looming image of a father who has made his fame by acting. If he is a hero on the screen, the son is disillusioned to find him less than heroic at home. The sons of many comedians are ashamed that their fathers should be public buffoons. The screen father who has a vast reputation for his numerous love affairs and capacity for holding liquor sets his son a terrifying pace. It is especially devastating for a son, says Dr. Frym, if a father who is a masculine image to the world is married to a female screen star who dominates the household, or if he is humiliated in family quarrels at home.

Finally, it is only fair to point out that Hollywood children have the money and sophistication to give their delinquencies a flashier look. Not every unhappy daughter has a pink Cadillac to run away in; not every frustrated son can afford to comfort himself with a gambling-circuit show girl. As Hollywood children grow up, they are imbibing the atmosphere of the movie kingdom: plenty of spending money, no particular self-discipline, and everybody on a search for an ideal, screen-type "romance." At Beverly Hills High School the imported sports cars fill the parking lot. The girls wear $65 sweaters, the boys $100 sports jackets. A fifteen-year-old sophomore wears a $10,000 diamond pendant to school. I recently chauffeured a group of pretty girls to a friend's house, and this was the conversation I heard between two fourteen-year-olds:

"Well, I don't think I'll be too young to marry at sixteen. If it doesn't work out, we can always get a divorce."

"Right. If one guy doesn't work out, try another. Just keep trying until you find the right one."

Thus were these children prepared for their roles as wives and mothers.

The pressures on Hollywood children, then, are many. Those most seriously disturbed end up, as so many have, in police courts. Or they marry at too young an age partners their parents disapprove of.

Those less disturbed certainly take less violent paths, but to my mind far too many of them try another path that often means tragedy on a smaller scale. It is dismaying to start counting up the children of the stars who want to enter show business.

Sometimes, it is true, a splendid family tradition is started this way—although the Barrymore family finally ended in the shambles of Diana and the modest career of John, Jr., who has chosen to act under the name John Drew. Keenan Wynn has had the character and ability to make his own reputation quite distinct from his father's (it's worth noting here that, in spite of a tragic marriage, his parents adored each other for many years, and always adored him). Henry Fonda, a good trouper who belongs more to New York than to Hollywood, is giving his daughter Jane a good start in the disciplined atmosphere of the stage rather than the movies.

But meanwhile, there is Christina Crawford, already with a part in a movie being made on the East Coast. There are the Crosby boys trying desperately to hoof it. Plump little Barbara Burns reports that one of the cruelties her parents inflicted on her was their lack of interest in her dream of becoming an entertainer. Cathy Crosby spent two years doing nightclub and TV shows. Some of these dreams are more realistic than others, but there is something pathetic about the adolescent whose biggest dream is of seeing her name in lights.

I think I know the lure for Hollywood children of this dream. All during childhood they sensed that the great and glamorous profession of the screen was the biggest reality in their parents' lives. A little more real than children. The children hope that if they enter this glittering wonderworld at last, open the door that shut out so much when they were small—there, at last, they can find their parents. END

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